

That sending the envelopes is  
quite an exercice de force.  
A.

Lea Aug 20/59

My Own

I was O! so glad to  
get your letter of the 11<sup>th</sup> inst. I had  
waited not impudently nor even ex-  
pectantly, for a letter from my own  
own son, it seemed to me almost an  
age. I had expected that the excitement  
consequent on revisiting remembered  
scenes and renewing old associations  
would cause me in a measure to forget  
that I had left my son away off toward  
Sundown-down - and that ere I had fully  
recovered from this excitement one of Uncle  
Sam's leather sacks would some day  
bring me a sweet little nipper, traced  
in the familiar mould of her & love. I

found however that the change made  
me more lonely than I think I should  
otherwise have been. Nature's beauties always  
bring you to my mind and when I gaze upon  
the noble mountains that rise around me  
or wander o'er their craggy sides I ever  
wish that you were here to share their beau-  
ty with me. When I am happy I wish you  
were present to be happy with me, and  
when I am sad - I don't wish your heart  
to be saddened too, My Emma, - but I do  
wish that you were with me then, that you  
might remove my <sup>sorrows</sup> you have such a happy  
way of seeing the sunshine through the  
cloud, when though I know it's there I can't  
exactly realize that fact, until you pass  
your hand lovingly over my brow, or twine  
your arms around my neck, and I see the  
reflection of the hidden sunshine, in your  
eyes; Even as the philosopher, by a skillful  
arrangement and combination of mirrors,  
is enabled easily to read the printed page,  
although a solid brick should intervene  
between his eye and the book he reads.

I really believe that your  
"My love, my life  
Your little wife  
Must drive those cares away," would  
banish from my breast a legion of the  
"little devils." Every evening when to  
your imagined self I bid "good night"  
and "lay me down to sleep," I think of  
long for that sweet time, when the "good  
night" shall not be repeated; when every  
hand will be in its loved resting place  
not in fancy but in truth. I  
you shall rejoice in the words of the Scripture  
love to thank you, Emma, for  
not being "By night upon my bed I sought  
peril, yet my slumber is well, and I  
know whom my soul loveth; I sought him  
my chamber at the hour for retiring,  
often at that hour do I sit by my  
Chapter 3-4." Now watching the spire slowly rising  
over the Provost's tower to the eastward  
and, wakeful, dreamed of thee; and  
then bowed beside my couch, asked a bless-  
ing on my love, and fallen asleep to  
dream of thee again, in sweet uncon-  
sciousness of what transpired around  
me. You know, Emma, that I have told

you, that I wished our sleeping room, to  
be the domestic sanctuary of our home,  
the sanctum, sanctorum of our happi-  
ness; so now I make my sleeping room,  
the sanctuary of sweet dreams and thoughts  
of thee. And why should not the dor-  
mitory be a holy place to those whose  
thoughts and acts are virtuous? It is  
there the opening and closing scenes,  
of the great life-drama are enacted,  
and many of its sweetest episodes  
displayed. O yes, too pure and holy  
are its sacred scenes, and precincts,  
for any eyes, save those of Love and  
Heaven to gaze upon. Therefore, to that  
great, vulgar audience, the world, the cur-  
tain, of this little side stage of life, should  
never be lifted even at the corners, so as to  
permit one ray of that bright radiance, which  
Purity and Virtue, within its privacy enjoy,  
to meet their profane gaze. And to  
my Emma, when I dream of you, I see the  
maiden, radiating new brightness to the en-  
suet of light that crowns her pure and noble  
brow, by mingling with its rays the glori-  
ous that surround the serene of wife.  
And, as the honoree of the future passes  
by, I see the young wife, in the glory of her  
strength and beauty, taking on herself the crown-  
ing glory of her sex, as she assumes the name  
and duties of another. Perfect, my love,

that my affection will be ~~increased~~  
increased, as Emma's ~~love~~ <sup>love</sup> ~~approaches~~ <sup>approaches</sup> to perfection. But, Emma  
knows the worth of those bright <sup>visions</sup> which  
haunt the couch of love. I don't want to  
recount them to you. <sup>This may seem a pretty</sup>  
<sup>abrupt termination but I don't want to</sup> <sup>keep</sup> <sup>pretty close</sup>  
within my privacy, as I need must.  
I don't want to <sup>repeat</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>dearest</sup> <sup>things</sup>  
I've <sup>heard</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>other</sup> <sup>from</sup> <sup>between</sup> <sup>last</sup>  
Thursday - <sup>even</sup> <sup>before</sup> <sup>yesterday</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>which</sup>  
he tells me <sup>of</sup> <sup>himself</sup> <sup>surely</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>whif</sup>  
Quincy's <sup>brother</sup>, read Cicero's <sup>Mandi-</sup>  
lian <sup>oration</sup> and book of <sup>Periplus</sup>  
and one more <sup>of</sup> <sup>him</sup>. You see there  
how that <sup>man</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>pretty</sup> <sup>good</sup>  
but <sup>can't</sup> <sup>wait</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>some</sup> <sup>time</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>least</sup>  
I don't want to <sup>study</sup> <sup>any</sup> <sup>today</sup>  
to <sup>attend</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>anything</sup>, but I have  
love <sup>for</sup> <sup>something</sup> <sup>else</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>know</sup> <sup>will</sup>  
please <sup>my</sup> <sup>love</sup>, very <sup>much</sup> - I have  
written a <sup>very</sup> <sup>long</sup> <sup>letter</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>sister</sup>  
Rosette - <sup>and</sup> <sup>she</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>sure</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>kind</sup> <sup>love</sup>  
for being <sup>so</sup> <sup>good</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>kind</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>good</sup> <sup>night</sup>  
Storing.

Sunday night, sometime.  
I come again, my love, tired sick  
and sleepy. Open your arms and let  
me lay my head upon your bosom,  
then pass your hand across my throbbing  
feverish brow and whisper in my  
ear "My Own, all, all Mine", and I  
will be myself again at once. — But stop  
my love was sick when last I heard from  
her and maybe she is now somewhere.  
You say, dear one, "don't be alarmed"  
but indeed I am alarmed, about your  
health. You must take care of it, great  
care, great care, special care, else that  
"useful to come" will never gladden  
our hearts with its enjoyments. You  
know Emma, that health is more  
valuable to our happiness than the  
luxuries of learning. But I will not  
lecture you any more, now if you will  
be a good girl and read what I have written.  
I went to church today, all day, in the  
forenoon I attended the Catholic service  
and in the afternoon the Baptists.

I come home with an awful  
headache and otherwise unwell.  
I threw myself down upon the lounge  
and slept awhile, and then came  
into my study to write to my love,  
but there was a little girl come and ask  
me to let her play on the Melodion, &  
of course I granted the request, but  
having no desire to hear it just then  
went off to sleep again. At length  
about nine o'clock this evening I  
sat down again to write to you but a  
girl who is boarding with my Aunt  
came home from knitting, knocked at my  
door and asked if she might enter  
thinking she would stay but a few  
minutes, said yes, and as she came  
and though I made quite an effort, I  
have just got rid of her, by telling her  
I wished that she would go to bed, for I  
had some writing to do tonight. I  
wanted to write a great deal to you but  
have forgotten more than half of it.  
One thing I remember is this. I did not

give up writing that story for the  
present; for two reasons. First - I shall  
have to apply myself very closely - 10 to  
14 hours per day from now till Coll. exam-  
inences in order to finish it and pre-  
pare for Examination. With a hard year's  
study before me can I afford to do this?  
2<sup>nd</sup> I feel constantly my inability to  
do myself or the subject justice. I  
cannot get the works I wish of to  
put myself, here, and I feel as if writ-  
ting with trammels on. I will try  
and copy what I have written and send  
it out to you - for you to laugh at. I  
hope you will not think I consider the  
breaking my promise not to kiss a lady's  
lips till I had kissed yours again, a slight mat-  
ter because I spoke of it in so light-  
most joise manner. Indeed I did not  
It really made me feel very sad for, I had  
no thought of cancelling it from you and  
I feared that you would think I held my  
promise light even when given to you.  
Not so, my dear Anna, I confess my fault  
but assure me for which I am very sorry

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