

The Mansion.

Sunday afternoon March 16th 1869

My Dear Ray -

The spirit moves me to write to you today, so I seize my pen and paper although conscious that by so doing I shall have to break a promise made in my last, - namely, to send my picture in my next. I called upon Mr C. yesterday but the light was not propitious. But I've reasoned myself into the belief that if you can't possibly have the picture you will take the letter without it, so here we go.

Yesterday I was the glad recipient of your letter of Tues. 16th. Thank you for the "note" it contained. Dolph

Young won't get half of it for candy.

It isn't half so much fun to eat
goodies bought by one self. I shall
buy something pretty soon I find out
what I want.

I enclose a letter received yesterday
from Eliza Willet's Newhall. I thought
you would be interested in its contents.

What do you think of Albert's compliment?
I like it better than any other I ever
received. — You know children tell the
truth.

Col Ruet came last Friday. He is
looking nicely and to judge from his
appearance must have had a nice time.

Lue thinks he has not heard of our
relations toward one another. I shall
tell him the first time I have a
good chance. — if he doesn't hear it
any other way.

I heard last night that Joe Bennett
Stone, up to Andover, had returned.

Isn't it too bad? He had just got
started in business, and the insurance
will not nearly cover the loss.

He is really a very good young man
and, although there are some points in
his character one could wish changed,
he will make a good husband for
the woman that loves him.

Lue equalizes many persons and things
that would seem most incongruous.

I am glad your business looks so
encouraging and trust it will continue
to improve. Your mother will be pleased
at the evidence of your increasing
prudence.

Haven't heard from Wash since I sent
him the business contents of your last
letter. — will write to you as soon as
I do.

Lue is convalescent and hopes to
take her place at the Office tomorrow.
I haven't seen D Church today. A

small sized headache giving me an
excuse for staying at home. I have
written to Hattie R. and Abel. By the
way, I'll put Hattie's picture in this.
And that ought to satisfy you for she is
much better looking than I ever thought
of being.

It is cold and disagreeable today
but the snow is so nearly gone that
we are on ice.

Old Mr. Hawkins is very sick - not
expected to live - perhaps you need to
know him. He is very peculiar and quite
an antiquity.

I sent Abel's and May Jarvis' portraits
some time ago. Hope they will not
go after that fire. If that never "turns
up" I'll send something to take its place.

This letter must be short and I flatter
myself it is not overburdened with sweetness.

Be a darling old child and write often

To your loving Nellie G.

Today your mother said to me - "I saw in the 'Opport' an advertisement of a house for sale at auction, and I thought it was just the place for Harry".

Then I told her what you wrote on that subject. She seemed pleased but said smiling - "he means to work fast to get all ready in so short time".

I enclose my face. How do you like it? I did not like the picture much but most of the friends call it good. I mean to sit again some day when I feel like it.

You will find several kisses on the lips and I advise you to take them before they evaporate.

Thank you for your faith in me. It shall not be abused. All the flitting I am guilty of does not make me think any less of my absent loved one, and will never make our love any the less I know. It can hardly be termed flitting when every body

knows I am engaged and can therefore have no designs upon the youth.

In fact Henry Rust is the only person I have received any attention from. He is at home. Friday morning he was going to Paris on business and had the grace to take me along. I enjoyed the ride and felt much refreshed after taking such a large draught of fresh air.

I believe he has not congratulated me but said he "hoped my life would be happy", or something to that effect.

Mr Kimball's family have a grand golden wedding tomorrow. You may remember that there is a large family of children - ten I believe, and all married but one. It is to be quite private & serene, but has been the subject of village gossip for the past week. Henry's wife is one of the grand children and called to see me a few minutes last evening.

He has a good heart and I am sorry he didn't take better care of it.

As you mean to write to Wash yourself it is not much consequence about what he wrote to me, but I will enclose his letter so you may know that he feels grateful for all your kindness and generosity.

I might have recognized your Valentine had there been a "mustache on his face", but I failed to do so as it is. - Perhaps it is well you have ^{allowed} such an opinion to be formed concerning your "style", else some greedy fair one might have taken advantage of my absence and stolen my boy away from me.

I had the poem and oration with much pleasure. You must have had quite a grand celebration. I would like to look in upon one of your gay balls, unobserved, and see how a certain Major conducts himself. Do you

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often escort some lady? You see I
am inquisitive concerning all your
movements. - I'm afraid I shall not
know how to behave in such a circle
of dignitaries as you move in.

We are to have a course of lectures
on Natural Science this week, delivered
by one of Add's class mates and an
acquaintance of mine. He is quite an
original and I anticipate an pleasure
in listening to what he may have to say.

Lou has quite recovered and resumed
her place at the office. She returns
thanks for your kiss, and love

Byron, Hattie, and in fact all my
friends send kind wishes to you. -
May you among the number! She is
quite anxious to know if your friend
Mr. Nightingale is single or married.

She had quite a serious feeling in
love with his picture. I wish
she might be one of our neighbours.
See page 121st.

The Mansion
Sunday afternoon March 18th 1866

My Dear Boy --

The spirit moves me to write to you today, as I seize my pen and paper although conscious that by so doing I shall have to break a promise made in my last, -- namely, to send my picture in my next. I called upon Mr C__ yesterday but the light was not propitious. But I've reasoned myself into the belief that if you can't possibly have the picture you will take the letter without it, so here we go.

Yesterday I was the glad recipient of your letter of Feb 18th. Thank you for the "note" it contained. Dolph

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Young won't get half of it for candy.

It isn't half so much fun to eat goodies bought by ones self. I shall buy something pretty when I find out what I want.

I enclose a letter received yesterday from Eliza Millett Newhall. I thought you would be interested in its contents.

What do you think of Alberts compliment? I like it better than any other I ever received. -- You know children tell the truth.

Col Rust came last Friday, He is looking nicely and to judge from his appearance must have had a nice time.

Lue thinks he has not heard of our relations toward one another. I shall tell him the first time I have a good chance. -- if he doesn't hear it any other way.

I heard last night that Joe Bennetts store, up to Andover, had burned.

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Isn't it too bad? He had just got started in business and the Insurance will not nearly cover the loss.

He is really a very good young man and, although there are some points in his character one could wish changed, he will make a good husband for the woman that loves him.

Love equalizes many persons and things that would seem most incongruous.

Am glad your business looks so encouraging and trust it will continue to improve. Your mother will be pleased at the evidence of your increasing prudence.

Haven't heard from Wash since I sent him the business contents of your last letter, -- will write to you as soon as I do.

Lue is convalescent and hopes to take her place at the Office tomorrow.

I haven't been to Church today. A

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small sized headache giving me an excuse for staying at home. I have written to Hattie R__ and Ned, by the way, I'll put Hattie's picture in this, and that ought to satisfy you for she is much better looking than I ever thought of being.

It is cold and disagreeable today but the snow is so nearly gone that wagons are used.

Old Mr Hawkins is very sick -- not expected to live -- perhaps you used to know him. He is very peculiar and quite an antiquity.

I sent Add's and May Gosse's portraits some time ago. Hope they will not go after that firm. If that never "turns up" I'll send something to take its place.

This letter must be short and I flatter myself it is not overburdened with sweetness. Be a darling old child and write often

to your loving
Nellie V

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5.

Today your mother said to me -- "I saw in the 'Appeal' an advertisement of a house for sale at auction, and I thought it was just the place for Harry."

Then I told her what you wrote on that subject. She seemed pleased but said smiling -- "he means to work fast to get all ready in so short time."

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Lue has quite recovered and resumed her place at the Office, she returns thanks for your kiss, and love. Byron, Hattie, and in fact all my friends send kind wishes to you. -- May Gosse among the number. She is quite anxious to know if your friend Mr Nightingill is single or married. She had quite a serious falling in love with his picture. I wish she might be one of our neighbors.

See page first.