

Rochester N.Y.

Oct. 21-1860

Dear ones

It is now nine o'clock but  
bright and I have not written a word to you today.  
Am I not a careless, neglectful boy? But what, you  
wish to know, have I been doing that I have not  
written? During a great-part of the day I have been  
copying an essay which I wrote yesterday. Does this  
acknowledgment surprise you? Well I don't wonder  
that it does. I am a little surprised myself. I knew  
that I had to hand in an essay, to Prof. Cutting  
on the 22<sup>nd</sup> of this month more than a month ago  
and had prepared the materials for it from time to  
time intending to write it during the past week. I made  
calculations last week to write it - Friday afternoon and  
Saturday, and copy it tomorrow, thinking that the  
22<sup>nd</sup> came on Tuesday, instead of Monday. This morn-  
ing when I learned my mistake I knew I must copy  
it today off hand, for I have an immense amount of  
Mathematics to read up before college hours tomorrow.

I chose therefore to copy what remained, to day,  
rather than fail tomorrow. After having spent the day  
so evilly I thought myself in duty bound to go to church  
this evening, which I accordingly did. I had time however  
to day to shave off my whiskers, and now have a clean  
face once more. I spared only my mustache and every  
one has been condoling with me on the loss I have sustai-  
ned. I received your letter last night as usual for which  
I was very much glad. As to those frightened looking  
scrawls which you wished me to find out the meaning  
of, I assure you I found no trouble in rendering them  
beautifully and will send you herewith a translation  
which I hope will be exceedingly pleasing and edifying  
to you. Don't you think I have retained the thought of  
the original very perfectly without rendering it either  
loosely or idiomatically? Καὶ οὐν ἔγραψα σε, κρησ,  
ἀὶς ἄς ἐρτοδὴν γράφω σε καινῶν, ἀλλὰ ἦν εἴχων ἐν  
ἀρχῆς, ἵνα ἀγαπῶμεν ἀλλήλους. I suppose Angie  
thinks me the most careless and useless brother.  
That ever cursed a human being with the name because  
I did not see about that broadcloth a week ago as  
I ought to have done. Really I am very sorry but  
I could not help forgetting it. I was so busy draw-

ring the week that I scarce had a thought  
of you or her and such a thing as broadcloth  
never came into my head until I came to write  
to you on Sunday. Then I thought and probably  
said I would look the next morning. When  
I went to college in the morning I was late  
instead of doing as I promised, I kept repeating  
my math. formulas until I had sealed the let-  
ter fast and sure. These all at once it came into  
my head that I did not want to send it then  
I said so to China. It was too late however to  
repeal and so I sent it along. It can't be helped  
but I'll promise never to be so careless again, nor  
never in this world. By the way I want the owner  
of the wrist which that bracelet is intended  
for or pretty near it. As to your request I  
hardly know how to refuse you anything but  
really I can't say that the proposition strikes me  
very favorably. I should have no objection to corres-  
ponding with Miss Barnes, or any other Miss, merely  
for the sake of gratifying you, and from what  
I know of her I have no doubt but that in your eyes  
it would be a privilege, but the fact is I have

about enough correspondents now, more at  
least than I can attend to with any sort of  
justice. Besides that it seems a little funny  
for me to correspond with more than half  
the seminary. I have now you know four  
correspondents there. It is true I have not  
written to Angie this year for I suppose she  
has the benefit of my letters to you, and does  
not so much expect special letters to herself.  
I wanted to correspond with Miss B — not  
so much for the correspondence as because  
I took a fancy to that very childishness which  
seems to awaken your contempt so much,  
and I thought it would be funny. If you  
say I must (— and you do it seems), why I  
suppose I shall do it, but if I fall in love  
with Miss Barnea, and she's willing and we run  
away and commit matrimony and leave  
you without a husband for your yellow you  
must console yourself with the reflection that  
you first tempted me, — you put in my hand  
the knife which severed <sup>the</sup> Love's golden cord <sup>and</sup>  
and you won't get a bit of sympathy from  
me. But now the deuce my dear am I to begin  
it? I would as soon think of heiling the man in  
the moon with a speaking trumpet as of addressing  
her a letter desiring her correspondence, for you  
know dear I don't care a fig about it, only for  
you. I was terribly shocked the other day on learning for the  
first time of Mr. Hanson's (if that's the way it's spelled) fall.  
How fashionable it is becoming for smart divines to be  
seduced. The sheet is full & I am off for bed. Give love  
to all our friends — adieu.  
Je vous embrasse  
Albion



Miss E. L. Kilbourn

Gainesville

Wyoming Co.

N. Y.

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY  
APR 18 1878

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