

My Emma

The time for my pleasant tasks has come again, and freed from the labor and toils the week, I come again to thee darling for joy.

I believe I love you and prize your faithful affection far more, from what I have seen and heard during the past week.

Oh, I have been so thankful that our love was something permanent, that no little man could overturn our Life Bargain - that we have never yet, and I pray we never may find occasion or opportunity for what may be termed a lover's quarrel. You know that Chas. had been engaged to Susie for a long time, and he had some to regard his marriage with her, very much as I do ours, as something that might but death could hinder, nor would he have it otherwise. I do not think he loved her to that extent, which he is ~~case~~

idea of loving a woman, but he was  
content that it should remain thus.  
He had always placed her at his side in the  
like picture of his dreams, and of course she  
was dear to him, for like Oberlin he had cast  
the shadow of his holiness on her and fancied  
her quite a saint. But I suppose, women  
like you, are very anxious to know what  
this long prologue will end in. Well last  
Tuesday the long silence of Mlle. Susie  
was broken by Cherris receiving a letter  
saying that their connexion was broken  
of forever. The letter itself was thickly  
interspersed with heroic sentences, ten-  
der regret, and endearing memories.

Cherris, of course, said amen with the  
best grace imaginable, and he has  
given his word that the connexion  
shall never be renewed whatever be the  
temper of Mlle. Susie's mind hereafter.  
His mind tells him that it will be  
much to his advantage though of  
course it is somewhat difficult to

bring his heart to believe it. For  
a few days he suffered intensely but I think  
he will get over it soon, and in the end  
be much happier, for I am fully convinced  
that he would never have enjoyed much  
happiness with Susie. For my part I am  
heartily glad that the affair has turned out  
so, and every one of Corrie's friends I  
know will echo my congratulations to  
him, on being safe out of the thing. He  
received a letter from Mr. B's folks also  
telling him of the fact and he sent back  
a most scathing reply. I think that a short  
time will suffice to cure him of his boy-  
ish love, and make a nobler man of  
him. There is one disaster which made  
me thank Our Father for my Emma, for  
a true and loving heart, which I may call  
my own with no fear of losing it - un-  
less death transplant the immortal flame  
or to Heaven, and even then I hope to re-  
joice in the beauty of its eternal blooming.

that my friends  
and my pleasure but I am  
not sure of it. I have  
written to you several  
times and have not  
heard from you. I  
am very anxious to  
hear from you and  
to know how you are  
getting on. I hope  
you are well and  
happy. I have not  
time to write you  
more than a few  
lines but I will  
write again soon.  
I have not heard  
from you for some  
time and I am  
anxious to hear  
from you. I have  
not time to write  
you more than a  
few lines but I  
will write again  
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for some time  
and I am anxious  
to hear from you.  
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than a few lines  
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all the much  
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you long away from you. It seems as if  
thought always to be with you but I know I  
might not and am just as happy as can be  
away from you only sometimes when I get lonely  
I have thoughts of you now my love  
why so many are so strongly opposed to long  
engagements. I myself had such engage-  
ments as ours, in which each speaks to soul the  
only language of pure affection. Many are  
like Ethel and Essie, have been in a continual  
process of debating "how quarrels";  
others like Webb and Anna never become suffi-  
ciently disappointed to quarrel. It will break  
the testimony of my own life to make me believe  
that such an engagement as ours can result in  
anything but a happy married life. If we pass  
our days in mutual aspirations and our nights  
in sulky separation, if I sneer at Emma  
because the coffee is bad, or cease to fold her  
laundry to my room at night full - I will  
believe that happy, trusting lovers may be mis-  
erable, suspicious husbands and wives.  
You know my love that it is my

opinion that in almost every case of  
unhappy marriages (I mean in marriages  
contracted for love, or from supposed love)  
the fault lies first and principally with the hus-  
band. I was reading a short time since  
Dr. Holland's remarks upon the famous  
Burch case. As he touches upon this subject  
and I think his remarks very fine, as Holland  
always are, I will enclose them to you. In  
speaking of woman's nature he says

You see I have transferred his words, in-  
stead of quoting them - in true editorial  
style. Ed. Gould was in just a moment  
but now and said "Give her my love, will  
you." I assured him that I would and he  
soon left, after many kind inquiries in  
regard to you. Ed is a real, noble, good fel-  
low and a sincere friend of mine. Your  
likeness is sitting opened against the pane  
tail of my lamp and looks real good. If  
it were only real would not those lips suffer  
violence. I am getting us hungry for a kiss

gain, as I was in the Fall. Not exactly anxious  
for a kiss either for I could get plenty of them  
here if I wished but hungry for a kiss from  
you. By the way Mary and Clara - a girl that  
boards here - were laughing at my tender  
little mustache, and I told them facetiously  
that I supposed you would set your face against  
it the moment you saw it. Mary did not  
take on the gun at all and so she spoke up "Well  
I don't blame her, I would if I were in her place."  
I told her I supposed she would if she had a  
chance - and it seems as if she did do it - be-  
fore we retired. Now I guess you are angry.

I have not heard from Angie yet. I guess she  
has concluded not to write any more. As to our Agen-  
cy, Web writes that it will not pay to do any-  
thing with it until after Maying. So you need  
have no fear but I will be down on the Lake &  
Shore, often enough, and in just the capaci-  
ty you desire, that of a lover. I expect to get  
scolded severely for some additions which I have  
made to my wardrobe of late at a most exorbi-  
tant price, however, I will wait until I get it before  
I give any defence. I suppose I shall have to work  
very hard this week for I have much to do that must  
be done now. If you do not hear from me next  
Sunday you need not be surprised for I may be so  
tired that I shall go to bed and sleep all day.

The hot weather is beginning to oppress me  
but we have cool evenings and mornings and I  
should like to do believe. Doubtless you are now  
congratulating your self that you are still unmar-  
ried. I betide you have a peculiar horror of  
being married in the Summer. Wonder what the  
world I shall do with you during the summer months  
when you are mine. Can you imagine, I like to  
have forgotten to tell you that I have become accustomed  
to smoke most terrifically. So I am even with you,

else—genuine, demonstrative affection—and the life of a wife is utterly tasteless without it. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in a thousand, the man who wins the love of a woman is to blame if he fails to keep it. If Madame Burch ever loved Mr. Burch, and ceased to love him so far as willingly to yield herself to a strange embrace, then Mr. Burch can escape the blame of losing that love by only one chance in a thousand. When a woman yields herself to the husband she truly loves, her chastity is, to all intents and purposes, in his keeping. So long as he is a loving husband to her, and makes her life one with his own, so long is she safe from all the assaults of all the Stuarts and scoundrels in society. It is not to the wives of true and affectionate husbands that libertinism is attracted. A loyal, loving husband is the sure safeguard of a wife's virtue. So we declare that when a woman demonstrates, by any act, that she has ceased to love a husband whom she has once honestly loved, her husband's blameworthiness is demonstrated, and he can only spread his wrongs before society with shame. Mr. Burch may have been wronged. If Mrs. Burch ever loved him, she has pretty certainly been wronged.

Without saying a word for Mrs. Burch, who may or may not be very guilty, we confess that in this case, as nearly all similar cases, our sympathies naturally turn to the woman involved. Somewhere in all these cases a man stands in the position of responsible authorship. Man's beastliness, greed for gain, overbearing passion and strong will are placed over against woman's loneliness, weakness and yearning for affection. We do not believe there is one case in a thousand of fall from virtue, in married life or out of it, in which the man is not primarily and mainly to blame. It matters not much how clear a case can be made out against Mrs. Burch—her husband cannot relieve himself—as we think—from all burden of responsibility in the matter. The great fact—the primary fact—of his utter loss of her love remains to be accounted for by him. Through what neglect—by what means of inharmonious intercourse—by what withholding of society—was this love, once his, lost? It will be fortunate for him if he can lay his hand upon his heart and declare that he has been all to her that he ought to be—that he has discharged every duty he owed to her.

Miss Emma L. Kilborn.

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