

The Pension

Monday eve Jan 22nd 1866

My Dear Henry

Here are, let me see,
one, two, three, four of your good
letters unanswered, those dated "Dec 24th"
and "Christmas" came last Saturday,
while those written the 16th and 18th
did not get along until today. I
presume the delay was at New York.

I'm very glad you were pleased
with your big New Year gift, why
I made it a New Year, was because
I thought it would arrive about that
time, am also glad that it made
your Christmas pass more nicely.

Your note to your, or our, mother
made my heart beat fast every
time I thought of it, and frightened
me to such a degree that I deter-
-mined to deliver it as soon as
possible. It's over, and I have had
the feeling ever since of having
"been and gone and done it."

Shall I describe the scene?

Well, in order to carry out my
determination I kept it in my
pocket all the time, and yesterday
afternoon after Church I was in
the college. Gradually one after
another the family left the room
till only your mother, the little
Boys (who were busy at play), and a
girl with a red face and jumping
heart were left. Then I very
coolly drew forth your letter, took
from it your note and handed it
to Mrs M - with the remark - "a
note for you". She opened it and

went to a seat in the back
of the room so I should not
see her face, but I confess to
having kept an eye on her movements.

After reading it slowly, she
took her handkerchief out, shed a
few quiet tears, whether of sorrow,
or joy, I am unable to say, and
after recovering herself she came
to me with a smile, pressed my
hand and kissed me, and went
back to her seat without a word.

After a little she said, "I asked
him if your correspondence meant
any thing serious". - "I'm afraid
there is too much difference in
your age shellie - don't you think
so?" I replied - "I never thought so -
I never realized that there was ~~was~~ so
much difference - I shall grow old
faster than he". She said, "If it
doesn't trouble you it ought not
to disturb me - yet I wish it were

a little different. It seems rather singular ~~some~~ some one opened the door, the conversation dropped and has not been renewed since, because I've not seen her.

It is the last thing that will trouble me - your age, I should never think of its being an obstacle. In fact I would rather you were fourteen years older, than one day younger.

You dear old fellow; Don't love me too hard, - that is enough to think & hone on faults, because I really have a great many, and I fear I shall often bother you and vex you, but you must always remember that under all my naughtiness there is a wealth of love, ^{and} faithfulness, which you will hardly discover unless some ill befall you, - which Heaven grant may never happen!

And, you too, remember the solemn

hour one spent in the "city of the dead", so many months ago:

How, how could you then have loved me one bit after all my heterogeneity that summer? What impressed me I know not, but certainly I never tried so hard before, or since, to ~~my~~ ^{make} myself disagreeable, and, as you know, you made me ashamed of it that night? I think I started for home that night feeling as thoroughly vexed with, and ashamed of, Nell Verill, as even you, with the sense of having been wronged, could have wished. I never "compared" this before and probably should not now, but you have a right to my every thought, and now you know why every thing that passed at that time is so stamped upon my mind. How you forgive me all the pain I

caused you? If not please do
and I promise to do all I can
to atone.

Will you excuse me a little
while? — You know you can be
at work on the locale for tomorrow
afternoon, and I promised Lue to
take my work and turn over a
few moments — good bye then —

Well, it's nearly 10 o'clock
and I have just left the Quay
household of the Major. They are all
sewing industriously to get Eliza ready
for her departure next Friday.

Lue looked as if she might have
been crying and seemed very quiet.

They are a family who are much
attached to each other and consequently
feel of keenly the void which will be
made when she goes with her dear
little trio. Life is full of partings.

It will be impossible for me to do
justice to your letter, but I'll attempt
to reply to all the questions, and
if my words should seem cold you
must lay it to my backfulness.

You see I'm not writing within
" gunshot " of the place where lines
ought to be, but you must here
become accustomed to my erratic
style of chirography or else so I shall
not bother about apologies.

Do I feel like saying "No" in view
of your "poverty"? Most emphatically
I answer no to that question.

I cannot consider you "poor" when
you have health, talent, and a will
to make the most of them, and
to win your place in the world.

I should much sooner hesitate to
marry a rich man, because that
would not be an equal exchange.

I can give you love for love, and
therefore we are "equal", since neither

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possess an abundance of the
world's goods. I believe in being
economical and also in being generous.

The latter trait I always admired
in your character, but from your
own showing, you have never practiced
the former. It is truly to be regretted
that you wasted so many of your
days, but we won't think of it only
as an incentive to better act in the
future. - You will notice that I
can say "we" with quite an air.

If you like as well to find the
exact things in my letters, as I do
in yours, 'twill be all right, if I
do "let my heart speak" rather freely.

Now boy, please don't consider
yourself egotistical when you tell me all
the little affairs that are about you -
you know, or ought to, that nothing
which concerns you, can by any possible
means become uninteresting to me.
Indeed I want to know all about
your daily life as that I can quietly
adopt myself to it, - as that selfish!

Am glad you made so many people happy by remembering them at Christmas time, and also that Mrs Johnson was so thoughtful of you. I had a necking ring last year from Lue. - Wonder if they will be mated? I guess we can manage to get up a match between them. Hope the party and ball passed pleasantly. Did you escort any lady? I'm not a bit jealous of Miss Betty, but allow me to remark, sir, that if you feel at liberty to make presents to young ladies, you cannot object to my receiving slight attentions from gentlemen here. Especially when you remember that I never received a present from any young man, except "the one I'm going to marry". - My eyes are so heavy! - Give me good night, and I'll go to bed, say a little prayer for you, and then go to sleep and dream of you - if I can.

Wednesday morning I really did not
mean to let so many hours pass before
finishing this, but some way they chanced
and consequently you will get a longer
letter than I proposed to write.

Thank you for making me a "regular
subscriber". I have received the little paper
quite regularly, and gladly enough, wondered
why your hand writing looked so different
on the wrappers. I was too stupid to think
any one else could have written my name.
Wonder if "Henry" thinks it a pretty name!
A certain other Henry once assured me it was.

When I discover any particular change
in my looks all have a picture taken
for you, or if I happen to feel like
it some day when I come up town. I haven't
one in my possession.

I am glad you experienced so much
satisfaction in receiving Luer's acknowledgment
of your gift. You need not blame yourself
for thoughtlessness in the past, because your
relations and friends here ever considered

you generous to a fault, and knew
that your disposition was to make
every one happy around you. I have no
fear that we shall "board or surplus funds"
because I am almost as free hearted
as you, and only hope we shall not live
beyond our means. We can only trust in
Providence and do the best we know how.

Thank you Harry for making me
that promise to try and not swear any more.
I know if you try you will not, and
I should feel that my life had not been
quite in vain, if I could help you save
yourself from that sin, which always seemed
to me so debasing.

I mean to send you this letter of
Byrons. I don't know as he would think
it just the thing, but if you were here
I should surely let you read it, as what
is the difference? We won't say any thing
to him about it.

Now read it, and then listen to a
few comments from me.

You will see that he takes the
botherly liberty to advise me considerably,
he knows I shall take it goodnaturedly;

The first of it needs no remarks,
except that, if Wash will go & promise
to go with Prin, though I should very much
rather have you come on if you feel
that it will be right to do so.

About Henry Kurt, Harry dear,
if you care one particle, because I have
received some attention from him, tell
me so, and every thing of the sort shall cease,
I have no wish to do wrong, and had not
thought I was, & I believe I have told you
of all the pieces I have seen with him,
and I tell you now that he has never
called upon me, or shown me more
attention this winter than for years past.

I don't care what the gossips say - in
fact had rather they talked that way
than have them know the truth.

I do not intend to make a point of
telling every one that I am engaged, nor
do I mean to deny it if asked directly.
All my family know it, except the little

guilt, whom I shall tell as soon as we decide, when we shall enquire and where they will stay.

I can't say what Lou has told Henry Kunt. I have never said any thing to him on the subject except in a joking way. You know I like to go to all sorts of social gatherings, and I have felt that I had rather have his event than any other when you were away. Then I am with Lou so much that it would be nearly impossible to avoid him, and would look almost prudish if I refused to accompany him to a dance or a skating expedition. However, you have only to tell me what you wish, and I shall be glad to do just as you say in all things.

The poetry referred to was my "Doctral Amusing" - isn't that a good joke? I'm not too sensitive to have a good laugh over it.

"my female friends, I'm particularly,
give me the credit of being
tolerably "neat"; but if you ever
slipped at any time to think other-
wise, you can tell me, and once telling
will probably be enough.

That is all I have to say about his
letter & believe.

Flora is still here and is improving
as much as could be expected. I notice
that when she feels able to make it is upon
some very tiny garments, which she is inclined
to tuck into her work basket very innocently
whenever the door opens suddenly.

Hattie R. and May I see better
well ^{now} and always send kind greetings
to you. Hattie thinks she wants very
much to see you, and I wish she might.

You must keep your little
Statuette to put on the "what-not" which
~~Statuette~~ will be in our parlour. By the
way, are we going to keep house very soon
after "the ceremony", or wait until you

"are richer"? You know it takes
quite a pile of money to furnish a
house in these days, but I am
opposed to any plan about that.

If we keep house will it be advisable
for me to carry table and bed linen?

You see I am very matter-of-fact in
my questions. I should ask any quantity
of just such import, if I could see you
an hour. One can say as much more
with a tongue than with a pen.

It just occurs to me, that it
was a little impudent of you, to ask
me to visit you in San Francisco, before
I had even promised to wed with you.
Should you some day come for me. Was
it not? The longer I think of it, the
more am I impressed by your impertinence.

Why! I believe if I hadn't already made
that promise, I'd keep you waiting for
it some months longer, by way of
punishment. Don't you think you
deserve it?

I called at Augustin Sunday. She
and Abner are happy and proud of
their youngsters, but between you and
I, he is my thing but a pretty boy.

Abner said to tease me, that "if you
knew how I was going on, you would
sell out and come home mighty quick."

I told him I wished you knew them,
if 'twould have that effect.

This is the longest letter I ever
bothered any body with, and I'll take
pity on you and stop.

Be a good boy and live up to
all your good resolutions, and my God
bless you my dearest friend.

Ever lovingly

Abelin

The Mansion

Monday eve. Jan 22nd 1866

My Dear Harry --

Here are, let me see,
one, two, three, four of your good
letters unanswered, Those dated "Dec 27th
and "Christmas" came last Saturday
while those written the 16th and 17th
did not get along until today. I
presume the delay was at New York.

I'm very glad you were pleased
with your big New Years gift. Why
I made it a New Years, was because
I thought it would arrive about that
time, am also glad that it made
your Christmas pass more merrily.

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your note to your, or our, Mother
made my heart beat fast every
time I thought of it, and frightened
me to such a degree that I deter-
mined to deliver it as soon as
possible. It's over, and I have had
the feeling ever since of having
"been and gone and done it."

Shall I describe the scene?

Well, in order to carry out my
determination I kept it in my
pocket all the time, and yesterday
afternoon after Church I was in
the cottage. Gradually one after
another the family left the room
till only your mother, the little
boys (who were busy at play) and a
girl with a red face and jumping
heart were left. Then I very
coolly drew forth your letter, took
from it your note and handed it
to Mrs M. -- with the remark -- "a
note for you". She opened it and I

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went to a seat in the back
of the room so I should not
see her face, but I confess to

having kept an eye on her movements.

After reading it slowly, she took her handkerchief out, shed a few quiet tears, whether of sorrow, or joy, I am unable to say, and after recovering herself she came to me with a smile, pressed my hand and kissed me, and went back to her seat without a word.

After a little she said, "I asked him if your correspondence meant any thing serious". -- "I'm afraid there is too much difference in your ages Nellie -- don't you think so"? I replied -- "I never thought so -- I never realized that there was so much difference -- I shall grow old faster than he". She said, "If it doesn't trouble you it ought not to disturb me -- yet I wish it were

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a little different. It seems rather unfair" -- some one opened the door, the conversation dropped and has not been renewed since, because I've not seen her.

It is the last thing that will trouble me -- your age. I should never think of its being an obstacle. In fact I would rather you were fourteen years older, than one day younger.

You dear old fellow; Don't love me too hard; that is enough to think I have no faults, because I really have a great many, and I fear I shall often bother you and vex you, but you must always remember that under all my naughtiness there is a wealth of love and faithfulness, which you will hardly discover unless some ill befall you, -- which Heaven grant may never happen!

And, you too, remember the solemn

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5.

hour we spent in the "city of
the dead", so many months ago!

Harry, how could you then have
loved me one bit after all my
hatefulness that summer? What
imp possessed me I know not, but
certainly I never tried so hard before,
or since, to make myself disagreeable,
and, do you know, you made me
ashamed of it that night? I think
I started for home that night feeling
so thoroughly vexed with, and ashamed
of, Nell Verrill, as even you, with the
sense of having been wronged, could
have wished. I never "confessed" this before
and probably should not now, but you
have a right to my every thought,
and now you know why every thing
that passed at that time is so
stamped upon my mind. Have
you forgiven me all the pain I

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caused you? If not please do,
and I promise to do all I can
to atone.

Will you excuse me a little
while? -- You know you can be
at work on the locals for tomorrows
Appeal, and I promised Lue to
take my work and run over a
few moments -- good bye dear --

Well, it's nearly 10 O'clock
and I have just left the busy
household of the Major. They are all
sewing industriously to get Eliza ready
for her departure next Friday.

Lue looked as if she might have
been crying and seemed very quiet.

They are a family who are much
attached to each other and consequently
feel keenly the void which will be
made when she goes with her dear
little trio. Life is full of partings.

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It will be impossible for me to do justice to your letters, but I'll attempt to reply to all the questions and if my words should seem cold you must lay it to my bashfulness.

You see I'm not writing within "gunshot" of the place where lives ought to be, but you must have become accustomed to my erratic style of chirography on this so I shall not bother about appologies.

Do I feel like saying "No" in view of your "poverty"? Most emphatically I answer no to that question.

I cannot consider you "poor" when you have health, talent and a will to make the most of them, and to win your place in the world.

I should much sooner hesitate to marry a rich man, because that would not be an equal exchange.

I can give you love for love, and therefore we are "square", since neither

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possesses an abundance of "this worlds goods". I believe in being economical and also in being generous.

The latter trait I always admired in your character, but from your own showing, you have never practiced the former. It is truly to be regretted that you wasted so many of your days, but we won't think of it only as an incentive to better acts in the future. -- You will notice that I can say "we" with quite an 'air'.

If you like as well to find the sweet things in my letters as I do in yours, 'twill be all right, if I do "let my heart speak" rather freely.

Harry boy, please don't consider yourself egotistical when you tell me all the little affairs that are about you --

you know, or ought to, that nothing;
which concerns you, can by any possible
means become uninteresting to me.

Indeed I want to know all about
your daily life so that I can quietly
adapt myself to it, -- is that selfish!

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9.

Am glad you made so many people
happy by remembering them at Christmas
time, and also that Mrs Johnson was
so thoughtful of you. I had a napkin
ring last year from Lue, -- wonder if
they will be mates? I guess we
can manage to get up a match
between them. Hope the party and
ball passed pleasantly. Did you escort
any lady? I'm not a bit jealous
of Miss Beatty, but allow me to
remark sir, that if you feel at liberty
to make presents to young ladies,
you cannot object to my receiving
slight attention from gentlemen here.
Especially when you remember that
I never received a present from
any young man, except "the one I'm
going to marry". -- My eyes are so
heavy! -- Kiss me good night and I'll
go to bed, say a little prayer for you and
then go to sleep and dream of you -- if I can.

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Wednesday morning
I really did not
mean to let so many hours pass before
finishing this, but some way they have,
and consequently you will get a longer
letter than I proposed to write.

Thank you for making me a "regular
subscriber". I have received the little paper
quite regularly, and queerly enough, wondered
why your hand writing looked so different
on the wrappers. I am too stupid to think
any one else could have written my name.

Wonder if "Henry" thinks it s pretty name!
A certain other Henry once assured me it was.

When I discover any particular change
in my looks I'll have a picture taken
for you, or if I happen to feel like
it some day when I am up town. I haven't
one in my possession.

I am glad you experienced so much
satisfaction in receiving Lues acknowledgment
of your gift. You need not blame yourself
for thoughtlessness in the past, because your
relatives and friends have ever considered

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you generous to a fault, and knew
that your disposition was to make
every one happy around you. I have no
fear that we shall "hoard as surplus funds"
because I am almost as free hearted
as you, and only hope we shall not live
beyond our means. We can only trust in
Providence and do the best we know how.

Thank you Harry for making me
that promise to "try and not swear any more".
I know if you try you will not, and
I should feel that my life had not been
quite in vain, if I could help you save
yourself from that sin, which always seemed
to me so debasing.

I mean to send you this letter of
Byrons. I don't know as he would think
it just the thing, but if you were here
I should surely let you read it, so what
is the difference? -- We won't say any thing
to him about it.

Now read it, and then listen to a
few comments from me.

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You will see that he takes the
brotherly liberty to advise me considerably. --
he knows I shall take it good naturedly.

The first of it needs no remarks
except that if Wash will go I promise
to go with him, though I should very much
rather have you come or if you feel
that it will be right to do so.

About Henry Rust, Harry dear,

if you care one particle, because I have received some attention from him, tell me so, and every thing of the sort shall cease, I have no wish to do wrong, and had not thought I was, I believe I have told you of all the places I have been with him and I tell you more that he has never called upon me, or shown me more attention this winter than for years past.

I don't care what the gossips say -- in fact had rather they talked that way than have them know the truth.

I do not intend to make a point of telling every one that I am engaged, nor do I mean to deny it if asked directly. All my family know it, except the little

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13.

girls, whom I shall tell as soon as we decide, when we shall marry and where they will stay.

I can't say what Lue has told Henry Rust. I have never said any thing to him on the subject except in a joking way. You know I like to go to all sorts of social gatherings, and I have felt that I had rather have his escort than any other when you were away. Then I am with Lue so much that it would be nearly impossible to avoid him, and would look almost prudish if I refused to accompany him to a dance or a skating expedition. However, you have only to tell me what you wish, and I shall be glad to do just as you say in all things.

The party referred to was my "Lacteal musings" -- isn't that a good joke? I'm not too sensitive to have a good laugh over it.

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My female friends, Lue particularly, give me the credit of being tolerably "neat", but if you are disposed at any time to think other-

wise, you can tell me, and once telling will probably be enough.

That is all I have to say about his letter I believe.

Flora is still here, and is improving as much as could be expected. I notice that when she felt able to work it is upon some very tiny garments, which she is inclined to tuck into her work basket very innocently when the door opens suddenly.

Hattie R__ and May G__ are both well now and always send kind gratitude to you. Hattie thinks she wants very much to see you, and I wish she might.

You must keep your little Statuette to put on the "whatnot" which will be in our parlor. By the way, are we going to keep house very soon after "the ceremony", or wait until you

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"are richer"? You know it takes quite a pile of money to furnish a house in these days, but I am agreeable to any plan about that.

If we keep house will it be advisable for me to carry table and bed linen?

You see I am very matter of fact in my questions. I should ask my quantity of just such import, if I could see you an hour. One can say so much more with a tongue than with a pen.

It just occurs to me, that it was a little impudent of you, to ask me to meet you in San Francisco, before I had even promised to wed with you should you some day come for me. Was it not? The longer I think of it, the more was I impressed by your impertinence. Why! I believe if I hadn't already made that promise, I'd keep you waiting for it some months longer, by way of punishment. Don't you think you deserve it?

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I called at Augusta's Sunday. She
and Abner are happy and proud of
their youngster, but between you and
I, he is any thing but a pretty baby.

Abner said, to tease me, that "if you
knew how I was going on, you would
sell out and come home mighty quick."

I told him I wished you knew then,
if 'twould have that effect.

This is the longest letter I ever
bothered any body with, and I'll take
pity on you and stop.

Be a good boy and live up to
all your good resolutions, and may God
bless you my dearest friend.

Ever lovingly

Nellie --