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Hale, Lucretia

Susan Hale

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To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

"Chateau Lafite"
Sunday, May 7, 1882.

Dear Luc; It is high time I should begin my narrative du voyage, and so I descend from the Pont to the stateroom, although it is full wobbly for writing.

I think of you at all hours, and must rejoice that you are not here for your sake, for the vessel being smaller than those we are accustomed to, there is beaucoup de roulis, and even yet, a good many people are miserable. But I will strive to be journalistic.

After the empty feeling caused by seeing the last of our native land, and the waving handkerchiefs on the pier, Molly and I came down to Stateroom 1 to install ourselves. Here let me say that she is a nice little charming sweet-tempered, bright companion, and that I could not ask for a more satisfactory one—perfectly docile, and willing to mind my wish, and a great favorite on board,—this is an immense thing.

The first dinner was very lively, French with many courses, as on the Ville de Paris, and a bottle of wine between every two. I will add a map of the table. Dr. Anderson is very nice, with a voice and manner something like Emily's father, Mr. Perkins, as we knew him at first. He is the author of many School Histories, a great talker but very deaf on one side. He has taken Molly into especial affection, and pets and praises her continually. The man next me, unfortunately is a Jackass, Boris, who on the strength of teaching French a few years at Harvard, proclaims himself Professor of that place. A bore he is. Well sir, that dinner was brilliant. The Captain is a charming, gay, polite, Frenchman, who talks a little rudimentary English,—all went merrily.

At breakfast the next morning but few appeared, and at dinner on Sunday, that first day, I alone remained to tell the tale, except the Captain and Dr. Anderson; even the little gallant French medecin du Bateau was sick pour la premiere foie de sa vie. It was in fact very rough. Molly was as sick as a Dog all that day and two nights. I had to relinquish to her the lower berth, & climb myself to the top one—a perilous feat at my years, and weight (159) for it is unusually high and narrow with no adequate board to keep from falling out. Sunday night things flew round like a spiritualistic seance, water spouted in at the cracks of the porthole; not much sleeping went on.

But Monday was a lovely day. We had reached the Gulf-stream. It was warm and sunny, and no wraps were needed. Everybody came out; an awning was stretched on deck. It was like some of those Mediterranean days when Colonel Hatch & I

Still very few people ventured to come to table. There is a great long breakfast from 9½ to 11,—dinner the same at 5. But perhaps I will give my programme for every day. At 7½ a big bell sounds. I come out in my wrapper and proceed to my cold bath, which is a pleasant combination of bilge-water and oil from the machinery, very refreshing; on returning I find Jean standing in the middle of our cabin giving Molly her soupé a l'oignon in the
upper birth. He now brings my cafe au lait in a great cup, and after some persuasion leaves the room. If now by any accident I can find the comb etc. I get my hair done, teeth brushed, and boots buttoned, and manage to arrive on deck about 8. Here is generally Dr. Anderson, and we have a brisk walk; and soon comes my Peruvian (explained later on) and I take my Spanish lesson. After the long breakfast, everyone appears on deck. I have my knitting, and one day I read aloud to quite a little audience. At one I come down here, study Spanish, write, eat an orange or something and get an immense nap—returning to the deck freshly combed and washed about 8½ for more talk and walk till dinner. After dinner, with all its fromage, cafe and chasse cafe the deck is delightful till eight—the sunsets have been lovely and the moon was full one night. The Jackass plays on his flute. The ancient Bird flatters les dames in every language. The purser and the little Doctor hover about, and try to teach the American girls a little French. I was drawn in to a partie of whist for two evenings, below—but I will not play any more, for I don't sleep well afterwards. In fact there is so much roll that nobody sleeps very well. Your whole mind is bent on keeping in your berth; and through my head the whole night long flit Spanish sentences out of the Grammatica. I must now more describe the people, like Sir Charles Grandison, divided into men women and Italians, we are all at our table French & English, while the other is all Spanish—30 passengers in all.

The Ancient Bird, as I call him, Jack will describe. He is far from comely, but he is a Pole descended from Mathias Corvus; he speaks 14 languages—all very badly, but fluently. He says he has never seen any foreigner whatever who speaks French so absolutely sans accent étranger, as Miss Hale. This is rather strong. * # # I have to be interpreter for Andersons etc., who do not speak it. While the rest were sick, the talk at dinner was really very entertaining, all in French between the Ancient Bird and the Ship Captain & Dr., with Dr. Anderson for whom I translated; but since all have got well, it is less so, for the Americans can not join. The Ancient Bird comes now from San Francisco; he was the first Governor to Alaska, when it fell into our hands. There is no voice nor language he is not acquainted with; and he is most gallant. He is almost blind with cataract, which endeared me to him at once; he is now going to Paris to have the second eye operated upon, the first being spoiled; and then he will visit his daughter whom he has not met for 36 years; she is married to the Comte de Quelqu'un and has three children. He is very amusing, and full of gabble;—but he now begins to pall a little like all things a week out. You may hear him pouring forth in whatever tongue he happens to sit next to; and he manages to find out all about everybody, and report it. Thus I heard him describing me, in Spanish as the hermosa of a minestero protestants mucho celebre etc., etc. Heaven knows how he found out. Twas he that told me about the Spanish passengers who are Peruvians. Hitherto my idea of Peruvians, is it yours? is devoid from Tarry at Home travellers and a picture like this (picture). But these although dark are as much clothed as the rest of us—and consist of a whole family, sisters, brothers, nieces, nephews and maids; immense grandees of Peru driven off by the Chili Conquest. They have enough Chili estates to roll in wealth in spite of the state of Peru—so they
have pulled up stakes, and go to Madrid till the storm has blown over. They are of the bluest blood, so much so that on the nose of one, a spot which would be red with us is the colour of indelible ink. This one is studying a French-Spanish Grammar with his little son, and every morning, we do a lesson together, I improving his French accent, & he giving me a Spanish one. I think I make some headway, and can now understand a good deal that they say among themselves. It is just what I wanted; and I am enchanted with the voyage thus far. The girls of the Anderson party are all nice but one. # # # We hope now to get in Thursday morning, and I begin to long for land, letters, and Edward.

Thursday morning, 11th May, and Land not yet in sight! Edward and Nelly champing the bit at Bordeaux, & awaiting us! But all points at arrival tomorrow morning. We are winding up accounts, talking about trains and postage stamps, and secretly rejoicing that the time will soon arrive when we shall part. I have made excellent progress in Spanish with my Peruvian, & except that I suspect that he is deceived himself in the manner of pronouncing his own tongue,—I shall do quite well.

Altogether the voyage has been remarkably pleasant—-but cold, my dear,—cold, don't fancy the Gulf Stream varies much from the rest of the Atlantic. There has been no moment when the striped red blanket has been de trop. And now everybody is tired of everything, tired of beds, and food, and each other and themselves. Molly is always nice and sweet and tractable, and a great favorite on board, but she will be glad to get out of this cabin, and try her wings on French soil. Just now someone caught a little land-bird and put him in the cage with the canary of Moed Betoede. I will write as soon as we get settled on shore. Perhaps shall find a letter from you!! Much love

Your

Suse.
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale  

Madrid. May 19, 1882.

Dear Luc, Just a week today since we landed, and what a way we have come! We are travelling rather faster than is the custom of Hales and Homers, to get to the South before it is too hot—the consequence is our heads spin somewhat, and as everything we see will begin with B. we are getting our Cathedrals a good deal mixed. I closed my last at that sweet inn at Burgos, which Lathrop abuses in Harper—don't you believe a word of it; his account would be good, if not so sniffing at all he sees. After writing, Nelly & I with Edward, took materials and went out into the streets. We soon found an archway, quite ill-smelling but otherwise agreeable, with a nice interior courtyard, and sitting down to draw were soon surrounded by the town of Burgos,—chicos, ninas, old women, soldiers and perros (dogs). It was very good fun, and we mean to do it lots. They were most amiable, and I had lots of conversation with the small ones; most rudimentary of course. At 9 p.m. after another Spanish dinner in the up-stairs salle a manger we got off in the Mule-bus. This was our first night-trip; and we approached it with reluctance; but everybody has told us it is inevitable in Spain. It is a pity for you lose seeing the country; and gain nothing, because it uses you up for the next day—but we have been beating about the bush in vain to avoid these trains. We made a struggle for wagon-lits but got none—so through the long night, by the dim screened light in the top of the car, might be seen our four figures, squirming in their respective corners, seeking a comfortable posture, in vain. We did pretty well all of us. Papa hates it perhaps worse than I do, for since I am fat, I fit in better among the elbow-rests & corners. At dawn we bestirred ourselves, and saw Salvator Rosa's own beloved scenery; and it was raining pitchforks. (Picture). Such a contrast to the smiling Basque country we had passed through. A woman at a station was calling "leche! leche", and Edward bought from the window a lovely red jug containing nasty goats' milk, which he and Nelly could abide, but Molly and I couldn't. It was 8½ before we found ourselves at our delightful Hotel de la Paix, Puerta del Sol. But here we have charming rooms, not dear, and the chief people talk French which seems like our mother tongue in comparison to the Spanish. Molly & I have a room with 2 lits, which serves as Salon, the others are adjoining, and soon we were cheerfully sipping our Coffee and Chocolate. Excuse my mentioning the food so much. It is so entertainingly different in each place. We all had chocolate at Burgos in the morning, but I can't go the thick rich sweet stuff to start the day with, and we all prefer coffee except Molly, who has been brought up to chocolate from her youth.

While E. and N. went to get letters from the Banker, I had a coiffeuse come to the room to do Molly's hair, which she can't manage herself very well. A little Madirlanna entered with banged black hair, & black lace on her head, a neat little figure, short dress and high heels. (Picture). She spoke no English, but combed out Molly's snarls, & did her hair beautifully, in a long braid (as usual, but better). You must know I have bought a yellow book. I turned at once to "with a hair dresser". Do you think it was nothing but a man talking about his beard, and no
words whatever to our purpose! However we got on very well with signs and smiles. There are balconies to our room looking on the Square and a side street, and this is what I drew from one of them while waiting for our trunks. (Picture). Yesterday was the fete of the Ascension, and all Madrid was on the loose. The Puerto del Sol is a Square, with a broad basin & fountain. It swarmed with people in strange garbs. We are quite content to sit and look out of window. A grindage was playing the most charming Spanish dance-music, like that we sometimes hear (from Spanish Students etc.).

Opposite us, a Barber has a bird with a red tuft on its head that he lets hop about with a long string to its leg. He comes to see the bird occasionally, with his cigarette in his mouth, and kisses his hand to the bird, which consoles it, I suppose, for being tied. Everybody (male) has a cigarette—and the women really do wear mantillas of lace and not bonnets, and carry fans instead of parasols. It is the paradise of fans—we keep saying "Aunt Lucretia!" as we pass windows reeking with fans,—but I have not begun to buy yet.

Breakfast is at las onzas which means eleven, at a very long table d'hote, and dinner at 7. We were out in the p.m. a while and walked on the Prado,—quite like the Champs Elysees, with chairs in rows, under trees, now all in fresh summer green. It keeps raining, and the sun coming out between. We think Madrid very pretty, and not at all an imitation of Paris, it is up & down hill like Boston, the principal streets very wide and gay with people—fountains playing at corners--and women selling drinks not intoxicating, but cooling with snow and all flavours, for which the place is celebrated.
Dear Luc.

If you must know that Kelly and her Papa have gone to Huelva which is all there is left of Palos, to dig up the remains of Columbus; while Molly & I stay here, as the trip is not especially interesting, though I dare say they will be full of amusing tales when they come back tomorrow. I am not sorry for the repose, and I am deeply absorbed in a sketch from the top of our house, of blue spires and red churches.

We have become so settled down in Seville it seems ages since I wrote; and Jack has a letter about the dancing school we went to Wednesday evening.

Tuesday evening we all went, though tired as dogs, to the Teatro el Duque, asking our way through these fool streets, which are so narrow and crooked they are very puzzling, for you can't see any turning anywhere. Found we had come directly in the wrong direction, but reached the theatre one hour before it was open. So we sate on the Plaza el Duque and saw the ladies in mantillas strolling about. The streets and Plazas have little booths for the sale of cooling drinks, not at all intoxicating. (Picture). I will tell you about one now while I think of it. Kelly, Molly and I went to one today, & said "dos horchacas ninas." The girl took tumblers, and turned cool water into them by a spigot from one of these fat upper stone jars. Then she took a piece of soap (apparently) out of a glass jar, and mashed it in a tin sieve with a spoon over the tumbler, so that a cloud of the white stuff fell down into the water. She then stirred it up with a spoon, and we drank the very mild milk-like texture with a faint flavour of orgeat. Molly now thought she would like limon, so the girl put sugar out of a rather dirty sugar bowl, and talking a half-lemon that was lying upon a cent that happened to be there, squeezed it into the tumbler. We then paid her 30 centimes, and she gave us back more small coppers than you can imagine. Sous and gros sous pass just as in France, for a Peseta is practically the same as a franc, but they have medias and cuartos too small to keep the run of. We love these cooling-drink shops on account of the picturesque. This girl had 3 carnations stuck into her back hair;--and when we threw away the flowers our Cordova man gave us, the maids took the best and stuck their back hair full of them.

But we are all this time on the way to the theatre. It is not the most splendid in Seville, but the only one open at present, a perfectly bare barn-like place with huge parquet and galleries, like a town-hall in a country town. The men, as everywhere all smoked cigarettes. A perro came and smelt of Molly, and then sate down on a seat in front of her for the performance.

There was first a little play of modern life which we understood a good deal of, and then a sweet worthy ballet, with not much stage effect, but excellent dancing and pretty dresses. The orchestra played light and charming dance music. Kelly's next neighbors were from Porto Rico, and the man talked French; they got so intimate that they offered to show us the way home, so we straggled along through the narrow streets with them, their small
child, aged 6, skipping before, at a rather slow pace. When they pulled up it was at the "Fonda of 4 Nations," which they thought we were at! Our Serpent street being by that time far away! Not discouraged they got us here at last.

Since then the nice valet de place Juan has taken us in hand; Edward delights in him, and he is a great advantage; not a bore, but exactly like Hassan, only got up to resemble Charles Longfellow, in English Clothes with an umbrella, and a perennial cigarette. More informed than Hassan.

Dogs we were for tiredness, and fell into our beds.---Wednesday we had jovial coffee at our round table, then sketched from the window here till after 10 o'clock breakfast;---then Juan took us through the beautiful Cathedral, very high, lovely Gothic. The great picture is there of Saint Anthony (Murillo) which was stolen and carried to New York, & sent back. I like it the best of all the Murillos, and now we have seen the best;---Tomb of Son of Columbus, etc. # # #

Then they came, with Juan, and found Nelly and me in the Gardens of the Alcazar, sketching in the shade of a palm and a yew-tree. Now don't keep on saying Alcazar, to rhyme with "How's your Man?"---but say Al-Kaaz, as if it were car-sir. For that sounds much more distinguished besides being right. Nelly and I got ourselves there with great prowess in Spanish, accosting soldiers and subalterns and getting a permit para dibujar.

It is lovely there, all set and pleached, like the Shubra gardens, etc., only not all tumbling to pieces but well-kept, and such pomegranates and roses & jasmine, and box, and ivy,---many fountains,---and a light arcade along one side. The tank is there where Maria Padilla used to bathe when it was the fashion to drink the same water as if it was enhanced by her being in it. Isabel II has since resided there, and conducted herself in a manner as reprehensible if not similar.

Thursday, we went to the Picture Gallery which is in an old church, and contains but few pictures, so it is easier seen than the Madrid one---chiefly fine Murillos,---but Zurbaran Herrera and other Spanish birds. Juan brought us back through a fool fair and market place like the Cairo ones,---(or Assilout more) and we bought some amusing rubbish. There are as many Spanish things as in Egypt that seem nice to buy,---of the lower class, I mean, & cheap. We are longing for them all the time, and sometimes Juan lets us,---haggling a la Hassan.

"Now you go on, and I make the bargain," he says. Nelly and I bought a handful of mulberries, and put them on a paper we picked up in the street;---& afterwards four fat ripe figs in the market. The man that owned them was sound asleep, and Juan had to poke him with his umbrella, in order to trade.

After naps we sate on the Convent stairs and sketched our Pateo; in the evening papa went again to the theatre but we "girls" went to bed early.

Today we have done the lovely Alcazar inside. You have read about it, but you never can know how delicious the Moorish colouring is. It is all restored enough to be as fresh as a Kaleidoscope. Of course, much reminds of the East;---but it is a not-played out East. The divans etc. are covered with new embroidery from Constantinople, just like our tablecloths. # # # # #
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Thursday, June 8, 1882.
Granada, W. Irving Hotel

Dear Luc,

We are all sketching tooth and nails, from 8 am. to 7 p.m., and the walls of our room are hung with bright red and yellow towers. Crimson lake and Indian yellow are the chief of our diet.

The Hotel contains a French "Siege of Granada," by W. Irving, and I have been reading it aloud evenings, or skimming it during my naps to recount to the others. We feel so horrid about the Moors and poor old Boabdil that we can scarce keep cheerful, especially as we ourselves must leave on Saturday, though not kicked out, nor having to deliver the keys to old Sloan, I mean Isabel and Ferdinand.

This certainly is the loveliest place in the world to stay—there are so many places to sketch and things to do. We all assemble for early coffee and cock's eggs at 7½ and get off to different places to sketch, though Papa E. has a Spaniard from 8 to 9 to read Don Quixote. Yesterday Molly & I went down a sort of ravine outside the walls which reminds me a little of the walk under the walls of Jerusalem; but this reeks with picturesque red towers at every turn. I seated myself to do an archway covered with ivy—Charles V built it. I'm sorry to say and not our dear Moors—Molly attacked a square tower with a tree against it.

After a peaceful sojourn I heard her conversing, and leaning forward found a gypsy woman sitting close to her on the ground between her & her sketch, apparently to spend the morning. I came out & wrestled, & thus brought the gipsy down upon myself, and only my best Spanish and the sternest demeanour induced her to leave us. Flocks of sweet jackasses jingled by, with various burdens, and a whole drove of sheep, baaing and nibbling, not to speak of Majos in these (picture) and bound about the waist with scarfs, like Frank Fiske in a tableau. When I got through I went up to the Justicia Gate to see how Nelly was getting on, and while she still worked, I painted a waterfall into the small book, while Juan kept off beggars. After 11 o'clock breakfast, we drove down into the town to see a domaniel kind of 4th of July in honour of Corpus Christi. The streets were covered with awnings and the whole populace was loose. Afternoons we all repair to the palace (Alhambra) where we have a general permit to sketch. Each wanders about the deserted rooms to choose a subject, for there are lots of lovely places, mysterious passage ways, glimpses of courts with oranges on the trees, and wide views over the Vega; and the sweet lions in the Court of Lions are very clumsy and delightful.

One ev'g we went to the top of the Torre del Velo, whence is a splendid sunset view—all the Vega spread out and the Sierra N. with snow glowing pink. Here is where Isabella and F. hung out their old flag Jan. 6, 14 when they first took possession of Grenada—and alas! far away is shown the spot called El ultimo suspiro del Moro, where Boabdil turned and saw the Spanish flags, and wept, saying,

"Allah Achehah, how unlucky I am!"

There are some very English English in the hotel,—I may have mentioned them, all hung about with silver beads; also a pleasant family of Marshalls with a sweet daughter just recovering from a long illness which has detained them here. We have shown our sketches, & exchanged mutual compliments.
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Madrid, Monday a.m.
June 12, 1882.

Dear Luc,

I must go back to the dear Alhambra and our last moments there. It was sad indeed to leave it for we love it very much, and all agree that it is the most beautiful place in the world.

Friday we all went first down to Grenada to see the beautiful Cartuja Convent, with lovely Alonso Canos and an inlaid door, many other things, and one last look at the Cathedral, which is the consummation of real Spanish religious splendour. The end of the afternoon we spent in the Garden of the Torre de la Vela; you cannot imagine a sweeter place. I made a sketch of the Sierra Nevada with snow on it, and great geraniums close by me for foreground. The people of the garden were very worthy, and brought chairs; we love all the people of Spain; far from being bandits they are like friendly sort of Irish; and are always standing round in gardens with watering pots; these are the old gentlemen. Some times it is very pretty signoras who show us gardens;—and they give us roses. To be sure they all like a peseta at parting,—but who does not? Our trunks had to be packed that evening, for on Saturday morning at 5½ we were drawn from our beds; and after thus early coffee, hauled down to Grenada, where we climbed into the Diligence! Here we bade farewell to our faithful Juan who has been very useful and nice. He was to return to his valet de chambre at Seville. We feel deeply attached to him; but sort of glad to be thrown now wholly on our own Spanish which we feel to be equal to all occasions.

The Berlina of this diligence, my dear, answers to our coupe. The cup of Spain being some objectionable place on top. The Berlina only held us three girls, so papa was up by the driver, a splendid place where he could see all the country, though his legs hung down and he had nothing much to his back I fear, from Juan's account of it, though Edward did not grumble, as you may suppose. The door of our berlina was very small. If I had been an inch broader I could ill have squeezed in; and there we sat in among the legs of the horses; there was a sort of bench outside just before our windows, where a stout Spanish man came and sat, so that the view in front was very much filled up; and inside our hand baggage, straps & wraps, luncheon and straw hats, packed us solid.

But we had a jovial day, starting thus early and reaching Jacu at 1½ after Noon. The horses chiefly mules, were 8, and two abreast, on the forward off-mule sat a postillion; jouncing up and down in the saddle, but occasionally springing off to run all round the whole team, and larrup the beasts, who then ran at their utmost, spite of which this boy would turn up from behind the coach, overtake the front, and jump on his horse again. But sometimes he came and sat on the bench in front of us a while. The horses were changed often & then Edward got down and chatted with us. Women brought agua and perros came out and stood about.

Meanwhile the scenery was wonderful, very up and down, sometimes serpentiing about like a Swiss pass; the mountain took on beautiful pink tints with blue shadows;—then we crossed long intervals—the Vega,—always such flowers! poppies, things we knew, things we didn't. One place, I saw a boy sitting under an olive
tree, beside a basket full of apricots, with his face gormed from ear to ear with mulberry juice;--and at a stopping-place, I gathered a spray of white clematis growing on a pomegranate bush as big as our apple tree, all in blossom.

It grew pretty hot and glaring as we came up the hill to Jaen, and we were covered with thick, powdery white dust. There is a plaza at Jaen, and a great cathedral; but we preferred a most worthy little Fonda, where a nice almuerzo was furnished us, after which we climbed into another bus, and drove two or three miles to the R. R. This was the same line as that we went to Cordova by, so we now resumed the old course, but it was light now where we had passed by night. It seemed ages since we had been there, and we all feel far more advanced Spaniards than before. Bear in mind that we had been out of our beds since 2½ a.m.; and imagine that we contemplated a whole night in the train with feelings which required a mixture of horizon. Especially we felt very unwashed; besides it was blazing hot, with a low sun raking the carriage. Let me say, this is the only time we have been at all hot anywhere in the train. Well, two men got in; this was trying, for at night, you can be fairly comfortable if you have all of a quarter; but if less, it is not so well. However the two men massed themselves into one quarter, and we did pretty well. At 1 p.m. all (but Molly) tumbled out for chocolate at the lirud place where we before had bought the knives. It was more for the sake of the knife-man than the chocolate, but we could not see him anywhere; just before our train was off, he appeared; and we bought more knives. We hoped he recognized us and admired our improved Spanish, but we don't know.

So in the grimy morning--but it was us that were grimy, for the morning was fresh and lovely, we got ourselves together, and the Spaniards woke up too.

And now we began to have a funny time, which has turned out splendidly. We had written to the Hotel de Rusia (where the Hamb- lins have an apartment) for rooms, but had no answer, so we were a little shaky about going there; and when we reached the door, in our little omnibus piled high with our trunks, and bursting within with us and our straps,--word came down that there was no room, and we had better go to the Fonda Americano. Now we did not want to go there at all, but our porter in a blue blouse seemed to think we had better, and in fact coerced us so much that we thought he might be saying that rooms at the Americano had actually been engaged for us, as it is kept by the man of the H. de Rusia; so we rattled off to the Americano, and Edward and I leaving the girls in the bus went up to do battle with the sleepy man of the Hotel. We did not like it at all, and evidently were not in the least expected, so we came down again and urged the reluctant blue blouse to take us to another Hotel we had picked out, and rather pined for. Now a strange thing happened. An entirely new man sprang up on the tail of the bus, and said that the Hotel des Em bajadores was full, but that he himself had a worthy suite of rooms he thought we would like, a sort of succursale to the Hotel, quite near by, if we would step and look at them. We hesitated; blue blouse seemed to assent;--so we were driven a little farther, the man hanging on the step.

At his house E and I got out and left the girls, as before, and ascended to the Cuarto Segundo, where the little man showed us his apartment and pointed out its merits, amongst which were great reasonableness in price. After some doubts, Edward and I
looked at each other, murmured a few English words together and struck the bargain. Blue Blouse went down to get the things. We went out on our balcony and attracted the attention of Molly and Nelly, who looked up, saw us, and then came flying up the stairs.

We were not such fools as you may suppose, because we knew the street to be just what we wanted, and the place of just the kind; further conversation with our host shows that he is an ancient garçon of the Rusia and the proprietaire of the Rusia who has since been seen, praises him and his house highly. We are greatly delighted to find that it is a "Casa de Huéspedes" which was just what we wanted to be in.

We have all got permits to draw in the gallery, and Nelly has begun to copy a corner of a large Velasquez with her easel, canvas, etc. We stay here for her to do this, this week. Meanwhile there is lots to do in Madrid, and we feel very much at home in our casa, where the people & food are excellent.
Oh! my Creche,

Even you can scarce grasp the bliss of being here! It seems very near my wooden bowl, although I feel still sore, inside and out, from the last weeks of worry and work. But if you could see us here! I don't know how to begin. Anne B. is enchanted with the place. Elaine smiles all round her head one continued beam. She wrote to her belle-soeur that it resembles the Garden of Eden; and Mamy Foster is very tractable and nice though deaf and dumb and dull; she makes splendid bread.

In the morning, when I feel like it, I get up; and with my towel in hand descend to the kitchen by the back stairs, where Mamy has already started the coffee, Elaine has set the table and cleared up the Salon (things I have always done here myself heretofore). I then order the chop or blue-fish, and slip off to my bath in the Lake. Returning, I have my coffee alone, a slice of toast and chop,--then I go about my works, after a few household directions. This is now,--for instance, that I am writing (9 o'clock). Anne B is not yet up. When she sees fit she will appear. Elaine will bring her coffee, and Mamy will cook her chop. I do not attend upon her breakfast at all. We then go about our businesses in our rooms, until 12 when we have déjeuner à la fourchette; a light repast with a cup of tea (fish, meat or something, and bread and butter, but only one course). This makes us not too stuffed for light naps. We intend to meet by 3 or four to read aloud or do various things together. At 5 we dine!--and get through in time for a long walk or row, and lingering in the sunset which you observe is very late now. Then we come in,--light our lamp and fire, read our Daily and Tribune, discuss the events of the day and go to bed at 9!

This is the whale-bone of the umbrella but the covering has varied each day so far, and we haven't been here but two! The boats are all out of water, a great blow! but Mrs. Weedon had one put in yesterday on purpose for us, so though it rained a little we spent the morning on the pond and exploring the other side. We left Elaine in the boat to practise rowing while we went a long walk by Emily's knoll etc. The laurel is very late--it will scarce be in prime by July 1st, but the country is exquisitely fresh & lush.

Yesterday p.m. we drove over to Narragansett Pier, hunting for a place for us this summer, by Aunt Elmira's directions, and we may settle over on the Point Judith Pond! It is lovely over there, but we haven't found a place quite to our minds. If we do, would you jine, July 15 to Aug. 1st? It would be so convenient coming here afterwards! and it is lovely there; only in the only house we liked they have concluded "not to take" this summer, because they can't get a cook! It is very provoking, and we want to force them to it. We shall explore again, and perhaps with more success.
been busy giving chocolate to the other diligence people. We now went to the hotel, and then the bellboy ran upstairs to different houses, and shoppers in the street to tell about us. It came not soon or late. that this day was an immense festival in the White County, and people had come in from all the streets, and there really wasn't standing room. Of course I couldn't grasp this at first, but they thought the world would crown it was the festival of Santa Fe.

After thus sitting more dead than alive for some time, a room was prepared for us. There was one bed on the floor, and a double bedstead, without sheets, but with pillows, in women's flannel. I locked at one watch, expecting to find it about noon. It was half past seven! Papa had a room on the opposite side of the street, then, but was moved later to the hotel.

Mrs. Hunter Pyrenees.
Addres: Sariego.
July 2, 1882.

Dear Sue.

I must now bend the ear to much writing. I saw right bright X was at Hueco, since when he has passed through again. It will have been perhaps the last letter of the others? for Papa signs the address to us. Alas! in how tall he is. Whether it was a deed, or Molly, which was a deed for. She's really glad to settle. Am thinking we can think it all over, and return to a steady kind of life. Everything has gone well all along, and are arrived at think how simple the Spanish treat.

no brigands, no longlegs, no bugs, no false coin, nor cheating. Ever so friendly people and nearest friends relations. In thank you for...
Our valiant efforts to speak their
language instead of forcing them
I understand one.

At Messa on Saturday evening after
they were hastily mounted to the
Carriage on horse back. This is not
like the Carriage in Rome (that is
the Belina) but was under the
Hood of the Train. It was a
splendid place, in it Jules slept,
and then a large
hedge, in which the foot
with all our traps &
belonging, in drove all
through the night, reaching
Saca about 4 in the
morning. It was moonlight and very
beautiful,
so kept awake as long as I could
but succeeded in uncomfortable sleep
after midnight, feeling pretty much
like dogs when in climb down
at the end.

Now it began to be very cold. The
Train stopped outside the walls
of Saca, and we all gathered through
the gate to the Fonda. I got chocolate
when it rained there was no room
for us there, nor anywhere else
in the town! I could not understand
such a thing, all talked as in one
language, the talk was all Spanish.
A man understood to find us a
house, and led us through the
small, and left us a long time, thinking
in the middle of the street, happening
came back &
by chalk straps. Finally he said
there was no house in the town
where we could possibly be
where we took a back to the Diligence
and said to have our trunks put
up again, and we would go on
in a brougham, which we are used
to do, especially as it meant
who more Diligence than. At
he is a strange boy all climbed
in there, which his fist on
the window and exclaimed
so you shall not mean
Saca, not if you come and
dwell in this casa.

So we went back to the Fonda,
where they would let us sit at
least, and in this in the grateful
The landlord of the Fonda, who had
Tuesday was the Grand pass on the Pyrenees, as fine as any of the Alpine passes, snow always in sight, a road as good as these, and our coach a delightful little omnibus which just held us, with an effect in top. The surprise was this way that our bodies didn't know at all about this pass, and in fact all sorts of difficulties, whereas it was plain trailing from just to last. A good show not to know at all where we were going to turn up. The scenery the picture and Wundervul... Alps in the heights, and down two great lookout blocks of Mama Blue, and maple trees. This spot was the last point in Spain. We on dear Stata left us both his coat and our backs to Face, with him vanished in Spanish speech and money, and we began to wield the French. The little French town was much like the coach we had left only not to hire; he mumbled Spanish and Octoron when we arrived at 8 o'clock. A great mystery hung over this place which we had only heard of in Spanish; we slept like Dorms and nothing up. But eleven, we had both to go out and see the festival. This was the first idea to and whether the whole town in a delightful manner. On land we bought us to a balcony where we had a full sight fit, and afterwards at other places commanding the whole the Grand procession came out of the church (very ancient, pure Roman arches). Each village for miles around had sent a delegation with a standard hung with streamers. These made a double row in the street through which passed the Grand procession, images & relics of the saints, the Bishops in all their order, the Civic dignitaries &. The rest were dancing up with Castanets a pipe and shrill of guitar. We preceded the shrine of St. CROSS always back and dancin a step.
The days swarmed with these gaily-dressed people, and in its long, twilight dawn there was no room for us in.

In this afternoon they all stopped off, some in jaunty dress, some in sport, and left the little town to its original, 1000 a 25 inhabitants. A French family left the house, and in their place gave us.

The house was away, and in the Fortress, we were shown the Fusilier Guards, and the General, having seen us, sent word that there was such a heavenly place, we walked around its walls, in.

I walked around it, walls, in about 50 minutes, real walls, like.

The place was a green lawn, the field, with the walls, and sketching. I rode, the prominent peak in the neighborhood.

The house was visited the church, saw a statue in the Castillo, which means.

I went on the Castillo, which means.

The Castillo, or Citadell. The dauphines, of our land, is married to the Duke of Alba, and lives in the Castillo. So on our last day in.

Spain was a very suitable one.
as the Grand End of our journey, where
in Curl get to Pan, the first plan
in had the head of it. Oliva
now to be a large French city with
shops, promenades, Hotel de ville, &c.
Suspicion flashed across that there
might be a rail way - but this was
right at a very nice
place. We slept at a very nice
Hotel, and I tell the truth enjoyed
this unlootment of tongue into the
the hotel and to the
the hotel and the
the hotel and the

The next morning in
Pan, from 6 - 1 o'clock, through 2
Pan, from 6 - 1 o'clock, through 2
Pan, from 6 - 1 o'clock, through 2
Pan, from 6 - 1 o'clock, through 2
Pan, from 6 - 1 o'clock, through 2
Pan, from 6 - 1 o'clock, through 2
Pan, from 6 - 1 o'clock, through 2
Pan, from 6 - 1 o'clock, through 2
Pan, from 6 - 1 o'clock, through 2
The Countess de Navarre on the half-shell:
In it is the whole back of tortoise.
But we were chiefly there for packing and repacking and dividing our goods before separating. Molly and I sketched. Edward and Molly
stayed to see Mr. Munro of the steamer who live in Chateau
Santé, outside the town. They live with a note from late for us all:
their aftemoon tea the last day; but that was the hour of departure. Miss Nan and little
Maud, hearing, came and called
with much regret. To see so little
Mrs. — myself had not much
lust for taking up Steamer
acquaintances; but Molly had a
great hankering after the Maud. This
is a sweet little child.

Telegrams to Mr. Reddick revealed
them to be on their way to Paris.

And we gathered by diligent study
of indications that the Es could
hit them Saturday morning at
12.00. — This pleased me to
keep on a few hours more with them &

L ate their train and came up
here, which is how heard of
an lovely. It is an enviable de
richeste, for the following week
with visit such places

So Tuesday P.M. At 10:30, Molly and
I got out of the train by the others went on! Wasn't it
a dreadful moment. Their train
waited 10 minutes, during which we
stood chatting with them in the platform.
Here little puff! Of the whistle
and we were left alone in the city.

We had little stomach for the Hotel
and the Vienna and all that, they
much persecuted to treat them;

instead we waited an hour for
our train to Pierre-Pitte, a lovely
little French road through a golf
by the road between high mountains;

Then the night at a hotel past
house at B. and yesterday morning
were driven in a little open carriage.

One hour to this place which
so perfectly delicious, just what we
wish and expect all mountain places
like, but which I still find the truth they
are apt not to come up to...
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Luz. Hautes Pyrenees.
July 2, 1882.

Dear Luc.

I must now bend the ear to much writing, for if I am right
No. X was at Muesca, since when we have passed through aeons. You
will have seen perhaps the letters of the others; for Papa Edward is
masterful in getting off a daily bulletin. Alas! we have left him
and Nelly, which was a dreadful moment; but we all feel so satisfied
with the Spanish trip, that there is nothing more to demand for it;
and Molly and I are really glad to settle down somehow where we can
think it all over, and return to a steady kind of life. Everything
has gone well all along, we are amazed to think how simple the Span­
ish travelling was; no brigands, no burglars, no bugs, no false
coin, nor cheating, everywhere friendly people and most friendly re­
lations. We think they loved us for our valiant efforts to speak
their language instead of forcing them to understand ours.

At Muesca on Saturday evening after dinner we bravely mounted to
the Cupe of the diligence. This is not like the Coupes we know
(that is the Berlina) but was under the Hood above the driver. It
was a splendid place, for it just holds four, and there smugly
packed in under the boot, with all our wraps & belongings, we drove
all through the night, reaching Jaca about 4: after dawn. (Picture)
It was moonlight and very beautiful. We kept awake as long as we
could but succumbed to uncomfortable sleep after midnight, feeling
pretty much like dogs when we climbed down at the end.

How it began to be very odd. The diligence stopped outside
the walls of Jaca, (Sunday a.m.) and we all dragged through the
gate to the Fonda to get chocolate, when we were told there was no
room for us there, nor anywhere else in the town! We could not un­
derstand such a thing, all dazed as we were. Of course the talk
was all Spanish. A man undertook to find us a house, and led us
through the town, and left us a long time standing in the middle of
the street surrounded by shawlstraps. Finally he came back & said
there was no house in the town where we could possibly be. We went
back to the diligence and said to have our trunks put up again, and
we would go on to Panticosa, which we were most loathe to do, es­
specially as it meant 5 hours more diligence then. At this a strange
Boy all dressed in blue, struck his fist on the trunks and exclaimed
"No! you shall not leave Jaca, not if you come and dwell in mi
mias!" (Picture; We never knew who this blue boy was.)

So we went back to the Fonda, where they would let us sit at
least, and for this we were grateful. The landlord of the Fonda,
(who had been busy giving chocolate to the other diligence people,
who now got off for Panticosa) now interested himself; from the bal­
cony we could see him and the blue boy running to different houses,
and stopping people in the street to tell about us. It came out
sooner or later that this day was an immense festa for the whole
country round about; people had come in from all the pueblos, and
there really wasn't standing-room. Of course we couldn't grasp this
at first, but they thought the whole world must know it was the fete
of Santa Cassandra.

After thus sitting more dead than alive for some time, a room
was prepared for us, where on one bed on the floor, and a double bed—
stead, without sheets but with pillows, we women flung ourselves. We looked at our watches expecting to find it about noon. It was half past seven! Papa had a room on the opposite side of the street then, but was moved later to the Hotel. We slept like dragons, and rousing up about eleven, were told we had better go out and see the fiesta. This was the first idea we had of it. Lo and behold the whole town in a delightful tumult. Our landlord brought us to a balcony where we had a full sight of it, and afterwards to other places commanding the whole. The grand procession came out of the church (very ancient, pure Norman arches). Each village for miles around had sent a delegation with a standard hung with streamers. These made a double row in the street through which passed the grand procession, images & relics of the Saint, the Bishops in all their robes, the civic dignitaries, etc. (Picture). The best was six dancing boys with castanettes, a pipe and sort of guitar who preceded the Shrine of St. Orosia, always backwards and dancing a step; it reminded me much of that procession outside of Jerusalem. More than all, the crowd was absorbing; for every costume of all these villages was represented. Basque women in green gowns with no waists, pleated high up on the shoulders, Catalans, Aragonese, all sorts. The prevailing colour of Jaca is bright purple. Nelly bought a delicious ceinture of that colour. All the men in Spain wear ceintures, and use them to stuff all manner of things in, so that one is sometimes misled as to the stoutness of the person within. Every being wore a panuelo of some bright colour on the head. We have bought no end of them in different places. 'Tis the same as the Kuffia, in general principle, but each place has its own method of tying. We were wild with delight at the whole of this scene, and felt as if a special Providence brought us to the spot. The streets swarmed with these gaudy people, and we no longer wondered that there was no room for us. In the afternoon they all dropped off, some on jacobasses, some on foot, and left the little town to its original 1000 or so inhabitants. A French family left the Fonda, and we had nice rooms given us.

We stayed at Jaca another day (Monday) because the coche was away; and we were glad too; it was such a heavenly place. We walked around its walls in about 50 minutes,—real walls like Jerusalem, with not a suburb,—far reaching green plains on all sides and beyond great high mountains. Nelly & I were up betimes, with Papa sitting in a wheat field outside the walls, and sketching Orod, the prominent peak in the neighborhood. Later we visited the church, saw a remarkable old Gothic fireplace, & went over the Castillo, which means citadel. The daughter of our landlord is married to one of the soldiers, and lives in the Castillo. So our last day in Spain was a very suitable one.

Tuesday was the Grand pass over the Pyrenees, as fine as any of the Swiss passes, snow always in sight, a road as good as those, and our coche a delightful little omnibus which just held us, with our effects on top. The surprise of all this was that our books didn't know at all about this pass, and we had feared all sorts of difficulties, whereas it was plain sailing from first to last & good fun not to know at all where we were going to turn up. The flowers were profuse and wonderful,—Alpine Rosen etc. on the heights, and lower down great foxgloves such as Mama liked, and snapdragons and many others. Urdos was the last point in Spain. Here our dear driver left us with his coche and drove back to Jaca; with him vanished our Spanish speech and money, and we began to
wield the French.

The little French 'bus was much like the coche we had left only not so nice; we rumbled down to Oloron where we arrived at 8 o'clock. A great mystery hung over this place which we had only heard of in Spanish as the grand end of our trajet, whence we could get to Pau, the first place we had ever heard of before. Oloron proved to be a large French city with shops, promenades, hotel de ville etc. A suspicion flashed across us that there might be a railway—but this was false. We slept at a very nice Hotel, and to tell the truth enjoyed the unloosement of tongue into the easy French. The next morning in our own voiture we drove down to Pau, from 8-1 o'clock, through a pretty French road all poplars and villas and chateaux, with the Pyrenees ever receding from us.

For Pau, it appears is miles away from any mountains, its claim to them being only through the distant view of the chain from a high terrace. It is a big town very much like Newport, now la saison Morte, & the fancy shops all shut; but the Chateau Henri IV, where that excellent King was born, makes the place delightful. We went all over it and saw the tortoise-shell cradle in which he was rocked; Roi de Navarre on the half-shell;—for it is the whole back of a tortoise. But we were chiefly there for packing and refitting, and dividing our goods before separating.

So Friday p.m. at Lourdes, Molly and I got out of the train, & the others went on! Wasn't it a dreadful moment. Their train waited 10 minutes, during which we stood chatting with them on the platform then the little pfiff! of the whistle and we were left alone in the cold world.

We had little stomach for the Grotto and the Virgin and all that, though much persecuted to visit them; instead we waited an hour for our train to Pierrefitte, a lovely little branch road through a gorge by the Cave between high mountains; spent the night at a sweet posthouse at F. and yesterday morning were driven in a little open carriage about 2 hours to this place which is perfectly delicious; just what you wish and expect all mountain places to be, but which to tell the truth they are apt not to come up to. A brawling river flows close beneath our windows, beyond poplars try to connect the ground with high mountain tops, and a Castle built by the English in XIV siecle clings to the side waiting to be sketched.
To Miss Lucretia F. Hale
Luz. July 9, 1882.

Dear Luc,

Molly and I continue to be very happy here. It is a week since we were established, and we have not got at all tired, even though the last two days have been rainy and cold, regular White Mountain weather when you want all your wraps—but here the minute the sun pops out it is warm and pleasant, and I observe that is what it is doing now.

It is so nice to be settled down to regular pursuits that I shouldn't mind if it rained a month—for it makes an excuse for not going out! moreover, we can paint from our windows, even through the rain and I finished before breakfast a delightful sketch I began yesterday; while Molly painted poppies, and a great Iris which Somebody has brought down from the mountains. There is a little stone balcony all round the house of which we make the tour frequently, at a loss to know which view we like best; we have decided there are 13 all equally lovely, mountainous & sketchable. Why can't the White Mts. be like that!

Taine's Pyrenees is very nice to have here, and if you are near your libraries, you will like to follow our wanderings in it, for he begins with Bordeaux and Bayonne, & later on touches at Pau, and at Luz. This is the smallest town I ever was in, and the people are sweet and friendly, offering roses and cherries in the street. To be sure they like a sous, but don't demand it. The diligence (which is two omnibuses) stops here noon and night and so far, the inmates are chiefly passengers, on their way to Bareges, or St. Sauveur, and all French, exactly like the people in French farces.

One morning at breakfast (11 o'clock) the diligence people burst in, and were given seats, a row of 3, lady and two men, who soon received a youth who came in later with great empreressment, and sat him by them. Next came another party, from the same 'bus, who were placed opposite. The father, as soon as he saw the other party, assumed immense airs;—folded his arms, tossed his nose in the air, and swelled in silence. Then a new youth came in and took the vacant seat next old Scornful,—who turned to him and said aloud, "Monsieur, excuse me that I place you in opposition to persons so wholly distasteful to your sentiments, but it is not ma faute." The youth bridled, and the other youth bridled, an awful silence fell upon the table, till the first comers strove to set up a forced hilarity; while the second ones swelled in gloom. I think the quarrel was with the two youths; probably one had usurped the place of the other. They watched each other like two cats, and whereas one ate his trout crosswise, the other instantly turned his lengthwise & opened it thus. (We have delicious spotted trouts every day, from the river; and raspberries, strawberries, cherries and apricots.) They all had to go off to Bareges in their diligence, and I wonder how they got over the matter. You see our events are trivial compared to the excitaments of Spanish travel; but I am enjoying the repose much. It gives time to think over the Spanish Campaign and to prepare for the Italian one, or whatever I may decide to do in August.

I have an excellent Spanish Grammar which I peg away at daily with great leaps, and write the exercises and then I have a rubbishy
Spanish novel which I read for awhile before going to bed, which makes me dream in Spanish, a very improving habit. It is a ridiculous book, but really written in Spain, (not translated) with references to "horchata de chufas," patios and things we know about. I read it about as well as Italian,--and without a dictionary--because I sent mine off to London unawares. Thus I am environed by foreign tongues you see and should never even think in English except for Molly. 

Luckily the town reeks with dogs, which fill her soul, even only regarded from the balcony--as do the donkeys mine. They are lovely though not equal to the Spanish. We shall go up on the tops of things a good deal and see glaciers, as soon as I have had my fill of clear sheer idleness--though that is not the word, for I paint from 3 to 6 hours every day--write Spanish 2,--hear Molly's French 1, while I mend the nightgowns and baste in ruffles,--and write a good fat letter to somebody every day! Lots of love from Yrs Susie.
Dear Lucretia,

We are waiting here an hour for our train, and the sweet Gare-men have given me this beautiful paper to write on. So though I have the feelings of idiocy natural to the place, enhanced by rising at 4½, and nothing to eat but a cup of vile coffee, (the milk "hadn't come"), I will endeavour to give you an account of our very amusing adventures since I wrote last,—which wasn't long ago, by the way.

You see Palavas was not quite the wooden-bowl, because we were jammed into one little room not bigger than the front Ratsnest at 64. It did very well in the day time, by reason of not staying in it at all, but when we found ourselves in the one bed which the garCONS had praised as being very large, but which was really narrower than mine at home, the night was fiendish.

The room was hot—but why dwell on circumstances so funestes. My Young Night thoughts ran chiefly into a resolution to leave Palavos at all events the next day.

Now in the morning, a family arrived, who like us found no rooms, so they had to sit in the sort of upstairs salon where we were; and the mother was a very sweet woman (French) who consoled with us, & I with her. I let fall something about Aignes-Mortes. "Why!" she said, "it is right over there. That's the Thare. (She might have said, it's not far, but this would have been a pun and not French). You can sail over there in a few hours!!" I sprang to the Garvons, they sent for the batelier, the bargain was struck, the trunks soon packed, and after a final delicious bath and our breakfast, Molly and I were seen walking towards the jetty made of that chewed up stone they use in the Mediterannee for want of rocks, while three stout sailors went before with the malles, grandes and petits.

The boat! I do believe it was the one Jonah was swallowed in. A great big green thing with a curved up deck like a turtle. We sate in the bow leaning against the lateen sail, on bags with straw in them. The two men stretched themselves against the clumsy bulwark and went to sleep while the Patron wielded the great rudder. The malles were in a hole in the middle of the ship. The day was just lovely, sparkling and soft, rather wobbly little splashes flew up as we cut swiftly along. The nose of the boat pointed to Aignes-Mortes and we went straight there without a tack nor turn in two hours.

They said they would take us to a good Hotel, but imagine our wonder and delight at sailing right into the mouth of a broad canal, a light house on each side of us, and through a double row of houses of all colours, and this was the town!! In a very few minutes we stopped at some steps, a plank was put across, and there we read on a sign.

"Grand Hotel de Bains Pommier". This hotel was but two stories high, with a tiled roof of many colours. what would be an awning elsewhere was made of thatch, & came out over the broad sidewalk, there was no road. Just as we drew up, a man plunged headlong into the deep canal. We thought for a moment it was the custom of the
country to bathe in that manner, but it proved to be the garçon of the Hotel who fell in by accident. He was soon fished out, and came forth dripping with his long apron swagging about his feet. We were received in the most friendly manner by the hostess, and taken through a heavenly patio up some stone steps to a room that opened into the patio. Swallows were flying round the thatch that partly roofed it, and swallows' nests choked full of young who opened their mouths and yawped, were gobbled about the diamond shaped windows. Our windows however were over the front door; and looking on the delightful canal, crowded with immense fishing-boats with lateen sails, their masts draped with brown nets, & little flags flying on top. What a place! and here we stayed three days.

It turned out it wasn't Aignes-Mortes at all but Grand du Roi, being near the spot where Louis IX set forth on his crusade. Now isn't it funny that I should have tended him at Damietta, and again here? It is connected with Aignes-Mortes by a canal, as you will learn later. Our hotel was full of people from Nîmes, Lunel, & places farther off, most friendly; the first evening they asked us to go out in a boat and row up and down the canal. The thing to do in the evening was to walk down to the Phare on a broad stone promenade, and sit there to watch the sunset and moonlight, and to see the fishing boats come in, with great white broad sails. A lovely place, and there we sat chatting with these worthy ladies;--for like other watering-places we know, there were but two men, and about thirty femmes.

I want to give you a little of their conversation, it was so like, 1. the gabble of matrons on the Magnolia piazzas, and
2. the people described by Balzac, Cherbulier, etc. in French novels; the side characters in country villages. About me, they were very curious, and didn't hesitate to ask all sorts of questions:

"Ah! Madame n'est pas mariée, Madame est Madame!" "Madame n'est pas la fille de Madame,--pardon Madame--Mamanelle!" Then to discuss whether I am plus heureuse seule ou mariée. "Madame a le gout de voyager," they told each other, & said softly, "She speaks equally Spanish and Allemand." They praised my French, the highest term being, "but we can always comprehend what you say."--which is doubtless just about it.

When a new famille arrived, an ancient bird took them in hand, very cordially; her manners a lesson to our friends at York, Magnolia etc. These came from St. Andeol. "Ah! alors vous connaissez M. So and So". "Ah! oui, madame." Then the new one began asking the old one all about who was who, by which I learned much. The man with the big nose is a marchand de tapis, tres riche, de Nîmes. "Oh yes! M. Perier? I remember me well, when I married my daughter it was from House Perier we commanded our carpertries."--"And the stout lady?" "That, madame, is my daughter in law's cousin, she is of my party." "Ah--yes, well stout is not quite the right word." "Oh, madame, you have reason, she is stout." And the old bird to explain all her relations; why she was there herself, etc. Holding up her black lace scarf she said, "My sister is just dead, to be sure she was only a religieuse! but still I had to put on for her quelque peu de deuil." Wasn't that immense! I mustn't dally over these people, but I am afraid I shall forget. # # # # # # #
Dear Lu,

# # # Meanwhile I want to finish up our little Gran au Roi time before the wave of travel sweeps it from me.

We went out in the boat that evening. M. Stephanos of Avignon, rowing an immense dory, about the size of the red-boat, but flat bottomed and leaking like fury; the women held their petticoats well up & showed their fat legs; the children stooped over and dabbed in the sloppy bottom, and were hauled up and spanked by their respective Mamas. The cars were square where you take hold of them and lashed, each to a single tole-pin with loose string. What is the French for tole-pin, I've forgotten already. The rowing was nothing great therefore only to dawdle up and down the lovely canal, for it was not dreamed of to go outside, where the Medit. was sparkling and bobbing with a great slant of early moon on it. Soon a great cry arose, "We must go back, for the Vapeur is coming."

"But it will stop at the Baç?"

"No because Madame Jojou's mari comes."

So we hurried back and scrambled out at the plank of our Hotel, and about 10 minutes after this haste the Vapeur from Aignes-Mortes panting along, a reasonable sized tug, like that in which we came off at Navre--only this was painted red & neat, and the Captain sat on a four legged stool in the middle and turned the steering-wheel.

As it came up, a chance boy on the shore caught the rope and made fast a chance woman passenger on board hauled it up close. M. Jojou alighted, kissed his wife and patted the children and then we all walked down to the Phare together.

Next day we bathed, having the keys to little Cabins of the roughest description given us, where we could leave our clothes. The water was delicious on a flat beach but wavey. They were all in there, Messieurs et Mamas. The carpet man from Nimes was the only one brave enough to swim out anywhere near Molly and me, who must have been quite waist-deep I should think, and he praised us by saying we swam remarkably well "pour dames." The prowess of our swimming spread through the town.

So we stayed Wednesday & Thursday, & became quite old inhabitants. They showed us une Anglaise, who lived at another Hotel with a family from Nimes; and think! when we met her & scraped acquaintance, it was the first English we had heard or spoken (except to each other!) since we parted from the Bs at Lourdes! a month ago. (Exception: the nice Artist who sat near us at Lu, once when it thundered turned and said "Big drums!"--which was all the English he knew.)

Molly and the young girl grew friendly, and we invited her to a hop at our house; she proved to be Irish, her parents are dead, and she lives with the Nimes family, talks very pretty French. Like one of Miss Thackeray's girls, isn't it. Her name is Mary, but Molly has forgotten her last name.

I left the gay scene to pack, but came back to find someone thumping on the piano, and the 30 women and the 3 men hopping up and down in a regular Lancers to the same old tune we learned it by. It was rather dark with only 4 Kerosene lamps,--but very acc-
iable. They all beseeched us to stay and pass our lives, but we were inexorable.

So I didn't sleep very much, but looking out at 3½, saw the orange dawn at one end of the canal, and at the other the ocean dark with stars over it, and the great fishing boats stealthily (not to disturb the town) pulling up their sails and sliding out into the sea.

At half past 5 we were out on the side-walk, but the Vapeur wasn't there. We walked up to the Bac which was a rope stretched across the canal with a flat scow, upon which we stepped, and were pulled by the string over to the steamer; and there was the captain sitting on his stool; as we were there he tooted his little whistle, and we were off.

That is the end of that; but the episode of the Ramparts remains; for one afternoon, we took the Vapeur and came up to see Aignes-Mortes where Louis IX was. It is all the same place as the Gare of the train only it seemed best to make a separate expedition. The Old Cite is remote from the present town, and is a regular walled town, that you can walk round on the battlements, just like Jerusalem only smaller, but with streets, etc. inside, and people living in them. We were there two hours with a fiendish mistrale blowing, just as it does in Dumas novels. It is the same as a si-rocco in Egypt and made it impossible to walk round on the ramparts; so we went and sat in the church where St. Louis was consecrated before setting out,—and read about it in a book, eating plums the while. We saw the interior of the tour de Constance, delightful place with places to throw down bullets, heresies and machicolles, and things to let up and down,—like Carcassonne, but more as it used to be and less renovated.

These ancient things in France are a little mite disappointing they are so dreadfully well preserved, you wish they were more rotten. Our old chateau at Loz, is far more according to our ideas; and in Spain, of course things were crumbly enough. They are praiseworthy too, to keep them in such good order, but the flavor of the picturesque is diluted, though not lost.
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Hotel du Nord,
Interlaken, August, 18, 1882.

Dear Luc, I am shocked to find the gap is so long since XIX, written at the beginning of Chamonix, and I hope this will catch a swift steamer to combler the vide. We have been too much on the rampage to write;—now we settle down I hope for some time; and the first thing is to seize the pen and write all our remarkable and successful adventures. It will take two letters full to post you up to time.

We had a jovial ranitpole time in Chamonix, just a week. Anne Hastings and Miss Booth had rooms over the way in a dependance, but of course we were all together most of the time, head-quarters being my very small room on the ground floor, with a superb view of Mt. Blanc. The first expedition was on Mules up to the top of the Fligere, whence the whole chain is visible. After that we rested a day and then went up to Montauvert which is over the Mer de Glace. Much as Chamonix is talked about, I had never paid any attention to the lay of the land,—before. It is certainly wonderfully grand, the only objection is that it is too much delivered over to the money-changers, who overdo the 50 centime business. Every crack and corner has a sign-board pointing to it, a path leading to it, and on the spot a small chalet where you see a chamois, or drink beer, or buy carved wood (to loathe it later). As soon as we said the word "mule", we fell victims to two men who by the law of the place became our guides for the whole time. When we rose in the morning, those two men were before the door. After every meal they were setting on the fence waiting for us. In the middle of the night (so to speak) I was waked up to know if mademoiselle desired the Mulets; when the maid brought the bath in the morning, she announced that "ces guides" were there. Now, we didn't especially like the mulets, they are much harder to ride than dear donkeys, indeed it is so slanting coming down the places that almost all prefer to walk;—so I kept sending word to "ces guides" that they needn't wait.

We sketched and took our own walks in the intervals of indulging our guides;—and went by ourselves to the Glacier des Bossons, where we invented a terrific scramble, unknown to Badeker, and came out by a little house miles from home, very hot and thirsty, where a worthy Swiss woman milked a cow into some tumblers for us, and we quaffed the loathsome beverage with rapture.

In the village there was a cage full of young St. Bernard dogs, very lovely, only a month old, so plump and humpy, and big-nosed, and furry that we all loved them very much. Do you think Miss Booth actually bought one,—much to Molly's joy, and we were the observed of all as we walked back to the Hotel with him in our arms. I think Miss Booth was a little aghast when the woman accepted her offer for him. The price was 50 francs, she offered 35, the woman consulted Jorkins within, and coming back said that her mari ruined himself but that it pained him so to grieve Mademoiselle that he would take the 35. We selected the youngest, after much hesitation; the woman said the youngest were always the most intelligent (like me, in our family). He was so lumpy and the white on his nose was so sort of sideways, as to be quite irresistible. So we got him to
the Hotel. Of course the only place to keep him was in my room, where I am sorry to say, his conduct was open to criticism while we were at dinner. But he ate milk like an Angel, and for the night was consigned to the chambermaid.

This was our last night in Chamonix; the next morning at 7½ we started in two carriages to go over the Tete Noire, the dog in a box with straw on the front seat. That last day I fell in with a pleasant American who turned out to be Edward Abbott of Cambridge, not of the Joseph Hales but a cousin. He was to walk over the Tete Noire and we took his valise on one of our voitures. The drive is beautiful, and all the way up we enjoyed it immensely, dog and all, but we had a provoking time with the drivers who are all in league together to swindle and annoy travellers; they made us wait 3 hours on the Tete Noire, and then went so slowly down the other side that we missed our train for Vevey, although we had started early, in full time according to Badeker and all authorities. So Mr. Abbott, who was at Tete Noire long before we were, and left us (after lunching with us and being very pleasant) although he reached the train, and wanted much to get on to Lausanne for his letters, had to stop over for his valise!! It was really maddening. Every carriage that day missed the train. We don't know the object of the drivers acting so. In our case it did them no good,—and furnished occasion for a superb piece of French wrath by myself when the man demanded of me three francs for bringing Mr. Abbott's valise!! Mr. Abbott being at that moment lost to us and apparently wandering about Switzerland without his baggage. The cocher retired without any pourboire, and thus I saved Mr. Abbott 3 francs. He turned up later finding us at the Hotel where we had to stop for dinner,—and we drank beer together amably in a garden. We decided to postpone getting his letters & go up to the Hospice St. Bernard, and that was the last of him.

Meanwhile the little dog was bursting himself with milk. We kept seeing other dogs, only 3 months old, which were already as big as houses, and Anne and Miss Booth began to look a little grave in facing their responsibility. However they bought him a heavenly basket on the Tete Noire, and Bessie & Molly helped to tend him. We took the 7 p.m. train down to Vevey. Hastings, Booth and the dog got out at Montreux, where their trunks were. These stations are just like Newton, Brookline & Longwood. Molly and I went on to Vevey, and were whisked in a lordly 'bus to the Grand Hotel Monnet. # # # However, the Monnet is exquisite. We had a lovely (and very expensive) room on the Lake, oh! the most beautiful sight possible, and so familiar just like 9 years ago. A band was playing in the garden. We had demi-poulet, a salad and grapes in our room, and went to bed to the sound of waltz music. This was only Molly and me, you understand, our party reduced to its original proportions.

Sunday morning Miss Booth came in and we 3 had a swim in the Lake, delicious. # # # # # # #

"But where is the dog?"

They have put him en pension with a serrurier at Montreux for three months!!!

It seems he howled all night, & they got no sleep;—and Miss Booth had already paid so much for his milk that ruin stared her in the face; they decided it would be quite impossible to keep him at present; so they will come here in three months on purpose to
get him, when he will be a big and let us hope a good dog. And that is the episode of the dog. It was none of my plan, buying him, from the first and I was amazed to find it anything more than a joke. So was Miss Booth, I am pretty sure. Anyhow, the two were now as happy at being rid of their dog, as they were before at having him. Perhaps he will die, or something.

But now began the strange tale of the Rhone Glacier, conceived by Miss Booth, and executed with some reluctance on my part, but it has turned out very well. After a jolly lunch in a garden restaurant on the Lake, Miss Booth and I took the train back to Martigny, leaving Anne and Molly and all the baggage to come straight to Interlaken, via Berne!—and this they did the next day, and we found them here last evening, all safe and very jolly, having had long enough time at Berne to see bears and the clock, although it rained, for we have had horrid weather all the week, for the first time in all our travels. You know Miss Lejeune and Philip Horner did the Rhone glacier, and I have been longing to see if they did it right, (they didn't, by the way!), but I had given it up as too tiring for Molly. As soon Miss Booth heard of it, she was wild to go, but she saw it would kill Anne Hastings; so she proposed this plan! And it was a wonderful expedition. Miss Booth is a quite intelligent, very well bred person, and just the right companion for travelling. We got back Monday evening to Martigny in time to sketch a Robber Castle there is there before dark; and next morning we took the train for Brig, in the Simplon village. Such an amusing Englishwoman was in the train. Do be sure to set me on her conversation after I get back. She talked steadily from 7 to 11 o'clock when she left us to go up to Zermatt which the English are pleased all to pronounce to rhyme with door-mat in defiance of the custom of the country. Miss Booth loves to have me imitate the woman although she herself is English. At Brig, we learned the diligence was gone, although all authorities swore it connected, with that train; but we were soon furnished with an einspanner. For now you must know that all French vanished, and it became necessary to do it all in German, and now that I have got the hang of it, I love it, but it came hard at first, for Spanish would crop up under the French.

Our Kutscher was a withered up little old Swiss, his horse a fat solid mare, and the carriage a little ramshackle thing lined with sort of faded brocade all in rags. We had no baggage but one bag, my sketching panier, and a huge shawl-strap; but not too huge as you shall see.

This was the Valley of the Rhone we were in; the Haut-Valais, or Wallis, the same thing,—a lovely gorge; and the houses and villages far more eigenthumlich than round Chamonix; the real article, people living in them, & having manners and customs; not all on the loose after 50 centimes. And the fields lush with clover and all possible flowers. So we kept on all day, had breakfast in one place, dinner in another, and began to climb up and up towards the Glacier as it grew dark. The gorge is superb, & the road a marvel—but the fog came sweeping in, and it was quite gruesome before we reached the Hotel; which is away up at the top of everything where the Rhone begins; it is built against the
rock. (Picture).

We had sweet little clean beds with plumeaux on them which we used for it was colder than thunder.

Next morning Wednesday, we went to see the glacier, and I made a pretty good sketch of it. It is far more interesting than the Mer de Glace, though not so big, for you look up at it instead of down,—a great rampart of ice, with a low arch in it, of delicious blue green tints, out of which curves little Mister Rhone, whom now I have followed up from his very mouth!

We were pierced with cold before the sketch was done, for the day was only half pleasant. They set out to make a fire for us in the Salon, but as it was only of smoking wet twigs, we took to our beds till lunch time, to get warm.

At 2, after a good meal, we climbed our horses for the Grimsel Pass. One horse was our trotting friend of the day before! for our Kutscher had persuaded us it would be fresh enough;—and he was the guide! with another man, and horse. They were lovely beasts, and much easier than the mules of Chamonix. Now we began to go up and up; and found that the Zig-zag on the other page was but the beginning, and that the steep path leads twice as high to the very top of a mountain. It was really frightful to look down to the road where we were at 4 p.m. the day before! where the Rhone was boiling and boiling. And the sun went in, and clouds came up, with a howling wind, and it began to hail violently after half an hour! Of course we were wet to the skin. When we had turned the top, they wanted us to walk, and we were glad to; for our feet and hands were stiff with cold;—so down we went on a new zig-zag, the bare stones slippery with wet. The scene was grand in spite of discomfort,—like the top of Mt. Washington, etc.; only surrounded with higher snow covered peaks, when they could be seen through the fog.

Reached the Grimsel hospice about 4 p.m.; and stopped there of course, though we had meant to go farther. Went to bed, while our clothes were drying in the kitchen; there were about 20 people in the same plight. It is a roughly built house with plank partitions; we were grateful for the second time that day for plumeaux, and slept like tops (after prudent brandy) till 7 p.m. Such a table d'hote! chiefly Germans talking loud, and brandishing their knives, between thrusting them into their mouths. At our end a fearful American fool, and a blaze Englishman who said a Bull fight was the most noble sight in the world;—and that no one admired the Alhambra who had seen the East!

So we left them for our beds again at 8 o'clock. You must bear in mind that it was colder than fury, and raining steadily, so there could be no sketching. Otherwise the gloomy little lake close by the Hospice would have been a good subject.

At 5 next morning, Thursday, we were up, crammed our feet into boots still damp, put all there was in the shawl-strap again on our back or knees, and climbed our horses. The sun was out, and it was weird and lovely up there. Said farewell to a friendly German who praised my Aussprache and started down the Valley of the Aar. It was well worth all the wetting and cold, for that day's ride was perfectly lovely; crossing on little bridges,—wonderful waterfalls,—the landscape growing milder all the time, & flowers beginning. The falls of the Handeck are wonderful, where the Aar and another river come tumbling together in a deep Schlucht. It was quite amenable and riant down at Im-hof, which we reached at noon. Here we had an absurd fight with everybody the whole popu-
lation being determined we should not take the diligence, but an einspanner. But we were determined to take the diligence, and did, and were glad of it; for it soon began to pour, and we were safe and dry in the interieur which we had all to ourselves, while all the Einspanners must have got soaking wet. It is but a few hours to Brienz where we rushed to the Dampschiff, but Damp is a mild term for it was streaming with rain. Nevertheless at Giessbach, on the lake, were Molly and Anne! this was the plan, for them to come out and see the Falls, & meet us;--but for seeing falls, they might have stayed in the house. We had a most jolly meeting. Anne had done wonders, for being sure I should hate the pension where we had written for rooms, she has engaged a very pretty one in this Hotel for Molly and me. Molly and the trunks therefore were brought hither, while she & Miss Booth spent the night in the horrid pension;--they were off this morning betimes, for St. Moritz in the Engadine! 

The Jungfrau has changed from morning white to noon shades since I began, so no more at present from

Yrs
Suse.
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.
Heidelberg, Sept 6, 1882.

Dear Luc·

We were two whole weeks at Interlaken, where it was very cosy and pleasant, for we got to be built into the Hotel as it were, with very friendly relations with landlords, maids, German families and compatriots. Booth and Hastings came back Saturday; their room was the loveliest in the house. I wish you could see how it was, but it is hard to describe. They were at the end of this long ell, (picture), with the superb view, and they had this little balcony with a round table on it, and all flowers in boxes twined about the railings, nasturiums, geraniums, etc. My room was up one flight and looked down across this row of flowery balconies, to the Jungfrau, do you begreifen? So that when Molly & I were taking our coffee in the morning, we saw them sitting taking theirs amongst their flowers on the balcony, with wasps butting at them to get the honey which is a chief staple of the Swiss breakfast. Below all was a great garden with a fountain, and trees with tables where the Germans worked worsted and drank beer, and great rose trees with Jacqueminsts and the like blooming, and fig-trees trained against the posts with figs fattening on them, and outside the Jungfrau, wasn't it pretty?

The only drawback was that it would rain;--and indeed it is like Bishop Hall's summer over here; nothing will ripen; the plums which are everywhere in quantities, are hard as bullets, and the grapes as sour as cider; we thought that Interlaken was the home of it; but other travellers have the same Ungluck. We have to be more sorry for the Hotel keepers and so on than ourselves, for we manage pretty well between the drops.

My dear, there was the most fascinating book-shop at Interlaken kept by a sweet woman. I never could get by it, and bought French, Italian and German books.

We snatched a pleasant day to go to Grindelwald, and started off one morning in a big open carriage with Mrs. Grapo, Miss J., Anne H. and me inside, and Miss Booth and Molly up behind the driver. It is a beautiful drive of several hours through a gorge by a river, and up zigzags to a sort of amphitheatre where you look off across a valley to two immense glaciers against blank walls of mountain, all brown with moraine-colour, and above snow covered; the Jungfrau, Monch, etc., etc., towering over all. These latter wort­ thies were as usual mostly hidden by clouds, but the effects of light and shade were lovely, and the peaks came out occasionally. We lunched and then scattered on our various devices, Miss B. and I sketched; and my glacier is considered very successful;--not pretty but accurate. While I was resting afterwards, a sound like many cannons echoed round the valley; we all ran to see a far off avalanche sliding down the mountain, with mist like smoke rising up--miles and miles away! We saw it sliding long after the noise was done that began it.

Sailed across the lovely lake of Thun in the sunset lights, and reached Thun about 8, where we were in a funny German Hotel. It all begins to be just like Weimar,--more than in Switzerland.

Saturday was deliciously hot; we rejoiced in being broiled in the sun although we had on only thick things, having sent on all our trunks. We were actually all four living in my valise (which we had
in Syria), sketching things and all: but its such a luxury to have no weighing, and although the thing was heavy, we had it with us in the odious Swiss cars which are like American ones only always crowded and badly regulated. But it is great fun we have, all four, in our raids upon buffets, and plunging with all the shawlstraps in and out of cars. Thun is a very pretty town, we wished we could stay, but we were off at 10 a.m. to Berne, where we stopped over two hours; took a finacce with a very intelligent driver who took us to all the principal points. The day was clear, and we really saw from the beautiful terrace more of Jungfrau and Co. than in our whole Interlaken sojourn. It is like the Panorama at Pau. Then you must know that we went to Biel, or Bienne, on the Bieler See; and what for,—but that there are traces of the Lake-dwellers there or Pfahl- ban, as my German Badeker says. I thought it would be so good for the Homers at some future time, in fact I planned a little trip to the ancient Aventicum, which is just there; but we stayed too long at Interlaken for that. But Biel was not out of our way.

Perhaps you would like to know why more people don't go to Bi- enne. It is because it is the stupidest spot in the world, and the small lake is like any pond you pass on the railroad, only uglier than anything can be in America. Bienne looks just like Mansfield, or South Framingham, a bran new town all Railroad Station, with a Horrid great cheap looking Hotel, full of pretension and discomfort. It is the only place we've seen where they don't know anything about their own lions, nobody cares a rap for the Pfahlbans. They must have thought we were crazy, and we made very merry over ourselves. We got there about 3 p.m.—rested ourselves and cooled off with "Siphon et citron". Edward knows what that means; & then got the Portier of the Hotel to escort us to the Lake. The people at the Hotel all said we should not be able to see the Pfahlbans at all; but when we reached the shore, a ragged suburban flat gloomy place where a row of boats was tethered, a gloomy boatman in carpet slippers who talked a wild patois, agreed to row us about for an hour for 1 franc 80. And when he saw our enthusiasm he warmed up, and knew all about the Pfahlbans. My dear! It was very exciting, and repaid all our toil. The pond is very shallow, about waist deep, and perfectly clear, and below the surface you see the old piles sticking up, all moss covered,—hundreds of them! as you look across them they seem like tussocks under water! It seems the lake used to be much larger & higher,—but some years ago a canal was cut for commercial purposes, which let it down, and revealed all these pilotis as the French say. I hope you know what I am talking about, & of course you do.

How we laughed at the idea of 4 spinsters solemnly rowing about and informing themselves of this pre-historic life.

We went home, and had a remarkably good roast chicken at the Hotel, and slept like tops.

Next morning we went to the Museum Schwab, where everything is collected that has been found of remains of the lake-dwellers, teeth and bones, and finger rings and weapons, and little bits of coarse cloth, and fragments of pottery which suggest the Etruscan. Nobody knows much about the shape of their houses, but Herodotus said that they used to pave openings in the floors to fish etc. down into the lake; and that when they went out, they tied the children by the leg so they needn't fall into the water. But the stu- pidity of the Bielers,—nobody knew where the Museum was!—and we walked round and round to find it; and the woman who kept it knew nothing at all except that it was 50 centimes all round.
The whole adventure gave the impression that off the beaten track the interest ceases; in fact that tourists know what they are about in making some places famous; still, we didn't regret our de­tour, and now want to work up the lake-dwellers all we can. We left hideous Bienna with delight and came on to Basle, where all was quite delightfully different, a crooked old german town, and our rooms were directly over the rushing Rhine!—the town on both sides of the river, bridges above and below, tram-cars trotting across, and all the movement of a great city. The sunset lights were lovely, and a thundershower was coming up. Alas! the next morning was rainy so no sketching from our windows, but we went out to see the Holbeins in the Museum, which was why I stopped. Very interesting; the original drawings of the Darmstadt Madonna, and lots of those drawings of which we have seen copies, all very familiar—then his portrait of Erasmus,—of his wife and children, etc.—and other good pictures by other Dutch & Flemish masters. We walked about the town, drew money, (now Marks, the same as English shillings, and 20 M. pieces same as a pound; so farewell francs now!), asked a man in a shop where was a respectable restaurant; and had there an ex­cellent lunch for 30 cents apiece, (thus saving our 5 franc apiece dejeuner at the lovely but expensive Drei Konige, where by the way were great carved, coloured and gilded images of the Three Kings up over the door out in the street, larger than life).

We could sketch a little from our windows in the p.m. and Miss Booth made a lovely little view of the river. I forgot to mention the Munster which we inspected; where the Council of Bale sat. It is much modernised, and these northern gothic interiors are too cold and bare, after Spain, to be tolerated. The old cloister though was lovely.

At dinner that night were some pleasant Philadelphia people; & lo and behold! it came out that they are to sail in our steamer! So you will hear more of them doubtless by the name of Williams.

On Tuesday morning we reisened ab, and came to this sweet and lovely place. We had a funny day with adventures on the train, for now that we are travelling second class it is more amusing, though less comfortable. The beautiful Castle invites us from the height, looking in at the window; but we are all so behind with letters, we have put off climbing to it till after dinner which is at 1 o'clock in Germany. # # # # #
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

London!! Sept. 17, '82.

Mrs. Alflatts, 2 Foulis Terrace, Fulham Road.

My dear, It seems a sort of preliminary getting home to arrive here! I abandon my foreign languages; Molly can communicate with the natives herself. It was amusing to see her zest at being able to read the signs over the shops as we drove through London yesterday. "Ready made clothing" seemed beautiful to her, also--"Boot-maker to the Queen." Then to see Molly!--and we are in a real house, with stairs, not two rooms of a pension. It feels very queer and very delightful, as also to have on some good clothes.

But I must tell all about it. Flying postals from the Rhine which I let fall to Robby and others may have cheered you since my last from Heidelberg.

Well, now you see we stayed at Heidelberg a whole week, very delightfully. It is a charming Hotel. (Mentioned in F. F.--don't you think I ought to have had a reduction to my bill). Molly and I had two adjoining rooms. Mine had a round table, at which we four met for Coffee, and also in the evening at 8 we had (there, instead of going down stairs), cold meat, salad, delicious bread & butter, and beer, for such is the singular Pension custom at German Hotels--an immensely long (and good) table! That dinner, at one, is the only regular meal. At Interlaken it was at 12½! It's rather a jump from that to come to dining here at 7½ p.m. Every morning we took sketching things and went up to the lovely Castle,--a kind of German Alhambra, on the same principle, but atmosphere so different! Then after dinner and naps, up we went again, but every p.m., nearly, was an open air concert, delicious waltzes, etc.--which we listened to, looking at the beautiful view, or the ruins, or the ivy & woods, and had jolly, but brief evenings in my room after Abend-Essen. We had a drive across the Neckar and up to the Molkenkur--walked about the town. The Gross Herzog of Baden Baden had a Geburtstag while we were there & there was a Packel Zug consisting of 15 torches and the Band of the Regiment. They marched about the town, and serenaded their Colonel whose house was Neben an our windows. Emma the maid said that it would have been more lebhaft if the Studenten had been there. I guess it would. They are off on holidays.

Last Tuesday, it seems an age ago--we got off to Darmstadt, about two hours by train, and here we all stopped on purpose to see the Real Holbein Madonna. I asked a man who had a brass plate on his cap saying "Dienstmann" where we must go, and he instantly sprang up and said he knew all about it and would show us Alles. In a fatal moment we placed ourselves in his hands, instead of taking a cab; for he tormented our lives out, dragging us round stupid streets to see the Hofstalls, and the Marstalls, and all stupid things, and as it turned out, knew not a thing about the Holbein-Bild and if I hadn't been loaded to the muzzle with Badeker and German we should have missed it after all! But we finally got there. It is in a private palace where now the widow of the last Duke lives. It all looked so Weimar-isch! The palace a large, but unpretentious house--looks like old-fashioned houses in Portsmouth and Keene, with paper-weights and photographs lying about. The picture is lovely--and there are other interesting pictures, family portraits of the Gross-Herzog family. A gorgeous Valet in livery willingly showed us everything, and as willingly accepted a Mark which we pressed into his hand at parting. It was this Gross Herzog's Ge-
burtstag, and the little one-horse town was all upside-down with flags and guns and bells and excitement. The Prince of Wales family were there to dine that evening, actually in the Palace while we were looking at the Picture Gallery at one end of it. We think they will be so sorry they didn't know we were there till too late to ask us to join the party. You know this Gross Herzog is the one who was married to the English Princess Alice. She is dead, and there is some talk of marrying him to the unmarried daughter of Queen Victoria, which is why the Queen favoured the deceased wife's sister's Bill so much. In Darmstadt they say there is gar kein chance of it. The Duke is just 46 years old, and very lovely to look at, to judge by pictures; and we all longed for a chance at him. But we were only 2 hours in his town, & he was too busy with his guests to look out of window.

And there we parted with our jolly companions Booth & Hastings, who only came thus far, to see the Holbein.

We went on to Mainz by train; there our trunks were put on a barrow, and we walked behind them across a long sort of boulevard to the Dampschiff which was going down the Rhine. You know I bought gaze-tickets in Geneva to do all this with for an incredible small price. We had a little book full of leaves which were torn off one after another, and all we had to do was to read where to go next on the next leaf, which sometimes gave a choice of several routes. Thus we could stop anywhere along the Rhine, and I had thought of pulling up at several places;—but we had but a few days, and the weather was precarious, so when we stepped on board that p.m. (2½ o'clock) I said "Coblentz", & we sailed all the way thither & arrived at 8 o'clock. It was a lovely day, and we saw all the castles and things. In fact Molly is gorged with castles; I don't think she would turn her head to see one in the middle of Broadway. The Hotel "Tum Anker" is close on the river, so men brought the luggage across the road on their backs. We had a funny little German room looking across to Ehrenbuitstein, a sweet pretty place, but alas next day when we got up it was cold, foggy rain. So we took the 2 p.m. boat and, covered with all our wraps, floated down to Köln, without stopping at Boun. This was just as well. The Rhine is only interesting above Coblenz; and as it happened we had none too much time. Went to Hotel du Nord, where the Bursleys met me June 1, 1873;—it is a great Hotel very well kept,—very dear! This was Wednesday night; and Thursday we went through the Cathedral, which is finished since I was there before. The interior is very pure Gothic, and holds its own, in spite of Spain, for the stained glass warms it up, and prevents one's missing the pictures and gilding. All the other churches we have seen have seemed horridly bare and cold,—but then they havenot been first-class since we left Granada. Then we saw the old Meister Wilhelm pictures in the Museum (see Chap I of next Horners, I mean the Egypt one) and lots of delightful early German School;—and went and did the St. Ursula Church, where are all the bones of the 11,000 Virgins. The Sacristy is all tapestried with them, worked in a truly Hol-bein pattern by a man in the 16th century. He laid them all together in different patterns all round the walls,—and the material did not give out. (Picture).

Bought a box of Cologne, (same price as at J. T. Brown's, corner Bedford and Washington) and a pair of stockings for you,—and came off for Rotterdam at 2½.

Now began to be all flat and windmills the landscape, and we
to tremble as to the Dutch language and money. There was a nice German governess going back to her flock in England, who was afterwards on the boat with us. At the station all the porters talked English, and we drove to the Hotel in a regular Boston Hack. The town was delightful as we drove through it;—I should like to learn Dutch and then stay a long time in Holland;—but not knowing it, the money is very puzzling, and you feel as if they were cheating you, as we should have done in Spain if we had not done so well with our Spanish.

Perhaps I feel so the more because my beloved blue & green shawl was stolen at the Hotel! which is the only thing of the sort in all our travels. Otherwise Rotterdam was delicious, and we had a most amusing day there, exploring the streets with the plan in Badeker; the shops were simply ravishing and I don't know yet whether I shall let you have the collar and manchetten of Flemish handarbeit I bought there. Oh! such sweet queer brass and lace the women wear at their temples, like the eyes of camleons, made of wire. (picture) Why, I can't imagine. We walked on the Boompjes, and a friendly man in a book-shop advised us to lunch at Fritjis, across a long bridge, which we did very well. It began to rain while we were there, and there are no cabs that side of the bridge so we had to hurry back on foot, to this side where we sprang into a cab which took us back to the "Pays Bas" Hotel. Later we went out again, to the Museum to see the pictures,—nothing very interesting.

At six p.m. we were on board the "Richard Young" bound for London. Oh Heavens! what a time. I had imagined the crossing would be by daylight on Saturday; it was only when we reached Rotterdam that we found otherwise. Lucky we had not dawdled any longer on the Rhine,—but of course I had left this margin. There were no staterooms to be got—Molly was poked into one with 3 ladies a small boy and a bottle of cologne and I ———— but why dwell upon these themes. You have been in a Ladies Cabin. Everybody of course was sick but me. Poor Molly!—I did not undress at all, as there was no place to put anything if I took it off. At 4 a.m. I climbed down across bodies and basins, and went up on deck; stopping for a cup of vile coffee in the Saloon. It was fresh and sweet up there; I and the steersman had it to ourselves for an hour or two, when the rest crawled up.

We were late, and reached Harwich late. Here trunks were all opened; no chance for food, so we went empty to the train, and then it was more than two hours to London. Of course we felt like dogs. At the Liverpool Station, a sweet fourwheeler took us and our boxes, and we began to drop our Es again and be 'appy. It is an immense distance; we drove all through London I should think, but the amusing sights cheered us.

And here our rooms were all ready and Edward will tell you how nice they are. Eliza is exactly as I have acted her in many a farce, with a cap & apron, and speaking of "Mistress." The jolly cabman took a line to Nelly's studio hard by, and in two minutes she was here! What bliss;—so was the budget of letters. So was the neat breakfast of kidneys, Bacon, eggs and ale. So was the Can of 'ot water and the bath;—and so were the beds on which we finally fell and slept like dogs till far into the afternoon. We have a sweet settin room on the ground floor,—and way up at the top of the house, two rooms, front and back. It seems so nice to have so much room that it's a pleasure to forget something and go upstairs after it.
Mrs. Merritt had kindly asked us for dinner; and as we slept all day, we could easily brace up and dress—(Silk long gown, first time wearing in all the trip! I must say it looks lovely!) and down in a cab to her sweet pretty house where Nelly is in clover. We saw Mrs. M's studio & pictures; her lovely cat upjumpins these Ranty and purred like hisify,—afterwards made trouble by knocking over with tail Rantz Merwhitts coffee.

And came home in a 'ansom. Today, Molly went with Nelly to church. I wrestled with my accounts. Somewhat snarled with beginning the week in Marks, and coming out through Gulders into shillings. This p.m. Nelly & I had a delightful call on Mrs. Howells who leaves tomorrow with all the Howellses for Switzerland. Mr. & Mrs. C. Dudley Warner were there, affable about my Elixir in Hartford,—Mr. Warner was in Grenada just about when we were. Afterwards Mr. Howell came here to see me; and their banjo is in the corner here on the way to Mrs. Merritts.

Altogether it seems delightful, a sort of running in and out of pleasant folks, and our engagements are filling up for the week. We have sent for tickets to see Irving in Romeo and Juliet tomorrow!! What larks.

I opened the trunk we sent back from Madrid, such much it contained that I carted over here from Boylston St! But also my Alforca and other amusing Spanish things which I had clean forgotten about. We had corned beef for dinner and soles with anchovy sauce. Funny for Molly & me to sit down, and me to carve a regular family dish!

Always yrs,

Susie.
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

April 16, 1883. 94 B.

Dear Luc. I rise from lunch, and reading your note (check duly rec'd) which nerves me to my resolve of writing you now a full account of the Worcester campaign; but I don't spell very well as my hand is tired and my brain feeble after writing since 8 o'clock the Napoleonic invasion of Spain for Horners.

All went well, and the Sargents were lovely, and I had really a charming time, only rather strenuend-ean. The "paper" would have been better if I could have had a calmer day, but the reputation of Hales must always suffer from this cause, and 'tis perhaps a difficulty with all human beings. I couldn't read the thing over before the day to any advantage, because as a talk it must be perfectly fresh. I wrote you my trials up to starting. At the station I took a Pullman Seat to have a quiet nook to read my manuscript. Edward Jackson came & sate by me, and buzzed every moment till the arrival at Worcester. I must say it was wonderfully brief, for we stopped not even at Framingham, and just as I had braised up to resolve to tell him he must go away--lo! Worcester was reached.

Emily met me, and would take the (great big clumsy) bag, and we drove up to the delightful house where Mrs. S., Mary and Mrs. Harry were cordial. I was at once shown to my great airy pretty room, where I had time to rekrinkle my hair, and change boots for slippers, glance at the books, and guess they would do, before going down to a copious tea of scalloped oysters. The dear Dr. was genial, and the family just as nice as possible,--our kind,--and we had much talk about you and kindred topics.

It appeared that John Heywood was to introduce me to the audience, whereupon great jeer; and he said, "To think that I have become a dignitary of an Art Club to introduce you in order that you may Read a Paper."

"Well," said I, "'tis not too late to change it--let's announce a charade."

But the sketches were all hung about in an appetizing manner, and a small table with a glass of water set forth. So he introduced me with decorum, and I began to read in a rather squeaky voice at first. There were about 50 people in a place that would have held 200, and it seemed sort of cold blooded to be extracting from the Conquest of Granada, but they were very attentive, and not stiff, and after a while it became just like telling people about the place. I had a very nice Plan I have made, which would improve and please any mind,--and the sketches looked very pretty. I enclose the comment of the morning paper, which you may keep & send back. After it was done (rather short, less than an hour) the faithful came & fell upon my neck. Then we all took Horse, foot, or dragoons back to Sargents, where a little feast was spread, and John Heywood and Frank Rice, together with the Jos, joined.

This carouse lasted till midnight when I was full fain to seek my bed, and slept like a top, only that Harry's big dog saw fit to bark violently in the night, to the Regret of all the family. Breakfast was at 7½, a shade early, but I had a nice bath in a flat dish laid out for the purpose in my room, by the neat maid, and the Doctor and all were very nice.
Saturday morning,  
Charme Head; Aug 25, 73.

Dear Sue; you too short notice  
Excusing things. Say you had not  
Received my first letter of about  
A week ago, so I am discouraged  
A week ago. I saw no Summer  
Arrival. About the  
House, than always  
And to Kelle and about it, and of course  
If she wished it. I could not  
Keep it myself, but it is in  
No way suited for her, it is small  
Than my Parson, there is no good  
Cleat, and no way without  
Tearing down the picture, of getting  
A long laugh to draw from  
from a model. The price for the mm  
To much! If I take it, it will  
be because old Parson will  
Curiosity will  
Reduce the price for the sake of having  
One pleased. (me) only. Join me, the  
Stand, and losing all the story; but  
She would not make the reduction to  
Any one else. I went into the subject
thoughtfully with regret. I have, when
was in town, and wrote her about the next hours, sending
her Edward Greenleaf note. That
house is full of good rooms, and
we can have anything she wants
there, and the prices are likely
to be more reasonable than we
have (93) I thought the attic
would not suit her, but all the
other stories are attractive, and
quite as convenient as the
orm in her house. This attic
introduces a new element, and
if she likes I will go and look
at those rooms when we go from
here; but they are not likely
in so large a move to be delicate as
the 93 rooms (Edwin Greenleaf)

I mean here Wednesday next
the 19th, and shall be delighted
to know about prices if you tell
and will go and see the 93 rooms
if she likes. Let her write me a
Express her views, addressing 94 B.
Express my views, adding 94 B.
any thing more will shock me
here. - I think if I can stay at
94, that it will be a day or two;
Hatty Petruns's wedding is Tuesday.
and the opening of the Foreign Ex.
is Monday, which the Appletin
may want me to assist at; but
I will not yet decide whether
I will be there or come direct
at Matimah. That mysterious
speech where he linn (Friday) in London.
I of course have not a hand but have written him
not to write me. I shall be next week, so the way
turn up and detain me.

I'm to take up no much space
and time with these matters, as
these volumes to record. Observe
my address till further notice in
94 Brighten Street.

I've been having a
Great series of events. One or
Two of my young men here absence,
just at my young men were arriving.
Sullivan and his friend Tyroon, who is
as far as I can make out a cousin
of Frank Parker, the great lawyer. Swan
who speaks so very English.)
Quite amusing——the 7 favorite kind
of people——I mean
the more about it when I come
this club is composed not of
Boston women, but others whom
Lydia more affects, she finds more
more amusement in Phil. and N.Y.
delightful and picks and cherishes as
the little——she can do this living
for off from the village——but in
the church of the society too in
coming together——"tilly maccou
belong to the club, and she is
charming——she called on me first
thing——agnes' coming you know——
your dear——agnes is here! — but of
that later.
Wednesday sir hume arrived, he has
not been here before——he is delightful
as funny as possible, and like a boy
injuring in holidays——he has a
few patients here he has to tend
but otherwise is free. He is going
now to see dr. calvin ellis, who is
always an invalid you know. Dr. chace
said——"i shall get there just then
from time Shah! is well no matter i
can take some medicine with ellis, thanks!"

and it was almost decided to
the back, it was so thrilling hot
and dusty. It is having a
beautiful all day excursion. We
were camping in the two person skates
and the rest of the wing in the
Rock boat.

The beauty of a boat trip is
that you can stop in and out so
easily——the first part is through
woods away from the sea. by
and by you come to the head of times
by the house to the head of times
by the house to the head of times.
there was a boat near the house.

Dr. chace said,
Ann abandoned the rest and lingered at Bar Harbor. At "Mountains," I saw a lot of people on Queen Mab's field, After Stripe, the town, Emily stayed and at "Saxafes," and at N.E. Harbor, she also visited. A few minutes, Edward Perkins, in the house of Bishop Seavey, and they had just built a little church called, "Mountains by the Sea," for which Mary is by the sea, for which his wife (Mary Seavey) left a request. It is very pretty, very high church, and they are having an immense time thirty, they are converting the natives to their persuasion. Mr. Perkins showed me the church, and it is evidently a Quaker image. In the town, there is a gentleman, and the man for the town, looks old and wise, his wife, he looks old and wise. It is very pretty at N.E. Harbor, but deserted to me, and where all the unpleasant features of the street, without any of its few attractions, Charles Elbert's house is in that street, he has landed it late. He has a safe harbor in his yacht, and pretty views. All that the harbor is very much land.
We all drove to the Orewa in the p.m., along a new road the old men have made, called the Cornice, one made in a little boat along the cliff that make the Orewa, very pretty – but alas, the kiawe hangs so thick that no tea lives on the one side & mountains on the other had visible, or one taken to see had visible. The house, Architecture several cock houses – Architecture has fine maid and Orewa Harbour is the paradise of the Ralph Swenos, and Autumn Read. The effect in landscape gardening is to make this hard place look as much like Lawnscoot or Longwood as possible. Smooth lawn, of which the interest consists in the price expended in grassing, twenty thousand there, this is but a skeleton account which should be filled in with many an anecdote of men and manners – but must give over. Here is a letter telling your fixed plan about Denvill, leaving Matamata &. 

My men leave today, and I hope in may return after this departure. Really, the things here, with the surf dashed on lemon Head is more beautiful than anything elsewhere. – I have only had a chance to make one sketch – and take two baths. The water is cold as ice, but very delicious, and deep. For swimming off of rocks –
Thursday morn, Mr. and Mrs. Homans sailed again for Mrs. Marcon's reception, and there the tale is that Agnes was at Mrs. Cole's - who is both a Cordie or something. So in flew to see her & secured her for an expedition of the next day. All the Homans family, staying at the Hotel, came out to spend the day with us, and we spent the p.m. on the Nooks, admiring the sea, again splendid. There was a Check-Board party; I joined in a picnic, and lighted a ten of them, hitting on the edge of the Nooks with their back to the wind mauling each other and yelling, and eating candy out of the boxes which they scattered from each other; the in these damaos was dressed in a light blue jersey connected with a white Gowned skirt by a broad blue sash tied on the back. The women's shoes, with high heels, - A black flax hat with two white gills. Beasts on it. -

Friday, yesterday was our great party, and it went off charmingly. 35 people invited by different assembled at the pier at Port Huron, and launched away in the little steam yacht Buttercup to go round the Island by water. It is a charming trip, and especially when escaping the heat, and even smoke which only enhanced the softness of the light - though it flew up as if from a crater in several places.

Nothing can stop it but Rain, which won't come. In date chatting on deck under an awning next to Charles.

Dr. Charles Homans
George Homans
Ella
Carrollton companion
Agnes Marcon (charming)
Billy Marcon (charming)
Kelly Richardson
Ralph T. Budler
Joseph Hale
Small Richard Hale
Agnes Marcon (charming)
Ella
Cora
Reverend Frank Reardon
Price
Cora Minot

And Corn "Dr. John Homans"

On the aged "Mrs."

Small Homans by, ten to the father, Mr. Richards.

I had a picnic lunch on Board. It was, very interesting and improving passing all the N. S. Islands from the outside which we had seen in driving up towards eleven in work.
Dear Luc:

Well:--we have been having a great series of events, some of them amazing. Wish I could think where I left off. I think it was just as our young men were arriving,--Sullivan and his friend Lyman, who is as far as I can make out a cousin of Frank Parker (the grumpy lawyer, I mean who speaks so very English). Anyhow I will begin with them last Saturday noon. The surf was superb, so as soon as they had arrived and lunched we walked through the woods to "Stag Cave" where the waves were dashing splendidly. We met in the woods a party from the George Hales, consisting of Martha Hayward, her husband Lem,--and Frank Fiske!--all escorted by George Hale. These all more or less came up in the evening and chatted on our piazza.

The weather has been unheard-of-warm for Mt. Desert and all the week we could sit out evenings without wraps; the moon on the water lovely. It has been truly delicious, but not the typical weather of the place, so every one was howling at the heat, and indeed the dust on the roads is lamentable; the woods are all on fire, a heavy smoke overhangs the distance, and fills the air with the burnt smell; for several days a hot wind has swept over Bar Harbour, making the village terrible not a drop of rain falling all this time though we hear of showers everywhere. So Lizzie had great misgivings on Monday morning when we started to drive "round the island" and it was almost decided to turn back, it was so blazing hot and dusty. It is however a beautiful all day excursion. George Romans with Carry drove the for two-persons phaeton and the rest of us were in the buck-board. (Picture). The beauty of a buckboard is that you can step in and out so easily. The first part is through woods away from the sea; by and by we came to the head of Somes' Sound, a long narrow inlet almost cutting Mt. Desert in two. There we dined at "Daniel's"--the dinner had been telegraphed for;--while waiting for it we rowed about the wooded islands. After dinner resumed buckboards and came along the side of the Fiord-like Sound with lovely hills rising abruptly from the water, and then skirted along the shores to Northeast Harbour, where is now quite a colony of Summer Boarders who have abandoned the dust and squalor of Bar Harbour. At "Kimballs" we saw a lot of people we knew, Morfield Storey, Agnes Balch, etc. Nelly Shaw is staying there I hear, and at "Savages" I saw Emily Sargent a few minutes. At N. E. Harbour also dwells Edward Perkins, in the house of Bishop Doane; and they have just built a little church called "Saint Mary's by the Sea" for which his wife (Mary Spring) left a bequest; it is very pretty, very high church.

It is very pretty at N. E. harbour but seemed to me to combine all the unpleasant features of Mt. Desert without any of its few attractions. Charles Eliot's new house is in that region, we passed it later. He has a safe harbour for his yacht, and pretty views. All that part, however, is very much land-locked,--being indeed up the bay beset with many islands. It was only as we came back towards Great Head, Otter Cliffs and Schooner Head that we reached the open sea. Indeed it is acknowledged that here where I
am now, is the beautiful part of Mt. Desert; all else must be inferior; but this is taken up by these early birds, so the rest have to content themselves elsewhere.

Tuesday, Lizzie must needs take me to her Club called "Tuesday talk" and my dear, it was at the home of your—Miss Pendleton; who fell upon my neck, as you may well believe; afterwards came up here to call with her elderly mama, and has made a party to go to Somes' Sound for me next Tuesday. Mrs. Homans was amazed full sore at all this, for kept dark even about knowing Miss P. beforehand, simply to save the trouble of explaining. The Talk was quite amusing,—the 7 favorite novels of each person discussed. I will tell more about it when I come. This club is composed not of Boston women, but others whom Lizzie more affects. She finds wisely more amusement in Phil. and N. Y. people, and picks and chooses as she likes. She can do this living far off from the village;—but in the thick of it the Society toil is becoming intolerable. "Tilly" Marcon belongs to the Club, and she is charming—she called on me first thing,—Agnes' cousin you know; & my dear—Agnes is here!—but of that later.

Wednesday Dr. Homans arrived, he has not been here before. He is delightful, as funny as possible, and like a Boy rejoicing in holidays. He has a few patients here he has to tend but otherwise is free. We all drove to the Ovens in the p.m. along a new road the town has made called the Cornice; were rowed in a little boat along the cliffs that make the Ovens; very pretty, but alas the smoke hangs so thick that no sea-line on the one side, a mountain on the other, was visible. We were taken to see several crack-houses. Architecture has gone mad and Bar Harbour is the paradise of the Ralph Emersons and Arthur Rotchs. The effort in landscape gardening is to make this wild jungle look as much like Swampscott or Longwood as possible. Smooth lawns, of which the interest consists in the price expended in uprooting the stones, with artificial rockeries planted with coleas & the like, which are artificially watered by hose from Eagle lake—while five minutes off you may see Nature's arrangement all beset with Golden Rod and Asters, far more effective, for no price at all. But it fills up the time of these folks, & "makes an object" in driving.

Thursday morning, we drove down to the Harbour again to Mrs. Marcon's reception,—and there she told us that Agnes was at Mrs. Cole's—who is sister or cousin or something. So we flew to see her & secured her for our expedition of the next day. All the John Homans family, staying at Bar Harbour, came up to spend the day here, and we spent the p.m. on the rocks admiring the surf, again splendid. There was a Buck-board party of young persons on a picnic; about eight or ten of them, sitting on the edge of the rocks with their back to the surf, mauling each other and yelling, and eating candy out of two boxes which they snatched from each other; one of these dames was dressed in a light blue jersey connected with a flounced skirt by a broad blue satin sash, she had openwork stockings and low alligator-skin shoes with high heels;—a pointed black hat with two white gulls-breasts on it.

Friday, yesterday, was our great party and it went off charmingly. 25 people invited by Lizzie assembled on the pier at Bar Harbour, and launched away in the little steam yacht Buttercup to go round the Island by water. It is a charming trip, and especially now, escaping dust, heat, and even smoke, which only enhanced the softness
of the hills--though it pours up as if from a crater in several places--nothing can stop it but Rain,--which won't come. We sat chatting on deck under an awning most pleasantly; the party was

Dr. Charles Sullivan
George Lyman
Eliza Me
Carry George Hale
Agnes Irwin Small Richard Hale
Tilly Maroot Boy staying with "
Miss Pendleton Nelly Richardson
(Rev.) Frank Peabody Lincoln Brigham
Mrs. Cora Peabody Louisa Minot
Son to these aged 10 Dr. John Homans
Small Homans boy, son to Mrs. " "

Her father, Mr. Perkins

We had a picnic lunch on board. It was very interesting and improving passing all the N. E. Harbours, etc. from the outside which we had seen in driving. Up towards Ellsworth we went through the drawbridge which connects the whole thing with the mainland. Got home, by steeds from Bar Harbour, about six, full tired. Indeed these constant heikings are fatiguing, and my poor old bones cry out for rest. Eliza is made of cast-iron, and knows no such thing as being tired. Our young men leave today, and I hope we may subside after their departure. Really the piazza here, with the surf dashing on Schooner Head is more beautiful than anything elsewhere. I have only had a chance to make one sketch;-- and to take two baths. The water is cold as ice, but very delicious, and deep, for springing off of rocks.

There, this is but a skeleton account, which should be filled in with many an anecdote of men and manners;--but I must give over. Hope for a letter telling your fixed plan about Beverly, leaving Matunuck, etc. Lots of love to all from

Yr's.
Dear Luc,

She weather holds out bravely, and is perfectly delicious here. I do believe I never had a better time in my life, in full possession, as it were, of my wooden bowl—only I don't seem to accomplish much of anything, the days fly by in such a racket-e-bang manner.

You can't, (or can) imagine the repose that at once fell upon the mansion as the last carryall departed from it; the row had been infernal up to that moment. We have now got quite a system which I will describe.

Jane Perry keeps the key of the kitchen door, and she lets herself in by it, about 7 in the morning. Her lashing about with pots and pans is a signal for me to get up;—but then you know I needn't if I don't feel like it. In case I do, I take a bath in your sitz, which is now situated in the small prayer-closet next the spare-room. It is a lovely place for a bath, with the window open. I can sleep all I like, and Jane empties the tub, & fetches fresh. You see I can make her do all sorts of things.

I then repair to the kitchen, and start the coffee-machine, and Edward joining me there, we prepare a chaste breakfast. We take milk, eggs and cream, there is occasionally a broiled blue fish; and twice, mushrooms! which we have culled, and which I have introduced to the boys. We have this meal in the red parlour, on the table down from your room,—with my pretty table-cloth & large napkins. Jane then slaves round up-stairs. She is a strange, lone, being, with a face like a shag-bark, but she warbles wild laments from the attic as she makes the beds. She does the whole wash, and everything else I want, and I pay her $3.00 a week. When she gets through she goes home, but comes up again about dusk to wash up whatever dishes may be, & set things to rights. She thinks it is splendid;—only fearing she defrauds the pig when she carries off the back-bone of the fish. Meanwhile we are free to do exactly what we like. Most often both the boys went out with me to sketch, carrying all the dunnage, and Jack reading Heine or criticizing our work while Phil & I painted. At 12½, after a bath in some pond, we have to render ourselves at Cashman's for dinner. Then we come back and wallow, getting the mail on late days, & read the newspaper and nap. At 4 or 5 we light the fire in the parlour, & make p.m. tea;—it has been warm enough most times to take it on the side piazzo:—after dark we light up,—and read;—if we feel like it we make a Welsh-rabbit or omelette before going to bed, otherwise feed upon olives and potted things. Ain't it jolly!

This is the framework; but as you may suppose we have done something entirely different from this every day. One day the Cashmans didn't want us there as they were going off to the Fair (where Tommy's horse ran in the race, and came in 2d;—3 ran.) So Mrs. Cashman sent up in the morning a huge Pie cooked in a Pot (picture) containing two chickens, potato, juice & paste. We went off on a long tramp and bath, and came home reeking with heat and tired as dogs about two. We brought the Pie out on the piazza and devoured it tooth and nail.

"It tastes as good, etc., etc.,
We felt as though we could etc., etc."

Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Sept 24, 1883.
Matunuck, R. I.
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

97 B.
Saturday p.m. May 24, 1884.

Dear Luc;

Singular time to write, but it is such a lovely day I feel just like it. Thermometer 80° in my bed-room, same in parlour, but a fresh air draughting through both rooms, and waving my thin portieres with a dreamy sort of motion. I in my linen dress with the blue spots;—how delicious it is! How it clears the wits, so that you feel equal to anything, and makes all worries appear trifling.

The Public Garden is delicious, and since yesterday even the leaves have come out on the elm-trees, so they cast a real shade. How wonderful it all is. My place is enchanting when the warm weather begins, & not over noisy. I will resume the theme after acknowledging yours of Wednesday in all the agonies of getting off from Charleston.

I have just had a nice visit from Papa Edward, who eke allowed me to shrive myself of several matters which he was absolutely necessary to. He is going to give me some stuff for Horners amounting to 4 chapters!! which makes it easy for me to get through by the 8th of June. This is such a relief. We have his Fortunes of Rachel and think it very amusing. I think it must prove popular, though not up to his best.

I just want to tell how nicely the day has gone. I was up betimes, and got my 10 pages done by ten o'clock. It goes off so much quicker when you are on the Home stretch,—I mean past the first ¾. Nelly came in with Jack, and he stayed here to write, sitting in the front room while I was in the back, and both scratching away. Nobody came but Marie to try on a wrapper she is making me.

We had sent an order for lunch, and at 11½ succulent chops & tomato-sauce in bread-crums with asparagus came, which refreshed us much. Jack took to writing again, and I dressed as aforesaid, and sat in the front window, altering the skirt of my Pongee which hung as I liked it. Papa came about 4, & we treated him to oranges, and talked up these subjects. Now they are both gone. It is five o'clock, and by and by I must dress to dine at Burnsley's--first time of leaving the house all day!—Boston is so nice when all the people have gone out of it!
July 6, 1864

Dear Miss [Name],

Thanks for your nice letter. I am to glad to think you are establishing at what you call it hot delicious there, and you have had such a lovely warm week, better than the winter weather. I hope to get a trip to reform. I have a splendid account of his life in reply, and the arrival of the family, and I feel well posted.

We have had what we call the perfection of summer days, all warm and the sun very hot, but the air is still very hot, but almost with fresh breezes also, and almost every evening flowers and beautiful lighting displays.

Mrs. Church, whose ill health makes him suffer, although he must have it warm, has good fault with the quality of the heat, and indeed I wish for as I can less people in the county are always belling for less. This really quite true, as I would they...
like it better if it always rained.

Take, my last summer in Switzerland
when the grapes need all being
minded by Constant & Zr.  & the
who arranged the rain fairly
well it seems trecsure not to leave
off this year -- knowing there are
the time but there should be enough
Exceed to return about the weather.

it is treasure not to enjoy it again.

When
You see there is a very big Skeletor
here which can't be kept in the
he once was constant in the
clue -- Mr Church is constant in
it is the priest on which all turn;
he is the one who watches him so anxiously
his wife watches him so anxiously
his children are suppressed, daunted
the children are suppressed, daunted
he avoided, fellow always at least.
he avoided, fellow always at least.

He aches in every bone all the time
He is shrunken, and weak, and

Cannot eat anything I agree with him.

Can't eat anything. I agree with him.

He is very thin, and early tired. But
He is very thin, and early tired. But

He is very thin, and early tired. But
He is very thin, and early tired. But
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Olana, Sunday, July 13, '84

Dear Luc.

#  #  # We have had a delightful week here. In fact, as I get more wonted, I am enjoying it very much. It does not often happen, you know, that one stays long enough to survive different dynasties of transients;--this gives a great at-home-ness, as being built with the family. You retire from the pinnacle of 1st company and find yourself consulted by nouveaux arrives concerning bedtime, and other family customs, and you share the relief of all, as the retreating wheels of the wagon bear away departing guests. I have long meant to write a novel doing justice to these points.  

I am getting along most comfortably with the Memoir. I broke ground on it Monday, looking carefully over the letters, journals etc; & though it was a heart-breaking kind of business, this was an excellent place for it, for everybody knew what I was about, and let me quite alone till lunch time;--as usual I had a long walk after I got through working. There is lots of material, enough to make a fat book by just copying from old journals; unluckily these don't cover much ground, but I have laid out a sort of skeleton of dates, and got the whole thing planned, after which now for a long time, I have but to scratch away copying about 10 manuscripts of my books, condensing and extracting from the journals. I read aloud to the family what I have done, and they think it perfectly fascinating. I can't help thinking it, for instance, far more amusing than Bulwer's similar early journals;--so my spirit rises, and I long to have the book a success, were it only to spite old Niles. Of course I am in a constant worry about getting it published, and shall be till I hear further.  

X

Memoir of Luc. 9. Appendix
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Olana, Friday, July 25, '64.

Dear Luc:

The Edwards's coachman drove into Hudson, about 2 miles, to get a new cook. When he returned, the family came out to the door, and said, "Where is the Cook?" He turned round his head from his front-seat of the wagon for the first time since leaving the Station and saw--a blank.

"I must have dropped her out mum," he remarked and drove back to Hudson, to find her a few rods from the Station with the back-seat.

My T. G. A. work gets more absorbing and fascinating. I begin to think I will edit Papa's and Mama's letters! There's danger of getting morbid in dwelling so much in the past. I hope I shan't spoil it. Mrs. Church is lovely. She wanted me to give up my August plans, and stay here till the book was done! It would be far better for the book--but of course I shouldn't if I could so trespass. They love to have me here though,--and think Mr. Church is much better for my society. He is much better, but it's probably the weather. I fear it is but a phase of ups and downs, but we are all much happier when he shows by his fun and bright look that he is not suffering.

All the boys are off in camp, and the family is quite small. Mrs. Cuyler of Philadelphia, though now moved to N. Y. --with her curt accent, and knowing all the faithful, Gillespies, Irwins, Furneses, and the like, is the only guest. We have begun to read aloud, & I finished Quicksand last night, which is very amusing & exciting. I generally eschew Old Anne Wister's garbled versions of dull German tales, but this pays. We have delicious things to eat, did I mention it? all out of the garden; fresh peas, beans, beets, cherries, currants, raspberries; cream, ice-cream of the same, and wonderful floating islands, & sisch, with Mexican dulces with odd names, forms of guava and nougat.

There's been a cool spell, which I hate of course, though it is this that suits Mr. Church. Hurricanes through my window send every paper to the floor, and we have a steady wood-fire in the sitting room, instead of basking through the evening in the moon-lighted ombra.

We drive daily now, through a fertile country, queer to see lands not full of stones,--and immense great rolling farms, cutting hay, or grey green with oats. Apple orchards & cherry, which cover acres, & supply N. Y. markets. It is very beautiful, and kind of comforting to find a place where they are contented with their crops. Great sheets of Indian Corn as big as our pond.

Goodbye. This is horrid drags-y letter, but I want to write 22 pages Sunday of book morning if I can! It is all cut & dried, & I shall have the book half done when I leave here. Much love. Thank papa Edward for his comforting note.

Always yours,

Suse.
the tea suggestion, gave pretty for her
whole and came. I had the Mass
morning, beginning to-morrow.
Mrs. Sargent sent a grand
basket of Peas to-day, and
Hilary Ann did yesterday. They're
all upon an excellent kick
now — very juicy & not-cheeked.

After tea — Fire drake caper
tunes — and twilight naps. Since
tea Ma and I have been baking
the Cat. Said — Come in tis
tea, and ate cream milk 'Vit',
and I've been coercing her; now
Brend has got, and seems quite
notable. [with nie of spit-nage]

Friday I had another letter
from Charles, very nice. Nathan
took it in to-day to Edwards' Uncle
where he saw Edwards. — I also got
for him at the office a Press panel
from Charles — very fat, apparently
containing all the Raw papers.
Mama sends love, also Nathan. In
the house no short news because
the ones.
In the afternoon I called at the Bostich's. I return the paper basket, I was treated with graceless cordiality by Mrs. and Mary B. In the evening he finished, actually finished, the View of Fairfield. (Tear)

To-day how it rains. The Dr. Dr. blessed, but rather exhausted. About paper-cutting not being the same as People—but that out of Genesis—explaining that Genesis is all right but you mustn't believe a word of it. My dear Charles. Head bounced on me after church and walked me home to the post office under his umbrella, gently cautioning concerning his & my house which he wants me to buy. (If I can)

I saw stacks of people at church as usual transacted a great deal of secular business; lafapel