

Rochester N.Y.

May 20 - 1865

Tuesday Morning

Emma

I have been up this hour or more
scrubbing and dressing. I was thinking just now
that you would have laughed heartily could you have seen
me this morning. You know I am something of an old maid
about somethings. Well the first thing I did this morning was to
shave me, and this although generally a five minutes operation
must I think have taken me nearly half an hour this morning
not because my crop of whiskers is growing so much heavier, but
simply because I was performing the consorial operation at leisure.
Then, as I am declared, I need more scrubbing than a Railroad
engine, and never fail to get it. By the way I saw something funny
about shaving the other day. Old Duns Scribbler a writer of the mid-
dle ages says that ~~some~~ Adam had no beard until after the fall
when it grew as a punishment, and Man had ever since been
compelled to shave, to prevent his countenance from becoming
even more hairy and ugly than the face of an ass. This too he con-
siders as counterbalancing the physical curse which was bestowed
on Woman, for he says the daily pain of shaving one's chin is, and
not intended to be in the aggregate fully equal to that which woman
suffers in child-birth! Do you see my dear, the physical effects of
the Fall are not all confined to your sex. Think of shaving when
you would complain of the severity of your lot!!

Your Cousin Eliza was here yesterday, and Chum and I had quite a laugh over her whiskers. I think she must have visited on herself the curses of both sexes. She came here night before last, but I only saw her for a short time at the breakfast table yesterday morning. I knew she was here the night previous, and they had - I judge by the noise quite a gay time in the parlor. Web was in there as usual and it seemed to be a house of general visitation, but I resolutely kept my doors thinking that if my presence was desired it would be requested. I don't know but I did wrong but you know I never wear a dandelion in my button hole, and can seldom be called an intruder with justice.

Yesterday morning I had an essay to copy and rose very early in order to finish it before Chapel time. I was so busy with this that I paid no heed to the breakfast bell, not even to wake Chum, he and did not go down to breakfast until the boys had eaten. When we went down we found Mrs F., the girls, Mr Kitchen and Eliza there. Had I known she was there I would not have gone down at all. However she was there and there was no avoiding it. Mrs F. with a knowing smile, requested me to take the seat on the left of it, I did so and we exchanged about four words during the meal. I wasn't in the mood to be sociable and felt as contrary as a pig. I guess she will think I am a funny fellow and I should find I am as independent as could be desired. I learned from Mrs F. that she came to the city to purchase some articles for the class at Albion which is to graduate this year. I did not ask whence she came nor whither she went, nor act as if I cared to know.

Afternoon

I have been over to St. Peter's, to be bored by a something called a sermon, by the Rev. Dr. Krebs, of N. York. The Presbyterian General Assembly is in session here, and all the pulpits in the city were to day supplied from members. It was supposed that an eloquent man would be sent to St. Peter's, but it was a mistake. I never was more bored in my life, and could only console myself with the thought that the sermon was grand. Oh! you ought to hear that singing. There are only four in the choir but it is glorious. There is one of the ladies in it with whom I think I could fall in love if I had leisure - and desire. She sings beautifully and does it in such a grand style. I have worked much more than I previously had, during the past week, and my eye does not feel any worse than it did before. I expect to be able to work on my spect considerable this week without injury to myself in any manner. By the way, I shall not remain here during Commencement but go home the Sat. previous. I shall not be appointed for the Dedication, at least the chances are against me, for I had a blow up with Prof Quinby the other day and that with my confessed inferiority in that department will prevent my getting the appointment. I don't care a cent about competing for the prize for that will be disposed of by luck more than merit, but I do rather want the appointment. If I don't get it, however, I shouldn't die of chagrin, or complain of injustice, for I know I am not good in Math. nor do I wish to be, and it will not pay for me to study them. If I lose this appointment I shall set my mind on getting the Senior Prize which is given for the best essay written

on a given subject, and if I try for that I shall surely
get it. I thank Providence that my life, reputation
or ability are not dependent on or be judged by the
College prizes which I take, especially under such an
administration as this. I did not come here to take prizes
surely but to increase my mental strength. I shall do
that better by studying something else instead of Math. I shall
just leave them alone, and Prof Quincy may grovel to his
heart's content. I do not intend to make myself a fact-finding
fool, nor an intellectual miser, and if anybody thinks to
compell me to any certain course by threats or deprivation,
they will not succeed. I did not come here surely to please
the Faculty nor shall I remain, or do that which I consid-
er useless and injurious merely for their sakes. But let the
Faculty go, this I know, there is not a man in the class who can
meet me on the Rostra with any chance of success. I think Web will
go to Ra, in about two weeks perhaps sooner. I had a letter
from Nellie yesterday which gave an account of the recent hostilities
between Mr H. and the stockholders of the Academy. I told Web
of it and he has been fidgetting over the matter ever since. I think he
will go and enter into partnership with Prof. as I hinted, in my last
letter to you. I have been real blue and cross and hateful this
week. I expected some money from Lee last week and it
did not come and has not come yet and I have been scold-
ing and growling all the week. I think, I shall take a sheet of
paper and write "Dissertation" as it as big and plain as
possible, and send it on to them. Que perdez-vous de cela?
I was a bit glad to get Nellie's letter yesterday just because I want-
ed one from her with money or it instead. I think that her
adventure of yours was very peculiar. Why I almost felt the pangs
of jealousy get hold of me as soon as I heard of it. However I guess
I shall survive. There is something over me over Love which even
the thought of your dear self cannot dispel. I don't know what it
is but I feel sure remarkable sadness, as if something evil were
coming this way, as if some calamity or unhappiness were to
befall me. In fact the past few minutes have made me
quite blue.

Well, my Love, I have been lying in the bed for an
hour or more, not sleeping but reading and dreaming and
have risen in pretty good spirits. I have been having funny
thoughts. I have just concluded what it is that makes me
so foolish. An old Roman whose wife had died when
impertinent to marry again said "I cannot, for no
man can love and be wise." Now it is an undoubted
fact that I love, have loved, and intend to love, so you
must never expect to see me wise. I don't know why it is
but for the past few days it has lingered on my mind that
there is something which I want, which I would be, which I have
not now and am not acquiring. I suppose I have got an
impatient fit and am yearning to do more, know more
and be more than I am now. I believe Emma that you
were given me for an incentive to labor, for I know that
without you I should not do near as much as I now do.
You are an impulse to me which I do not believe any-
thing else could supply. I do not look upon you as I used to
as a being simply to be loved, but as one who is to share my
life, not merely my fortune or my fate, but my life. I think
of you now as one who is to aid me in suffering and en-
doring, to encourage me to do, and to share my reward.
I believe I just begin to see how much I must do
if I would live, live happily live honorably, and live
after the grave has claimed me. I look upon you Emma
as the one who is to enable, to prompt, to encourage
me to do all that which I must.

I have all at once become a bit gayer may I say.

I've seen thy bosom's form unveiled
I've gazed upon its Beauty rare
And when my eyes had feasted there
Raised them to thine, which shrank not quailed,
Nor had thy cheek a blush to spare.

My lips have pressed those breasts so white
Which softer lips may press
And oft I've given each fond caress
Its tender beauty did invite
And yet, did not transgress

My hand was stolen nath' they zone
Revealed the charms it hid.
Yet o'er thine eye fell not the lid,
Nor with reproachful look or tone,
Didst thou, my Love, forbid;

But brighter still thy gentle eye
With trusting love did shine
As fixed unswervingly on mine,
To every look it made reply
"Thy Flame, all, all thine".

True Love has many a holy charm

Unknown to Sin and Lust
But that which guards from Passion's gust
And Vice and Falsehood doth disarm
As its all-perfect trust.

~~But~~ And fear not thou, the that profaned
Love's holiest, hidden, shrine,
Left all that made it ever divine,
And ever by him shall it be stained
For he is thine, all thine.

Rome and Albion

Miss Emma L. Kilborn

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