

Rochester, N.Y.

March 13 1866

My dear Emma

I am all alone in my room this morning and feel just like having a nice visit with my Lewis. So I will get your likeness right before me and as if I could imagine you to be here with me in your own person. I verily hope some day I shall have you come in to this room with me. The fire-chambre is lazy this morning and it looks terribly here. Even I am hardly content myself to write here. I wish it were that I could be with you today, it is such a lovely day. I think those beautiful days that sometimes break in upon the stormy calmness of March are among the most delightful of the year. I verily believe I love you are here, for it seems just as if I were talking to you now. I would like to take a stroll with you, down on the shore of the Lake today. After this the hours would more pass away with either of us if we could be together, for a little time.

I have been so unwell during the greater part of the past week, that I have had quite serious thoughts of resigning for a few weeks in the vicinity of Cambridge, or some other place. I feel so well to-day that I think it will be unnecessary for me to do so. I have not been absent from my recitation this term until last week. During the week I was absent 4 times, and might as well have been absent all the rest of the time, as far as learning anything is concerned. I cannot do much, however, and thus is something very good dead here. My object in trying to get good grades is that I may get appointed for Sophomore Prize oration. By the way I forget to tell you that I was highly honored by my Class yesterday. It was the day for the election of Class Officers, and I was chosen. The officers for the term are printed in the College paper, published by the Junior Class every year. It is therefore quite an honor to be an officer that term. The two are elected the men who are to represent the class in the literary Exercises of Class Day. These and the Presidency are the

Class Honors, and there is always quite a strife in regard to them. At the Sophomore election yesterday I received 11 votes out of 23, for Class poet, which is about position I am now supposed to occupy. I am afraid I shall not be able to hatch up a set of rhymes for the occasion, as good ones will be presented by the Freshman Poet, who is said to be a furious rhymist. The boys however seem to have little confidence in my ability to maintain the superiority of the class in the poetical department. I suppose you think there is no chance whatever for me to fail. W. W. Clutter will reveal the facts of the case. Eliz. Nixon said when she was here that Angie had some thought of coming here, to spend Commencement week. I supposed that she said so merely for the sake of keeping up a conversation, but I took the liberty to say that Angie would not come. Today, however, Kitchen said that she had concluded to come. I am going to tell her the next time I write that she can do no such thing. It is the very last place she really wishes to come then. It will be hot and busy, all her friends here will be hurried and worried and tired half to death

and, with all good will toward her will have no  
desire to see her. The Annual and Quarterly  
examinations will just be over, there will be Society  
Festivals, Class Festivals, Prize Examinations, which  
will worry us out and not interest her. I should  
be glad to have her come if I thought she would  
enjoy it, but I know she would not. It is now four  
months since I have seen her, only a few words  
having been said with you for me. I am sorry.  
Really I think this year although I am in the  
you will be the same. I am known to be a student  
since I have been brighter from your heart, in the last  
months have you? I have been in the winter  
because I am not in the winter, but I am not  
not time to talk to her. I am in the winter  
had this. If I have any of your friends, this I shall  
be an old man before the spirit of my youth  
has left me. I have given up, I shall have grey  
hairs before my heart has become chilled,  
or in the pulse veins. I am in the winter  
months. I am in the winter. You are in the winter  
and I am just going over them. I believe that during the  
week past I have for the first time been inclined to  
wish that I was engaged. It seemed as if I could not  
do what I ought, could not make you happy as you ought to  
be. Life seems a great untried wilderness through which  
tangled labyrinths I can never find my way.

When such feelings come over me, I can  
scarcely help wishing that you were not compelled to  
share the perils and labors of the way with me.  
I thank God that you are so constituted that to  
share in those labors and trials will be to you the  
highest earthly happiness. If it were not so I should  
despair of ever making you happy as my wife.

Oh Emma, you can scarcely imagine how I dread  
the long years of toil that are before me, how  
sharply I feel the bitterness of making you a partic-  
ipant, how I tremble, for your sake and for that of  
those who may be given us, lest I should fail in the  
contest, you be disappointed and they receive only  
an inheritance of shame. You have twined yourself  
so closely round my heart. My Dear, Dear One,  
that when I have forebodings for the future, I for-  
get myself and fear only for you. I know that the toil  
of the day will be more than repaid by the joy of clasping  
you to my bosom, at nightfall. I feel and know  
Emma that the trust you have given me is a fearful  
one, and in my weakness I can but say  
God help me. My most earnest labors shall ever be

Your happiness, and my proudest earthly aspiration, is, that you may ever feel that the heart which shall nestle rightly in your bosom, is willing to undertake any labor to remove every pang far, far more, from that delicious nest!"

Ah, Elizabeth, I am so glad that my heart has ever rested there. Often I do remember those wild trembling haste as if you feared your resolution would fail ere it achieved its end; you seized my hand, thrust it into your bosom, and pressed it close, as if its touch and pressure would still the half-frightened beatings of your heart.

And I believe it threw your heart. Did it not? Ever since your thoughts have been my thoughts, mine yours. There has been no reserve, no concealment. I am glad and grateful that it is so and shall never forget that that bosom is a holy place.

Toby approached and touched with serious fear

With hands made pure and hearts of faith severe.  
Like to the priesthood of the One Divine!

I must not write any more now  
Love, perhaps, and more today so good & bye (would  
that I could say it with a kiss; but as I must endure the famine some four months longer  
please to consider it as love and loving as you can  
without that accompaniment.

Albion.

Mr. E. L. Kilborn

Conneaut

Ohio

March 18-1844  
Richester,