

1860

...in Tuesday.
...finished pretty
...the evidence in
...I will make
...this about
...just to

1860
Rochester June 25-

I went to Church this
morning not feeling very well before I
went out after being there a few minutes
I concluded that I was really sick
So I came home, removed my coat and
put myself to my bed, where I
have remained ever since. I have had
a most glorious sleep, and now feel
quite revived, though there is a
sensation of heaviness in the region of the
stomach, and my ideas do not cir-
culate with the most astonishing alert-
ness. I believe I told you, that perhaps
I should not write today. I guess
however I will write a bit, so that my
dear darling need not be homesick
nor fear that anything injurious has hap-
pened to her college boy. I am just a
burst as happens on a small matter

or some such loquacious creature.
 The hot weather is coming on and the
 long lazy vacation is at hand, and I
 know I shall luxuriate then. Some how such
 weather as this makes me as happy and
 careless as you can imagine. I have not
 life enough to have the blues. I am just
 enough animated to feel the delicious
 sense of loveliness and love. To follow the
 laughing goddess Summer as with her head
 garlanded with flowers, bright flowers and
 blushing fruits, she trips gaily over hill &
 plain not with a hurried step but with a
 languid easy motion, her golden hair
 floating sweetly on the breeze which parts
 her light vestments and disclosing the
 voluptuous form, and faultless limbs, tempt
 us on and on in the lazy chase. And ever
 as we follow on along the bright path
 she has trod we kiss her fair forehead
 and feel growing up within our
 hearts a pure rich love and calm deep
 joyfulness; and when at evening she

lies down to sleep upon her azure
 couch and folds about her rosy limbs
 her mantle of - "the purple rolled"
 "At twilight in the west afar"
 "Is tied with threads of descending gold"
 "And buttoned with a sparkling star,"
 Nature's kindly face is garrisoned with
 tears, bright and fragrant, whose beauty
 consoles us for the radiant goddess who
 has hid her face. But really I am get-
 ting absurd am I not? Well, well,
 I can't help it sometimes, and then again
 I could if I would. I think I forgot to tell
 you in my last that those clippings are re-
 ally charming. They have been prized enough
 to make the dearest blush with joy and
 and maybe a bit of pride too if she had had
 it all. I tell the boys that it is one of the ten
 thousand blessings of being a married man,
 that having a wife is a guarantee of such
 little comforts, which bachelor men can
 never know. They laugh and say "Foggy
 is a funny fellow," and I grin slightly and pretend

"And you are a foolish one." I don't know
how why I should not be a happy fellow at
all times with such a blessed treasure of a wife.
or if not a wife all but one - or what is per-
haps more to be envied (for things are reckoned precious
according to their scarcity) - a maiden who comes to me
as lovingly as confidently and as freely as a wife -
who has nothing to conceal from me and who busy disposes
with blushings and falterings in my presence. Oh I am
blessed. Such a Love! How my heart clings to her. How
tenderly my thoughts cluster around her. But I am not
going to write her a long letter today, cause why I am
going to see her pretty soon - and then there will be no
need of telling her what I know would for her ear will be
it in the beatings of my heart - as she lies on my bosom and
receives every caress that fond love can invent. I must
answer your letter though. But where in the world is it?
Ah! here it is, and what have you to say for Mr. D. little
letter? - Hurk - It says - "your Love - Emma, your best-
wife - is lying on the floor thinking of you - something very
foolish," she says. - (Fish! how can that be? - Oh, I can pre-
hend she has a very silly subject - and cannot of course have
wise thoughts) - "and I don't know as she dare tell you what
she is thinking" - (Stop! you little tell tale you are lying now for I know
there is no thought that ever entered her loving heart which she
dare not tell me - so you just send your manhood Livak letter or
I'll put you in a furnace as hot as that of Shadrach Meshach &
Abdenezek - see if I don't. Dare not tell me - a likely story you
might know I would not believe such a lie -) "But she says
she won't tell you" - Won't, won't don't come to me with
your treasonable reports and contracted negations! Won't -
you don't suppose she is going to rebel at this late hour, but a
bit of it. Won't tell me - Yes but she will or I'll - I'll spank her.
"She says too - You will be with Emma three weeks from to-
day won't you love?" - That now is sensible, something like
Mr. D. and I can believe it. Of course I will if I can get to
connect them, and by the way, I want she should write me
whether the Morning Express - about 9. 30. A.M. stops at C.
I may have to stay here until Saturday night. It's getting late.
Your letter may go back to my pocket - and I will bid my
Love Good Night
Albion

Miss E. S. Kilborn

Conneaut

Ohio

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013

June 25th/60

Rochester

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