

## VARIÉTÉS

### Les Hirondelles.

Captif au rivage du Maure,  
Un guerrier, tombe sous ses fers,  
Disant, Je vous reverrai encore,  
Oiseaux, expéris des hivers.

Hirondelles, que l'espérance  
Surt jusqu'en ces brûlants climats,  
Sans doute vous quitter la France,  
De mon pays ne me parlez-vous pas ?

Depuis trois ans je vous compare  
De vallons où ma vie obscure  
Se bercait d'un doux avenir,  
Au détour d'une eau qui chemine  
A flots purs, sous de frais lilas,  
Vous avez vu notre chaumière,  
De ce vallon ne me parlez-vous pas ?

L'une de vous peut-être est née  
Au toit où j'ai reçu le jour,  
La d'une mère infortunée  
Vous avez dû pleindre l'amour  
Mourante, elle croit à toute heure  
Entendre le bruit de mes pas,  
Elle écoute, puis elle pleure,  
De son amour ne me parlez-vous pas ?

Ma sœur est-elle mariée ?  
Avez-vous eu de nos garçons  
La foule aux noces conviée,  
Le célébrer dans ses chansons  
Et ses compagnons du jeune âge  
Qui m'ont suivi dans les combats,  
Ont-ils revu tous le village ?

De tant d'amis ne me parlez-vous pas ?  
Sur leurs corps, l'étranger peut être  
Du vallon reprend le chemin,  
Sous mon chaume il commande en maître,  
De ma sœur il trouble l'hymen,  
Pour moi, plus de mère qui prie,  
Et partout des fers en bas,  
Hirondelles, de ma patrie,

De ses malheurs, ne me parlez-vous pas ?

at the source of the matter  
I hope however I will not make you feel as  
my thoughtless has sometimes done. I have had the flu  
just a week with scarcely any intermission, and during some  
of that time I have also been beset with a severe toothache,  
headache, accompanied with a running nose. I have  
studied but very little, but have you been regular in your  
cited as usual, generally without having had any business  
as we are in our inquiries. I have not seen any of the  
very palpable decorations, all from the same place. I  
I would wish to see it again with a better result. I feel  
self to sleep, as usual, and I was half asleep when I  
my back away, and was to bed and I was not at all  
and a great deal of sleep. They had a great deal of  
exactly the same. I had a great deal of sleep and  
Rhetoric during the time when any body would be  
I didn't know what was going on. I was not at all  
except my teeth to be seen. I was not at all  
at first and then I was not at all. I was not at all  
his advice. I was not at all. I was not at all  
did I think of it at the time, but I was not at all  
became wonderfully confused. I didn't know what  
didn't seem sensible, at last I started up and  
I was not at all. I was not at all.



thought it high time for us all to prepare for "Chapel Exercises"  
and then I began to mourn because my declamation  
was not prepared, for I thought it was. On Tuesday morning  
and it took them a long while to convince me that it was  
not. I did not wish to have the teeth pulled, for it had been filled &  
did not wish to spare it; it is a very useful one. I mean too that if I  
evidenced it until respiration took place, dug out the filling or had  
it drilled it would cause acute agony. I chose the first alternative, but  
last night it ached so horribly that I could endure it no longer  
and concluded to dig the filling out and did so. I was therefore not  
suffering now but I am awful nervous & cross. It has been raining all day  
and I have scarce been out of the house. I suppose you have been to  
church, say perhaps you are there now, but assuredly you are I know  
you are thinking of me, for I feel just as if you were. I have lain for  
hours at a time last week with your likeness on my hand, dreaming  
or rather doing nothing but gazing at it. Always when Susan would read  
to me I would lay that open on the bed beside me and look at it - list-  
en to him. I believe it made me good natured. It was not that I  
wished to see you so much more than usual, but I could not look  
at you and hold out life enough to think or study. Susan said last  
night as I lay listening to him thus, "If you will put that under  
your pillow, it will put Sarsie's under mine and next time we write  
we will tell them both that we slept with their likenesses and ask  
what they will say." I consented saying that I supposed they i.e. your  
likeness - expected to share our beds some day and I could see no  
possible objection <sup>they</sup> could have to our following our heads upon their  
likenesses. After this we had a good friendly chat. He is not more  
so pale as I am and confiding with Sarsie as we are; but then there is a  
reason - he cannot be. He is emotional & afraid he will get into

dangerous ones what he wishes to do  
yesterday he burnt up your great long letter and  
sent him a large trial because she feared it would  
strain something on it. He has had some serious operations  
regard to her that he is getting cautious and I don't wonder that  
is. He has been abused most shamefully in the matter and I  
did not feel it his duty to answer on I don't believe he would do  
anything more to do with the matter. It has even embittered  
his life here in College, and almost destroyed all his Society enjoy-  
ments. He does talk plainly and frankly like a true gentleman  
but always does it with fear and trembling and I guess always  
agrees for it before he finishes his letter. A while ago he wrote to  
and told me that I had accidently taken a great walk for him, and  
break him of sorrow so that she could sleep with him and not  
be frightened out of her wits by the harsh surges of his <sup>crust</sup> ~~crust~~ <sup>crust</sup> engine. I  
did not get his ears pulled for this, but have been making friends  
since. Again, we got to joking one day, and agreed to write to  
respectful Deans, telling them that we wished them to prohibit  
themselves to sleeping on the backside of the bed, for we wished to  
front-side ourselves. <sup>My</sup> This, I believe, he shall not do, and I shall  
it as an unnecessary for me to do so, for you had agreed  
to remain that it was your plan, without being told. He will  
had been engaged to every just three or four years and would  
write to her just as if she were my wife did. I don't  
I'd have a revolution of straightening. Don't you think I  
Everyone else may address his long just as plain as I  
has some just as I feel, and I don't see why she should be  
she is happy to be addressed and I don't see why she should be  
familiarity. I don't do that.



I must confess here that I was a little amused at what you wrote  
in your last, in regard to sleeping with any one, though it seems as if I had got  
an inkling of the fact before, perhaps not however. It really seems funny  
for it seems to a man - or most men think it true - that every woman should  
love to be fondled, sleeping or waking. Almost every young man thinks that a young  
lady always wishes to be folded in the bosom of the person with whom she sleeps, and  
indeed, it is natural that they should think so, it is an illustration of the universality  
of the idea that women love to have a strong arm to lean upon; that she wishes  
to be a protector; and this idea is inseparably connected with every man's conception  
of a woman. It is natural therefore that every woman should be supposed to be  
partial, at least, to a friendly embrace, sleeping or waking. Thus, you will seldom  
if ever find a pair representing two maidens sleeping together, unless they are  
are looked in a chattering mood, neither does the picture ever represent them  
otherwise. It seems therefore, to be an allowed characteristic of the sex to love the  
warm embrace. This is not looked for nor expected in men, and for my-  
self I can say I do not blame you, for not wishing that another arm should  
be around you; for I cannot bear to have one put this arm around me. I have  
almost always slept alone, and greatly prefer to do so, but whether I sleep alone  
or not I always fold up my arms, lie as straight as a rod, and never want  
any one to touch me. Yet, I have always longed for some one whom I loved to  
clasp to my breast, and have always thought that it must be truly blessed  
to rest on one the object of my love! While I love Emma as I do, I think it no  
wonder, that I should not wish to press another to my breast, while  
sleeping, for I consider that as Emma's sole right, to pillow her head  
on the bosom which throbs with love for her alone, and I hope it will  
ever be a happy pillow to her. I hope, Emma, that your dream of happi-  
ness upon that breast may all be realized, and, Emma, I think God that  
I have strong hopes that it will. I am far more sanguine in respect  
to this than I need to be, not that I feel more worthy of you, (God bless you)  
I have said that from my heart which made me so unworthy of you,  
vice, and besides that, it seems as if the Future, in that respect were  
constantly growing brighter, and I can love my Emma so fondly  
so warmly, nor fear any misinterpretation of any thing I may  
write or say to her. It really seems Emma that when I think of it, that  
my capacity for love, and enjoyment has increased wonderfully  
during the past year, and I expect it will increase constantly and  
steadily year after year - forever, if my heart is but kept pure  
by faith in God until that God whose first best name is Love.  
I have sometimes wondered when thinking of my love for you at the  
strange vision of practicality and idealism of which it is composed. I do not  
think that I was ever very fondly struck with your beauty, yet I have come  
to love you so that every look, feature and movement is clear to me - is as  
more the very personation of Godliness, yet I truly think that I would never  
have breathed one word of love to you, and would even now I



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