

4
I have spent more time, and
steridly, Love. Albin

Rochester N. Y.

Nov 11 - 1860

My Own

I have just returned
from the afternoon service, and though it is
only half past four, I can scarcely see to write
to you. I had not decided on a letter a few lines
yesterday, but it is not often that I leave you until
four o'clock in the afternoon. I was really
surprised and gratified by the reception of
your letter of the 10th. It was handed
to me just as I went into Dr. Lewis's room
to a little lecture on a little Chemistry
that I heard that day. - This however is not
much of a tribute to the goodness of the letter
for I do not pretend to know anything about
it, ^{is. the Chemistry not the letter} nor to pay any attention to it. You can

imagine, that I was pleased,
for I had a real pleasant dream of you,
there in that noisy room. I believe it was
providential, coming just then. I think it
was intended to encourage and cheer
me. I don't know what I should have
done without that, or something similar.
About an hour afterwards I received a letter
which completely overcame me, and in-
duced - even after neutralizing the effect
of yours, a desperate attack of the blues,
which has not yet left me. I should have
answered your letter before, or at least have
written some for you, had it not been for these
evil spirits. I beg your pardon, my Love, but
I do not intend to tell you what the letter contains
that occasioned this depression of spirits, at pres-
ent. If it was really, ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{most} ^{serious} ^{consequence}
the blues you will never see me again.
But, however, it was of a really trivial nature
there is no need that you too, should have
the horrors, as I am afraid you would
if I should tell you now.

You were indeed kind to send me
such a sweet letter, my Love. And then, today
came another. I am really your debtor, and
that, too, in a way in which I feel but ill fitted
to repay you at present. I think you will have
to wait till the "good time coming" has arri-
ved for the pay of many of the debts I owe you.
And so you would think of me, during all
that day? Really it is a blessing to be the sub-
ject of your remembrance, to know that —
One rarely forms of all the crowded host
She could not, if she would, from memory cast,
A ray from her sight; for where so'er
The tapers, or looks, or air or near
That faintness is ever there.
Her own, sweet Paet, too, no other gives,
Even on his unread page that image lives;
And sooth to say, she loves that page the more,
No never had it touched her ere before:
She loves the woods, the earth, the sky
For all that in their empires lie
But deem of him, that dearer is,
One which she may not blush for eye to dwell

But other self etc cannot have too well."

Your beautiful reverie my Love seems almost a rescript of some which have visited my own bosom. I have feared some times that I ~~was~~ too much of a dreamer. Often has the thought of you given me an hour of sportive and waste eye fresh and happy from labor. But have I felt that I could ask no man - ^{no} jealous - more than thus to look into his bright unlettered book? It would seem to bring ^{home to} earth, with all the joys that old Richard Rolle in his honest simplicity

I think it

altogether possible that I could not be with you that day. I could make your vision in part, at least, real. I do not think it would have hurt you at all to have sent yourself into my arms then, and you may be sure my hand would have crept in your bosom had it been so, and that blessed thrill should not have been entirely the product of memory-worshipped fancy. I cannot explain that for you Love, but I am so glad ~~that~~ it is true. You can scarcely imagine how much it adds to my enjoyment to know that it brings to you such raptures as you have heard of since what I might call some such kind of it, as well as its cousin's, and I forget the exact words. I have never meant to have looked to see if I were mistaken. I thought that it was true & I was not - and now I am sure of it. I have another who is herself almost always a babe, she often fondles her child. She speaks of the sweet almost triumphant love which her babe gives in his sole exultation and how under her hand "there will ^{be} more pleasure as she gives her tiny lips at her bosom in which alone there is at any time - exquisite delight.



Miss Emma L. Kilborn,

Gainesville,

AW: [unclear]

N.Y.

No 11th 1860

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013