



THE CITADEL

ARCHIVES AND MUSEUM

Yorkville Jan: 8th 1855.

My dearest Elise -

You are a very foolish girl. Why did you not pull the bridle and cry out wo! Who does that crazy horse belong to? But I suppose the poor brute ought not to be blamed, for when a foolish person gets upon the most sensible horse, the animal must misbehave. - Is that the way you are training yourself to maintain my principles, and deserve my name? I almost wish your Cousin William had said, and applied, to your romance-loving Cousin Edward, what he hinted to you, in a whisper, concerning the cause of your good Papa's fears. I suppose though, that would have been dangerous, for it might have caused an explosion that would have annihilated Mrs. Shaffer. It was well that I read

your description of the catastrophe, before
John gave me your mother's letter to read.
Had it been otherwise, Jenkins would have
been notified, by this time, that he would
have to teach alone, for a week or two, or
until I would return from Charleston.

Really Elise you must not be so venturesome
hereafter, no matter who requests it, for
remembers no one has the claim on you that I
have. I do not go so far as your father
does, when he says you must never ride horse-
back again, for besides being conducive to
health, equestrianism is often advantageous
under very trying circumstances. Numerous
instances attest this fact. I simply wish
that you would know well, and have confi-
dence in the animal you ride. Bye-the-way,
while on the subject of health let me enjoin
the necessity of taking daily exercise. The body
must not suffer while the mind is being de-
veloped. Keep the shoulders drawn well back, and
the chest always expanded. The formation of
the female does, ^{not} allow ~~not~~ the degree of neckness

that a man may assume; but still, grace, and health demand that you should avoid becoming round-shouldered. - I suppose you think that this is none of my business; and as I am certain that you are tired of my lecture, I here end it. I wish we were together, so that I could put ^{it} to you with a kiss. However, just imagine that I have given you a real Dutch one.

I am truly grateful to your Cousin William. I always did like him, but I shall hereafter do so about ten times as much. I have never had the opportunity of cultivating his friendship, for I have never met ^{him}, except in your presence, and then, I had somebody else to cultivate, though she pretends not to know it.

Tell your Mother that her fears were unnecessary; John's expenses have not yet exhausted the ten-dollars she gave me. He is quite recovered from his fit of home-sickness. Something-to-do is an excellent Medicine.

We commenced our school exercises this morning; and assumed the immense respon-

sibility of intellectualizing twenty-one young
animals of the genus, Young America, species
Carolina. We expect several more in the course
of the week. When we get fifty I will inform
you. We begin to feel exceedingly large and
important. Just think of the responsibility!
The fabled load ^{of Atlas.} as nothing, compared with
the weight that our young shoulders bear;
for Philosophy has demonstrated that, if
he should take ~~the~~ his shoulder away, the
world would stay where it is, while if we
break down, how dire will be the consequences!

My beard requires the razor every other
day, to keep it at its proper length. Jenkins
was obliged to be shaved, for the first
time in his life, on Saturday.

I wish you could
see how snugly I am fixed. I have a capi-
tal little carpeted room, with two large windows
— one of which allows me to ^{see} all the ladies that
are passing, as well as the lovely Miss G.— who
lives opposite,— and a glorious little bed,
into which I sink half a fathom deep.

I have an rocking-chair, - but I have a pair
of worked slippers, that I look at very often,
only because they bear the initials of a very im-
portant personage; and an elegant book-case
with desk attached, well filled with volumes
which hold out their titles as if inviting one
to read them. They look so wistfully, that I
am forcibly reminded of children around their
mamas, when candy is to be shared. (It is strange
that my comparisons so often turn upon something to eat.) I al-
most feel as if I could live a Bachelor; but yet.

"A thousand torments hang about thee;
Yet, who could live, to live without thee?"

What do you mean by
writing all that nonsense about wearing out
the Medallion? Do you intend that I should
live it all. If so, I can only promise to try.
It is a very easy matter to pull off the lid, when
opening it, and say that you actually broke it,
looking at me! Oh! you little fox! - I won't
look at you again, its night.

You will have

to write me two letters, or one of fifteen
pages, for I sent you along one Saturday
night. I suppose that it did not leave
the Yorkville P.O. before this morning, so
you will probably receive this before you
write. Why is it you cannot write to me
without receiving one of my letters? If you
continue so formal, I will have to call you
Mrs. Coward (don't it sound funny), instead
of my dear, - my angel, - or something else
equally foolish and delightful. Take care;
this is a cold country, and if you don't thaw
I shall freeze to death. I have a great
mind to cease writing for a month, just to
see what you would do. I suppose you
would send messages.

You made a mistake
when you wrote that I would be somewhat af-
fected by the compliment you intended, by
saying you told John to take me for a
pattern. If any one else had informed me
of that fact, I would have been complimented
But since you told ^{me} yourself, I know you

don't mean it; and Modesty makes me reject it. — I almost yelled outright when I read ~~at~~ your advice about putting flannel on James. I could not restrain myself, until I got to your Johnny Gilpin exploit. I laugh even now. — Flannel may do for sick women, and children, but not for boys.

What a dear, warm nurse you would make! James' cough has nearly succumbed to the cherry Pectoral. He took an enormous dose a few days ago, which so sickened him that his plague took flight.

Give my love to every lady you see, young, or old, and the enclosed receipt to your mother. Kiss every body in the house, that is kissable. Sister Jane Am. not excepted, if Mr. Mafot is out.

In very good humor I am
your own Asbury.

P.S. After reading my letter over, I find it is necessary to assure ^{you} that I am not "tight". I have not "imbibed" since Christmas. The blots are tears of joy, ~~or~~ anything, except the effects of Callesnept. A.C.