

so full of the project that I can scarcely think of anything else. It is not certain that we shall do it - but I think it highly probable.

To forget my especial self for a moment, however, let me ask how is my Emma today? Is she get overwhelmed with sorrow for the brother she has lost, or is her heart "chartered with fearless resignation" and able to say "but my fruit will be Thine"? I wish I were with you to make you half forget your woes, to soften the wretchedness of your sorrow. I have thought of you and your grief very much during the week and starting has been the earnestness of the reflection, "Emma comes to me for comfort in affliction." It seems to speak so vividly of that life which lies so close before us. If I could be with you now, it seems as if I could make you happier, as if I might mitigate your sorrow, and I know if you were here I would try and make you forget, even yourself. I suppose you are in school again and I know its duties must seem even more irksome to you than before. It will not be long however my Love before I shall clasp you again to my breast; only a little more than a month, and then happiness will be ours again. I shall be very much crowded with my studies and other duties until then. I put up my late last night writing my address for J - which is rapidly approaching completion. It will take me sometime to copy it and that is what I must do first. I have not written any on my present yet and shall not till I finish the other. I have given

up all hope of being appointed for the Sophomore Declaration, as I hear the faculty do not intend to put on any who entered Sophomore. All I care about is the Appointment. I would just as lief not come off for the prize will not be given by merit at all I presume. If I don't get it I shall not grieve a great deal, but it will make me a little more independent, and I will pay the institution for its honors sometime. We are studying Mechanics now but it is not near as difficult as the Analytics were. There is one consolation, there is not a man in the class who can claim equality with me on the stage. I wish you could have been with me the other day when I visited one of the large Nurseries near this city. In the hot-house were the rarest exotics as fresh and blooming as if under a tropic sky, Fuschias, Geraniums, cactuses, and many others. In one place a century plant shot up its bare stalk towards the sunlight and in another, oranges and lemons were blossoming and ripening on the same tree. It is entirely useless for me to attempt to give you even a sketch of its beauties. Four were, I was entranced. Some of those who were with me seemed ^{to} think it pretty much a matter of course, to see it - was a miracle of beauty. I believe you threatened dire punishment if I returned about that little cap didn't you? Well my Dear, I have been constantly remembering your injunction, and having owned it as long as I dare, for fear of incurring your wrath, I went yesterday and bought a hat - which I suppose will awaken your ridicule more than the cap did. I can assure you however it is a beauty.

I wish you were to be with me to night - Evening -
My Love, to pillow your head upon my arm
to be clasped to my breast and feel my heart-beating
against your own soft bosom. I know you would be
happy. How sweet is the picture our fancy draws of our
nuptial couch. How long must we wait for its real-
ization, how strange that we are content. Is it not a hap-
py Providence Heavens that we as so constituted as to appre-
ciate so fully each others love? I don't believe you could feel
another's love to be so holy as mine. It would not cling
to your heart and drive away all fear, and inspire such
lofty confidence. Nor again could another's love have inspired
me with such earnest reliance. No other would have twined
itself so securely round my heart. Nothing in one excites the
surprise of the other, and each seems to have an intuitive
knowledge of the others motives and intentions. This is what ena-
bles us to be so free and yet so innocent. We are both
errory both passionate and frail, but how can we wrong each
other? How can we destroy each others confidence? Thus has
God wisely provided that we may love wisely, freely and purely.
I was reading the other day of an old drama, of two characters whose
love, though unholy in its indulgence was in itself so pure
that almost involuntarily I likened it to ours, and tears of tender-
ness and sympathy came into my eyes. I can not imagine
a purer love than that of the degraded prostitute who found the
young man in the street almost dead of cold starvation and dis-
ease, took him to her own room, and though she had but little
shared her all with him, - even as a devoted sister, may rather
as one whose love is stronger, purer, holier - a wife. She laid him weak
and senseless in her own bed, and as the covering was scanty and his
clothing was wet and insufficient, she removed it from his quivering
limbs, put her own warm chemise upon him, and laid her other garments
over him, and then with a sweet smile, - sweeter than she had ever
used to utter to evil, she laid herself - all naked as she was, down
beside him pressed his cold breast to her tender bosom, twined her warm
limbs about his shivering ones, laid her flushed cheek upon his pallid
face, and slept a sweeter sleep than she had ever known when couched
in the embraces of unholy passion. I think you not the angels watched over
that bed and smiled her as one returning to the way of simplicity? The festivities
may turn away with scorn and say that she was but a theatrical

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