



Mrs. Emma K. Sawyer

No 227 West 6th St

Eric

Penna

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013

Raleigh N.C.

Feb'y 10th 1879-

My dear, dear, dear, wife,

Your delightful letter of the 7th inst., was received tonight. It does not seem as if I could remain away from you another day. I count the weeks before I can go to you, and they seem ages. I shall surely come. I cannot live without your presence any longer. I cannot tell you how I pant for your presence your voice - your smile the lovelight of your wondrously tender and marvellous eyes. Oh; my darling, my darling! I think of you, I dream of you, as the one perfect delight of this world, the one incomparable love. I was never so enraptured, so intoxicated with love. It is not passion - though there is enough of that - but it is you - my love, my life, my other and better self - my love, that I want. I thought I should have gotten a letter from you last night but did not, and all day long, I have been fidgeting and longing for the mail to come and bring it to me. I went and waited about half an hour

after the mail came and when
at least I got your letter I could hardly
refrain from kissing it before the whole
world. You make the whole world sweet to
me. Everything, and every body, reminds me
of you. I never had such a happy longing - never
such a consuming love. I have sometimes
most amusing times to myself when I think
of your idea that I did not appreciate you
and wonder what you would think if you
could see my daily thought photographed -
It makes me feverish and restless though. I
cannot work voluntarily, as I have been do-
ing. You will get between me and my
work, do all I can. And then I get so hungry
for you. I should not be at all surprised if
my resolution gave way and I ran off
to you even before the time allotted - I
wrote myself up talking to you, caught at my
sweet silliness only to go to sleep and dream
of you again. What have you done to be
with me so, Darling? I think it makes

me all the more susceptible to tempta-
tion that I cannot keep you out of my mind.
I am so hungry for a look of love, a kiss
a touch, that every pleasant look becomes
me. Did I tell you of the time I had kissing
Mrs. H. - By the way, I am sure she is Mrs. H. -
or else the most shifful address in the world - I
wrote it to you but have forgotten whether it
was one of the letters I sent or one which I
destroyed. It was, let me see, a week ago -
and more, - about the time I first wrote you of
her - She called me into her room, when I came
up from supper - fluttered around me like
a bird, told me of her husband and
his family of her desire for a child and
that she had no hope of one - or rather she
said he had none. I was determined not
to be tempted yet she was charming - fasci-
nating and I was all aflame, though I sat
very quiet - At length she brought a bouquet
from the table to show me. Some flowers she
had got at Mrs. Batchelor's. Her husband

trembled so that she could hardly hold
the vase. You may guess how my pulses
beat. As she went back to the table and
stood wringing them I sprung towards her
like a hungry tiger. She turned on me as if
in terror. Her cheeks which had been burning
before became pallid. She put up her hands
as if she would thrust me away and then
with a half cry glided through the door
into the back room, the bed room. I pursued
her, she ran to the bedside, looked back in a
sort of terror, then threw herself on the bed and
pulled the pillow over her face. I fell upon
her, pulled the pillow away and kissed and
kissed and kissed her. I know not for how
long. I had so determined that I would do nothing
more than I hardly thought of it. My very
brain reeled with excitement and the bliss
of rapturous kisses. I staggered to my room
and was really sick for a whole day after-
wards. The next day she was very unwell in-
deed, and when I came up from supper came
along the passage and asked me into her room.
I could not well refuse and had not strength
to do so, if I could. After a moment, she asked

to be excused, went into the back room
and I heard her undressing. Presently she
came out in an exquisite robe de nuit,
and sat upon the ottoman beside me, leaning
upon me and putting her face up archly, cov-
ered with blushes and a pretty confusion. I told her
then plainly, that, though I would give anything to
enjoy her, I would not do it unless you gave
me leave without my asking it - I told her I
would write you about her and if you, of your
own free will, gave me leave to taste those sweets
I would gladly do so, but I would not ask you
nor yield without your leave - if I could
avoid it - She intimated that I was in the same
category as her husband - - - but changed
her mind on that point! - She has constantly im-
ported me, in the sweetest and most seductive
manner, yet with a most charming tact and elu-
sion ever since. I have avoided her all I well
could without success. Funny enough she con-
siders herself most modestly and is a general fa-
vourite here. The temptation to me was terrible. Two
or three times I determined to yield. On the night
of the ball I went to her room, undressed and
got into the bed determined to give her a sur-
prise on her return. However, I did not wait

but came away before her return. The next day she said she had been crying all night - not because I had been in her bed but because I did not stay. I had promised that she should see your letter in reply to mine; so last night I took it to her room after the people had gone to church. - I guess I will not tell you any more of my temptation - I don't know how I got away nor how long I can stay away. - everything seems to favor her. Today my room was changed while I was at the office. I have now the one east of the passage - The one the Babers had. It is fixed up really comfortably with a nice oval-grate. It was some of Mrs B's doings. As you say she has gotten over her pride and is very gracious she came along tonight knocked and asked me how I liked the change - came in and touched a few things and said she wanted me to be comfortable. She has no idea what she has done, I am sure. In deed, I think she had quite a different purpose in it - It has brought me into the church

ed circle again. Just across the way - only a few feet from me she is lying and her door is unlocked. She has told me that she leaves it so every night in the hope that I will come. I can almost hear her breathe! Can I resist? I do not know - I do not know.

It is now one o'clock and the house is all still. The more I think of you the more influenced I am. It seems as if I must go or die. I know you would pity me if you could see my suffering - I know it is weak and foolish but it is as it is - I have struggled so long - Oh love! love! what shall I do! What a terrible cruelty is love!

It is two o'clock - I am going to bed! "To sleep - perchance to dream".

Adieu - How pity love
A.D. 18

Feb. 12th 9 1/2 A.M.

I am just ready for breakfast - I will not tell you anything that has occurred since I broke off my letter at 2 o'clock this morning. I will just leave you to guess. You remember Mrs. Henry - Judy's wife - she was struck with paralysis a few weeks ago and is a helpless cripple now - It is very sad, Henry is down here at court and speaks of it as coolly as if it were only an ordinary incident. Shaffer does not seem to half fancy his fast recurring evidences of love. The last is to be christened Nora - Honour or Season - Every body asks about you, less very kindly. I must go to breakfast now. Good bye and God bless you.

Albin

I guess I will tell you, that I feel very badly this morning because - because I did not ^{obey the command} "love thy neighbor", last night!