

Dec 16th 18?2

Dear Aurelia,

I take my pen in hand once more to write a few lines to you to let you know that my health is not very good. I have been unwell all last summer, and last fall, and have not got well yet. Doctor Plimpton is doctoring me now. He thinks I am troubled with a neuralgic affliction of nerves. Some think I have got the liver complaint, and some the chronic rheumatism. But I do not know what it is. You said that I had never answered your last letter. I suppose you mean the one you wrote when you was at Akron. Dear Lady love I answered it. I wrote quite a lengthy one to you. I have written one at home that I intended to have sent by your father, but did not see him when he went back, so I will have to send it some other time. I received your letter, last evening and was very glad to hear from you again. But was sorry to hear that your health was not good. I hope it will soon begin to improve. Dear Aurelia you said you had got to read a composition the last day of school and you wanted the one that I read at the close of Martins school sometime ago, to read if I had it. And as it happens I have you shall have it. I found it a spell before I came to Centreville. I did not know where it was for a spell. My Brother Lenman [sp?] wanted to carry it home to Iowa with him when he went but he forgot it. So therefore Aurelia I will copy it off for you. I will willingly and cheerfully do it for you. I must write fast for I am a going to school, and it keeps me pretty busy. But I cannot study very hard for it makes me have such a pain in my head. But if you do not like this I will send you another. The subject is On The Death of a Friend. But I think you never heard it read it covers most of 1 sheet of paper. I do not know which you will like best. I guess the one I about to write will do. It is The Parting Scene

Farewell is a sad and lonesome sound, And always brings a sigh, But give to me, that good old word, That comes from the heart, Good Bye. Of all times in earth in which joy and sorrow seem alternately to take possession of the human breast, and call up the keenest sensations incident to mortals, in the time when long tried friends are call to bid adieu to the endearing scenes of their childhood, and the many happy hours they have spent together in each others company. How few who have never had the trial know what feelings swell the bosom of an affectionate sister as she takes the hand of a kind and dear brother, with whom some of the happiest hours of her life have been spent, whose very being appears to be interwoven with her own existence, as he is about to take his departure from the home of his youth, to some distant clime. And too, what any wish fills the heart of the brother as he is about to leave his dear parents, brothers, and sisters. What emotions also heave in the breast as he takes the parting hand for the last time. He casts a glance over the landscape, and stares at the green hills and valleys, where he has so often sported in his childhood, and exclaims lovely, native land, farewell! Sadly now I leave thee to go far hence to dwell. Perhaps he has seen the sun rise and shed its golden rays in the ??? roof for the last time. And too, what agony fills the heart of the mother as she takes the extended hand of her daughter while the tears are streaming down her pale and furrowed cheeks and speaks the last farewell. She says perhaps you will never see me again in this world, but try and meet me in another. You may die in a land of strangers and where there will be no friend to smooth your dying pillow but trust in God who is ever ready and willing, to keep you, in trouble. Look to him for help and protection. Trust in him, now and when you come to die you will not be sad. The tomb will have no dread, but you will be happy at the thought of soon meeting

him and all other friends that have gone before us where there will be no parting. There Brothers, Sisters, Parents, and Children, will meet – we hope no more to be separated. Think once of the fate of the slave. They too have to be separated. Parents Brothers Sisters are forced to part, never to meet again on this earth, Ah! How sad and grievous must be their fate. The Children cling to their mother as if hoping for protection and the mother clasps her children in her arm and exclaims, I cannot let thee go, no, I cannot leave thee, I will remain with you. But alas! the cruel and hard hearted masters tear them from their fond embrace and sell them to captivity. It seems as though their hearts were made of steel or they would have sympathy for those human beings under their care. Well might we exclaim hard hearted monsters. Perhaps they send the brother to Virginia, the Sister to Kentucky, the Mother to Georgia, and the Father to some place over the wide world where his friends hear no note or tidings of him. Some think because they are black they have no sympathy like the white people. But it is not so. Color can never change the affections in the human heart. Among their parting scenes is the last day of school. The time has at length come and we must part. Scholars and teacher must part. We have spent many happy hours together in school in trying to enrich our minds. We have had a good and kind teacher to instruct us. One who has seemed to take an interest in our welfare. He has had many weary and tiresome hours no doubt but we hope his labors have been crowned with success and hope we shall profit by the instructions he has given us, and when he commences another school may he succeed in all his endeavors to instruct the youth that when they are old they may profit by them. We as schoolmates find it a hard task to part but we must bid adieu to them. Perhaps we shall never all meet again in this house. Perhaps some of us ere this year rolls around will be shrouded in the habitments of the dead and laoid in the cold silent tomb. May we begin to prepare for that solemn place where we must appear before the bar of God there to give an account to him how we have employed our time while in school. Can we say that we have well improved every golden moment that has past and flown into eternity. Now I must bid you a long and a last farewell until we meet again. But there is another parting scene that is still more affecting. It is when we are called to the bedside of our dying friends and take the parting hand of one that is very near and dear to us. We must bid them farewell forever here. We shall no more see their happy faces beaming with joy and delight but will behold them for the last time in the cold and icy arms of death. But the last separation will be greater than all these when we are summoned to the bar of God. If we are there separated doleful will be our condition. May we all meet in that world of spirits bright where parting will be no more. Farewell. Fa-r-e-w-e-l-l.

Please excuse all mistakes as I am in a great hurry.

Cynthia Wheeler

[NOTE: In the margins:]

When you copy it off you can alter and correct it as you please.

From your affectionate Friend

Cynthia

[NOTE: Also, in the margins:]

Give my love to Diantha and tell her that I will write to her as soon as I can.