

Emma L. Kilborn

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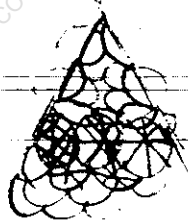
Amherst

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27 Letters

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013

Sept 24<sup>th</sup> 1611  
— Kingston —



CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013

Kingsville Ohio  
Sept. 25 - 1864.

Emma

Do you think I am almost pardonable in having the Blues here at this mockery of a home. Well, I am blue now, blue enough to frighten <sup>me</sup> ~~one~~ of a sober sedate temperament, and I am going to tell you all about why, &c. — No, I won't, I guess it is my peculiar affliction sent to enable me to gain self control. You know Milton's wife and daughters were great purifiers for him and undoubtedly gave us many of the finest passages of his works. I guess it must be a similar thing for me. I am abundantly prepared to testify that "there is no devil like a woman crossed." If I should ever have a wife one half as contemptible as my father's, I do believe I should be guilty of murder or suicide. I believe the Lord made her especially to afford a fine illustration of the doctrine of Total Depravity, and I wonder that with such an illustration constantly before my eyes, I ever thought of doubting the truth of that doctrine. The only reasonable explanation I can give is, that I always had and impression that about the time she was formed there occurred one of those seasons when "I repented God (penitent-ers, that he had made," so he gave Satan power over the elements and the Devil had it all his own way — "Fit father of fit child." I have been longing to

say "Damn it!" all the morning, and, if you had  
been present to hear me, I would have done it. If  
there is anything that will tend directly and strongly  
to sour my disposition it is that microscopic mean-  
ness which a mountain of every atom of opportunity.  
As to her treatment of you, when you were here, it would  
once have made me unspeakably mad, as it was I  
came very near laughing over it. It seemed so ever-  
lastingly comical that little petty detestible spite, that  
abuse of you simply because I loved you. Besides  
I knew you understood the matter so that it did  
not embarrass me a great deal. As to the lesson you  
intend to profit by if she should come to your home,  
you will recollect that I have provided for that and  
effectually cut off any possibility of her coming  
there. If she should ever desecrate my home by stepping  
under the shadow of my roof-tree, I vow and declare  
that I would sell out the very next day and move  
500 miles further off. You see I consider it best  
"flee from evil in whatever form it may especially  
when it has the embodiment of Satan's She-Devil  
of State. I never found a place where I was not the  
lover of the women save at home. I have been some-  
times tempted almost to try if I could not get around  
her, and make her <sup>think</sup> me about as near perfection as  
possible and I am not sure but I should have done it if I  
could have brought myself to smother my contempt long  
enough to accomplish my purpose. Well to stop  
dragging "the Ol over his iron coals," I will

go and exercise upon my sketches a while  
and see if I can get in a word to write  
about something else. Rev. A. W. J.

Well I guess the shadows are out of my  
brain now. At any rate I can do so upon the floor with  
my paper under my nose, prone on my belly like the serpent.  
And so long, Arthur as long as "o'night" is she and want  
to know if Arthur can prescribe a remedy? Well darling, I guess I  
could. At least I have no fear of its proving fatal to you. It is too bad  
that you have to retire without "the good-night kiss", and "accustom  
it to her". Well darling, you may look to receive them again  
tomorrow night if so please you, for I think it more than  
probable that I shall go down there tomorrow. In fact I  
will unless something serious occur. But, dear, I wonder if  
some one else has not been broken of his <sup>rest</sup> since he left your care.  
Every night <sup>when</sup> the kind but great rough hand of father, touched  
the aching back it was the most wish, and almost swoon for the  
soft loved one that has so often soothed by its touch that sick-  
ening pain? And when the door closed and he was alone, all alone  
with his thoughts and the darkness, or the sweet moonlight did  
he not scream? Shall I tell you the vision that he sees? It is a  
sweet, holy vision and I can but ill paint it. It must be an  
angel that waits him for there a sweet, pure lovelight about the  
eyes that come only the beams of heaven. Gradually, the light drapery  
that surrounds her falls off, till only the snowy chemise is left, with  
its neat, dainty border, encircling the slight, graceful neck, which  
bends gracefully, as the soft eyes are turned archly towards me with  
an arch, tender, half coy, half enquiring look, while the lovelight grows brighter

in her eyes and her cheeks more radiant with the sunshine  
of affection. Then the willowy, countess-like arm is raised, the slender  
fingers pass over her breast to her throat, a moment they are busy  
the button is loosed — one blissful moment — the chemise falls in  
snowy convulsions from her bosom, its ivory globes with their rosebud  
tips glance on my sight. With impatient, longing, yearning eyes I  
feast upon that loveliness. Her steady thoughtful eyes follow mine in  
their ardent glance. Assessment, they rest upon that bosom, in its beauty,  
then half coyly seek mine again. Mine too, leave the fair bosom, to look  
into the sweet depths of those dear eyes, and I see that the love look  
has a tinge of pride, the tide of tenderness that is swelling up from the warm  
heart whose impatient beating reveals her bosom, is too great for those gentle  
ants and tears of love and happiness are almost ready to spring forth, or  
chase each other gaily down that fair cheek, now flushed into richer beauty  
by maiden modesty or the anticipation of delight. Another moment — the  
handlike sleeves are slid down the arms and over the hands — the chemise falls  
half embracingly about the waist, then parts over the swelling hips  
and Nature's fairest work stands unveiled before me — I see the swelling  
Mountain of Love, above and around it — that fair white plateau of innoc-  
ent pleasure, and at its foot the pleasant grove where careful Nature  
bides the Spring of Life. On either side the full rounded marble limbs  
which a sculptor might envy, for his fairest work, accen-  
a step — a rustle, — a rose is lying by me on the snowy  
sheet, — all this loveliness, this warmth and youth, this treasure of  
young life, — is sitting close beside me and asking for Love's  
purest sweetest caresses, my arms are clasped round it, the  
warm, soft limbs encircle mine, ~~and~~ the little arms are twined  
about me — and — I am awake. It is too real for  
a dream and too beautiful for fact, but — farewell Sleep!  
Come gentle Memory and loving thought — and scatter pleas-  
ant fancies on my wakeful pillow, through the hours of night  
might. Canst prescribe for me Love?

Adieu

Albion