

field. Doubtless, I, Courmeau, we had a splendid
sabbath and then in the evening - of dance in
the Fair Room. Did I do enough? I kept time
with my feet and moved with the music.
I did not know and do not now think that you
saw that I did wrong. I did not feel the same
inhibition as that I have felt before in moving
through the dance and there that I never shall
again. I thought that I should feel that I never
again would give me that amusement, again
my dance was beautifully decorated. The music
splendid and everyone seemed happy. I
must make some exception. I do not think
enjoyed it at all. I, of course, did not dance. I do
not know as it is forbidden by the church but I
know that she has never enjoyed in dancing
since she became a church member but before
she always did and seemed the happiest of the
happy. It may be given when I was not dancing but I should
not seem like I do. I do not think it was not pleasant
when I laid my head on my pillow last night so
you see I did not sleep very long. You remember
my creation to you of "Cecilia, Pulney or Mary Trenton"
at the time of her marriage. I told you she was
at the time and change in her dulled beauty.
I have not seen her before but once or twice since
my marriage and I should not have recognized her
at all. She used to be really beautiful so fair and
slender but now her beauty is all gone and only
lay little more than a veil of a face. I was surprised
to see her and she was very young. I do not think I will
drop this subject and I will tell you the truth.
I should have just heard your note from P. B.
of yesterday, the first note I saw you since the 4th but
I received that message in a message on the eve, from
you, to me. I do not get it until tomorrow
next day I was pleased with that note of P. B.
I am very glad to hear that she has found a
man you can understand the propriety of your
inquiries with her and am perfectly satisfied
with it. You are a dear old boy and I am
so proud of you and so glad that you will the
power within you to make things happy besides me

Monday Morning I got up early last night and phew
how my feet were sore. I did not feel one
bit like writing and I did not wish to send
a letter to my Dear Mother. I caught cold
yesterday and now have a sore throat and if I tell
you how I look, could you not get care if I do have
to suffer for it. You know how bitter
it was yesterday well - the food was worse and
I kept school without any but I came to the con-
clusion that I would do it again for any body and
if they did not provide food for me I would just
leave school and go home but today I have some
and therefore presume I shall keep my school. It
increased to twenty-five scholars and is still
more interesting and pleasant but I have
to exert myself more of course for I am very young
for their improvement. I have found a deep lady
I find here she is a married woman and I do not
bold enough to be too bold but she sympathizes
with the school and has not forgotten that she has
young herself well they formerly lived on the
school but I do not wish to quarrel with her
she has a boy about thirteen years old that attends
school. I remember when he went to school in the old
school house he was thought to be the very smartest
boy of his age that came to school, and always
properly recited and recited almost
to prove the mind of a man but the last winter
that he attended school there he was much
abused by the teacher, for some trifling mis-
take he was pulled from his seat and thrown
upon the floor right in front of the door. It was
a bitter cold day and a great, exactly under the
let in a current of air upon him a he lay there sobbing
and crying, he took such a cold that he
might have gone very great dying into the earth and
for a month after he was not able to leave the
house his parents knew nothing how he was but
it was until he had nearly recovered but nothing
ever was done with the matter. Since then he has been
a changed boy and for three years I do not think
he has advanced one bit in his studies he is left
behind almost as far as the smart
able boy that I remember of as being the first along
in his class. It has been a great grief and trial to

Sept. 14 - 1859

Albion H. Tompkins
Rochester N.Y.

Box 2045

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013