

Rochester N.Y.

Oct. 17 1860

Dear Mother

My dear Mother

Every thing is now as good as over a wall
but I am not a bit better, I sit the same
but at the same time I am not a bit better, I sit the same
I am not a bit better, I sit the same, or in
fact anywhere else. so that you might be with me.
These beautiful days, - not that we have many
such but they are so beautiful when they do come
really make me almost homesome. If I had not
enough to sleep, we have not did not know
that there were persons who loved me fondly &
hoped for my success I should really have the
blues. It seems as if we ought to be together
today. It is just one of those sweet luxurious
days which our country folk, living all his kind
though I don't know but it will cloud up and
rain before night as it usually does of late. I
am not so hurried and flurried today as I

was one week ago. I hope it is true
been pretty busy during the week though I
feel quite at ease today and expect to read
so as not to begin the week with quite so jaded
a physique tomorrow. The only thing that affects
me today is the thought that I have not received
a single letter during the past week. I don't know
as I have received any as it has seemed a bit unusual
without one. I don't know what to make of it
except to wish my friends that I might receive from them.
Does Angie really feel shocked and offended because
I don't write to her? If she does I must surely do it.
I presume she thinks I ought to write to her as I
had. I think now almost all our correspondence
will be sent direct to our new address
one. I don't know of the public libraries of the
College but believe right and was admitted
for an essay next Friday evening. The man
who is to criticize it is one for whom I have
the supreme contempt. To explain therefore I
am going to give him an essay written as a criti-
que on various Masonic organizations & Freemasonry.
There is probably not one copy of this essay in the

in the city, and that is in my hands.
Don't let me expect to hear him criticize
my essay when he knows nothing about the
subject of it. I am so elated with my course
that I cannot maintain in anything like gran-
dy over it. I don't care a copper about the Society
but I want a chance to be president of it next
year. I don't know as I shall get it but I shall have
to be determined for it. By the way my quarrel with
the 'si U's' has about come to a terminus. Al-
most all the boys have come and made good their
acknowledgments to me. If I had felt it would
have been better than for a time at least, and they are
very grateful for my assistance, as they think I had
sufficient reason to have done so. Pettey and I
had a long talk the other day in reference to past
affairs and found that a mutual misunderstanding
was at the bottom of all our difficulty. Himself, his
chum, Lut and I went off down the river last
Monday for a ramble, and we had a most glori-
ous time. It was a gorgeous day and we had
a regular boy frolic and jollification, filled our-
selves and our pockets with nuts and apples

now returned, tired, it is true but as
nearly as can be imagined. — But this is
not all I have to tell you of the past week — I must
come upon the Confessional. What would you
think to hear something awful about me? To learn
that I had become a monster or an ogre? To
be assured that I was a social viper completely
reprehensible by any associates? Not much
joy would be yours, I fancy. Such however
is the deplorable state of the case. There is
a young scoundrel, an by courtesy in college who
has been boarding at Mrs Foster's this year
of habits just the reverse of agreeable in
most every respect, who is the bore of his
class and of all who come near him. Very
often when he would become almost disgust-
ing from his silliness and boorishness I ~~will~~
indulge my passion for ridicule a little and
at length obtained such power over the beast
that he was quite decent to all, & the com-
pany were just about to return me a
vote of thanks for my Rurkish feat in
taming him when the creature up & left be-
cause he said he could not live with me.
Just think of that. How do you suppose you
are to endure my presence year after year,
when he could not stand it three months, &
only met me three times a day? Don't you think
you had better resign, in favor of some woman
of a stronger constitution?

It is evening now. The little clock
above my table points to five — and ticks
out a constant warning that I must hurry
and finish your letter before evening services com-
mence. I do wish I could be with you tonight
instead of writing to you. Somehow it seems
as if I could tell you what to feel & think
far better than I can write it. Perhaps you think
so too. I grow almost tired of dreaming of you
and not seeing you for so long. I will yet I must
confess that my mind has a remarkable pro-
pensity run off after your shallow not only through all
the paths which Assembly has jolted down in her
great chest at the Past, but also through a myriad
of flower schemes which fancy finds in the un-
dergrowth. Often when I think I am intent upon
a lesson and honestly think I am engaged with
all my might in extracting the root of a Greek verb,
I am almost startled at finding your face in the
dictionary instead of the word I was after. Then I
have to give you a kiss in fancy and send you

off again. I know I could not study half
so well if you did not come to cheer me now
and then. I should like to see and spirit
Aragie away tonight and take her place. Of
course, you would not be at all satisfied with
that arrangement but it would not be entirely
your proper for a Boarding school miss to be
pleased with such an exchange! However I should
be very well content, i.e. if you did not disturb
me by enquiring. If you were guilty of that I
should certainly wish myself — at home again.
I came near buying some music and sending
to you the other day but I reflected that you would
perhaps be discouraged by it thinking that I expected
you to be able to do more than you are, and I
would not have you feel so for I know I shall
have sufficient reason to be satisfied and trust with
your proficiency in that. I leave my dear do
not have any fear that I shall be exacting in this re-
spect. I can only be content with my little and
attainments. I have two papers to send you yours.
I see you are bound to push me forward and
make me develop my abilities and are determined

that if I will not do it alone you will
excite my emulation. Oh bien, Love, I know
I shall do better with such a wife as you will be
than with any other. Perhaps you intend to study
Law also and see if you cannot attract your
prospective spouse in the science of jurisprudence.
Well if you will you will make yourself as
much a proficient in it as some of your sex
have, you may try. Just here, can you tell
me why it is that your sex have so often ex-
celled in Law and never in Mathematics
or Metaphysics? How Love sweetens our
labors does it not? If it always remains
so, I do not see how we can be unhappy.
Oh, my Darling, you are a mine of happiness
to me. You have made the Past sweet,
the present sweet, and the Future glori-
ous. You have nestled in my bosom and
unlocked the closet of my heart, and after exam-
ining its contents you found it so earnest that
you gave me ingress to your own, and ever
since, we have gone in and out without let or
hindrance. Now my Dear, you must not

confine yourself in that old barn all the
time and kill yourself studying. Why if
you keep on as you are now doing I don't
believe you will be able to cast a shadow with
out aid, and you'll have to give up your
idea of ^{not} weaving cotton entirely. When I see
you next July I shall only be able to ejaculate
with Hamlet "Alas poor ghost!" and shall
not dare think of embracing you, because
of your questionable shape. I presume you
are more as "sourd and gentle as a lath" and
if I should get a glimpse of you, I have not
doubt that my hopes of future offspring would
vanish instantly. By the way this tirade re-
minds me that Pettengill's betrothed, is now
hopelessly ill. She has I believe the consumption
or something similar - I don't know exactly
what but have been led to suspect that it is only bron-
chitis, consumption, - and is very low. The
poor fellow feels terribly about it. It really softened
my heart to know it or I don't believe we should
ever have come to terms again. I had a long letter from
my "Wise Cousin" that I had been well respected and re-
spected by some respects and kindest wishes to
my Cousin. He is returning to the States now,
and intends to teach in Missouri during
the winter. He is much pleased with his
Western tour. He says it writes a bit more

Adieu Love & Loyalty

F. J. Courcy



Miss Emma L. Kilborn

Gainesville

Wyoming Co.

N. Y.

Oct 28th 1860

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