

1881 Nov 8 1

How. Chester A. Arthur.

So you came back to New York - & your dwarf carried a long face in consequence. But the campaign was so dull, you cannot easily have hurt yourself on that point. If you have been in any mischief, you will have only your own conscience to trouble you.

I thought, before you were in New York again, I should have left it - but here we are, in the same city - & a hundred miles apart. I wanted to see you. I had an idea, if I could see your face & hear the sound of your voice, I should know whether I were right or wrong in believing what I believe of you - that your nobler nature

has risen superior to the other part of you & is going to rule for the rest of your life. For a moment, I even contemplated going to the ball - the first time I ever dreamt of going anywhere to meet a gentleman. But you are public property now, so that makes a difference. I thought I was sure to see you there - perhaps, without effort on either side, to make your acquaintance - I thought of the pleasure of my mother at seeing her "little girl" in a ball-dress again, of the approbation of my saucy nephews, who frequently say to me: "Aunt Julia, if you only would put on a little more style!" - of my own delight at catching such a concentrated glimpse of the world, after having lived in the moon so long -

& I did want to go to that ball with an earnestness unknown to my early days. Then I thought of the trouble it would be to my brother - that is, if he would take it - to find tickets, for the regular sale had closed - of the flurry of procuring a dress - my last ball was at Annapolis, in '74, & though a costume from Queen Anne's time might be fashionable, one of King George's reign would be obsolete - & I thought of five years of unbroken suffering, of the desperate efforts to build up the little health I have, of the absolute necessity of adding to my strength, not wasting it - & then I shut the ball out of my thoughts altogether. And it was well I did. Three accounts of the grand affair make no mention of your having been present.

What a disappointed little dwarf  
it would have been!

And now— we are in the ~~same~~  
city still — & will be, how many  
days? Are we going to say good-  
bye, without ever having met?  
If I were well — I must ~~say~~  
this honestly, & hope you will  
not think it rude — I do not  
think I would go to see you.  
I never did call on a gentle-  
man, except directly on a  
matter of business, & even then  
felt uncomfortable — quite  
out of my element. But the  
fact that I am an invalid  
settles the question. I have  
not been in society for years,  
I never pay calls, I rarely  
go out of the house. For the  
last ten days, most of the  
time, I have been on the  
sofa, with my eyes closed.  
I would open them, I pro-

miss you, if you came. If-  
but I cannot ask you. You  
have fifty things more to do,  
than you have time to do  
them in - there are five hun-  
dred people wanting to see  
you. Do not think me so  
unreasonable as to ask you  
to go anywhere or do anything  
- I realize fully the value  
of your every moment. But  
I say what I have said, so  
that - in case you take any  
interest it - you may under-  
stand why I act as I do.  
Also, that you may know,  
that, if you chanced to be in  
this part of the city, visiting  
friends, or any of the public  
buildings, or driving in the  
Park - our house is not far  
from the 72<sup>nd</sup> st entrance -  
& happened to have the time  
& inclination to call, that you

would be most welcome.  
If you do come, ask distinctly  
for "Miss Julia Sand" - unless  
you prefer to see one of my  
sisters. We live quietly - have  
few visitors, except in the evening.  
If you come in the morning,  
between eleven & twelve, I think  
you are certain to find me  
alone - but I do not think  
you would be liable at any  
time to meet anyone who  
had met you before. If it  
is not suitable for you  
to go about alone, bring  
your son, or your private  
secretary with you. That is,  
if you come - but do not  
for a moment imagine  
that I expect it. I am  
quite aware that I have  
not the shadow of a  
claim upon you. I merely  
feel, that if you should

want to know who it is  
that has written to you, you  
have a perfect right to the  
knowledge. If not, it is  
of no consequence.

Wishing the best for your  
administration,

Yours Sincerely,

J. I. P.

[Julia L. Sand]

46 East 74<sup>th</sup> St.

New York.

Nov 8<sup>th</sup> 1881.

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