

1835  
letter from Winborn B. Lawton

to Sarah Matthews

His 23rd birthday August 1st  
- born Aug 1812

Son of Winborn Asa Lawton

My Dear Sarah

May River S. C. Sept 1<sup>st</sup>

It is with pleasure that I hasten to discharge the pleasant duty imposed upon me by Yourself; of writing to you by the first opportunity; but remember that it depends upon Yourself whether or not I write another letter to you: for should you not answer this you may not suppose that it shall be the fact that you get from me.

I arrived at home the day after I left Savannah, at eleven o'clock after a rather tedious passage of twenty four hours; having slept that night in the inn at Calaboga; or that is in the boat in the river, but I presume you know what I mean. It rained the greater part of the night which wet me that added to the fatigue (which I underwent gave me the fever the next day; but by the blessings of providence it lasted me but a part of one day, and I am now as well in body as I ever was in my life; but do assure you that my mind is but ill at ease.

My father when I arrived at home found had been very sick but was then convalescent, had lost his fever, and was fast recovering his health; but presuming too much upon the strength of his constitution he very imprudently

exposed himself yesterday in attending to his temporary concerns, against the advice and the importunity of his friends; when he suddenly relapsed, and he is now worse than he has ever been; his recovery now is I fear doubtful. This added to my absence from her whom I love renders my mind in no very amiable condition.

I do not enjoy myself here so much as I anticipated I should; the weather is so excessively hot that I cannot go out of the house, only in the mornings and evenings, and the natural taste which God knows that I have for visiting precludes the possibility of my receiving any enjoyment from that source - John Ward in whose company I anticipated spending the most of my leisure hours has gone to the north; and I am debarred that expected pleasure; the only enjoyment that I have is in reading; and the only pleasure in which I indulge is thinking of My Dear Sarah and the many happy hours that I have spent in her company. I think I never wanted to see her so bad in my life; although I have not as yet been absent from her one week; yet how much longer that absence may be protracted

I am unable at present to determine; I left  
Cous with a promise on my part of returning in  
three weeks; but should my Father's illness continue  
there is no telling when I shall be enabled to  
return. You may perceive by the date of this letter  
that it is my Birth day and a sad Birth day  
it is so that is an unpleasant one to me. I  
am this day twenty three years old. How time  
glides away, it appears but as yesterday  
that I was a School Boy; but since then  
passed by since that term was applicable to me  
"Few and evil are the days of a Man".  
I am very sorry to inform you that I lost a wide  
beaver on my way from Savannah last of the week  
off of my head, the beam of my Bow-tie (which  
had had like to my been knocked off with it)  
the wind was blowing so hard at the time that  
it was impossible for me to recover it. This loss  
is irreparable as I had now to wear a beaver I  
net a hat that was but just over the top of my head  
my neck and face at the mercy of the wind  
and I dislike the top of it more on account of  
the lining which was the workman's life of your own  
Sassaparilla. This will be given you by Billy  
to whom you can entrust your answer and he

will forward it to me. Give my love to your  
Mother and the rest of the family. Nobody sends  
his love to you but he is the only one that knows that  
I am writing to you except myself who sends his  
love to you. I am and ever shall be  
till death your most obedient humble servant  
and devoted lover. Winborn B. Lantou

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151  
51  
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22  
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Miss Sarah S. Matthews  
Savannah  
Georgia

P.S. Sunday. My Father is some better but still  
quite sick. Doctor Fickling is with him at present.  
WBL

May River Aug. 1st

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of the family. Nobody sends his love to you he is  
the only one that will know I am writing  
to you except myself who sends his love to  
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Winborn D. Lawton

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