

Box 2220

Rochester N.Y.

Oct. 8 - 1860

My Dear Love

I received last
night your letter of the 6th of which I received
and you may be sure I did not
miss a word of it all must of got more than
enjoyed its writing. I had
heard a little of some friends not receiving
any letters from you before, and had almost
given up all hope of getting one until to-
morrow or next day. I must confess that
you therefore a little surprised when as I
went from my message, I found a letter
from you which is now the number
six. I don't forget it hereafter. I am real
glad to hear that you wrote me that letter
and am deeply incensed how happy it
made me. I must say I intend to be du-
ring the evening, as I had first got an
opportunity to read it until just before I

retired and after that I lay awake
for a long time, thinking and dreaming of
My Love. My thoughts and wishes were most
contradictory, yet I was very happy. I wished
that you were couch'd beside me, yet was grateful
that you were not. I long'd to fold you to my
breast and yet was not sorry that you were
separated from me. That letter Love ^{was} is
like my Emma, and it has made me even
more grateful that my Emma is such an one.
And My Dear one, when you are folded to my
bosom you shall be happy — the sleep that
kisses your eyelids shall be undisturbed, and
the heart that throbs against my own shall
be quicken'd only with the warm tide of trust-
ful Love. I am not so impatient for the time to
come, for I know that every moment which
it is desired is laden with golden stores of
future joys, but its pleasures are with me in
anticipation and I can but dwell on them.

I have not much time to dream but I
^{have} enough of happiness, for when the ^{day's} labor
is finished, I always enjoy a world of

happiness in the few moments that
I spend in thinking of you and of our
future. Well may you say that you
knew it would have been a pleasure to
me to take you on my lap and fondle
you as you wish'd I could on the evening
that you wrote. If we are childish in our
love and caresses, we are also childish in their
innocency. We have taken the bitterness
from that which is to others evil and behold
to us it is good, strengthening our love &
binding our hearts still closer together. If
our married life be as free from stain
and repining as our two years courtship
has been, — and I know it will, — I should
have no fear in applying for the fitch of bacon
which Sir Philip de Somerville promised to
give to every man who having been mar-
ried a year and a day could take the
following oath, as given by an old author
"Here ye Sir Philip, that I, sith (since) I wed-
ded my wyf and sythe I had her in my keepyng, &
at my wyffe, for a year and a day, after our

marriage, I would not have her changed for
none other, fatter, ne (not) fowler, richer nor
poorer, ne for none other descended from better
lynage, sleeping ne waking at now time. And
if she were sole, & I were sole, I would take her to
be my wyf before alle the wy women of the worlde
of what conditions they be whether good or evyll;
as helpe me godde & his seyntis, and this fleest
and alle fleshez. Amen." The same is otherwise
narrated by Morant in his History of Essex.

"You shall sweare by custom of confession
that you never made nuptial transgression;
Nor since you were married man & wife
By household brawl, or mutual strife
Or otherwise in bed or at board
Offended other in deed or in word;
Or since the parish clerk said amen
Wished yourselves unmarried again;
Or in a twelve month & a day
Repented not in thought any way
But continued true in thought and desire
As when you joined hands in holy quire.
To these conditions without all fear
Of your own accord you will freely sweare
A whole gamman of bacon you shall receive
And bear it hence with love & good leave."
You see my head is full of prizes not
withstanding your advice to omit all
consideration of that article after gratua-
tion, and since you think there is no
chance of getting one I am bound to look
out for another. I have no great fear of your
being changed by boarding school life, now, but
if you should as you intimate make up your
mind to never to marry, please to let me

Evening

My Dear, I do wish you
were here, and my wife. I want to
kiss you, fold you in my arms and
sleep. I am tired, dull, and maybe
a little stupid and peevish. At any rate
I feel cross at almost everybody but you
and you are the only person the I wish
to see tonight. No one else would answer
at all. I want to see you, — and as I can-
not — I will be sullen and dumb, to every
one else. I believe Emma I have made
a perfect conveyance of my self to you.
It is of you, and for you that I live
and think. I wonder if you are not think-
ing of me now. I feel just as if you
were longing to pillow your head on my
breast. Oh! I do wish you could. C & W,
as you say Love the time is one year
shorter than it was one year ago, and
every day that slips into eternity brings

it so much nearer to us. I don't
see how in the world I can live
without you after I leave College, though.
Do you suppose I can then settle down
in any business or learn a profession
with nothing to cheer me but hope? And
then you know I shall want to see
my classmates at the class paper after
graduating. Tell you what my classmates

"My mind it is made up

"I'm coming back two years from this

"To claim that silver cup.

"I'll bring along the "requisites"

"A little "blue-eyed" lad

With bit and fixings all complete

"And I shall be its dad."

How is it, do you think I must get
prizes in College and not wait till
afterwards before I try? Oh, well there's
no use in looking ahead it's bad
enough to know that I cannot sleep with
Chun tonight. I shall dream of you
all night &orrow, sweet happy dreams

so that in the morning I shall
be as loth to leave the place where I
have dreamed of you as if yourself were
there. You must not study too
hard nor practice music too
much My Dear for that would spoil
my Emma, and I would rather have
her without knowledge or music than
not at all. So say the truth Emma I
want you changed just as little as poss-
ible. Change would spoil you.

But Chun is ready for our evening
prayer so Good Night My Love

My Holy Angels guard you
Albion.

And ther is alle manner welthe to welde ;
And ther is rest without ony travaille ;
And ther is pees without ony strife,
And ther is alle manner lykinge of lyf :—
And ther is bright somer ever to se,
And ther is nevere wynter in that countrie :—
And ther is more worshipe and honour,
Then evere had kynge other emperour.
And ther is grete melodie of sungeles songe,
And ther is praising him amonge.
And there is alle manner friendshipe that may be,
And ther is ever perfect love and charitie ;
And ther is wisdom without folye,
And ther is honeste without vileneye.
Al these a man may joyes of heavene call :
Ac yutte the most sovereyn joy of alle
Is the sighte of Goddes bright face,
In wham resteth alle mannere grace.

1860



Miss E. L. Kilborn

Gainesville Fem. Sem.

Gainesville

A. X. T.

N. Y.

1860

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