



blessing and at the same time the evidence of a still greater blessing, methinks you ought to like it better than you did the first time. If you should not have that accustomed illness my dear, would you not wish for it; pray for it? - I have often noticed the peculiar force with which you would repeat your desire for "nothing else to love" but *notre France*; and you may perhaps have noticed a smile of peculiar & perhaps rather ambiguous significance upon my face when I pressed you closer to my breast after you had said so. If you never did notice this it was very often there. It was a smile of incredulity, my love. I have often thought that if it should ever be my happiness to see you the mother of my children I would remind you of your maiden wish and see if the mother still thought as did the maiden. I knew then that you were a woman, fighting against the instincts of your woman's nature which would surely conquer you, if not before at least when first you "felt within" "Another principle of being which might some time slumber". "A unless, fair, immortal child". So I smiled incredulously at your attempts to suppress and disguise a woman's love, and desire for immortality. Ah Emma little thought that I had before noticed many little incidents in her character and conduct which told aloud how strong would be her love for those who should be called her Mother, and that the discovery had given me great pleasure. I don't think Emma that I noticed the excitement you speak of being caused by your adventure with Barrister. Even if I had I could have had no suspicion of the cause. I think you rather ought to have told me, or if you ought not to have done so I wish you had. As it is it is merely another confirmation of his Kenavishness. This by the way Emma you need never fear my ridicule of anything that causes you trouble or sorrow. I do think Emma that I shall love a home, my home, our home, far better than sweet men. Ah well given as a young woman. I don't know how I come to have

such a strong unvarying veritable love of a home. I believe that if I were compelled to live for any length of time in the hollow trunk of a tree it would soon become more agreeable to me than the sweet costly palace. Now my ideal of a home is a country manor, live, among the mountains or beside the sea, with fruits and flowers in abundance, with books and music ever at hand. There I should live & love & study & study without ever thinking of what the world called duty. True I should wish a circle of kind and loving friends and would wish to see them now and then but not very often. The society of one loved one is enough for me. I should seldom sigh for more. I think that if I should be an author I should seldom stray from home. How do you not think I am stupid, homely & prosaic? Well perhaps I am but I think one may enjoy far more happiness than in the busy, noisy, world, amid its constant roar and din. I don't know that I think you were at all silly to feel a little hurt at Edwin's letter. I was a little nettled myself at its tone. You may be sure that the "Gentleman" will soon "descend" to open a correspondence with him after perusing that letter, moreover "favorable circumstances" to make my acquaintance will never "occur" to your "Bachelor Brother" but he must make them. Please my love never to trouble him again with anything in regard to *notre France*. I received a letter from Susie this morning in which she stated that Mrs C. J. Darrell had become a mother but omitted in a P.S. written the next day that the child was dead. I rec'd a letter from Angie the other day she did not feel any cheerful I think when she wrote it all on my previous one and don't know when I shall this. I have at the time of Shakespeare. I supposed I shall write 26 or 30 pages on it. Donna says she thinks you might spend time between your intervals of writing to me, to write to her, at least. Que pensez-vous? I can't see a friend to be duly observed out in Ohio but here it

but here it passes by unnoticed and almost  
unknown. Indeed I don't believe I should  
really have known it was Leap Year if you had  
not mentioned it in your letter. Perhaps it  
is because I am no longer interested in the  
results of Leap Year privileges that I now pay  
no attention to its recurrence. Oh!!! I have  
something to tell you - I went to church  
with a young lady on Friday night last!!!  
It is I didn't either I went with three!! Or  
rather (to get it right at least) I went with one and  
the other two went along to see that I did not  
elope with her I suppose, for I can't imagine what  
else it was. How isn't that a little surprising? Don't you  
begin to tremble? The first time I have done such a  
thing since Nellie was at home and I visited her. That  
must be no more than four months I think.  
A awful long time didn't it? I don't associate with ladies  
enough to know how it seems now. It would be a per-  
fect luxury for me, to put my arm around a waist  
now, I believe, and a kiss from any comely maid  
would be an unheard of blessing. I think the com-  
punction of these two blisses would make me half  
crazy if not quite. I go down and speak the hired  
girl now and then (a pretty black-eyed daughter of  
Eve about 15 yrs old) and keep her engaged with me  
while Chum steals a pie out of the cupboard.  
I am getting quite reconciled to this mode of life  
however and the other day when I was likely to  
be obliged to go to Ohio for a short time, I told Chum  
I did not wish to go for if I went I should visit  
you which I did not wish to do until July.  
I guess I will not send this out until to-  
morrow night for I must write some more  
I think. I suppose too I must go out to Miss  
Hattie for you said so. It is now about  
1 o'clock A.M. and I must read out some  
Greek Testament before I go to bed tonight.  
In good Bye Love Albion

Thursday Morning  
I guess my dear you won't read  
my letter today. I meant to have  
sent it out yesterday but was very much  
hurried with my studies and even now am  
not ready to treat Asymptote (Greenby) with-  
out fear and trembling. You would smile I  
know to see me getting my Math lesson.  
I sat down with Mr. Biot's Geometrie  
Analytique before me and read it off  
just as if it were English. Here however  
arises a difficulty, the translation used by  
the rest of the class has a different order  
from that of the original. So I get a trans-  
lation looks it over and then grow be-  
cause I have learned it in a different  
order. The Math. of this term is awful hard  
but I won't study it more than about so  
much and as a consequence do not  
get very high marks. In fact I don't care  
but precious little about those marks any more.  
I think will make but little differ-  
ence ten years hence what my marks  
were. I would rather have my reading  
than any bellows mathematics. I have  
not the least doubt but I read more  
than all the rest of them and I guess they  
all think so. I have been battling the whole  
class Prof Cutting and all on the New  
Logical System of Sir W Hamilton which  
they refuse to accept. The fact is they don't any  
of them comprehend it. I don't think the  
Prof understands even the charac-



teristic features of it: It had not been  
fully set forth by any writer this side  
of the Atlantic, and Baynes Essay  
had not been republished as yet.  
I have picked out nearly all the system  
however from Sir William's works and  
am fully satisfied of its truth. The Prof.  
considers me so well able to defend it  
that he begins to dread my opposition and  
invariably compromises any matter  
that may be brought up for discussion.

I hope you won't feel disappoint-  
ed because I send you so short a letter in  
answer to your good long one. You know  
there is no danger but I will make  
that all up. I was almost tempted to go  
and take a walk yesterday for a treat  
it was so warm and pleasant but did  
not and don't know as I ever shall  
again. I believe I have not laughed  
ten miles this term but it all together  
or I suppose I am not as strong for  
it but otherwise I feel no injurious ef-  
fects from my close confinement.

The boys are going to College  
now and I must go too.

Heaven bless you My Love

Albion



Miss Emma Kilborn

Convent  
Ohio

A.

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Feb 28 - 1866  
Rochester

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