

9-24-1871

Letter from Adeline Manning, Albany, New York, to Anne Whitney, 1871 September 24

Adeline Manning

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Albany Sept 24-71

I say it over & over, that, you have a studio. Now you are anchored. Now in a few days, when you get to work, you will at last be at home again. I am glad the situation is so good, though the "Three flights" are impediments. The rooms I looked at on Tremont St., five years ago, were \$800 was it? No impossible, for you really thought of my taking them; so I can't guess what sent you here - Why didn't you tell me? And how are you going to live in the English room with ever so much sofa? What will you eat, & how will you get it? Do you mean that you are going to live there, or only have the bed for convenience on occasional stormy or something else nights? How could you suggest so much & leave so much untold?

Father writes that they made two efforts to get to Belmont without succeeding, but had not time to say why they failed. My boy is not yet out of the C.A.

What you say about me is true, but the rest I need is hard work, I feel so empty & impatient; the weeks here seem ages, I feel as if I must fly, & am all the time holding myself back. It would be the same at home, only with the difference of more to divert; - & I have a rea-

Son for being here. It would be the same with
me any where for the present, yes even if I were
with you, & instead of telling you quietly as I do
in this letter, I should no doubt annoy you in
inexplicable ways. And herein lies a suggestion
of work to do, viz. to conquer an unprofitable &
unamiable state of mind instead of writing to a
friend about it. It is certainly better to keep in view
the thing one would like to be, rather than the
thing one is, it is a more cheerful & elevating
prospect. Still we must look from the back
windows now & then for the sake of truth &
modesty. I would like this, to find my home
where I could have my work & for three or four
months see you sometimes, but no one else
who has any interest for me or I for them, other
than the most general. After that, having exor-
cised a certain demon, I should come so gladly
into the midst of all I had deserted, & fall into
the right relations with people & things. Since I mind,
there is something better than this I know, & I want
it. Once it came, but not to stay. It must be
won before it will abide, & it cannot be won
in 3 or 4 months or any given time.

That call is not clear I allow - it is a little
distant. I believe I began to think that I
might not after all profit as much as I anticipated.

pated by the exclusion, & that I might lose more than I gained. So I will not decide again what I would like until I know more nearly what I can have.

The latest news from Clinton Ariz. is that Louisa & Henry are going to horse keeping next Feb. The house is not found yet; but they will look for one near us, & I hope will find it there; for Father would miss them very much if they were to go away far, much more than Mother, I think.

It is summer again today. So warm that to be comfortable one must stay in the house & keep quiet. I dread the cold weather with a kind of fear, as if I had never known it. I don't dare to say a word about it; lest I ^{appear} expected to people who know how well I survived 30 winters before I going away.

When you sent the photograph, you wrote that you would have another taken. & in the next letter said that you had half promised Louisa to sit again. Would you have to pay again if you sit again? Is he like the Romans who make you take the first one whether you like or not? How many of these have you? I want this myself; can't you spare another for Thekla? Now that you have attacked this business, would you feel free in beginning your

work if you had ^{not} conscientiously done your
best to satisfy - well, me. You are so well
now - when could there be a better time? not
after 6 or 7 months work. If you put it off be
cause you do not want to give the time & effort now,
I beg you to be generous.

Uncle Henry spent the night with us this week,
on his way home from St Pauls, Lake Superior etc.
Like Dean he is enchanted with the west. They
both say that ~~was~~ one does not begin to know
how to live till one gets beyond Buffalo.

A week from tomorrow a great State Fair will
open between here & Albany; ever since I came
they have been busy erecting the sheds. Dean is
to send a colt, & a calf. Sarah is putting by the
finest pears & grapes for it. All the world is
to be at the Fair & part of it will stop here very
likely, among others Dean thinks Capt. Rys-der
will come; he has been very much interested in the
colt. He is the very man of old **Pro** Slavery not
notoriety. Such is the society that horses will bring
a man into.

I think of the things that are going on in New
York, & neither of us have alluded to them before.
Perhaps it is too soon to speak now. Who knows
whether the 70 will hold out to do any thing, or
whether there is not some thing there that will
turn to corruption. I wonder if the member
named Stebbins is Miss Stebbins brother.

De. Yes, my dearest heart, I am well too, very well. Turnip or sweet potatoes, & squash pie, the latter, tell Sarah with my love, are much better without eggs, than with them, if only made with a little cream; as we discovered when not able to get eggs one day. Of course the Squeal was very fluent & a little difficult to help, but so delicious that we have had them nearly every day for a fortnight & never with eggs.

Do you remember a Miss Julia Kellogg, Cousin of Mrs Putnam? I missed a call from her the other day, she came with Mrs P. to Clinton Ave. She is going to Cambridge to live with Mr & Mrs Schetter there, with some others too. I think, - they are going to try Cooperative housekeeping.

So dearest, I can't give this to Thekla. It is at least the best one I have of you, & I have given it so many kisses that you must let me keep it; & send me another for her. The touch I gave it, ~~to~~ has done more for it - than I thought. I put it away a few days, & taking it out again, it I am surprised to find it so good. Still you ought to have a much better one. Have you tried subduing the lights in the eyes, in fact almost obliterating them?

I wonder why it is that the good things we

We read do not help us more. How many lines
there are that seem in themselves enough to put
one through all dark or doubtful ways. Just now
I was reading - Rest is not quitting the busy career etc.
I know you know it. But even those who write them
forget & go floundering about too often, as if they
had ~~had~~ no guide. It is strange.

Good night - my sweetest & best. Be happy
& blest in thy new studio.

Please put my name always at the head
of the address, otherwise I am afraid my
letters will be opened by some person. I have
often heard Father say that he felt quite ex-
posed for opening letters addressed so, to them.
Oh me, don't run the risk again. This time
the person was away & the letter was brought to
the house & escaped.

Buon giorno. Che bella mattina!
You are only to town this evening.