

Rochester 5-18-60

My Dear Love

The bells are just
ringing for the afternoon meeting and
I have just sat down to write to you.
My friend Little has just left the
house to come to borrow my poem
to read to his friends. They do
wish to have it published but I will
not allow it to be done in a contrary
spirit. I think I have been abused by
the University and I will do nothing
that can be of any benefit to it if I can
possibly avoid it. The boys think I
have had a glorious revenge on the
Faculty for not appointing me one
of the Speakers and they call my poem
Lodge's Revenge. Prof Quincy was
considerably enraged about it and
you are a terrible raking in the Exam
location the other day. How is the

those examinations are over. I came out "sain et sauf" as Don Affhouse says, in every thing but Math. I didn't care a fig for that and Prof knew it so he gave me a proposition as hard as he could remember and we had a real blow up over it. I did what he gave me though and sure too and gave him a little extra impudence. He called me up the first one and sent me to the board. I happened to know what he gave me and put it down very quietly, so that I was the second one who left the board, and by right should have been the second one called up. As it was however he kept me there some three hours, and when he called me my figure had been almost obliterated by others. He asked if I was ready and I told him I had been for two hours. He replied that I had not been away from the board as long as that. I told him it had been 2 1/2 hours since I left it and the figure had been there ever

long that it had faded. I then went away yesterday morning and it is awful lonesome here. I really wish I had gone with him but as I had promised Nora I did not. I have been sitting here with my pen in my hand having a great long dream of you my love and it has given me the blues terribly. It is I think almost the only time that the thought of you has ever given me the blues, but I have them now most severely. I guess I will not tell you what I have been thinking about me but say, as you do that "I don't believe I dare tell you." The room is so empty and still without charm that I can't write at all. I have been reading Victor Hugo's horrid Tragedie of "Lucrece Borgia", with the most desperate energy ever since dark last night. Dr Kendrick gave it to me yesterday and thought it would take me several days to read it. I guess I will go

down and get something more in the morning. He is very kind to me and said he would let me have his great-niece volume of Beranger if it were only term-time. I really like the old fellow and if I come back next-year I will get better acquainted with him if possible. I think he likes me first-rate and I want to keep him on my side for I am afraid I shall need his aid some day. Angie has probably told you that I have had a disagreement with the members of the F. Com and I have bidden them adieu. The other night after having read my poem I left the college chapel all alone - not a boy of the Society came near me except casually to offer compliments as they need must. I came home cursing the whole set in my heart. I presume Chas and I will have a grand time in breaking off our connection with them, but they will see it. I can be as strong an enemy as friend and they will find it out too. I fear you are injuring yourself my dear Emma by too much work or too little rest or recreation. Are you not? You must be careful. You must find out what is the matter with you and have it cured immediately. Your last letter made me really anxious for you. I am afraid my dear that I have made you too much of a wife - mistress gas? I fear womanhood in prospect does not agree well with you does it?

Something is evidently the matter with you, - You are wrong somewhere and I charge you - "par tout ce que vous est cher; par son propre tete, puisque vous saine; par le salut de mon ame," - s'empressez-vous vos esprits, vos forces et vos charmes. I am really afraid my dear that you love so well that

"La vie aux mille soins, labours et larmes
Se transfigure en joie" N'avez pas raison? This is one reason why I hesitated so long about going with Nora. I had promised to go there sometime but never was better, only it seemed as if I ought to go out and take care of you. I am not so weak but that I can stand a few more weeks separation from you without suffering very seriously. Another reason why I did not wish to go was that I am short of funds. If I thought I should earn anything at home I would not go but I probably

shall do nothing until after harvest
for I cannot with my present state of
health go into the hayfield and work
to any advantage. So I concluded to
go and see how the long promised
visit while I could have Anna to go
home with. I am afraid those cherries
which your mother has so kindly saved
for me will surely be gone when I re-
turn. - Too bad isn't it? Eh well I am none
the less thankful for them, or rather for the
kindness manifested in preserving them.
I expect Anna down early in the
morning to go over to Put. Hope
and around the city with me. The Chicago
go Louises drill in the afternoon and I
must surely see that for Prof. Quincy
is to conduct the parade. I am going
to pack my trunk tonight - for I shall have
no time tomorrow. Give love to all at
C. G. - and may you have happy days
and sweet-dreams if I am not with
you — Yours
Albion.