

1-20-1911

Letter from Louise Imogen Guiney, Falmouth, to Anne Whitney, Boston, Massachusetts, 1911 January 20

Louise Imogen Guiney

Wellesley College Archives

Follow this and additional works at: https://repository.wellesley.edu/whitney_correspondence

Recommended Citation

Guiney, Louise Imogen and Wellesley College Archives, "Letter from Louise Imogen Guiney, Falmouth, to Anne Whitney, Boston, Massachusetts, 1911 January 20" (1911). *Papers of Anne Whitney (MSS.4): Correspondence*. 814.
https://repository.wellesley.edu/whitney_correspondence/814

This Correspondence is brought to you for free and open access by the Papers of Anne Whitney (MSS.4) at Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. It has been accepted for inclusion in Papers of Anne Whitney (MSS.4): Correspondence by an authorized administrator of Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. For more information, please contact ir@wellesley.edu.

gradual paying-up of my bill
at the cemetery, have left me
short, and therefore disposed to
do several small jobs, Whittemo-
ric and other, in order to piece
out, and not be stranded between
this and July. There is the clean
breast of it! since so much is
due you. You see, given health
and quick, that I am not unlikel-
ly to turn up on my feet; and
besides, I must be forever grate-
ful for the peace of the past year,
with time to think, no worries
to speak of, and three inevitable
meals every single day. Best of
all, I had a chance to do, and
did, my winding-up ^{studies and} notes on
Vaughan, and ^{into a fellede} came here express.

41 Marlborough Rd, Falmouth,
Jan. 20, 1911.

Dearest Anne Whitney, I do thank
you for your splendid big letter. It
is curious that I should have re-
ceived it today, because only yes-
terday (have ye been conferrin'?)
I shot off a long Vaughanian by
way of answer to Prof. Palmer.
His was, so to speak, my literary
apologia, and I fancy it will be re-
assuring. And now for the devil
of finance, on which subject you
grapple with me. I have thought
about annuities for nearly a year;
thought on seventeen sides, includ-
ing upper and lower eye-emsio-
erations, and to save me, I can't

see any advantage to me in it. Not that it wouldn't be to some, or most folk. For see: \$5000 capital brings, say, \$400, which is not very much more than half of what is needed: the process gives only some immunity from the Wolf, and it takes my liberty clean away. ('Liberty' isn't a phrase with me, ever: it is breath, lifeblood.) Whereas \$200 per annum, which I get now, means hardly a greater struggle, and leaves me the inestimable freedom to claw at the principal, in case I felt I must have a wooden leg! I am aware there's a fantastic element in such a choice. But after all I can't, for that element is the very

me. However, even you will be perfectly willing to have me proterogue action, when I tell you that I have not yet drawn a penny of my interest, and that next July, in consequence I shall be able to command \$400, quite as if I had set up for an annual pensioner! You see I had \$1600 over, ready money, when I left Bristol. This I put into a letter of credit, and could easily have made it last me out, with ease, until May next, had I not got into a swirl of sleeplessness (like the final ^{of my illness & was} after-clash) in September, and spent more than I ought in moving about to get rid of it, which I did, all right. This fact, and the

I have just said 'we.' You are of course, right about dear Gwen Morgan: she has had to drop out of harness, and I run alone. What I can do is text, textual notes, and historical illustrations of ^{text} it; but she is the biographer and the antiquary: not one job of her work can I do, for I haven't the requisite knowledge, and she was collecting on Vaughan ^{almost} before I knew how to read! It is clear that I must do my part this winter and spring, and she hers when she can. Her term will be out in October, and she would stand for reelection. We are in constant communication these days, nevertheless, on the subject of H.V., and ei-

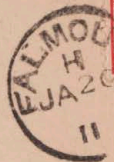
ther one or the other is stealing forth by proxy, the lining arm of research, from week to week. It is wonderful how Ramifications arise when one is working all alone, and hampers, moreover, by an average of a dozen letters per day. And my day is such a short one! 9.30 P.M. to 7.30 A.M. is my minimum of needed sleep, and always was so, when I am lucky enough 'as now, to get it. There's you mind: I leave something up my sleeve which must bring 'success', if it ever comes off at all. It is a plea! I have no illusions about it because I leave put no ideas into it. I want simply to write it out

just as it really happened at
Oxford in 1645, in ripping melo-
dramatic style. All the actors I
have known tell me I understand
the workings of the stage; so I
shain't fret about that until the
clock strikes. Meanwhile, Master
Vaughan is the boy for me. He
also bids me tell you that I'm
the girl for him, since he can't
do better. And now I hope you
are at ease about me altogether,
you blessed Anne Whitney!
What about a rose-trellised
cottage for two? I stand to
attention.

Ever your loving
L. D. G.

ly to tackle that gentleman, as
you know. And I am suspending
him on p. 1) to answer this dear
old letter of yours straight from
the shoulder.

You talk exactly as if H. V., once
publisher, would be a great an-
quary for 'future success'. Why,
no! It will give one a bit of a
reputation, no doubt, as a true
and careful lover of the literature
of Charles I's time; but nobody
in any country buys such books.
They go to scholars' studies, and
to reference libraries, and that's
an end on't. We don't expect a
farthing of royalty. The publish-
er, good Davies of Brecon, will be
lucky if he wins back ^{by subscription} that he
(not we) will have put out.



Miss Anne Whitney,
The Charlesgate, Beacon St.,
Boston, Mass^{ts}, U.S.A.

