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Miss H. W. Killip

FUSHERD

Allegheny Co

N. Y.

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2018

Apr 24 1861
Hempstead

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013

Ringsville Ct
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Emma

I suppose, dear, you are
furnishing me for neglecting you while I
was up at Willoughby, by not sending
me any letter last week. Well I certainly,
of course, expect to be served otherwise, and
so will not complain. I know it was real
bad for me to do so, but you have punished
me enough, so let me hear from you soon.

I have been quite cheerful this week,
not having suffered as much as usual.
I have sat quietly by the fire, amusing
or employing myself as best I could, all
the week. I have been discouraged about
the usual number of times and have
survived the attacks of ague spirits with
rather more than usual firmness.
I don't know but my life will be a
dull blank pretty soon if it continue

in this situation long. Well I can but wait and see. I have been writing to Tottle today, and have just finished my letter. It's a real pleasure to write to him one gets such nice, chaste, letters in return, and yet there's something lacking in them, I cannot say exactly what it is. I have had two or three letters from college boys, during a week or two past. They seem to be having such grand times, it almost makes me homesick to be with them.

Evening.

I am just about to retire. O! I do wish my couch was not to be lonely tonight. I do wish you were to share it with me. I know it would be far pleasanter even though not half so sumptuous. Oh! I cannot speak what I would, there is something hinders me. I know not what it may be. I feel disgruntled and need you very much. A sweet good night

Dearest, Dream of me often this night and our spirits shall meet and mingle

Albion

Monday Evening

Well Love, another day has passed and yet I have not heard from you. Well I won't finish my letter until I do, so I guess you had better hurry up. I am having a real lazy fit just about now. I have done nothing today at all, except to varnish a cane that I am making. I have felt as comfortable and contented as you could imagine. Have not suffered at all scarcely by and of course have felt quite contented. Did I tell you in my last that I had received a letter from Susan? Well, I had, and answered it, as I felt, rather shortly and perhaps rather brusquely. I did not much care whether I heard from her again or not. I was not a little surprised

Therefore, at receiving today another letter from her. She is in a fever about my own precious self. She is going to undertake my restoration if she has to accomplish, or at least commence, a crusade for it. There is a physician, a Dr. Fuller in Preston, where she now is, who has cured her eyes and she seems to think that he has a special commission from Deity to eradicate all "the ills that flesh is heir to." This prodigy of learning and power she is very anxious that I should permit to try his nostrums on your humble friend. Now as you are well aware the said accommodating individual has a great fancy for getting well, - if so be he should recover in his own peculiar way and giving Nature and a good constitution a fair chance and the merit of what is done. I have therefore just written to her that if he or any other physician come near me with offers of medical aid he will do so at ~~with~~, eminent risk to his own life, just so

there is strength in my arms or virtue in weak crutches. I am troubled and pestered more about medical advisers than a little. Out on them! I'll none of them! I am fully convinced that no physician can be of any real service to me now and that a masterly inactivity is the most potent agent that can be used in my cure. Having arrived at this conclusion by mature & deliberate contemplation, I am inclined to think that I shall adhere to it for several minutes, at least.

Was it you or Lizzie, who inquired if I had read "The Marble Faun"? I have forgotten but it seems as if it were you. Yes, I read it to Nellie and Anna when at Fye, a year ago last July. How do you like it. I presume you have got my comments on it

somewhere. By the way I got my
old Culprit Jilly of Nova again,
and it really seems like old times
to have that within easy reach once
more. Anna begins her school
today. She is teaching at the same
place she was in during the sum-
mer. Barrister - L. G. - teaches in
Ashtabula this winter and Anna
is desirous of being beyond the reach
of torment. I guess she is prudent.

Thursday Eve

I believe you are determined not
to write at all. Well I shall get my
letter done sometime, and then I shall
send it to you if I never hear from you
again. We have had company
this evening, and I have provoked
Kissetta's sense of the ludicrous very
seriously. There was an old maid here
with a Mr Bensum whom she
has been trying for a long time to
captivate. Mr B is a wild

over - thought I had forgotten the
fact and our folks supposed
that I knew them both and so
did not take the trouble to give
me an introduction, and here
all the evening I have been calling
her Mrs B. It's rather ludi-
crous especially as it is one of our
neighbors

Wednesday Morn.

Mirabilis dictis! A wonderful
event is to occur tonight, which
I am invited to witness. Miss
Mary Maltby is to put her neck in-
to the matrimonial yoke. The un-
fortunate fellow who is to have the
breaking of her is a widower with
two or three children - and consid-
erable property, - at least she thinks
so - named Runkle. He's a little
insignificant thing, but she seems
perfectly contented on account of the
redeeming feature of the case,

It is evidently a match of af-
fection but an affection of a most
gross and sordid nature. I can
not say that I think she marries
entirely for money, but I can say
that in my opinion, if all her de-
sires are satisfied she will be a
widow before long, unless Kim-
ble is stronger than I think he is.
Well, the Lord help them both, as un-
doubtedly he will, for there is no doubt
but that according to the worldly
maxim, so far as money is concern-
ed, they will help themselves.

I, of course, will keep myself
at home, and trust that they will
have a good time. A neighbor has
just come in bringing me a note
saying that if I will go up to
Ashabula, Sara and her brother will
come down after and take me
up to spend Thanksgiving with
me. I shan't go. I'm in Winter
Quarters. Write soon Darling,
A. Lewis Albin