


4-7-1862

## Letter from Mary Armstrong to Francis P. Porter

Mary Armstrong

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Worwick

Apr 1<sup>st</sup> / 62

Dear Frank

With a sad and aching heart do I attempt to tell you of the death of dear brother Wilbur. I thought you would like to hear about it. He died in 4<sup>th</sup> street Hospital, Cincinnati, Saturday morning, March 22<sup>nd</sup> at 3 o'clock. Father had been with him 3 weeks. About the first of the last week he appeared to get better, and Father thought there was some hopes of his recovery, and the Physician pronounced him convalescent but on Thursday evening he was taken worse and it became evident that he could not stand it long. He continued to grow worse until Saturday morning, <sup>when</sup> he calmly and quietly closed his eyes on earth to open them in Heaven. When told that he could not get well, he

immediately "set his house in order" and calmly awaited the solemn change. He not only died happy but was triumphant and exulted in his hope of Heaven. Father conversed with him frequently upon the subject of death. Rev John F Wright and others called in to see him frequently and prayed with him and he gave abundant evidence that he was going to join the bloodwashed throng that surround the throne in Heaven.

He requested us all to meet him in Heaven. Father brought him home on Saturday night and on Monday, after listening to funeral discourse by Rev A Heath from Eccl 9<sup>th</sup> chap 10<sup>th</sup> verse we deposited all that was mortal of our dear Wilbur in the burying ground at Norwich. Mr Heath preached in the Methodist Church at N. to a large and weeping congregation. He said he never was at a funeral where there was so much sympathy manifested, the whole congregation appeared

to be mourners. Wilbur was very much loved down here. Mr Heath preached an excellent sermon on the spoke of the noble spirit that had induced him to enlist in the defence of his country of his patient endurance of his sufferings in his illness and of his triumphant victory over the last enemy. Wilbur was a beautiful corpse O! Frank I wish you could have seen him. Although very much emaciated he looked very natural. His features were calm and lovely, beautiful even in death. There was such a sweet expression on his countenance O Frank! what agony it was to take a last long lingering look at that loved one we called Wilbur. He is gone! How that one word reaches through every fibre of my existence. We'll no more meet him on earth. His manly form is hidden from our view by the cold coils of the earth. when I think of it in this

way the agony seems almost insupportable but then again I think of his happy death and of his being <sup>now</sup> free from life's dull and anxious cares, and I feel more reconciled but O Frank it was a heavy stroke a severe trial to part with Wilbur He was so young so full of vivacity and such a dear good brother and life seemed just opening before him that it was hard to see him cut down in the bloom of youth yet I suppose the Lord knows best and no doubt he has some wise design in taking him from us. Wilbur was very patient in his sickness Father says he never heard a murmur escape his lips all the time he was with him A few minutes before he died he asked father to raise him up he did so, and he breathed his last in his arms Father says he never did not move a muscle but was so tranquil that it appeared he was sinking into a

April 7, 1862

Norwich

April 7th/62

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Father brought him home on Saturday night, and on Monday, after listening to the funeral discourse by Rev. W. Heath from Eccl. 9th Chap 10th verse we deposited all that was mortal of our dear Wilbur in the burying ground at Norwich. Mr. Heath preached in the Methodist church at N[orwich] to a large and weeping congregation. He said he was never was at a funeral where there was so much sympathy manifested; the whole congregation appeared to be mourners. Wilbur was very much loved down here. Mr. Heath preached an excellent sermon. He spoke of the noble spirit that had induced him to enlist in the defense of his country, of his patient enduring of his sufferings in his illness, and of his triumphant victory over that last enemy. Wilbur was a beautiful corpse. O! Frank, I wish you could have seen him. Although very much emaciated, he looked very natural. His features were calm and lovely, beautiful even in death. There was such a sweet expression on his countenance. O! Frank, what agony it was to take a last long lingering look at that loved one we called Wilbur. He is gone!

How that one word reaches through every fibre of my existence. We'll nevermore meet him on earth. His manly form is hidden from our view by the cold \_\_\_\_ of the earth. When I think of it in this way the agony seems almost insupportable but then again I think of his happy death and of his being now free from life's dull and anxious cares and I feel more reconciled but O Frank, it was a heavy stroke & severe trial to part with Wilbur. He was so young so full of vivacity and such a dear good brother and life seemed just opening before him that it was hard to see him cut down in the bloom of youth.

Yet I suppose the Lord knows best and no doubt he has some wise design in taking him from us now. Wilbur was very patient in his sickness, Father says, he never heard a murmur escape his lips all the time he was with him. A few minutes before he died, he asked Father to raise him up, he did so, and he breathed his last in his arms. Father says he did not wave a muscle but was so tranquil that it appeared he was sinking into a