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Monday Dec 27-

I guess you will think I am delaying somewhat this week, but then I shall make your heart twice glad when you receive my letter for I am going to fold it up and put it in the box with a likeness which I had taken yesterday. I think you will get it just in time for a New Year's gift. I thought I would have it taken now for I do not expect to look as well, again this year. I don't think it is hardly natural, though the expression is said to be eminently characteristic. I believe it complies with your request and looks at you with as defiant earnestness as you could wish. My only objections to it are that I think it very flattering and much better looking than your humble fiancee, and besides that I am ~~constantly~~ ^{seriously} afraid you will be constantly imagining when you look at that, that your Long has black eyes. I hope that it will please you in every respect, for I wish you to be perfectly satisfied with it and the original. The case was the best I could find, at least the only one that suited me. I dropped it today and bruised it slightly. ^{There is no place} in my trying to write in my room for every body is there all the time and Mrs Foster is turning almost the whole house completely topsy-turvy. I have gone away into Maria's little bedroom where it is colder than death itself to write. My letter about the completely freezing therefore you must not wonder for I am half frozen myself. I think however that I shall survive for I have put on my coat over that my study gown and over the whole Webster's shawl. You will see upon my bosom in the likeness which I send the badge of Psi Upsilon. It was almost the first time before it that the likeness was taken. By the way one of our boys looking at it said that it had the Barney - come on if you dare look, which I gave when

disputing with a Prof. Web will not be with us next term. He said Mr. Cooper will be in the room below us and Samsa and I will be below. I rec^d a paper from you today, enclosing an advertisement of B. & O. Dix's work. I cannot say that any ideas of the work are at all changed by it, and I hope you will refrain from any attempt to get it until I have seen it or you have positive proof that I am mistaken. Meanwhile I will watch the bookstores and if it is a good book I shall be very apt to find it in some of them.

You wish to know why it is that young men of sense seek your society knowing you to be betrothed. I am sure I can't tell you unless it be that they enjoy. I think however that young men very often choose to go with ladies who are engaged and avowedly so, simply because they consider them sensible and in the highest sense true and reasonable. I have not heard from Rosetta in a long time can't imagine what is the matter of her. I guess she is a party or careless. I don't know which. I believe that when I was speaking of what I wished you to study I neglected to say anything about Music. You know something of my wishes in that respect, but probably I have never expressed them to you as strongly as I ought. I wish you to make as much proficiency in that as possible. I would rather you would neglect Mathematics entirely than lose the least power as a musician. In fact I don't care a copper about your studying Math except more I have made up my mind to study them thoroughly so as to defeat the A. D. S. and I am sure any decent Mathematician is enough in a family.

By the way I wish I was a married man. I have torn my coat, torn my pants, and broken my suspenders, and must go and mend the whole lot. I'm so doing I shall prick my fingers and arrar and not do them right then. *H. J.*

give a dozen kisses to have them done and I know you would like to do it at that price. Pity you quit it - it? Ah well I'll give you enough of it some day. I was in hopes Sidney would invite you to go with him to the Festival in Lingville so that I could get an account of it, and besides that I thought you would enjoy it prodigiously. I am glad ~~to~~ ^{to} see that our engagement does not deprive you of congenial society. It is as I would have it in that respect. I don't know what I should do were it I had not you to inspire me. I know I should be a little wild if it were not for you. As it is however I fell in love again yesterday and there is no knowing what will become of me now, for man will deny no more to love than a woman. This city generally considered is preeminently a city of superlatively homely women. You may visit any photograph and picture gallery in the city without seeing a half dozen likenesses of positively handsome women. There is an actress here who is ravishingly beautiful and several young ladies who are not excruciatingly homely but Lee has more handsome girls than all Rochester. I saw a face yesterday however, which was gloriously beautiful a form of truly angel grace, an eye as full of warm & deep devotion as the fairest inhabitant of Heaven, and a neck and bosom that Jove himself ought to fondle. Do you blame me that I loved the beautiful creature? Would you blame me that I half repented of my vows? And then the odd manner of my seeing her (it was by chance) was enough to make a lover of the beautiful girl with love & joy. She was lying at her ease and as she thought, far from the sight of prying eyes or vulgar ~~eyes~~ ^{mortals}, reading some quaint old folio I know not what. One hand on which her fair head rested, was half hidden, amidst the ringlets of her Auburn hair, the other turned the leaves of the large book.

She was half-swooned and to the waist her beauty
might be seen unveiled. Her pure, white breasts were all
exposed, and one lay on the open book and seemed to press the
page with such luxurious softness, that I felt that I would
give ten years of life to press my lips upon the other. I've dreamed
of that bright vision ever since. But you need not be jealous. Love
for this Beauty is, to me, at least, a vision, and only a vision. A vision
I have seen but once, and may never see again, though I
must confess, I hope to gaze on it again. I do not know the
name, except that she is called - Magdalen, nor do I know
her home, unless, indeed, 'tis Heaven. In short, My Own Dear
Love, the vision that entranced me was an engraving of Cor-
reggio's celebrated picture of Saint Magdalen! The purest, sweet-
est, holiest work of art the World has ever known. How long I
must not write any more but go and study this, for I ex-
pect Pat will be down to get me to go home with him soon.
I hope this likeness will look like Albion - your Albion and
not like Mrs. Surges, so good bye until next Sunday when
I will try and write you a better letter, and shall no doubt
succeed unless there are too many in the room.

Vestre Sciences
Albion

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