



Miss E. L. Kilborn

Rushford

Allegheny Co.

Chas. J. B. Co.

Dec 17th 1861
Fayetteville O

Kingsville O.
Wed. eve. 12th 1861

I have just read your letter, & I feel
of it as if I were like writing to you, so I thought I should
have said what I felt, & I do so, & I thought I should
it would be of some use to have it, & I should
have been so exempt from this, & I should
not have had to write, & I should
I wish you would come and do or say something
to make me feel better. But then you could not. I
am like "Rachel weeping for her children", I should rather
prefer to be forgotten. If that old story of "The man
of the world" is right to have just now, & I should
be so. I believe I am like a piece of paper, & I
do not know what if you would do it, & I should
try to console myself in some manner. You have always
had great success in making me forget myself, if I
am not sure that I should feel more now if you could
appear beside me as I write than I do ~~now~~. The
fact is I wish myself "anywhere, any time" of the

Friday Morning

I am not very quite so dejected
 as I was yesterday, though I have not fully
 recovered my usual cheerful mind. Yesterday
 I was troubled with the fluency, and did nothing
 at all but weep and tear, if I except the writing of a
 letter to Gigg. I guess she will think I was something
 more than "crazy", that time. By the way I don't
 know but I am a little more of a "gigg" lately. You
 know "Gigg" is a letter, and from her which I must
 "see", and she is quite so lavish in her expressions of your
 "stolen" affection. I am really afflicted you have fallen in
 love with each other. Don't it that be said for me? I should
 be compelled to be jealous of both. I shall not begin to be jealous
 of your success, but I give you for likeness (you
 know I have as yet which I don't be at present I think. So
 as to be contented with that same for a while. By the way,
 if you find any more of the kind, I shall think you had
 better be a little more careful of which you have. You
 know you are sensitive on the subject of eyes, as you
 said of a certain young man from to be. If Miss (what
 her name) is alive, or rather, or whatever it may be, ending

(Emma too ought to look up your letter)

in that pretty diminution is, if she is the one who
 is desirous of living with you, after her present to a her
 shall have commenced her matrimonial career, and
 her hopes should not be frustrated by an untoward
 Providence, (as I much fear they will) I will surely
 pay her for ridiculing my ears, by pinching hers.
 By the way, I know why my ears are so large, that I may
 enjoy so much more the sound of pleasant words. Heaven
 can be thanked, they are not at all like Dame Cicca's or Spear's
 "ear", which "never heard any thing good of her neighbors".
 As to your affliction, Albeit, I think you did just right and
 should advise you to keep on in the same way. I don't
 know anything of him, but from your description, I should
 say that he was, at his age, very much such a kind of a
 "wonder". I think I could, and I believe, I should have
 made a guess about the same amount of trouble. You
 must not let him know that he is a jest, for if he does
 it must torment the life out of you. It is probable you had
 you are very much attracted to the girls, and are very
 "little" about him. Now, Emma, if you had, you have
 said of him, I believe you could gain an almost unlimited
 influence over him. Do not try to overcome or change

His tastes or inclinations, at once and by opposing
them. You might as well try to dam up Niagara
with a rampart. If he has tastes and plans, fall in with
and encourage them, or change them but slightly; vary
them in a manner that will show your superior sagacity, and
yet harmonize with his wishes. If he has a taste and faculty,
of his disposition and genius, for every boy of an active mind
and independent nature is a genius, ^{fit him for a military life} encourage him to pursue
on. Encourage him to fit himself for a cadetship at West-
Point, or, if he prefers the Navy, at Newford or Annapolis.
You do not know the power of those names over an ambi-
tious and intelligent lad. Let him know, that it requires a
thorough preparation, to admit him to either of these institutions.
Arithmetic, Grammar, &c, must be mastered if he would go
there. It must be done now too, for he will soon be old en-
ough to go, and after a few years, will be too old to be
admitted, however good a scholar he may be. Tell him
that he does not wish to go and be a private all his life, and
this is the only way he can become an officer. In this way
you will dazzle his imagination and by seeming to sympathize &
encourage the ideas which he probably has already, and will
secure his esteem and cheerful obedience. Make him love you,
no matter how passionately. I know you can be coquette
enough to win the adoration of a boy. If not the attempt
will be useful to you. If you succeed it will do him good &
you no harm. Defer to him in things in regard to which a boy
is a better judge of any, is and ought to be authority. It
will flatter his pride, and make him tractable. Now
do not say I have not given you a long piece of advice
in regard to any thing at least, and if it does not succeed, just
stand as a plain faced friend from lack of knowledge of the ends. Of
course I had better have thought to spread the plates, never having
seen the real meat judge of that. I know there is not a girl of four-
teen in all W. & D. Success when I cannot make love me with half the chance, &
being me of course, it would abuse AT.

Sunday Dec 22

You see, my dear, I am not going to spend much of my precious time upon your letters today. — I like to have said upon you; but thought that would be too hard a bill. Our Indian summer is not winter here yet. It has frozen & is snowing quite briskly — for holidays I suppose.

Have you my letters with you? If you have I wish you would send me ~~some~~ ^{that} translation of "Le Petit". There is some thing else which I want but cannot remember what it is. I am going to do something, what I hardly know. I would like to send something to hang upon your Christmas tree, but I am

almost as bad off as you were
when you could not afford to
pay postage, and Government
has not yet sent me my pension cer-
tificate, though I hope to get it pretty
soon. I think I shall bring myself
from dread of poverty, like the old Roman
millionaire. Now it is to be here for two whole
weeks & I suppose I shall not die till they
have passed. I wish you would come & stay
with me tonight, Sam. I am awful lonesome
as soon as daylight's gone. Wonder if I can
not contrive some way to visit you & and
spend the hours between daylight in your
arms. My invalidity has become so
much of a fixture that I often almost for-
get it. When omitted you may know I
am in state yet. Yours
A. D. Bourque