



pressed your lips my heart sent up a prayer of gratitude to  
God for the gift of my pure, noble, lovely Emma,  
Oh! how many such fond memories I have, and so when  
I recall these, I think that I love my Emma best when  
everything from the neat little collar, scarce more white  
or delicate than the neck which it encircles - to the gilt-  
ered of art, speaks her the refined and gentle lady. I had my  
preference for my vibrant and beam - never think alike about  
space the matter more than two consecutive minutes. The  
ingenuous blush that overspread your face, when I surprised  
you sewing, without loops, the calm affection which light-  
ened your eye when prepared for Church, and "naughty  
boy?" - would not go - you came for my embraces, and  
the earnest trusting love that "sat upon your countenance"  
when I looked upon your brown curls, all charmed  
me and strengthened the great love which was growing  
up in my heart. I can only conclude therefore - and of this  
I am sure, that I love you best in any dress which you may  
wear, in any situation, in which you may be placed.  
It is a bright & happy winter day. The sun looks cheerily  
down upon the glittering snow, and the music of the Sat-  
urn bells floats softly and sweetly on the chill air. I am  
dreaming of you, and of those bright & cheery dreams that come  
sometimes, yes, often, to lighten the burden of the weary  
hours, to banish care and sorrow from my bosom.  
If I should clothe my dreams in words - which like  
the drapery of a beautiful maiden, half conceal the charms  
of the fair form it shrouds, but renders the remainder pre-  
sentable to others eyes, - I know you will not chide me.

It is of - of what do you think? Of the next time I shall  
see you. When where and how it will be. I only know  
that last that it will be in love wherever and whenever it be.  
I hope it will not be more than about five months hence  
and during those months time will fly, for though I  
bring forth joy, I think I have two ways to sweeten his absence.  
Each day - I very often taste in anticipation the joys of the  
happy meeting - I press you to my breast, I put you mine  
and all the delights of the loving and beloved are ours for  
a few short days - then away I roll the car - I  
come away home, and again time flies over a desert  
of years with here & there an oasis of Happiness, when  
the sunshine of the Lord, gleams bright upon us -  
This barren waste with its bright ~~verdant~~ spots is  
past at length and we meet again before the marriage  
altar. Then the path grows bright and blooming and when  
we look back at those long years of delay - which seem  
not a desert when we passed through them, we find  
that they have "blossomed like the rose," & borne a  
bounteous harvest of Wisdom & Beauty which shall  
sustain us ever in the way of life. How like you say  
dreams of life and love thus far? Is it warm bright  
& lover-like? If not I'll stop here for some in a world  
of Happiness today. It never goes much farther any more  
for when my cup of happiness is full my dream ceases  
and my spirit is satiate. - A while we tread the path of life  
happily in each others love, and in the mercy of our Fate  
Each night as we pursue our Pilgrimage, through solemn  
places and beside still waters, we seek to rest in each others  
arms, with the breath of Prayer upon our lips and the anema-



of devotion pouring around us, and every morning  
I make a hymn of gratitude to the God of Love. At  
length there came a fair eyed cherub with the look of Heaven  
to your soft bosom you clasped your ~~arms~~ around him tenderly  
he drew his life from those of air fountains - which I  
kissed but mine had touched before. He closes the bosom  
which had been mine alone, and yet divine the intruder.  
The bosom which had thrabbled so tumultuously when first  
the hand of Love, rested upon it, throbs with a sleeper in a  
a throbbing joy beneath its new burden. You clasp it closer to  
your bosom - my arms circle both - you raise your eyes  
to mine and in their azure depths I read Love, Pride, Gratitude  
and Expectation found - a kiss assures the reward - your head  
sinks upon my breast - and our commingled tears of  
Gratitude, fall like consecrating drops upon our Babs.  
Our cup of earthly joy is full - your womanhood is perfect  
The Mother's crown is yours. My Father's proud is satisfied & for  
My heart remains a Father's hopes & fears. A bright star has  
risen on our path whose light can never be extinguished,  
though it may be transferred to Heaven and guide us to the  
Savior's throne, is that which shone over Bethlehem guided  
the shepherds to his lowly couch. My dream ~~is~~ may it be true.  
I cannot not send you a letter full of dreams my  
Love, but from the present apparitions of that dream likely to  
let some kind away however from the gilded future to the  
Happy Present and from the delights of Love to the fun  
of College Life. And first let me correct a mistake which  
you seem to have made from something contained in  
some of my late letters, viz that I was to speak on last  
Friday evening. I did not intend to say so & if I did  
~~think I should have been either drunk, crazy, or circum-~~  
myself and must confess I don't recollect having been  
guilty of either so as to become entirely unconscious. I  
guess you must have inferred from what I said  
about writing Council ration for ~~him~~ <sup>you</sup> not? It  
was in a great measure mine and bore the impress  
of my mind quite perceptibly, so much so that the  
Boys (L's) declared it was more mine than his!

By dint of a little shrewdness &  
nimbleness of leg and good good  
had the good fortune to be present in the  
Chapel Hall when said Expressman ar-  
rived. Instead of the black coat & small  
black cap which he is accustomed to wear  
he wore on this occasion an old, bluish  
white hat, which being about his ears & effect-  
ually hid the upper part of his face, a large  
shawl and certain unnatural hair-like  
apertures concealed the lower part - goggled  
it, and a pair of spectacles across his nose com-  
pleted his disguise. (He has worn this costume  
enable of late.) This sedate looking individual  
was found to be, by, by, steal or borrow a scheme from  
the Expressman. Accordingly he met that function-  
ary in the Hall. Prof Cutler was in the Chapel bearing  
the junior's scheme, but when the Expressman  
asked a spectacle where he was, Spectacles could he still  
know exactly, somewhere about the door he  
went up, looked curiously at the bundle  
before, the man in charge fully knew what  
he was about, had torn it open, and put out  
a couple schemes & rammed up stairs. This  
adventure leaked out by accident among the  
boys and had about reached Cutler's ears  
and neither he or the Expressman suffered in  
any way. Scheme until they found out the  
affairs on the stage on Friday night. Cutler  
apologized then and it at once occurred  
him that some one had torn open the pack  
of schemes and stolen one. He declared that  
matter shall be proved to the bottom and that  
who stole those schemes be expelled from  
college. It will be an very hard matter

him to ferret it out for it is known to some  
who are not perfectly trust-worthy, I fear.  
And almost every student knows who got  
up the mock schemes, & therefore Prof. C  
carries out his threat & you may expect  
a call from one or more a member of the class  
of Ed. L. Min. I would advise you how-  
ever not to expect it to arrive for if you  
do you will surely be disappointed. For I  
assure you that he will do nothing about  
the matter. He dare not. I don't blame  
the Faculty however for feeling a little  
sore after being outwitted by the Supps. when  
they had to catch so many papers to prevent  
that. It was a little provoking for the Mock  
Scheme Committee to get one of the letters  
before the Prof. had seen them. I believe I  
told you there would be some difficulty  
in about distributing them. Billy Daye the  
treasurer said there would be some dis-  
tributed this year, &c. We had to contrive some  
plan therefore to do it shyly. I told the boys  
that I for one would distribute M. S.  
in Corinthian Hall that night in spite  
of Billy Daye. This somewhat encouraged them  
and I then agreed to receive one. I, as  
chief conspirator was appointed to arrange  
matters give the signal, &c. We divided the  
schemes into packages of 15 or 20 each  
and each of us took one in under our  
coats. I stationed the boys in different  
portions of the hall, each instructed them  
as to the signal for distribution & the

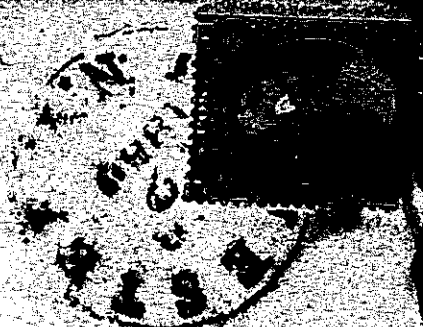
signal assigned to each. The  
Exercises were to commence at 7  
o'clock and I had intended to wait  
until 25 minutes past before giving  
the signal, which would give us freedom  
to distribute them before the Prof. came  
in and went upon the stage. I had  
taken it upon myself to distribute  
down the middle aisle or about twice as  
many as any one else and in full  
view of the stage & any of the faculty who  
might be in the room. At 15 minutes past  
7 there were 1200 or 1400 persons in the  
room and no one had heard anything of  
a Mock Scheme though very many had in-  
quired for them & been checked. I had  
by not getting any as usual. About 20 minutes  
after I was told that the Faculty were  
coming and immediately went out in  
front of the stage and raised my right  
hand. This was the signal for distribution  
and as if by magic the M. S. were  
changed about all over the hall  
and in less than two minutes every  
one was supplied. I had held a long  
rope across the stage and put out an  
end of the Faculty's chairs but the lack of  
After passing down the central aisle I  
found this had not been done. I  
rately ran across the stage and  
myself. This piece of audacity



which I believe no student they ever had  
the ~~confidence~~ courage to do before  
was greeted with immense applause  
by the audience. It was rather cool I must  
acknowledge but I had given my hand  
that they should be put there and did not  
witness to give it up. It is said that Prof.  
Cutting was behind the curtain saw the  
whole performance. I don't know whether  
or that is true or not & neither do care  
you may not entirely understand the M.S.  
So I will give you some notes on it.  
The Press Anderson is two-headed. The Larch  
Owl is Cutting. The Heron - Kendrick. The Eagle  
Richardson & the Army Bird Maj. J. J. J.  
A junior named Warren (<sup>see</sup> music) was one of the  
experienced & disappointed ones. Prof Cutting was  
lately made a B.E.(d. - c) Great Western Brown  
is a Soph. who sells books & boxes his class-  
mates. That in relation to the sincere Building  
is a reputation from the Press in relation to the  
New College Building not yet erected. The Com-  
mittee gave a set of College franchises.  
I have been to wedding since I began this  
sheet and my chin has now progressed  
far into Woodland. I must close, with  
some great Testament & follow him.  
I wanted to write ever so much more  
but cannot now good night My own  
sweet pleasant dreams of Love should  
ones be yours during the stillness of this  
pleasant night. Votre Devout  
A. W. Sawyer

and  
A.

Miss E. L. Kilborn  
Conneaut  
Ohio



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