

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013

1870

1871

1872

Wm. C. Nichols

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Wilson Dec 9th 1868

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2011

Wilson N.Y.
Dec. 23-1860

My Darling
Day is just leaving
earth, and the fleecy clouds with
snow and then out of an engraver line
are piled along the western sky. The
bars of silvery sunlight seem sweeter for
the rugged rocks that lie about them.
A little to the northward of where the
sun has made his couch rises a
dark column which seems dense
and fixed, as if some grover had
riveted a thunder cloud to the place it occu-
pied in the horizon. It is no celestial cloud however
but the column of vapor which constantly rises from
the yawning gulf of the never-silent Niagara. When-
ever the sun sets with an unclouded horizon
there we see that dark form rising like and eerie
figure of olive infants against the suddy sky.
The argant voice of the mighty cataract is hush-
ed in distance, but the vapory symbol of its
power is yet visible. The day has not been
remarkably pleasant and the evening prom-
ises more snow but just now the light is
beautiful and cheering. You see I have again
neglected you most of late but if you could
see me now, as I sit reclined upon the
couch, my left side resting on the

cushioned arm, my feet & limbs thrown
back on the lounge or resting on the elegant
athletum before me, and very night am
sitting lazily on the table while I write, — I
know you would consider it a very favorable
evidence for your letter, at least, and perhaps
not a bad representation of comfort. Oh, I do
love sensible quiet days — as perhaps you know.
If you were aware in addition to this that I was in-
spired by the refreshing draughts of our estimable land-
lady's very hot tea, I know you would be very
sensible of a good letter, and sink back to read
it with the comforting reflection that it will make
you happy. To try my powers of happification
I will say first that in all probability, I shall
leave Buffalo on the morning train (— if there be
any such thing), for Gainesville next Saturday.
That at least is my present intention and unless
your letter of this week should contain unfavor-
able news, I know of nothing to prevent its execu-
tion. I shall probably remain only until Monday
but know I shall enjoy a world of bliss during the
intervening time. You must make up your
mind to do nothing but talk and listen while
I am there. You said imagine how exciting and
humorous I shall be if I come. We are to have no
convention except Christmas, New Year & the day pre-
vious to the latter. I propose going to Lockport Friday
evening and by that means shall be able to get in
to Buffalo in the night some time & get out in
the morning train. Now does that infor-
mation make you happy? Do you feel in anti-
cipation all the joys of the visit? Does the "lovelight"
sparkle in your eyes now? — Will you count the hours
until I come? To leave this and come back to
my present place of residence and labor once
more, — (for I have wondered off and thought myself
indeed with you) — The past week has been
much paler than the predecessor in almost
everything. I am becoming familiar with faces

accustomed to my recitations, and altogether
and much more acclimated with my situation
than I was one week since. I have become
pretty well acquainted with Miss Everitt our
Preceptress and like her very well. She is a frank open
hearted merry girl, well educated and talented.
She somewhat resembles in appearance and manner
Mary Est, or else Spencer a recent blance, — for I
don't always think so. I called upon her on Friday evening
and must say that I have seldom spent three happier
hours ~~than~~ with one who has only been transiently thrown
in my way, than with her. I am the only one of the teachers
with whom she has become at all acquainted and we are
so much alike that we are likely to agree admirably.
It seems that my teaching of Algebra is so satis-
factory that I am to be blessed with another class in
that hated science, viz. one in Intellectual Algebra.
I have now seven classes each day and this will
add another half hour to my daily routine. Prof. R.
will at the same time have but four and the Compa-
sition Class, which will be only two or three times
a week. Besides this I bear the boys rehearsal for the
Wednesday exercises, have the charge of the roll &
arbitrate in all cases in reference to absence, tardiness,
&c. In fact as Miss Everitt says I have all
the extra work to do except praying. The students
do not seem to have been very well treated and are
unaccustomed to study. I have to get up an en-
thusiasm and then fan and nurse the little flame of
zeal as carefully, as one would guard the life of a
wrecked babe. We have a fine lot of apparatus and I
manage to wake up some of my classes, while
others are yet insensible to my efforts. My land-
lady tells me however that I am decidedly the
liber of the place and am regarded by all the
Scholars as the very funniest fellow that ever stepped
inside a recitation room. I am willing to include
almost any absurdity in order to get up an interest.
I had a call from Sammie Hubbard last evening. He
is a fine man & I think I shall be much pleased &
instructed by an acquaintance with him.

I wrote to Father shortly after coming here. I had told him nothing of it previously and was well pleased to find that he approved my course. He has been confined by an attack of Rheumatism ever since Election. He is some better now but not able to attend to his business, and he was about to write for me to come home & do it for him when he got my letter. I also rec^d a note from Cousin Bill (who is again returned to the bonds of Civilization and is now teaching again in Ill. His school year has done him good I think, for he writes that while he sat upon the western slope of the Rocky Mts he formed the resolution to go through College and he is bound to do so. I have no doubt that he will adhere to this resolution and fulfill it, for he seldom resolves without accomplishing. It is pretty good spirit I think for him to think of going through at the age of 20 with no means but his hands and requiring a year for preparation. But the truth is he is a brave strong fellow and has a right good heart. By the way Dear and idea has just struck me. He requested to be kindly remembered to you, and I have half a mind to request you to write to him. I believe it would do him a world of good & of course could not harm any one. A funny idea is it? Well that should not surprise you. I have proposed more startling ones and you have felt no fear in yielding to them and so you may conclude in this case. I think he would be really grateful for a letter from you or even a note by me which perhaps would be better. I rec^d a letter from Millie the other day. Quite a long nice one it was too. She seems to be getting over her fear of writing to me considerably and the first thing you know she will be as fond of the exercise as yourself, or nearly so. I have not written to Chud since my leaving Rochester - and don't know when I shall.

10 o'clock
Sunday Eve

My Own Precious Love

I can

write now without the feeling that my eyes
but my own are following my pen for my
room mate is fast asleep and has been for
an hour.) How do you tonight? Are you
asleep and giving me a place in your dreams
or are you too awake, and thinking love
instead of dreaming it? What would I not
give to be with you in either case! I have been
longing and wishing to see you so many days,
so many weeks. I don't believe I ever wish-
ed to see you half as much before. Yet I don't
pretend to know why the desire should be
stronger than at any previous time, during
the last two years. I know it seems as if
I ought to be with you if only for a moment.
I believe that one embrace, one kiss, one
look of love would do me more good at the
present time than a week's visit would
ever have done before. Every body here is as
kind and obliging to me as can be and I

My dear bright eyes, I write with
a hope that, long as love would ripen into
love, but I did not want friendship and any
love but Emma's is so pleasing to me.

Oh, if it were but with you now how much
happier would we both be than by the sense-
less intervention of this paper. It would be
almost too great a pleasure to have Emma
again within these arms, to bestow the fond
caresses, the rapturous kiss, and sweet knowledge
that Emma is at once a wife and maid.
How sweet, my love, is the thought that you
can give me all - can rest within these arms
and yet rise from their clasp as pure as
Spring comes from the Subarce of Winter.

How dear, dear Virginia - wife - my spotless
wanton now do I not love you? If now
they separated from me you or any rose my
heart, how will you not enslave it, when
no more a wife but less a maid, you
add new rashes to the web in which you
have entangled my heart? Do you not
fear that I will lose my position and be the
creature of my wife?