

175
1860

I think it was rather a dangerous experiment, your sending the flowers to Barnester, not Farwester, but I guess it's safe for I presume he is a more or less - least - concerned of our way of sentiment, & as he is housed at our house last - Winter and could scarcely avoid hearing them speak of you, as I always mentioned you in my letters to Rosetta. I presume that was the reason of his inquisitiveness about you. I don't know however. You ought to learn wisdom from experience. Perhaps however you expect this biggest will bring you as much happiness as the other one. Well. As I have not heard from you during the week I infer that the news from Edwin is not encouraging. Adieu. I have

Rochester N.Y.
May 27-1860

My Own Emma

I have become so ac-

customed to writing to you as soon as I am dressed Sunday morning, that I find myself writing to you ~~now~~ before I am dressed. It is a beautiful morning, not sultry, but yet warm, and I could not think of such a thing as putting on my pants, and seat, before sitting down to write to you. The usual scrubbing however, could not be omitted, and besides that, as a sort of extra, I removed a couple of "post black" stains, from the sides of my face, which had been accumulating there ever since I left Ohio. I left only a silken mustache to adorn my physiognomy. Chorus threatened all manner of sanguinary punishments, if I dared to molest that declaring that, by relieving the stability of my countenance and throwing a shade over my upper lip, which you remember, is of no scanty length, it added, I don't know how many percent, to my appearance. I doubt however about its surviving the next shearing time. Do you remember writing to me once in your night gown, that "charming Nishabille," as you termed it? There was something sweet and charming, about that letter that made me single it out for a special niche in memory's gallery. There was so much of that kind tenderness, which has since been so often and so fully displayed, but which was then, half hidden from my view. You thought then, that I could scarcely imagine how (sweet!) you looked, and I have no doubt - but you were quite right in your

I am glad Emma had you come to bring joy and comfort to the sorrowful and suffering. Be sure that my darling for I am
you better that you are so. I am glad too that you fear no brutality on the part of him who is to be your husband, for how much great
her will be your happiness when you approach the nuptial couch, yield yourself to his embrace, and pillow your head upon
his breast. You speak of N.A. B.'s unusual success in giving himself to his embrace, and pillow your head upon
pregnancy when I told him of it, and when was quite awfully of my statement. When we heard of this, he
said "and told me we - with "There now, this proof you can't deny out - there." We had quite a discussion the other day about this
of I told that I would never write him to my home, and if he came would treat him as cruelly as possible and expect him to
again

opposition. I do not think it would require
any great stretch of imagination, on your part to
fancy my appearance at the present time. I am
sitting at my favorite table, (which is covered with
green baize,) dressed in a clean shirt and collar,
with my study gown, which is becoming the worse
for wear, thrown ^{around me.} over it. You will see, at once, that it
is a costume quite oriental and picturesque and by no
means uncomfortable in a hot day. ^{or, on a pleasure morning like this.} By the way,
I like to have died yesterday it was so awful sultry.
I have not been at college since Thursday, (didn't I
write to you on Thursday? If not, the day that I did.)
I have written some, and read some notwithstanding
my grumbling eyes, for I am getting a little desper-
ate, about the matter. I would be very happy now, to
have you come into the room, in your night dress
if so pleased you, seat yourself upon my lap and, as I
clasped you fondly, nestle sweetly, ~~lovingly~~ ^{lovingly} upon my
breast and turn those gentle, earnest eyes to mine
with that calm confiding look they always wear, when
looking up from that pillow. I know that your cheek
would be without a blush, and your bosom the home
of happy thoughts, while B. Q. I should be happier than
words can tell. How great my Beloved is the sanctity of
pure and trustful affection. How strange, and yet how
how sweet, to think that I should speak to you of sitting
on my lap when I am in such dishabille, yet I know
that nothing would give you greater joy, and nothing ^{more} free
from evil. I feel that we shall be happy because we love
each other so fondly, and so freely. We may not have all those
instruments of delight, which we might wish for, but we shall be
happy in being with each other in laboring and striving for each other's
happiness. When first our married life begins I wish not to be able
to give Emma such a house, as I would wish her to call ours

P.S. I know my Lane that for the time at least you will be happy when you read my letter, for I have been very
very happy while writing it. I did not only answer your letter the other day to let me know by the way you must
not be surprised at this freak of writing to you on a sheet of "Legal Caps." It is emblematic of my profession you know - you ask
about my pen, it is in state you see get and will be for time or three weeks. I am writing something for J. I hardly know
whether it will be like me or not. I have about a dozen pages of such paper as this upon and have barely got into my subject -
It is a subject which by itself evolves almost entirely from my own brain and I am only puzzled how to arrange it.

but Oh, how happily from currently, how lovingly shall I
look to procure such an one. And what-kind of a home
think you I should have? I know what you will answer,
you will say that I should have a beautiful, a lovely home,
beyond the city's dusty streets yet not beyond the busy world,
hidden from the prying gaze, yet welcome to the eyes of friends
as the soft couch to the weary traveler. Yes my Dear ones
such a home I would have. I care not about its
being rich and grand. In fact I would prefer that there
should be no superfluous expenditure connected with it.
I would have it beautiful in its fitness and completeness
in its suitability to serve the purposes of a home. There
is but one place in it; where I would indulge in luxury and
that is - - where do you think? - in our sleeping room, and
a pet pretty, little, airy boudoir, that I would have opening
from it, where, with a little library of pet authors, her work
stand, writing desk, souvenirs of other days, and all these, and
all those little, nameless, happy flying surroundings, which only a
woman's fancy can suggest; - Emma, my Emma, may
sit, during the long summer days, when the cares of business will
enforce my absence, when the hours would otherwise seem weary
^{the room} which may be Emma's sanctuary during that partial exclusion
which must take place, ere from her own, another life springs
forth. This apartment, I would have beautifully luxurious, for
my Emma's sake. I would have these two rooms the place
of all others upon Earth, to which her heart should cling, with
tenderness and Love. Opening from one of them, or at least,
having a direct connection with it; I would have a bath-
room and a sort of private gymnasium where, safe
from intrusion and the prying gaze of vulgar eyes,
we might enjoy, whenever need or inclination prompted
those three great physical blessings of Nature, Water, Air and
Exercise. Of the remainder of the house I only desire that
it may be comfortable, convenient and substantial. Of the
grounds, garden, and out-buildings, that they be neat and fitting.

I know you do, therefore let me quote the words of an old author and say "Look up, my dear one, to that heaven which made thee such; and join with me to implore its influence on our teachers, friends, and benefactors; author of love to bless our affection, and mingle with our happiness a just sense of our transient nature, and resignation to his will." Pleasant thoughts, happy Providence, and the fondest delights which God affords be thine my own, dear loved Life-Darling Howard.

What think you of my desired Home? My dream built on
idence? Would you have it thus? If not suggest altera-
tions for now while it is but an air castle they may
be easily made. When it comes to be reality, as I hope
expect it will, someday, it cannot be ~~so~~ ^{so easily} altered.

Is it a dream too sweet and gorgeous for a poor student
to repeat to the poor stricken who is to be his wife, with any
prospect of its being realized? Ah, well, my Love, it may never
be. You may never be the mistress nor I the master of such a
mansions, yet I would, and if I may I will. If I may
not, why, contented in the Love of Emma, and with the hon-
est effort of an earnest, manly heart; — "be mine the rest."

"But from the mountains side

"Views wild and swelling floods,"

"And humlets brown and dim discovered spires

"And heard their simple bell." But there is one dream

which I know will not be all a dream, if we are ever permitted
to sustain to each other the holy relation of husband and wife,

which God in mercy grant. — It is this, — after years have
passed away I know I shall say of you as Steele represents his friend as
Laying of his. — Ah, you little understand me that have lived a bach-
elor, how great how exquisite a pleasure there is in being really beloved! It is
impossible that the most heartless face in nature should arise in one
such pleasing ideas as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading
in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my favor.
As to what you say of fifteen (his friend had said he must not always expect her to be fifteen)
she gives me every day pleasure beyond what I ever knew in the posses-
sion of her beauty when I was in the vigor of youth. Her face is, to me,
much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any
feature which I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned by some
anxious concern for my welfare and interest. Thus at the same time methinks the
love I conceive for her, for what she was, is heightened by my gratitude, for
what she is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion usual-
ly called by that name as the spirit of gentlemen is above the loud laugh-
ter of buffoons. Oh, she is an inestimable jewel! "Would you not rather
have that than the fine apartments and the pretty home? Of course you
would and this dream is far pleasanter and dearer to me
than the other. Well my dear Love, do you not now wish you were here
clad in your robe de nuit, to sit in my lap, place your cheek on my
bared breast, feel my heart beating for you, my hand resting on your
bosom, or gliding over your person, with fond, loving, ardent caresses,
while our hearts are filled with a great tenderness for one another?"

~~What think you of my desired Home? My dream built on
idence? Would you have it thus? If not suggest altera-
tions for now while it is but an air castle they may
be easily made. When it comes to be reality, as I hope
expect it will, someday, it cannot be so easily altered.~~

Dear Mary Love
Good Morning Mary Love I have
just a few minutes to finish my letter
if it can be said to be finished during
that time. I suppose you are practicing
now with all your might and though I
would not wish to hinder your improve-
ment I assure you I don't feel anything
that would show behind you and give
you a good long loving kiss before you
were aware of my presence. I know you
would look up with such an earnest
"Thank You" in your eyes, and while you
were thus looking up ward, my hand would
seek its accustomed resting place, and yours
would press it hard as if its presence were a balm
to cure and a reward in labor. May its pres-
ence be ever thus welcome. I have been well
lonesome during the last few days, having a
constant wish to see my Love. As this
has been forbidden me by circumstances

I have consoled myself by thinking & dreaming of her sweetly and tenderly. I do wish there was some good honest lady friend like Mrs. W., here in the city whom I might visit occasionally. I believe this complete seclusion from female society has a tendency to make me morose, at least it would were it not for my correspondents. You manage to keep me in tolerable good humor with myself and consequently with the rest of the world. But I haven't said one word about your letter which I rec'd on Saturday night. I think you must have been in unusually good spirits when you wrote that for it rings as merrily as spring time fountain. Terrible impression I must have made at F. last Spring! No wonder you don't want I should come there again! Of course you wish to spare tender loving hearts the knowledge that you have me fast - until you have me faster. Eh hem, I promise you that if you are so careful to keep me now, I shall not permit you to complain if you

wish to, of a bad bargain when I am husband. How is it to a party you are at F. this year? Were it not for that I would go down there now & then and have a real nice flirtation with almost any one, at those tender hearted girls - even with Miss Ballantine herself if Augie had not been so stupid as to tell her of a certain other little affair of mine. And would it be worth a fortune to flirt with her under such circumstances? Oh, if you would have heard that sigh for lost enjoyment, that gasp for new bliss from my surcharged bosom, I know you would wish yourself, at home, at the Antipodes, any where, even at F. Such stories as you tell! My likeness stolen and carried in a young lady's bosom for two days! How Henry that likeness! But I could tell a truer tale than that. I could tell of a bosom which has formed a seating place for more than my likeness that has felt the pressure of my cheek - my

lips and mouth beneath the pressure
as if its joy was too deep & pure for
earth and the trembling spirit wing was
prised for an upward flight. I wonder
how long what you would do if I should
get into a right down flirtation with
some nice young lady. I really can't
imagine it about, believe you can't. I
can only think of your dream of a
year ago as an unbroken dream
heart. But I must write no more
I have a long lesson in Mechanics to mes-
ter yet this morning. I have forgotten
Urgy's request all this week but will
try and comply with it before I send
this note, adieu.

Je vous embrasse
W. Bourgee.

Miss **E. L. Kilborne,**

Conneaut

Ohio

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013

May 27 60
Babesler

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013