



Mrs. Emma L. Kilborn

Kustjord

Allgany Co.

Care J. B. Gordon Esq.

N. Y.

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Hemlock Co.

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Emma I. Ritborn .

Then I don't know why I have written all that but there it is and you may excuse it if you can. I am going to send your letter, or at least write it one day sooner than my usual custom is. By the way you could do a good deal about my letters I think. You speak in your last as if you had not had one from me in at least half a decade. I believe I have written every week until last week since I returned from Springfield. So you might as well dispense with some of your constant lectures about my letters. - Now I guess you'll be sorry. Won't you? I suppose I am a great source of vexation and trouble to you but then you know there is a way of it. Please

ing bestowed on the very charitable
and I am sure you ought to be among
the number, of those who suffer long and
are kind. But now for your letters. I am
going to give you a real scolding about
some things. And first, your cross writ-
ting does "Ather" me very seriously too.
I don't know but I am foolish to be
troubled about it; but I never see one of
your old letters without wishing you
would leave off that detestible habit.
And worse than this your constant use
of the custom has sometimes led me to
adopt it and you know that the leading
one into temptation is no slight offence.
Secondly, you have been in the constant
habit of writing "peticular" instead of par-
-ticular, for some months. I have mis-
spelled it once or twice myself in the hope
that you would correct your orthography.
Now - let me see - I don't know of any-
thing else that I can lecture you over just
now. So you may consider yourself as

released from the source block, and
if you are not too - "stuffed" - you may
come and sit on my lap while I tell you
of the affairs of the past week and answer
your letter. And first, lest I forget, let me
say that I do not know as the fate of Miss
Ellen's likeness is yet decided. The article
in question is now on the table before me
and as I open it now looks quite as arch
and naive as ever it could. I don't think
it is in any sort of danger and shall take
care that it is not exposed to any at present.
My collection of pictures has increased con-
siderably since the adoption of my resolution
to steal all I could conveniently come at. Of
which policy you will recollect here happened
to be the first exponent, or if she pleased to
term it victim. I think it rather funny that
your poems are so infested with shapes of e-
vil, all wearing my semblance, or at least
all coming under my livery in some shape
or other. I can assure you that mine are
equally troubled with appearances which
I ever perpetually calling Camilla.

Only last night - if my memory serves me
- I saw you as I have so often seen you
wearing that orange colored dress with a dark
stripe and figure, and a white apron, and you
were far more troublesome than when you actual-
-ly wore the above mentioned articles. - You were
as you always are, most persistently inclined to
marry - some one - who I could not say or
imagine, and marry him you finally did
leaving poor disconsolate me, to satisfy
myself with the rejected husks of the world or go
hungry - as I chose. And all the time you pre-
tended to be governed by a most sincere de-
sire for my welfare and happiness - and I
did not doubt that you were perfectly sincere
in your protestations, and somehow or other I thought
you could not be blamed for doing as you did.
Isn't it funny! - But then I don't know
as your conclusion from this was entirely
correct. I am not aware that I have any very
serious thing on my mind, which I feel called
upon to do or to tell you of. I have no doubt
there is quite enough there to cause you to feel
the deepest sorrow, or at least considerable grief.
The fact is, I am getting very restless and
you need not be surprised to hear of almost
any strange thing concerning me, or indeed
if you did not hear from me at all. The truth
is, Emma that I am so desperate that I am
anxious to be considered responsible for what
I do or omit to do. If I were able to go, I
should go to war any day at once and should not
stop for any ceremony, but I don't know what absurd-
ity I might not be guilty of.

You need not be surprised if you should
not hear from me in a long, - time.
Of course you know I do not intend
to do anything of the kind now, but as
I have said, I do not know what I may
yet do. Circumstances have rendered me
completely careless of consequences. I care
but very little what becomes of me in the
future, and am only sorry that you will
be involved in the results of my conduct.
Yes, Emma, I believe I could not retract
a word of what I said before, that I am
sorry that your fate was ever linked with
mine by so close and strong a tie. The fact
is, I am completely discouraged and disheart-
ened. Yes, Dear, I know how willing you
would be to undergo any hardship, to be
able to comfort me, and cheer me up. I
know how gladly you would come to my
arms and be my wife if I could only
say you might do so. And you know

Darling, how gladly - how joyously, I would
embrace you to my embrace, were it only
to consider my own happiness and enjoyment.
I can never make you my wife un-
til I can give you a home where you
will not be subjected to annoyances
and liable to regrets. You know that it
would be unjust and unwomanly for me to
permit you to share my misfortunes and
waste the flower and perfume of your youth
the freshness of your womanhood upon one
who can give you ~~not~~ return. One who can-
not increase your happiness, one who has no
right to ask or expect any one to become his wife
one who can only be an incumbrance to those who
love him. You know I would give all my
warmest hopes and wishes to the winds, if I could
only promote your happiness and see you my own
happy wife. But Emma, with all your ardent
wishes and thrilling desires - not more warm
than my own - you cannot ask me to do
that which can only redound to your unhappi-
ness, and misery. No, Emma, it may not be.

If I ever get to be a man again it
will be different. But as I am Emma
for your sake I can sorry you are my Betrothed.
Well, well, I will not speak so any more. You
have felt my warmest embraces and you
may claim whatsoever you will and it shall
be yours, if I can possibly grant it. Of course
you cannot ask to be my wife now, for I can
not be a husband. Sunday morn

I shall probably go to
Connecticut today. It is said that Prof.
Heywood is very sick, and Joe & myself
are going down to see him. Yes, he
comes Joe. I'm off. Guess I shall
call on the "ole folks" before I come
back just to see how they are.

Sunday Evening
Well, love, I have a host of news to tell
you. I went down to C- as proposed, and
Mr. Heywood who is quite sick, but will not
believe that he is in any danger. He says I
think the consumption - he says, the bron-
chitis, at any rate he is quite poorly off.

After staying there a while we dove down to the shore and found the folks all as chirp - as crickets. Millie so fat she can hardly see and Jane as contented as a kitten in a mouse nest. To hear her talk one would think she considered the place where she is teaching as just next door to Paradise. Joe you know has preceded her in that district and they talked as knowingly as could be over it. I am glad it is so. Your mother seemed a little bit cross and some very dissatisfied - though she tried hard to be cheerful and gracious - but of course I did not notice it nor in fact care a great deal about it. After dinner I read to the girls, the poem which I wrote for the Festival - much I suppose to their entertainment - at least to Millie's great delight. They all seemed just about as surprised and pleased as if an angel had dropped down among them and we had a very pleasant visit. I should have been very blue after it if it had not been for my dear brother Joe with whom I was. Our conversation was of considerable interest on the way home as you will see very soon, at least some of it. And what I am going to tell you now - I tell you as my wife, "by right and virtue of your place" and though you are not "so husbanded" as Cato's daughter was, I have no fear that you will less thoughtfully and carefully keep your husband's secrets, and I had not spoken thus were it not the secret of another, in which it concerns my honor to be very careful that it does not get abroad.

Well without further ceremony I will begin to commence. You know I once told you that Joe Warner loved Nellie Chappell, and also expressed the belief - in which you coincided - that this love was fully reciprocated. Now for the sequel. Joe has considered himself for a long time in a situation in which it would be dishonorable for him to offer his love to any one, but he has kept up an intimate and close correspondence with her as he dared to and in terms which no sensible girl could misunderstand. She knew he loved her, she knew he supported her aware of his attachment, and here comes the wonder. A week or so ago Joe - affairs having brightened with him - told her his love in a frank manly manner that any girl might well have been proud of and she in her reply - expressed surprise and - jilted him. Poor fellow! you can not imagine how deep a wound it has left in his heart. Yet he bears it in a way that can not but excite admiration and sympathy. I could not believe it until I read her letter, - I have it before me now, and it is true. I don't see why the words do not consume the paper on which they are written. I believe she is dazzled by an offer

on the hopes of an offer from a wealthy
"Cit" of the metropolis of Brockport.
Of so I hope she will bite an apple of
Sodom. She justifies her act to him by say-
ing that she did not suppose he loved her because
he always signed his letters "Yours fraternally." But
that's too frail a rope of sand to hang a lie on!
Now I want you to find out all about this without
revealing anything. Now display your finesse
Love, you may be an ambassador and
need to practice a little! — But I have not
told you a word about my poem and I know
you are dying of curiosity to know about
it. Well I wrote about 40 pages & 20 lines
and send it per appointment, occupying in-
deed about 50 minutes. It was very
favorably recd, even eliciting cheers in Kingstoll.
The subject is "Glimpses of the Present." I
have already recd, one or two invitations to
read it elsewhere, and am preparing an-
-other upon "Chick and its Possessors"
and shall then be ready to read wherever they will
give me a reasonable compensation. This is
one of the letters "as long as possible"
Reverie Albion