

91
1859

Wednesday Oct Sept 7/1859

Dear Mother

Your letter of Sept 4, was rec^d tonight. It was entirely unexpected but very welcome & assure you I was just in the mood to enjoy it I think, for I had been working very hard all day on Homer and strange as it may seem, was in very good spirits and quite contented with myself and my days work. I've lines of the scottish crabbedest Greek poetry that ever met my eye. I never could make head nor tail out of Homer till yesterday, and always thought the old fool didn't half know what he was about himself, and was bound that no one else should even so much as guess at his meaning. You however I have very good success in translating and really begin to love the old singer. I had constantly thought that if Prof. Kendrick said anything to me about Homer, it would surely give me the Hysterium horribilitatem, or convulsions in some very serious form, but I don't fear it very bad now.

I'm now I always thought Prof. H. did not do me justice in regard to Homer. I am now more than ever assured that he knows nothing about the Iliad whatever. It will be considerable that he never read any except what he has read to prevent Seneca & myself from going ahead

at him while under his tuition. He even then com-
mitted blunders himself and passed by somatic
blunders in us that I now really wonder that
I did not detect myself. Perhaps you will stare, but
as sure as I'm a sinner, there were as many as half
a dozen blunders, some of them most egregious ones
too, in his rendering of the first five lines, of the
poem. If I had gone to any College and attempted to
read Homer, ^{on assumption} I should, when I found what awful
blunders I had perpetrated, ~~but~~ have felt very much
like returning to ~~the~~ and administering a portion of
my resentment to Prof. in a way more forcible
than elegant or agreeable. It is certainly most seem-
ing, for him to pretend to teach students, to read
Homer, or in fact to prepare them for Coll. in
Greek at all. Besides all this load that has been re-
moved from my unjust ^{and unjustly} ~~share~~ ^{part} of ~~my~~ ^{my}
share today, ~~found~~ ^{by a careful} ~~examination~~ ^{examination} of my
Grand Father's will, discovered that I am, probably,
entitled to about \$100. more, than I have reported
it to you. There is, it is true ^{a great deal of} ~~some~~ ^{little} ~~doubt~~ ⁱⁿ ~~regard~~
^{to this}, but I guess my presence and eloquence, in the
Court of Probate, will remove this doubt, as it has
some other obstacles to my receiving these legacies. I am
getting to be quite a lawyer and as I shall show you
soon must be a better one sometime. I am in the
Catalogue of happy circumstances which seem
to have combined to make me good natured to-
day, but by no means the least since its effects on

my disposition, is the fact that I have been today
superintending the erection of just the coarsest
violet dressing gown, four size, that you
ever saw or thought of. It is of De Laine, green with
red stripes, or red with green stripes. I have really
forgotten which, lined with Calico, red & white,
I guess, with a narrow brown palm leaf stripe.
It is to be long and loose and wide, & warm & easy
& comfortable in all respects and without
looking just very bad looking. I know it will
suit me and if others don't like to see it - they must
keep out of my study. You can't box my ears
But I guess that, if you please, My Love, I will
just retire, a present, and finish this "dome other
time". So here's a fond good night embrace, love, and
may the love that never ceases, be with you in
rich measure tonight, and the hand that
holds the folded flower, while I tempt to read, pre-
pare through its ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~silent~~ ^{silent} ~~watch~~ ^{watch}, and
I'll not ~~and~~ ^{and} strengthen you in the life combat
which the morrow must renew, is the prayer
which once again at the midnight hour, Our Father
has permitted - for which ~~etc~~ ^{etc} many thanks
to fall from the lips of your loving Betrothed
Albion

Thursday Ev. You will recollect My Son
that in my last letter I spoke of a family
secret, which I might, some time, turn to
account. I don't know that I shall ever have a
better opportunity to tell you it than the present
one, unless I do so, I must give you as brief
ly as possible an account of my mother's family.
Nehemiah Hinegar came to this country with
the proprietor of Livingstone's Manor, ~~and~~ settled
on his ^{Livingstone's} grant. He afterwards moved eastwards
into Mass. and formed a settlement at Sharon
now, in the state of Conn. Among his numerous
and children was one Garrit from whom the
branch of the Hinegars, of which I am a representa-
tive, is descended. In this month, or early in
next rather, it is said that he purchased one
half of the Hopland Grant, and went one week
to go to Springfield, and get the deed re-
corded. It is said it seems afterwards that
and not knowing exactly the location of the
Hopland Grant, he moved northward into what he
supposed, as indeed it was, to be the immediate
vicinity if not actually upon, that which he
had before purchased. Others however laid claim to
the whole of the Hoplands, so giving up all claim
to the grant and bestowing his property in Se-
con his two sons Jacob & Harris he returned
to Sharon. Now my Grandfather Jacob
Hinegar Sen. went, very much, to make that one of

his sons should go to Springfield, and ex-
amine the record in regard to the matter.
They, however, thought it would never pay the
cost and trouble. It, however, the deed was
properly recorded, and the record can be found
a claim can be substantiated, on behalf of the
heirs, I said Garrit Hinegar, to one of the
most valuable tracts of land anywhere in
Western Massachusetts. The Hopland Grant
of which it is said he bought one half,
extends across the whole southern side of the
Town of Se., embracing six school districts,
occupied by about two inhabitants, with
many manufacturing establishments of
great value. I shall investigate the matter some
what, ^{some time} if I find the claim tenable, I shall
endeavor to make it profitable also. There is, it
is true, sufficient preponderance of chance,
so to speak, to render it probable, that the claim
could be sustained; yet we have, I think suf-
ficient reason for considering it possible. If it
can be done, I feel like doing it. The thing must
remain, however, in statu quo for several years
before I can pay any attention to it, and I
sincerely mention it to let you know the nature
of the secret, if secret it be, of which I spoke to
you, hoping, also that it would not be unintere-
sing to you. I suppose you will say I am foolish to
give the matter in thought, but I'm not for that.

Saturday Nov 11

I intended when I commenced this letter to finish it the next morning and mail immediately, and so excuse myself from writing Sunday, as indeed I guess I will, now. This has been a very busy week with me, I have had to attend to so many things before, I could get ready to go to Coll. but now, I believe I have got a good ready, and am off; Monday & Tuesday's are all packed up and on their way now, I started them off on Monday and shall have no more bother with them at present. I have been up since very early packing them and am truly glad the job is done with for I am awfully tired. I believe I shall gather my double gown around me and lay down and take a snooze tonight, for I feel as if I needed it very much. I think I have a very comfortable wardrobe for a student. I have made no great changes in the outer part of my apparel, save by the addition of a pair of dark mouse colored pants, which, by the way, I like very well, now that I have become reconciled to the color, for they fit me very much and seem now very becoming to me. I have two chemises of mousseline, et trois chemises of mousseline de mirtz. Colours a dozen or more and lots of

handkerchiefs. My dressing gown robe de matin, I suppose you will dub that, is now complete and has become a very essential part of my wardrobe. Some think it too large & loose but I think it just right: it is so comfortable, easy and convenient. It is some of Miss Lizzie's handiwork. Louisa Curtis is at work on something for me. I have no conception what, but I know it is something, which I am not to have until Monday Morning just before I start on my way, for she and Diggie have been holding councils over it, for a day or two, and yesterday they made some inquiries in regard to the size of my carpet-bag. I think I did not give you a very good description of the material of my double gown, so I will send you a strip both of the gown and the lining, and you may judge for yourself how it would look upon your person. I will say however that every one I have heard speak of it, think it looks better made up than in the piece. Is there anything else in reference to my wardrobe, you would be interested in? Let me see. Yes there is a new necktie not so very nice, if not in the criterion of excellence, but very nice if beautiful and constitutes nicely, and a set of studs that I believe you would fall in love with at first sight or if you would not Diggie would. They are small elliptical gold ones, set in plain, and about work

there is one there is very fine and well adapted to the size of the shell.
They are about as large as that, but elliptical instead
of round. Now don't you think they are quite fancy? I
guess that is all I have to say in regard to my own per-
sonal appearance. Aunt Sophronia has just told me some
thing which assured her I would have you bear in
mind, though I tell her, doubt not you are aware of
it as well as she, viz that beets are better baked
than boiled. Ha! Ha! Ha! Maa Belle! Must-ee frad
try Julie? Isn't it anticipating almost as much as for
Mrs W. that is to be, in appropriating to herself
that title previous to the bond? By the bye don't
never could imagine why you were so sensitive in
regard to that little affair of writing the name, that is
to be known by your acceptance of it at some future
time, when your only claim to it was that you
had consented to hear it, and I had promised to con-
fer it upon you. Angie told me of it, very soon after it
occurred, and you yourself sometime after that, and you
spoke then and referred to it ^{in your letter}, as if you thought
I would regard it, or had regard it, as a very silly act.
I regard it, Emma, as I do many little ennobling acts
of yours, as one of the straws which float on the wide
deep swift stream of your affection, and show the strength
and rapidity of the current which bears them swiftly
on. And shall I consider any act even the slightest
which betrays your love, as "foolish," or unworthy of my re-
membrance, my fond remembrance too? May be.
Do I consider it silly that you when you sit sewing all alone
should drop your work, clasp your hands upon your
bosom and say "Albin my own, all all mine!"

Can I consider any act unworthy of my love
or "silly" which shows that her heart, like mine,
longs for the time when she will be seen in the
sight of men, even as we are now one in the sight
of God. When all those fond delights subsist
And virtuous love its guard and reward
— So pure and holy they may well be called
An antepast of joys that wait the good
Upon the shores of Immortality.
If Our kind Father wills it, shall be ours
In taste and shape, with naught to mar our bliss
And with His love & grace to sanctify
And sweeten it? Nay, Nay, Emma, as soon
would I consider it "silly" or "foolish" that with your
life's fond pressure or its musical tone, you should
the gentle power of love, as soon would I consider
it, nothing that Emma had overstepped the stern
barriers of custom, and with the frank, unblushing con-
fidence which Love alone inspires, thrown herself
to my arms, trusting to my Honor to preserve her
holy and inviolate, and permitted my hand to in-
vade Love's sweet sanctuary and feel the beating of
that heart which throbs for me alone. Would you
with me now any more? I would willingly forgive you
for interrupting my writing once. I have so long
all day to see you, to press you to my bosom, and kiss
again and again, as was my wont, your upturned
face, and see the love that swells the beauty of
thy eyes with that peculiar warmth and tenderness of feeling.

which our eyes but Emma's eyes had at least
I never saw it on any other, that look which I
specially about reform, and which without doubt I
shall see there when I meet you again, and truly
one such look would well repay me for an aged
tail. I have hope that I may enjoy that, plus soon
er, now that I have concluded to go to L than if I
had gone to Harvard, you perhaps? But Aunt
I have been up here and says I must go to
bed directment, for I look as pale & languid as
any one. She says I have been in a perpetual fever
of temper since I have been here and so
that the summum of my wishes, is or near
my arrangements for Coll. are all completed
I am completely exhausted. I am some tired but
she, good woman sees through our careful glasses
they magnify trifles prodigiously. You may tell
Mr. James Braintree (for a friend that his given
name is Feby, that on receipt of his request for
information in regard to his sister, I procured a
copy of a work entitled "The History of the Braint-
ard Family," written by Rev. David Field of Strat-
ford, Mass, of whom I presume the work could
be obtained, and by a few moments inspection
found that his eldest sister Clarissa, the wife of Maj
Huntington May, died July 17 - 1850, at the age
of 72 years, universally loved and respected by all
who knew her. A devoted consistent Christian

a prudent and industrious wife, a kind
indulgent yet firm and faithful mother, the
one whose memory he may well revere, and fond-
ly cherish. One who was well acquainted with her
virtues, and merits, said to me to day, when I men-
tioned casually, the subject of his decease, with the
result of my inquiries, she was indeed one whose
loss a brother might well deplore, but whose death
he could never mourn." Her sons - I believe she had
but one daughter, and she died quite young - are
now in life. Their names are Edward, Ephraim
& David May. The two former have large
families, are leading members of the Congregational
Church, and extensively engaged in the manufac-
ture of paper, being the principal capital of
the well known firm of May & Rogers. They are
honorable, wealthy, generous hearted men, respect-
ed by all. Mr. David May is a partner
of the bankrupt firm of Smith & May, but is
never entirely defeated in the Commercial or man-
ufacturing world. He supports himself by acting
as foreman in one of his brother's large
mills. I have little more to add except that
Braintree will find almost any information
wish in reference to any one named Braintree
or even has been a resident of the U.S. by
work before mentioned. I find yet
the place he has been in

You may tell him also, that one of the Misses Chan
a daughter of Hylander, — with whom by the bye I had
the pleasure of spending the evening, yesterday, wished me
to inform him in behalf of ~~her~~ her parents, — who
could not speak for themselves, because they had gone
to bed, — that they would be happy — very happy to
welcome them to see whenever he might choose to
come hither. I do inform him that if I hear further
from him with any further request or proposition, I am
his at Command. H. W. H.

As it is not yet Monday Church
time, so I will write a few lines, and
put this in the office to-day, so that it will
go to-morrow morning. I shall not write to
you every thing, if you will excuse me, cause
whom a lady friend of mine now residing in
Dorchester, is to be in on the 10th inst. has sent
for me to come and see her this afternoon if
it please me to do so. I will excuse
I had noted before the opposite beauty of that picture, drawn
by the faithful pen of Mrs. Kelly of her infant daughter
Mother's Bosom, (if the author is not a mother
I do hope she will be soon.) But you note the face
of those four first lines, let me persuade you to
make every pleaser the meaning.

It lay upon its mother's breast, a thing
Bright eye & dew-drop on ^{when it first descends} ~~an~~ ~~eye~~ ~~and~~ ~~gold~~
Or as the plumage on an angel's wing —
Where every tint of rainbow beauty blends.

Miss E. J. Killbuck

Connecticut

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