MEMORANDA REGARDING

THE PRESIDENCY OF

WOMEN'S COLLEGES.

I.

In the Infancy of Women's Colleges a mistake is apt to be made in regard to the protection of the chief executive officers from the strain on their nervous strength incident to carrying in their minds the details necessary to the direction of work of the college.

II.

Men's colleges have long ago seen the importance of surrounding the president with assistants of all sorts, and relieving him from the responsibility of looking after petty details — so as to keep him fresh for emergencies that arise from time to time and demand great gifts and extraordinary resources to meet them. The "Boarding School" has always consumed three-fourths of the strength of the head man and left only one-fourth for the needed work of looking after the instruction
The Women's Colleges have followed nearly the same plan as was customary in the "Boarding Schools" and have laid on the presidents such a load as few men could bear — and such a load as will be sure to crush the high strung and delicate organizations of the rare women found for the office.

III.

One obvious arrangement to relieve this pressure is in requiring the President to live in a separate building from the students and to have a limited number of hours, when she shall be entirely free from the responsibility of the government. For one person to be a whole institution is sure to crush the person. There should be a dean who attends to all the management after the hour, say of five in the afternoon and until eight the next morning. I think that the work should be apportioned upon two persons, a dean and an assistant who organize a corps of proctors to secure a perfect efficiency of management in the several buildings. These persons would be, like all the rest of the machinery, under the president in general, but would be able to relieve the president from all immediate responsibility for the details that are most exhausting to the strength because a constant strain on the mind — the supervision of immature people who must be constantly under surveillance.
(no matter how good they are and how docile, the laxity of control will generate caprice and inconsiderate behavior among youth collected in large masses).

IV.

In order to secure a perfect reaction in the nervous system there should be the possibility of absence in termtime for two days — Friday till Monday, for example — such absences allow the mind to recover its elasticity and take general surveys of the work of the college. Such surveys are the most necessary work of the president — if she is sunk in the detail of the general routine, she cannot perceive the general trend of the entire work and everything drifts but is not guided. Women, coming to the work of managing great institutions at first are apt to see only the sphere of direction of details — such has been their work hitherto for the most part and they have acquitted themselves well in this department — but there is a far higher sphere of
direction in which the several spheres of details are balanced and adjusted
one to another so as to prevent narrow ruts and one-sided driftings from
the true path of progress. The pilot holds the helm and looks at the com-
pass and chart — the common sailors set the sails and take them in and manage
the anchors and such work as directed by the captain—pilot.

V.

Miss Shafer of Wellesley College was in our Saint Louis High-school
the best mathematical teacher ever known there. She had the gift of direct-
ing the mathematical work at any point so as to fit the pupil in the briefest
time for the next higher work and it was a matter of great surprise to see
her pupils succeed so well in the advanced branches of mathematics. She
possessed also an equally remarkable gift at controlling her pupils — good
and bad alike submitted to her commands and slightest suggestions as though she
were an internal mentor to them. Such rare people as are fit for the management
of colleges ought to be most carefully preserved from broken constitutions
occasioned by throwing on them the responsibility of great institutions and
at the same time
adding the care of a mass of perplexing details of personal government.

It is a waste of the most precious personelle that has been produced
in our time, the woman directive power.

CONCLUSION: I have put down some of the thoughts forced upon me
by my observations of Boarding Schools and Women's Colleges. I do not know
but it is bringing coals to Newcastle to suggest them to the trustees of Wellesley
College these matters may have been all carefully considered before, but I
have the idea that there is still much to be done in this direction no matter how
much has been done already. There is much to do even in Men's colleges in
this direction and I am sure that women can find out a better way to do it than
has been already found.
Cambridge, Mass.
Oct. 8, 1888.

Miss Marion Talbot:

I write to inform you that your name is to appear in the announcement of the next meeting of the New England Meteorological Society. We tried faithfully to make it possibly pleasant for you by postponing it, but we were unable to secure the papers we
sought. We shall feel ourselves
the gainer and we hope you
will not allow it to be
a burden upon you. The
meeting is to be in a small
room, No. 14, Rejers Building,
where you once came with
your classmates in geology.
It is to be next week Tuesday,
Oct. 16, at 8 P.M. If there
is any apparatus that you
can exhibit we shall be
glad bring it to the room
and arrange it according to
your direction. If you would
like I have a blackboard
drawing made my assistant even perhaps make one that would be satisfactory.

Thanking you for your kindness in helping us at this time. I remain

Yours very cordially,

John H. Niles.
United States Indian Service,

Minneapolis

Agency,

Nebraska.

Sept. 26, 1888.

My dear Mr. Talbot:

Your interesting letter of Sept. 10. has to arrive my return to the Agency from the western portion of the reservation where I was at work. I regret the delay and trust it may not inconvenience you.

The subject you are to present is one of profound interest and considerable novelty to the general public. It has been an accustomed to conclude that as he discovered America it must have been discovered by Orientals many ages. It is in common with all tribes thinking that where their traditions find our birth, was the first spark of man's creation. It is by no means a determined task that the human race originated in Asia. I know little about the very early history of man as yet, but we do know that where ever intelligent search has been made in any part of the globe, traces of man kind have been found,
and this shows a wide distribution of humanity in very early times.
The antiquity of man upon the American continent can not longer
be considered an assumption. The labors of Dr. C.C. de Smet have
made certain conclusions inevitable. Other students are finding
proof in other sections of the country. If you will go over to
the Peabody Museum in Cambridge, where Prof. Putnam be
absent, little whip Smith or Mr. Clarke, provided it can be not
yet returned, will show you the collection of the efforts. You can
there examine his reports and writings on the subject. The
work of Prof. Putnam in the Ohio Valley shows that here, within
our own territory, there has been a prehistoric complex of races
and that the present Indian can hardly be called aboriginal.
There are some sixty linguistic stocks, and this alone indicates
that this continent has been more than one family of peoples.

The study of the religion of the people is still in its infancy. And
the more I work in this department, the more I find evidence
that as with our own religious forms, compared to the forms of many
earlier peoples in our ancestor time, so there appears evidence of a
multiplying of ideas and forms, which seems to point toward the one
promising or our gathering of one tribe upon another. Nothing is simple.
And nothing of this kind seems to be really clear, but all is complex and
United States Indian Service,
Agency,

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...
foreign influence, and where the only vitally important one is that which will give to perseverance and a devotion to cause scientific merit. American has given much within this century to elucidate some of the political problems of mankind, and it is in the power of her intelligent citizens to make a great advance towards solving some of the difficult questions concerning the history of man, development and progress. There are valuable records of the past scattered all over our country, few of these have ever been properly studied. And the lack of an intelligent appreciation of the value of history has led to a wanton destruction of records. This Almack tide is turning. A little circle of ladies gathered one bright Summer day about a lunch table at New York. Then fore historiographer determined to do something to stay the waste of the matrix of America, and the Sceptre Mann is ever safe for future Centuries. With these noble personages, the Medal is decreed a temple. In the Public Domain Congress can help. In the State, it must be private and State action. It is nothing more to look. The fragment that remains will read a prominent lesson, when we have learned to understand their import. You have been led a topsy-turvy path by your great effort to arouse the intelligent women of our land. With them I am deeply interested in doing American part in the grand duty of mankind. I don't know if we can use your advice. A form of its expression. Undoubtedly your Alice C. Fletcher.
No. 10, Linden Stret.
Cambridge Mass.
Sept. 20, 1888.

Dear Miss Talbot,

Your kind and friendly letter was prompt received. I would like to call and converse with you about a communication from you on The Organic Matter in The Atmosphere before The New England Meteorological Society. The next meeting will be held at The Institute Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 3 P.M.

If I cannot have the time to call tomorrow, Saturday, I will.
I shall call next Monday. Could you conveniently leave word with some one at your home when I may see you if I should call at 12 o’clock Monday and you should not find it perfectly convenient to see me at that time.

Yours sincerely,

John H. Niles.
Dear Mr. Talbot,

Your letter has interested me exceedingly, and I am grateful for your kind wishes for success. Your theme is a broad one, "Petroleum as an aim of Collegiate Training." My first suggestion would be to secure it from flying too high over the heads of those you would hit—keep it within the bounds of a common interest and of practical affairs. No youth should leave school without being thoroughly grounded in the history of his country. Americanism should be taught in every institution of learning in the land. But this will never be achieved until the teachers themselves are taught. I am

P.S.
life with revelations of ignorance about the common events of the past, in our own country, among those who are cultivated in other ways - and sufficed to be competent teachers. It would need but a little of the right kind of study and general reading to inspire any bright mind with enthusiasm, concerning the steps by which we became what we are, as a people, and the wonder is that so few are attracted to the sources of information. It has been my province to do some thing towards dispelling the obstacles that have hung about the study of American history, because of its leaviness, as too often presented in the class book, and on the platform. The narrative shone always more or less meek if the young mind is to be trained, and true culture reached. Theories and principles can be deftly introduced, and made much more effective in connection with narrative. You ask if I have any heirs as to ways by which women as citizens can further the interests of local history - I should commend to them well educated women of means to interest herself in both general and local American history. What could be more helpful to a community, particularly outside of the great cities, than for some bright intellectual
Women to take the lead in founding a reading club, or a museum, simply for the study of and preservation of Americana. How soon the contagion would spread, and practical information once lighting the torch, would lead into a legion of pleasant paths. The trouble is that the guides are too few in this line. But the American revival has really set in; and your drops—the series of drenches—will be sure to fill the bucket—

I thank you for your kindly inquiries about my health, which I am happy to say is quite—restored.

Hastily and Very Cordially,

Jones, Martha J. Lamb.
Dear Miss Talbot:

Do forgive me ungracious delay! I was away from home when your very kind note arrived, and, thanks to the blizzard, I suppose I should have had to forgo, in any case, the pleasure you offered me. So I am doubly sorry and return you my cordial thanks, even this late. Some time, whether your good mission work at Lassell continues or not, the undersigned Auburndale will be happy to see you here again.

Faithfully yours,

Brude Morgan Guiney.

Auburndale:
28th Nov. 1877.
Ossipee Mountain Park
Aug. 24, 1888.

My dear Miss Talbot,

Your note was forwarded to me yesterday, from Echo Harbor, and the invitation it encloses is very tempting. I am sorry that I shall be unable to accept it.

I have come up here on the invitation of Mrs. Shaw, and have promised to stay until next Monday, in order to see Mr. Shaw, who is only at home on Sundays. It is not easy to get down from here, with a trunk, and my only way will be to connect with the
Stage on Monday, and then with the noon boat for Main, and the
afternoon train for Warren.

The drive over is a delightful one - I have
once taken part of it -
from Plymouth to Castle
Harbor, and it is very
Kind of your mother and
yourself to take the pains
you have, to let me share
it with you. But you
will see that I cannot.

This is to me one of the
loveliest spots in all this
lovely region, and I am
privileged in being an
invited guest, free and
at home by the fireside

on the mountain side.
The family take us besides
this year.

Some time, I hope I
may see your Holderness
retreat; I know it must
be delightful. The whole
region is so.

Love and thanks and
regrets to your mother.

Sincerely yours,

Lucy Garcon.
Concord May 28 1888

Dear Mr. Talbot,

I have been remiss in not giving you official notification of your election in March last - the week of the blizzard - as temporary Secretary of the Massachusetts Department, which never occurred. I have, however, some member of your family with me. I notice that you have taken care of them not to have nothing to eat.
Elohim Depl.

1. Prof. A. Cady Eaton, Mrs. Newton
   "Modern French Aesthetics."

2. Bland St. Matthews, Mrs. Zeh
   "The Future of the Drama in America."

3. William Thriving, Boston
   "Woman in Immobility."

4. James Bronham, Almontville
   "On the teaching of literature in our colleges."

All but the last will probably be present. Bronham is a late thirter of John Hopkins, who wrote a bright paper on this subject in the Critic lately. Hall commends him. He is to read the his paper I wish to it have the

for revision. Other papers fermum.
OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION,
1887-1888.

President, CARROLL D. WRIGHT, Boston.
First Vice-President, JOHN EATON, Marietta, Ohio.

Vice-Presidents.
FRANCIS WAYLAND, New Haven, Ct.
WILLIAM HILLMAN, Clinton, Miss.
HENRY HITCHCOCK, St. Louis, Mo.
THEODORE D. WOOLERY, New Haven.
HARRY E. BAKER, Lansing, Mich.
W. H. DAVIS, Cincinnati.

MRS. JOHN E. LODGE, Boston.
FLINTY EARLE, Northampton, Mass.
HENRY VILLARD, New York.

MRS. CAROLINE H. DALL, Washington, D. C.
R. A. HOLLAND, St. Louis, Mo.

The American Social Science Association.

The General Meeting of the Association for 1888, will take place at Saratoga, N. Y., from the 3rd to the 7th of September, inclusive. The sessions will be in the Bethesda Parish House, and the order of business as follows:

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.
8 P. M. Annual Address of the President, CARROLL D. WRIGHT, Esq., of Boston.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.
Department of Education.
9 30 A. M. Address by Col. T. W. Higginson, Chairman of the Department.

10 A. M. A Paper by JAMES BRUCK, of Johns Hopkins University, on The Teaching of Literature in our Colleges.

11 A. M. A Paper by Prof. D. Cady Eaton, of New Haven, Ct., on Modern French Esthetics.

12 o’clock. A Paper by Miss LHUAN WHITING, of the Boston Traveller, on The Art and Ethics of Journalism.

1 P. M. A Paper by BRANDER MATTHEWS, of New York, on The Dramatic Outlook in America.

8 P. M. Report of the General Secretary and Election of Officers.

8 30 P. M. An Address by President Scovel, of Wooster University, Ohio.
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

Department of Jurisprudence.

9.30 A. M. Address by Prof. Francis Wayland, Chairman of the Department.


8 P. M. An Address by Hon. C. C. Bonney, of Chicago, on The Naturalization Laws and their Enforcement.

*This Report will precede a discussion, based on the following Resolution offered Sept. 7, 1887, by President Scovent, of Wooster University, Ohio, and adopted by the Association:

Resolved, That in view of the peculiar relations which must always exist between the physician and the community, the Department of Health of the American Social Science Association be requested to inquire into the antecedent general and collegiate education of the students in the medical schools of our country, and to consider the expediency of agitation for additional requirements in this regard by these institutions themselves, and for public legislation to establish at least a reasonable minimum.
May I enquire whether the successive fascicles of the English translation of the "Mahabharata" issued by our Society are reaching you safely? We have issued 38 numbers already, proceeding as present with the "Rishiwarana." A little less than a half of the entire poem, therefore, has been added. You are, perhaps, aware that more than 1500 copies of the work are distributed all over the world free of all charges. The rest of the copies are for sale and intended suit readers of all classes. There are two prices viz. a lower and a higher, depending upon the option of persons themselves applying for the work. These prices, however, do not bring much. The main portion of the cost of publication comes from liberally-minded patrons of literature, including the various local Governments of India and the many learned Chiefs and noblemen of my Country. The funds thus secured in collecting have nearly been exhausted, and although I do not despair of completing what I have begun with the further aid of all persons interested in the work, yet...

No.

DATAYVA BHARATA KARYALAYA
1, RAJA GOOROO DASS' STREET,
Calcutta 24th May 1883.

May 27th, 1883.
my friends advise me that literature being a cosmopolitan concern, I may, with advantage, apply to other countries on the face of the globe. Our Society refuses no aid however small. On the other hand, much of what we have done in our Sanskrit and Bengali departments has been due to such small contributions from all parts of India. Another plan suggested is to inquire whether those scholars and learned bodies and libraries to whom the work is being supplied free, if appeased to, be willing to favor the Society with a little to cover the Charges of Postage. In answer of the Capi's despatched to their addresses. Having originally undertaken to embark the book free of all charges such a request may look awkward and nothing but want of funds would justify the Step. I am inquiring, however, to that effect, cannot be altogether blameable. May I therefore inquire whether under the altered circumstances of our Society it is possible for us to expect your Association to respond to our appeal for a remittance covering only the Postal & Keeping Charges on the Capi's of the world despatched to your address.

With great respect,
I remain,
Very Sincerely yours,

[Signature]
EVANSTON, ILL., MAY 23, 1888.

MISS MARION TALBOT,

BOSTON.

DEAR FRIEND:

PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE PROFESSOR IDA BROOKS, OF LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, AN EARNEST AND EFFICIENT YOUNG WOMAN, WHO IS GOING TO BOSTON TO STUDY MEDICINE. I AM SURE SHE WILL MAKE A SUCCESS OF WHAT EVER SHE UNDERTAKES, AND I SHALL BE VERY GLAD IF YOU WILL GIVE HER THE BENEFIT OF YOUR EXPERIENCE AND KNOWLEDGE OF THE SITUATION, WHICH, OF COURSE, WILL BE NEW AND STRANGE TO HER, COMING FROM SUCH A DISTANCE, AND FROM AN ENVIRONMENT SO DIFFERENT.

WITH HIGH APPRECIATION OF YOUR NOBLE AMBS AND WORK, I AM,

EVER YOURS SINCERELY,

[Signature]
DEAR FRIENDS:

PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE PROFESSOR J. A. BROOKS, OF BOSTON TO STUDY MEDICINE. I AM SURE ONE WHO WILL MAKE A SUCCESS OF THAT TRADE.

I CAME TO UNDERSTAND THAT I SHALL BE VERY GLAD IF YOU WILL GIVE HER THE BENEFIT OF YOUR EXPERIENCE AND KNOWLEDGE OF THE SITUATION, WHICH IS CONVINCE ME NEW AND ATTRACTION TO HER, COMING FROM SUCH A DISTANCE, AND FROM AN ENVIRONMENT SO DIFFERENT.

WITH MUCH APPRECIATION OF YOUR NOBLE LABOR AND WORK, I AM

EVER YOURS AMICALLY,

[Handwritten signature]
Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

May 12, 1888.

Mr. Dewey, the Class IX Student

The time appointed for you to read in Huntington Hall the abstract of your thesis before the Committee of the Faculty is

Twosday, May 22, 10:54 to 11:24 a.m.

These appointments have been so made that each member of the class shall listen to six or eight members of his class, besides reading himself; and as these appointments are made for the purpose of saving time for all concerned, both for the committee and the students, it is imperative that they should be promptly kept.

W. H. NILES, Chairman.
Boston, May 14, 1888.

My dear Mr. Tesla,

I have received the enclosed card which, I suppose, refers to you. I am glad that Comus IX. is to be brought to their attention, and I shall be very happy to take the credit!

Sincerely yours,

David R. Dewey

Mr. Moria Talbot
66 Marlborough St.
Boston
HARVARD COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.
June 9, 1888.

My dear Mr. Talbot,

It was very kind of you to send out the type books. They arrived night before last. The Children have wanted me to say from them, but I have been in such a whirl of work and excitement that I have been able neither to care to get them nor to say. — And now—more suddenly than I ever dreamed, I am engaged to Miss Throckmorton, the sister-in-law of my colleague, Professor Sheldon.
And as I have known her for years, we hope to be married quite soon. Only, before we go away, I have a lot of literary loose-ends to finish, and so I must stay patiently here and work for some weeks to come. Hoping for a kind remembrance to your father - mother, love very cordially yours,

C.R. Laman.
HARVARD COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE,
MASSACHUSETTS. April 4, 1888

Dear Mr. Talbot,

Are you to be at home and disengaged tomorrow afternoon? If so, I should like to come in and try a little music—a delight that it's almost given up. If you send me a card by some morning mail post collection, I shall get it from my lock box in Rome.

Otherwise, I might come in Wednesday.

I have been clearing up second-hand book catalogues and bookellers' advertisements, with which my tables have been infinitely cluttered. How this bone of Wenklyn and Coxx interested you?

With sincere,

c.r. larmyn
Dear Mrs. Salbot

Suey Stone, or Mrs. Suey Stone is the proper way to write my name--and there is no need of explanation of any more than the above. Thanks for the item about the new baby.

Suey Stone
Dear Miss Talbot:

What to do in behalf of American History and Institutions:


2. Secure lecturers under club- or other auspices, upon special branches of the above subjects. Get your men or women from the nearest college or university. If you can't get them from abroad, train them at home. Use the best and available talent.

3. Build up local historical societies in which women can have membership. Improve the local situation and cultivate local history. Publish extracts from local records and write historical or social sketches for the local press.

4. Wherever possible establish an alliance between the town library and the local historical society. Let the society meet in a library-environment. Secure this vantage ground by gifts to or deposits in the local collection. Offer to develop the historical section; aid in cataloguing it; influence appropriations. This policy of an alliance between local libraries and local historical societies was boldly announced at the recent convention of American librarians, Sept. 1888, by Mr. Soule of Boston and Brookline and was received with great favor by the most interested parties. Every American librarian, who has any public spirit, is willing to convert his library into a popular seminary.
5. Study popular methods of spreading historical knowledge like the work of the Boston Society for the Encouragement of Studies at Home which is doing excellent work in history. Read the article in the October number of the Nineteenth Century Contemporary Review on Chautauqua Reading Circles, by Dr. Fitch, her Majesty’s chief inspector of the Training Colleges of England, and my articles in The Independent, Sept. 27 and Oct. 4, 1888, on “The Work of Chautauqua”. Both Dr. Fitch and I have touched upon the remarkable summer school work at Oxford last August, when 900 University Extension students met for a fortnight in that old university town and heard lectures from Max Müller, Frederic Harrison, the Bishop of Ripon, the Head Master of Rugby, and other prominent teachers.

6. Prepare the way for the introduction of University Extension in this country by good local work which must first be done in order to stimulate a demand for higher instruction.

7. Read the forthcoming monograph in our Johns Hopkins University Studies on Arnold Toynbee, by F. C. Montague, Fellow of Griesel College; on the Work of Toynbee Hall, by F. Lyttelton Gell, chairman of the Council; and on the Neighborhood Guild in New York, which is the first American Toynbee Hall.

8. Remember this sentence, the best that Arnold Toynbee ever framed: “Languor can only be conquered by enthusiasm, and enthusiasm can only be kindled by two things: an ideal which takes the imagination by storm, and a definite, intelligent plan for carrying out that ideal into practice.”

Very truly yours,

H. B. Adams
Oct. 16 88.

Dear Mr. saltz,

As I am at liberty to furnish Catherine Balder's address without her permission, I can do so.

She may communicate with me as she pleases.

With thanks for your letter.

Yours Sincerely,

Mary E. Booth

Dear Miss Talbot,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your paper, "Organic Matter, etc.," with many thanks. The paper seems to me so good that I shall not avail myself of your permission to shorten it in printing. I will do that you have several copies of the Journal in which it appears.

Faithfully yours,

[Signature]
Dear Miss Zilbohr,

I greatly regret that I cannot accept your invitation to read a paper on Immigration at the Round Table. Having been unable to write on this subject, I should be forced to take it up in a new way; this would require more time and labor than I am able to give. My duties this winter are very exacting, and I really ought not to make any outside engagement.

I feel it to be an honor to be asked to read before your Club, and regret the necessity of declining.

Respectfully,

[Signature]

New Haven, 124 Wool St.
Nov. 3, 1888
Nov. 27, 1888

Wellesley College,
Wellesley, Mass.

My dear Miss Saltbol:

I was greatly disappointed last evening when, at the last moment, I found I much relinquish the pleasure of meeting you and your friends.

In spite of the storm...
I ordered the carriage to take me to the station and was ready to step within, when Professor Still, who arrived from Boston at that juncture, drew such a picture of the night, and the flood, and the consequent serious delay of trains.
that I abandoned my purpose.
I trust that the severity of the
night did not deter your friends
who, as the Swiss guide, look after
for Americans, would say - could
reach you "by Earth."

With cordially yours,

November 27, 1888

Helen A. Shaffer
Dec. 3, 1888.

My dear Mr. Talbot,

I quite lately published an article on

The Allen which covered

as much of the ground

taken in your paper

to justify the use of

In latter, think I return
With thanks,

I am always pleased to hear from you, and trust that you rest
offering May find a words
writing for d. House
sanitation however is one of the topics tht

Un had discussed to
Often to learn much
What is novel & be said
Herein.

Yours Cordially,

May L. Booth.

Miss Marion Tallot,
66 Marlborough St.,
Boston.
Boston University.
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, 12 SOMERSET STREET

Boston, Jan. 28, 1889

My dear Miss Talbot:

I have the honor and pleasure of announcing that at the adjourned annual meeting of the Corporation this afternoon, on nominations, unanimously elected a Trustee of Boston University for the customary term of five years. "Q.B. F.F. Q.S."

Mrs. Chaplin, our only other lady Trustee, was not present, living in Washington, but she will be much gratified as I know from what she said to me before the lift for W.

We expect much from our fourth representative of the Convocation.

The next meeting occurs two weeks from today. Your response may be addressed to yours faithfully,

W. T. Warren
My dear Mrs. Talbot,

Only think if I were a girl now – what a splendid chance I should have of going over the enchanting ground of the world under the guide of one familiar with the whole field! I will not forget the opportunity if I learn of one who would profit by it.

I hope to spend spring here well as for your trip I have been practically shut up for most three months with a succession of most rainy days, but the warm days promise to make me to escape from them.

Will sweep good wish. My dear Mrs. Talbot,

I am faithfully yours,

[Signature]

Cambridge Apr. 21, '84

1884
DEPARTMENT OF LABOR,
WASHINGTON, D.C.,

February 4, 1889.

Dear Miss Talbot:

Yours of the 2nd at hand.

It will be some weeks before copies of our report on working-women in great cities can be sent out. The matter is now in the hands of the printer.

You shall be supplied with copies at the earliest moment.

I am, sincerely yours,

[Signature]
Commissioner.

Miss Marion Talbot,

66 Marlborough street,

Boston, Mass.
Apr 26, 59

My dear Mr. Talbot,

I tried to write you any impressions regarding the arrangements at Wellesley — as I could.
Just got to Boston at the time you mentioned — I pm close the memoranda that [illegible] much.

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]
Mrs. J. G. Throop
Mrs. Althea Bell
At home for informally on Saturday, May 19th.
At eight o'clock
168 Brattle St.,
Cambridge.

To meet Mrs. Lumley
and two other ladies.
R. L. J. P.

G. W.
To be kept a copy, to Dr. Scudder.
Mrs. Talbot
M. Talbot
66 Marlborough St.
Boston, Mass.
Steamer "Allen" June 26, 1889

The term dream part of life at sea is so familiar to you all that I shall not attempt a vivid description of it, though the number of ships seen, the band concerts, the flirtations, the struggle for a good place on deck, the promenades and the convicts, together with a solid substratum of naps and dozes, sardines and compotes would give ample scope for the display of any ephoratory talent. I shall only tell you however only of the exciting events of the voyage. You will be able to judge for yourselves of what a rush and what we have been in!

Excitement No. 1 was the departure of the pilot at 5:30 P.M. on Wednesday. The somewhat enforced interest shown by the other passengers in his pony was
slightly trying. Nobody seemed to care a rap about the Queen paper quilt, which was carefully hung over the edge of the little boat which bobbed up and down on the rolling sea, but I knew what was in it and even after my fear left it find a watery grave was quieted and the pilot himself took possession of it and we steamed away leaving him to make his way to his vessel. I did not feel that the fate of the ship was absolutely and satisfactorily settled, and I am still no doubt as to whether it is adorning some Chirchey's or some wife in New York or enjoying an occasional trip over the Holderness hills.

Excitement No. 2. was the interview with the chief steward in regard to places at the table. I wrote you of the pleasant arrangement of seats next the first officer and near the entrance to our state-room. It was not until Thursday night at dinner that we felt inclined to sociability at all. Wednesday we were all stiff and formal. Thursday it was agreeable to obey orders and lie about until breakfast time. The ice had not been broken by that time. But the advent of the first officer, Mr. Hagenmann at dinner furnished us all with a target for talk. Some of theQuayes rebounded in various directions and before long we had made friends with young Mr. & Mrs. John Gilson of New York, Mr. Joseph Willy of Cincinnati, Mr. F. H. Kendon of New York.
and Dr. Mrs. Townsend Porter of St. Louis. As our connection has not by any means been limited to meal times you will like to know a little about them. Mr. and Mrs. Eley
have been married a year or two, I judge, possibly longer though their manners according to the conventional standard would not indicate it. They have traveled in Florida, Mexico, California and Alaska and are now off for two years in Europe. They are slow to make friends among the Spaniards, but are very genial and pleasant when they make up their minds to an acquaintance. Mr. Wilby and Mr. Kenyon
are young lawyers who are off for four weeks in the Argentine, leaving their wives with their children behind. Russell
May remember the young wife
who struggled against his tears to
give his husband a happy send-
off. The little towel which
she bestowed upon him as a part-
ing token is now tied on her
sex chain in a very sentimental
way! He is now under the direc-
tion of his doctor for the benefit
of his throat. I believe Mr. Wilby
makes a jolly companion for
him. He is a nephew of the Miss
Wilby who kept the school on
Bower Hill, and while he
was in college and the East
school belonged to the set of
Howard Lombard, Anne, and
Leslie Kendall, Reynolds, and
Morris Gray and a lot whom
I used to know well. He is
a March Militarist, treasurer
of the church, leader of the
choir, trustee of Antioch
College and to one Dr.
Porter is on his way to Germany.
Excitement No. 3 was the ice bergs. Saturday was clear and bright, but with a slight chill in the air, very different from the intense heat of Friday, which was pleasanter than any I have known. Toward noon a distant object was seen and public opinion was divided as to whether it was a ship or an ice berg. We were not long in doubt, but it was a little too for a cent. The stewards made great fun of it. One who was sitting the chipped ice on the lunch table remarked that he had gone into the ice berg business. But it made up its grousiness what it lacked in size, and the imaginations of the passengers ran riot, declaring what they thought it must resemble. In the afternoon as I was reading
sleeping by turns in my state room. Mrs. Hill came to tell me that another ice berg was in sight. I watched it for a long time through the porthole, as it slowly turned by with its retinue of ice blocks. It was large enough to be very impressive. The waves dashed about it as at the foot of a great cliff, and the sun shining upon it showed all its beauty and weirdness. It was a rare sight, but we were glad to be told the next morning that we were out of the dominion of the ice berg.

Excitement No. 4. Our big blondbearded Saxon who sits as our host offered to take us and the Selkeys over the ship, so we inspected the storage, the ice charts, the wine-cupboards, the stores of all.
kind. The galleys, the second-class cabins, the steering gear, and then later paid a visit to the bridge. I looked through the glasses, tried to talk low German with the quartermaster and we general had a good time.

Entertainment No. 5 was an entertainment pulled up by a young Californian and, some Jewesses. It consisted of national songs. The accompanist couldn't play, the supervisor lost her head and couldn't recover herself except via the alto part. Everybody was convulsed. The Californian was sickly. Mr. Kenyon came to the rescue when a volunteer accompanist was called for and Mr. Wilby's modulation thus Georgia just saved the whole affair from being the most ludicrous failure I've seen!

Enclose a programme with
Mrs. Wilby's written comments on the volunteer election.

Excitement No. 6 really took place on Wednesday but the echoes if it have not passed yet. While we were at dinner the City of Paris, which had not left her dock as we steamed out into the bay, shot by us. Of course we all declared we were glad not to come among her 700 passengers but all the same there are constant conjectures as to the probable time of her arrival in Queensport.

Excitement No. 7 was caused by Mr. Gilsey's Kodak. Our party went up on the bridge and were photographed in groups and singly. The Captain and his purser included. We are promised some copies as conveniences if they turn out well.

But enough of such startling events. You will want a few generalizations. The passage has been very good. I have seen only one wave which on the promenade deck and that was the only time when the deck was too wet for walking. We have had all the same in the table only twice. They were not put on at all for two days. But the skeleton has remained even since though we have not needed it all the time. Mrs. Till felt pretty poorly for two days, but she has proved herself a good sailor since. Her lack of appetite is absolutely distressing as it would be if I did not know it was her usual condition. The poor child has a hard time ahead. I am afraid. I shall write to Mrs. Till and see that they have an understanding with the German family. It ought to be all right as the woman is the mother of one of the teachers in Mrs. Lowell's School. It is quite a
novel experience to be taken as an example. It interests me to see how quietly and almost unobtrusively the facts come into my way. I do things except eat. I can put her to bed almost any time by being or pretending to be sleepy or tired myself! And so I see her flesh and blood nature would carry her further than her strength would warrant. The prospect is that I shall hold myself pretty well in check. What the result will be I don't know, but I ought not to feel very tired at the end of the summer! As mamma can imagine, there is not much quarrelling. I have my own way all the time! I have discovered and no fact did very soon the special advantage in our stateroom. It is not its size, but its quiet and good air. The port hole
is so high that it can be kept open when some of the others have been closed, and the room is so far from the saloon that it is wholly free from the odors and noise of the meals. We have an excellent room steward. I never have had my room kept in such perfect order and for the first time it seems as if my ship clothes might in time be made ready for wear again.

The dinners have been very good, but I don't like theunches. Twenty different kinds of meat and fish take away the little appetite I have had! The days go by rapidly enough after one has gotten into the routine, and yet I am not sorry to see the chalk cliffs and know that we shall soon be ashore. It will however be too late
for us to go on tonight and I think we shall take an early start tomorrow from Southampton and visit Winchester en route to London.

My special love to Papa and Mother whose letters gave me much pleasure.

The excitement of packing up now begins.

Britannia goes to Columbia!

With best love, dull

Marion.
10 Dover St. London

Hospital Sunday, June 23, 1879

Dear Family,

That was a fine experience, steaming into South Hampton Harbor. The Isle of Wight never looked fairer than it did, and we that clear summer light. Our little party with the Gilberts, Mr. Willy and Mr. Kempin took possession of the bow of the tender and we all held together through the customs examination. Our press widows then went up to London, but as it was seven o'clock, I decided to stay over night at the South Western Hotel, where we had most excellent accommodations. We took an early start on Friday morning for Winchester, twelve miles distant. I am ready now to defy milliners and dressmakers!
They seem to think me a fair subject for their rejuvenating processes and won't allow Father time to have any credit on my account! But a visit to Winchester will outwit them! I am at least 1700 years old since I was there. The Cathedral, the largest in England, occupies the site of an ancient heathen temple, a part of whose wall our suffragan priests showed us. Its builder was the great William of Wykeham whose shrine is within it. Among the other illustrious dead whose bones rest there are Countess Hardacre, Earl Godwine, William Rufus, and Cardinal Beaufort, while among the many memorials are those to Jane Austen and Mrs. Montagu, founder of the Blue Stocking Club.

The old reign was delightful. He has been there thirty years and has been engaged in the work of restoration. He did not dome out the descriptions in the usual way, by any means, but was full of anecdotes and stories. He told us of the Bishop who declined advancement as Arch Bishop of Canterbury, saying 'If Canterbury is the highest rack, Winchester is the deeper manger.' He showed us some ancient carved doors which he had joined in a loft and replaced at the entrance of a chapel and said 'there is one hole bored off floor Cromwell' who it seems has to take the blame for all devastation.

The foremost event of dramatic interest which occurred in the Cathedral was the marriage of
Mary to Philip of Space and we sat in the chair which she used at the ceremony. We drove for some time about the town and visited the Great Hall of Winchester Castle, a fortress built by William the Conqueror. In this Hall the Parliaments of England sat for 400 years and naturally there are many events of historic interest connected with it. But of all the sights of Winchester the Hospital of St. Cross was the most unique. 700 years ago Bishop de Blois founded it to support thirteen poor men. In 1444 Cardinal Beaufort made another foundation for four poor men. It is said that there is no institution in England which has changed so little in the lapse of time.
As we entered the ancient portal, we were offered the "way of water" as a horn of beer and a piece of white bread which is given to all who apply. One of the brothers in a black robe with a silver cross on the left breast, took charge of us. We saw the ancient cenotaph, the stone table used by St. Isadore, the Courgener, the thirteen little horses in which the brethren live and had just begun to talk about the church, which date from 1171 when the toiling of the bell by an ancient brother warned us that it was time to enter. So we took seats in the main part of the church and saw the feeble old men struggle in one by one to the tiny chapel and then came the master of the hospital and his curate in their robes and vestments and
over the closed screen we
could see the seventeen gray
heads and hear the cracked
voices repeating the service.
One poor old soul was so
devout and fervent that his
hoarse sounds out high
above the others and were
pronounced with so much
deliberation that we should
have felt some amusement
if it were not for the relief
of the evident enthusiasm
in the service which prompted
this solitary melancholy. The
picture is one which will last.

At 3.15 we took the train for
London having the Celcoys
as travelling companions again.
We drove at once to Brown's
Hotel, but at the I had written
and telegraphed and had the
letter from Mr. Aldeneb we could
not yet return. Everything was
provided in account of the great
cries, but Mr. Ford sent us to a
house near by 10 Dome St. Cecily
Private Hotel where the had en-
gaged rooms for us and we
are very comfortable. Though
our stay is to be but short
Mrs. Mack left the enclosed
note at Brown's for me. I
write that we would join her
at Farnhamton on Tuesday,
if they were to remain as
long, but she has telegraphed
that they have accepted an
invitation to visit in Brad-
ford as I do not know
where or when I shall see
her. A letter will probably
come tomorrow. Bass will
want to see the North of
England and Scotland and
we have decided to do that
instead of staying and prolong
our visit to Paris till Sept. 1.
going from London to Rotterdam and through Holland.

Our first day in London was a lively one. We took a

human, bought some pride,

to the Tower. Both the bankers attended the choral service

at St. Paul's, went to the Tower,

d great part of which has been closed to visitors since

the dynamite outrage, and

then took the underground railway to Victoria Station

and out to Crystal Palace.

The chief attraction was

Elijah, given by over 3000

performers with Mme. Albani

as the soprano. It was undoubtably one of the great

musical performances of

the time. I simply cannot

begin to describe the grandeur

of the chasses. In order that

we might not remain in too ex-
at a state of mind we took in a table of hot coffee and some of the miscellaneous entertainments, such as a military band, with typical vocalizations, a chorus, an operatic show, and a Pastoral Ballet, Divertissement, entitled "Daphnis and Chloe". A large number of children dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses performed on a large platform in the open air. Brilliant lights were thrown upon them, and the illuminations all about were very effective. We stood on the terrace at least 1500 feet away, and you can imagine it seemed like a bit of fairy land with those little sprites hopping about. It was half past nine when we took the train back to London, but not yet very dark. Don't you think I was pretty bold with
the experience of fourteen years ago to remember? But we reached the house in perfect safety shortly after ten. It was altogether an interesting spectacle. We saw the English at play indeed. How Russell's soul would have been racked if he had seen the women's toilets! India muslin, seal-skins, green crêpe and pink gingham were the favorite materials, and they were for the most part made up in fashions varying from a night dress to a wrapper. I think it is time to protest against the monopoly which American men have in English clothes. I took great care I could devise would be to have the American women go and do likewise. I enclose the paper plate on which our ice cream was served at dinner. By unfolding it you will see the color and size of what we had.

Today being Sunday we have been rather quiet. Like good Methodists we went in the morning to Wesley's Chapel. Poor John! He tried his best to be antique by living to be 57 years old, but he is really awfully modern. We saw a good deal of the city in our drives around from City Road, and received a hearty welcome from the folk at the chapel. This evening we have been to service at Westminster Abbey, theomite service in three claps! A large crowd was present, but after waiting we were given seats in the
above, and had a very good view of the Archbishops of York whose sermon proved to be an informal talk of self-denial and chiefly the evils of gambling and betting!

He seemed really to know a good deal about both and I dare say enlightened a good many of his hearers as to the way they are done. Of course we could not look at much but we noticed the table to Major Andie at our side; we enjoyed the walk back and forth this to James's Park.

Early in the morning I go to the baker's, then we are off for Windsor and Oxford. We shall be back in a fortnight. I must sup early with dear Lord and Miss Manners.
Warwick Arms
Warwick June 26, 1889

The business was begun as was fitting with a visit to the two bankers
and a tourist office. At Barings I met Mr. Almy, who talked of "Mrs
A" with as much felicity as I should speak of Emma Athurson. The mail
had just come in, but there was nothing from Boston, so I pushed
on very speedily and sent for the Post Office a money order for
the Newport tickets. This little trip took up most of the morning after
a late breakfast, but at twelve o'clock we were en route to Windsor.
It has been our fate to miss two special trains or trains that were
late so that my diligent study of
Brandshap with all its perplexing
details has not produced as satis-
fying a result as I have earned.
The occasion for the special ride
to Windsor was the Royal Agricultural
Show which is held annually in different parts of England and this year is at Windsor under the direct patronage of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. Fortunately the Queen had been detained at Balmoral by somebody’s illness (I suppose the old lady has never been detained by her own illness anywhere), so that the State Apartments were open as well as St. George’s Chapel and Albert Chapel. Was it not good fortune? In the crowd of companions who went about with us I found the three Rogers sisters. They have not lost a trace of their old-time effervescence and were full of the old-time inquiries about their dear Boston friends. Clara attached herself at once to me and told me of the missionary work she thinks she is in a position to do among the benighted women of England. She sauntered in hugging me closely and almost before she knew it she was on top of the tower! She had been so silent on her conversation that she was utterly unaware that she was climbing a tower—until the news by any chance does! Wasn’t it funny? I was well paid for she and say gave me the money to make them members of the Education Society! The only part of the visit to the Agricultural Show which we enjoyed was the drive through the Great Windsor Park. The fair itself cost us five shillings each. We had a poor luncheon, tried once the poultry and horse, but failed to imagination for growth of an hour among the cattle, which were for the most part reposing in uninteresting spreads, and just as we were leaving I was attracted by the exhibit of Cotton the seedsmen. I hope their choice Helvina seed will do as well under Mamma’s
so they are capable of doing. The exhibit of these was very beautiful. We were rather glad to turn away from Windsor. Another special train took us, after we had had a long reach in our hand luggage, to Oxford where we arrived about 8:30 A.M. Again we found ourselves in the midst of a semiannual Communion or Commencement week. We could not get rooms at the Metre, but were well accommodated at Wellesley Temperance Hotel, a new establishment with electric bells running water and other modern appliances. After supper I started out to call upon Mrs. Johnson the secretary of the society which has charge of the Women's Colleges in Oxford. The streets are narrow and crooked and I soon lost my way in spite of the explicit directions a policeman had
given me, so I inquired of a woman I met, “Merlow St.? Do you mean Merlow St. Oxford? I don’t know but I’ll ask this young gentleman,” was her reply, and she stepped up to a collegian who with blackened face stand up tall as big white tie and a banjo was evidently on his way to some festivities. His eyes rolled and his red guns showed. But she a very courteous manner and with anything but a negro dialect he put me on the right path. I duly found No. 7, and rang the bell, but I was requested by the maid to go to the other door, that was the back one. Without more missteps I found Mrs. Johnson, who was gowned in an aesthetic long white gown and received me pleasantly. We started out in the morning and for 3½ hours
walked through the gardens and quadrangles and inspected the college buildings. At Magdalen men were removing canvas, lanterns, flowers and other decorations left from some festivity of the day before. One of the most interesting things we saw was the kitchen of Christ Church College, of Cardinal Wolsey's time. The old ovens and fireplaces and spits are there, but there is also a good supply of modern devices for cooking, which are abundantly used judging from the delicious dishes we saw prepared for luncheon. Christ Church men evidently believe in the good things of the world, from an euphemistic standpoint. I had a short call from Miss Anna Brown and Mrs. Bulleye of Wellesley who invited me to stay over night and accept their hospitality, but I had planned to go on to Warwick and it did not seem best to make any change. We had time to make a very short factory visit to Kenilworth, enjoying the drive there and back and growing about among the ruins until quite on toward dinner. The Warwick Arms sheltered us in its feather beds the first we had encountered this probably not the last.

Harrodsfield, York. June 27.

On Wednesday morning we rode on top of the train to Leamington and back and then visited Warwick Castle. A party of 15 had gone the before us, so we waited in the charming music room watching the beacon's exhibit themselves until other guests arrived.
arrive. But no one came so we two were excited about by a very intelligent guide, quite different from the one at Windsor. But it outrages me that the state apartments of the sovereign of the most intelligent people in the world should be described in such language and that 'these his the presents has er Majesty received on her Jubilee' these tapestries represents Jason and Medea and so on art museums. Our pride at Warwick seemed I have some appreciation of the Holbeins and Rubens Van Dyck's and Correggios. We wandered about the fine parks as long as we could endure the heat. After dinner we took a carriage and drove to Stratford, resting ourselves by a walk across
Charlotte Deer Park. We saw hundreds of the pretty creatures scampering about our approach, and I almost stepped on a rabbit. I don't know which was the more frightened! Stratford I found much more interesting than I had anticipated. I didn't care for the new theatre. It contains a very effective portrait of Ada. Rehan as Katharine. We visited the Church, but the effort the authorities are making to restore it overshadows the fame of Shakespeare. The birthplace of the great poet, and the memorial contained in it, all of the deepest interest. The lady who serves as custodian is very well informed, and I wished we had a longer time to spend under her direction. We walked across the fields to
Shortley and visited the cottage where Shakespeare lived near Hathaway. It is a quaint little place embowered in roses and honeysuckle of which one pride Mrs. Baker gave us several clusters. It would have been well worth while to have seen the inside of so old a cottage even if there had been no special associations with it. The walk through the fields and across the fields was novel. We returned to Warrick a little after nine and this morning at half past nine started for Birmingham. We had all the time we wanted for a drive about the streets before taking the train for York. We agree that cities hence do not attract us. The express train brought us here in 3½ hours. There is a possibility that we may meet the Maehs before leaving here tomorrow, I trust we shall see doubtless the three in Edinburgh. We have been to a service in York Minster and have taken a walk on the city walls. And indeed they are strong enough to endure for many centuries yet. Tomorrow we go on to Melrose, Dryburgh and Abbotsford and Saturday reach Edinburgh.

I have thought much of Wuthering and the camp today. I trust all went well and that the fencing was successful.

We are having a very satisfactory and quiet happy time and spending lots of money.

Always with dearest love.

Frank
I must add a few words to tell you of the extraordinarily fine weather we are having. We felt a few drops at Winder, but with that exception we have had only the most perfect weather since we reached England, and indeed since we left New York.
Hotel Royal

Dear Homey,

On Friday at 2.05 P.M. we left York by the “Flying Scotsman” which carried us to Newcastle. Then by a cross-country train we went to St. Boswells. Fortunately I had taken the precaution to telegraph to Melrose to have a carriage meet us, so there were not many signs of life in the vicinity of the station. A drive of a mile brought us to the Tweed which we crossed by a suspension foot bridge in which the element of suspension was almost alarmingly evident. A ten minute walk took us to Dryburgh Abbey where we spent a charming half hour. It is by far the most satisfactory and beautiful view I have seen and we were sorry to turn from it, but
at half past eight, although it was quite light yet, we were nearly starved and still had four miles to drive. At ten o'clock we were enjoying a hot supper at the Abbey Hotel, Perth. The landlady said it was a very bright idea, to place our trip on the way we did. She sincerely complimented quite repaid for the toil I had expended on Bradshaw and Baedeker. To be sure I had myself thought the plan a stroke of genius etc. specially as it turned out so well but I was not prepared to have anyone agree with me! The hotel was quaint, comfortable and interesting as so many of these country inns are. After breakfast we wandered about Melrose Abbey, which we had already seen by the late twilight and down as our window was directly over the graveyard. I don't know what moonlight would do for it - but I did not feel much enthusiasm for it by moonlight. We then drove to Ailsa Craig and just missed joining a party and were obliged to wait nearly half an hour. Our alternative was then a very bustling visit or late arrival in Edinburgh and I knew the former so I knew we were close upon the Muses. Shortly after two o'clock we were at lunch with them at the Hotel Royal having received letters of June 14 1919 together with the enclosed from Mrs. Lumsden and one from Mr. Peters concerning a birth he is trying to secure on the latter
Sept 15. I for one was very happy and a night good time we have had since Mrs. Mack's. One regret is that "your mother is not here." Mr. Mack is as "Prince of fellows" as you know and anything that money and good nature can obtain so his. Yes Saturday afternoon to a holiday we were unable to get seats in the coach which runs eight miles out to the new and wonderful South of South bridge so we took a carriage. When we were half way on our drive we were surprised to see a coach laden with twenty five people one stop dash by us, the four horses running furiously. The driver kept his head pricked well and we saw finally that he had
succeeded at stopping the boxes.
I never saw a more frightened set of people and they had good reason to be white and terror-stricken. For high stone walls lined the way and the result would have been fatal if the top-heavy coach had overturned. As we drove on the road was lined for a long distance with people who had been attracted by the noise.
We were content to be in our more modest vehicle.
We took a steamer and went out under the bridge and could overlook it very well. We had a capital dinner and then walked in the gardens in front of the hotel. You will some of you remember where we are on Princess St. directly in front...
of the Scott Monument. The house
used to be the Gregors, the old
gentleman who was a servant
here 32 years ago when Mr. Mack
visited it is now proprietor
and a wealthy man. He has
inherited Mrs. Mack with a cu-
number 26½ inches long and
9 inches in circumference! Mr.
Mack has had it photographed
and was prevailed to have Mrs.
Mack taken holding it! You
know her fondness for cu-
numbers. Sunday Mr. Mack
and I went to service at St.
Giles where John Knox used
to preach and in the afternoon
we all drove to Hawthornden
and Roslin. Mr. Mack's son
opened the castle, but we
could not see the chapel.
At seven o'clock having bid
our fare and otherwise provided
(you must know that we carry
only handbags for this two week
trip) we went to a dinner party
in Mr. Mack's parlor. Of course
he was in his element, and a
first rate dinner was served.
We had soup, salmon, cold
curried chicken, duck, pud-
ding, jelly and toast, ice cream,
cherrys and cherries. But the
dish of all was that prepared
especially, haggis, without
which no fine dinner is com-
plete. It is minced meat of
every kind served up in a bag
made of tripe, and boiled.
It tastes better in anticipation
than in retrospect. We
all took a sip of genuine
Scotch whiskey along with it. So as to do the string up properly! It was ten o'clock before we left their room. This morning Mr. Dill and I had made the rounds of the Castle, the large horse, Holyrood Palace, the Queen's Drive and Calton Hill. I saw Mr. Alice Kent Robertson and Sir. Roxon.

Mr. Math was otherwise in London and almost went home. He is now improving. I never saw him in better spirits. You know I am a good listener! He says he has seen enough of Abbey. He would like to see some other girl for a while! Mrs. Math is too good. We go with them today through the Peacock's, then we go to London by the Caledonian Railway. Goodbye by Station.
Butternce, July 5

Dear Papa,

Letters from you and mamma of June 21 were awaiting me last night at Borrowdale, also one from boys with enclosing our checks for the $92 31 4 and Aug 1st. I was somewhat relieved as I had sent the money by postal order and did not feel sure that I could get accommodations in Hayneville in consequence of changing the dates. Now I drop a line from this out of the way that where we
are luncheons on route over what is said truly I think, to be the finest drive in the district, to tell you that letters read by the steamer of July 20th should reach us if sent direct to Bayreuth care of Fräulein Potzler Richard Wagnerstrasse No. 12.

The enclosed letter from Mrs. Palmer was also awaiting me. I have written that I shall be in Cologne on the 15th and will meet them at any place on the Rhine where they may cross the Rhine at Nancy. I am sorry to miss them and sorry for the causes which lead them to change
their plans.

Please give Brother, the enclosed as a souvenirs of Brussels.
Always with Dearest love.

Marie
Dear Home Folks,

There is a long story to tell you today: though the days are few since we were in Edinburgh we have seen and enjoyed a great deal. Our last glimpse of Edinburgh was taken on the run or more strictly speaking from the top of a horse car. Mrs. Mack was first in the mood for such a dash as having left Mr. Mack to do the dignified at the hotel we three mounted and thoroughly enjoyed the circular trip which we made in the hour before our train left at 6:40 P.M. for Stirling. Mr. Mack had written to the Royal Hotel for rooms and renewed his acquaintance...
with the landlord whom he knew thirty-two years ago, and a tall old gentleman of eighty-six years. Of course a glass of whiskey was forthcoming, as it would be on a much more slender pretext anywhere in Scotland. It was quarter past eight when we started in a carriage for the Castle with the assurance that there was ample time for our visit. But the priests had left, every thing was closed, and money could not make the solitary Highlander at the entrance defect, even tho we pointed to the sun, the feet had gone, pro tanto that it had set and no visitors were to be admitted. We had our fun out of it for Mr. Mack was famous and kept us in a roar of laughter for a long time as we drove about the base of the Castle hill and saw much more as he declared than we could have seen in that stuffy place. A good hot dinner at half past nine made things over, but Stirling Castle will always start a laugh with us hereafter. On Tuesday morning we were ready for an early start for Callendar where we three women found seats in front with the ud. coated coach. man of the big char-a-banc, that was waiting to receive passengers. One of the first objects of interest which was pointed out was "Sammie's putting stone" a boulder perched on a mountain side, and said to have been thrown there by Sammion. To my inquiry as to how long a stop Sammion made in that vicinity the driver with dry Scotish wit instantly replied "Oe Sammion was a Callendar mon!"
We had a beautiful drive, a fit prelude to the exquisite scenery of Loch Katrine and Eilean Iarm. As we steamed along the lake, we all felt in a very quiet mood and our laughter and chatting ceased for a time. Stronachlachar Hotel did not tempt us to linger, as the Trossachs Hotel had, and we were soon on another coach ready for the five mile drive to Invermaiden. Then it was that Norway came most vividly to my mind, especially the bit between Invermaiden and Marnoch. Even the cotton plants in full fruitage helped to add to the resemblance. The sables, however, were missing, but the ancient hut which was the former home of Rob. Roving's wife lent a bit of historic interest to the scene.
this point I had been following the route with the little copy of "Lady of the Lake" which I had bought at Melrose Abbey, remembering the way in which a couple of tourists had gone over the same road an indefinite number of years past. My suggestion that we remain over one steamer at Inversnaid met with general approval, and after luncheon we were stowed away in a big boat, chosen with special reference to our Reserve weights, and rowed to Rob Roy's cage by Mr. Mack's faithful servant for the afternoon. McGregor. It was a stiff climb up to the cave and even more of a scramble into it but Mrs. Mack was not to be daunted, and by dint of McGregor's booting and much laughter she accomplished the feat. But she shed away while we were in the innermost depths of the cave.
and tobogganed down the cliff with only Dame Patine to behold. She was much elated by her achievement for it showed how comparatively free she is from her old enemy rheumatism.

A steamer came in while we were waiting, and I told Mrs. Lane of Raddlebridge that it would give me pleasure to room for her respectability at Inveraraid as she had for mine at Inveraraid when Mrs. Richards and I were received in a Saturday morning last summer with hesitation and suspicion on Mrs. Pendexter's part! She and her son Bill fastened on by coach, so I had only a word with them in passing. The sail up Loch Lomond was uneventful, but pleasant. Ben Lomond and his companions were seen to unusually good advantage in spite of Mrs. Lums. this flooring forbidding.

We sped right on to Glasgow, where rooms were awaiting us by order at the St. Enoch Station Hotel. But such rooms! On the inside next the station! Mr. Mack? Silent. Mad. Rooms or the front. Shirt drenched through. Waiter scared. Trunks not arrived from Edinburgh. General arrangement of the Scotch people. English railways, station hotels. Fine dinner. Lavish attention. Laughing companions. Thus ended this episode. Wednesday morning Mrs. Mack went with us to the station, threw the money which I gave the carman on the sidewalk and that was the end of our very pleasant trip together in Scotland.

Glasgow had no attractions for us and we were glad to know that we were on an express train for Perth. A coach then took us five miles to Perth.
Bridge and we were soon steaming up Ullswater. I had not decided where to spend the night, but the Ullswater Hotel looked very attractive and we decided to make it our resting place for a time. The mountain views are fine and the lake can be seen to very good advantage. It was so enticing that in the morning we took a boatman and rowed three miles to visit Airy Force. The walk was pretty, and the mountains and lake formed exquisite pictures, but the waterfall itself was not worthy of much effort. The reason has been to dry that the streams are all very low and the waterfalls, which are always on what seems a diminutive scale to us Americans, have almost disappeared.

This was the Fourth of July and
after a ten mile drive to Kendal and a short railway journey we were rejoiced to see the American flag flying from the flagstaff in the gardens of the Keswick Hotel, and confided to explain matters to the young curates who sat behind us on the coach and wondered "what the stars and stripes were doing there"! Keswick was a sopful disappointment and I congratulated myself on the presence which had led Ed and me to choose two hotels away from the dust and dirt of its crowded streets for our resting places on Thursday and Friday nights. We took the coach at once for Borrowdale, four miles distant, at the other end of Derwentwater and near the Lodore Falls. We paid only sixpence each for our drive, the cheapest coaching trip in England it is said, and my experience proves the same. It would be
It was difficult to find a more charming but I road, if the conditions were favorable, but the trees and ones by the way side were actually gray and men were enveloped in a cloud of dust every time a carriage passed, which was frequently as the road is much travelled. Nevertheless we enjoyed the trip. Perhaps the special reason for my pleasure was the great resemblance I noticed to the views from the lake road at Asquam. There were the "Roros" with the Asquam Mts. and Sandwich Navy, behind and round to the right Red Hill, with the lake in the foreground. The islands of Asquam were missing, but I could almost believe that I was looking at the scene while it is so familiar to you all, except that it seemed compressed or contracted. The Barnstable Hotel is well situated a little up the valley and we were glad to reach it after our dusty drive. The reading of letters was a satisfactory prelude to a good table'd hote. We had few companions, indeed we have found very few travelled anywhere and almost no Americans. A young clergyman from the South of London came in with a friend quite "bene up after a walk of twenty-six mile. I felt like giving him a good shaking to set him right with the world as I heard him whine and "poar! Friday morning after breakfest we took a walk up the mountain side back of the Hotel, but it was exceedingly warm and the mountains were buried in haze as we did not linger.
At half past ten the char-a-bane which I had ordered to stop for us came and we set forth on the trip to Buttermere said to be the finest drive in the Lake district if not in England. We had already been over the piece of road bordering Derwentwater next came Borrowdale, a most lovely valley. Then the long climb of a mile and a half to the top of the Honister pass. High above us on the top of the crags which guard the pass we saw the slate quarries and some men at their dangerous work. I had no idea there was anything so wild in England. Down we went again to Buttermere and while the horses were resting we had time for our luncheon and a trip by land and water to Scale
Force which the guide book says is the finest fall in the district! It was pretty but we had a long, hotJames before reaching it and not a long time to spend in the fern clad ravine. From Buttermere which is in itself for the least beautiful of the lakes we have seen we toiled up another pass. The mountains were absolutely treeless, but covered almost entirely with "bracken" which gave them a lovely soft look when seen in sections. The general effect was however, barren and bare. The return drive through the Vale of Heisdale has not as many novel features about it, but still we found plenty to keep our eyes busy. When we reached the Derwentwater Hotel, a mile from Keswick we were ready to stop, this we had driven only seventeen
Wishing shortened the usual distance by a cut at each end amounting to five miles. For the first time Mrs. Dill showed signs of fatigue, and I had her dinner out of the room. A long night revived us both and at quarter past eight we were making friends with the driver of Riggs' Royal Mail Coach. We always have box seats! He managed his whip well, and one or two horses pranced a bit. We had not seen anything before that in the least resembled the pictures of four-in-hands which are scattered about! We did not suffer as much from the dust as I thought we should partly because we were in front. Our companions were not companionable; that is why we only respect in which we have not fared well. I do not mean that we have fallen in with any objectionable people, but that there has not been anything attractive about those with whom we have travelled though they have often afforded us much amusement. As we went past Thirlmere to Grasmere, which is lovely, and to Ambleside. If these are two spots in this land to be avoided as the plague they are Keswick and Ambleside. That is my verdict. Why? You might as well be in South Boston as far as the English lakes are concerned, and the Asparagus Lake House offers a thousand attractions to one of the best hotels in these villages. Our contempt for Ambleside which I had supposed the headquarters for
Lake Windermere was offset by the pleasant impression which Rydes Hotel the near the station made. It is not on the shore of the lake but has a good view of it. I was much surprised to see how small a part of the lake district is richly verdant. Grasmere was almost the only spot that resembled my ideal. On the whole we did not regret that we had lingered so much that the trip from Keswick to Windermere had to be put through in half a day. We took a train for Manchester but it was Saturday afternoon, all the world was out for a railway journey, the train cost little steadily and we did not reach Manchester until the minute our express train was leaving another station for Bowpack. As we had had
only 22 miles of driving we thought we could spend a part of the hour before our slow local train left us driving about Manchester. The result was the first cobbler I have had with a cobbler! I had hired him by time and he insisted on payment by distance. The amount in dispute was only two shillings but I am bound not to be imposed upon if I know it, so with a policeman as referee I paid him for an hour and gave him a paternity of a shilling! Mrs Dill was amused. I feed the porter well who heard the controversy and my valor must have reached the ears of the proud, for he offered to keep the carriage for us. It was however the only first class carriage on the train so we had to share it with
The first who joined us were a gentleman and his girls, one of whom I learned from conversation was the daughter of Mr. W. L. Garrison on her way to visit the gentleman and his family. They were not with us long, but their places were made good by a young fellow from Cambridge and three girls on their way home from a tennis party. "Tom" declared it was perfectly dignifying to have a baby around and expect everybody to go and admire it. There are a great many things that are "silly" in Master Tom's esteem, and I should have given him a companion share to the one I felt inclined to admire, less the young plebeian, this party of young people had a great deal to say about. "Most awfully well dressed girls," conjecturing that they are the representatives of a nation who have not the vaguest conception of what it is to be well-dressed!

We passed through some very romantic and picturesque scenery and at a station before nine found ourselves in the shelter of the "Bedford Inn." Rowley, of whose quaintness we had heard much from the Nobs and others, We did not spend much time in inspection and were soon tucked up in our feather beds while the summer beams shone in through our tarp lattice window. Today has been a day of rest indeed. After a ten o'clock breakfast we sat by the river, in the garden, reading. We felt
so thoroughly refreshed that we decided it would be a pity to be so near Matlock without seeing it; so after dinner we took the six o'clock train to Matlock Bath, seven miles down the valley of the Derwent, climbed the Heights of Abraham, inspected the outside of all the padlocked caverns, towers, and petrifying wells, walked in the pretty gardens on the river bank and at eight o'clock were back at our Inn quite satisfied with our Sunday evening expedition and ready for a luncheon of bread, plum jam, crackers and cheese. Cheshire cheese is becoming a favorite article of food and we ought to grow fat. I don't think I have gained much flesh, this I am sleeping better.
10 Dover St. London.
Tuesday, July 9.

Yesterday morning we took a carriage. There is a novelty about this act of ours which will show you that we have
recorder that we are not bound to any one line of action or motrice either! Our
drive was to Hadcom House.
The pride both phrase "a fine example of an ancient Ba
romal mansion" is a natural one to use, and would be the
ample. If it were not for the episode of Dorothy Vernon's
elope which gives the
place a touch of the romau-
tic in addition to the an-
tique. There is the door
through which she passed
from her room, the broad
flight of steps down which
she fled from terrace to
garden and river bank. We did not care for the bed in which Queen Elizabeth slept or such ilk for we share some of Mr. Bache's preferences and were soon ready to go on to the more modern attractions of Chatsworth House. It is considered one of the finest palaces in the country though it is only one of five belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. It contains a great many valuable works of art, a large library and historical relics as well, including the ubiquitous George the Fourth in his coronation robes, as painted by some illustrious artist. The gardens are a special feature of the place. The palmhouse was built by Sir Joseph Paxton who was gardener to the Duke and later built the Crystal Palace. We saw all sorts of wonders in the form of cascades, weeping willows, gardens of all nationalities and fountains swinging as fables. I wished it had been possible to see more of the model village of Edensor which is on the estate.

At half past two we took the train for London where we arrived at half past seven. First as we drove into the city the rain began, but we have a beautiful day again today. First our luck! We found our rooms lighted and decorated with roses and a good hot supper ready in response to our tale.
gram. Elia Harriman told of the 2d and wrote from Mr. Peters that he had a birth for one in the "Lahn" from Premia Sept. 15. That means that I shall be see Boston if all goes well on the 2d.

I really must not give you any more work to do just yet! You will work me at home.

With constant love.

Marion.
Royal Spa Hotel
Shanklin
Isle of Wight. July 18.

My dear Sister

Item 1. I am to the effect that I was very glad to have the hearing of your voice sent me by gramaphone.

Item 2. You are and were a lovely young woman.

Item 3. I hope your next letter which is somewhere on the way will bring tidings of smoother sailing and sounds domestic.

Item 4. The personal letters which I sent
them familiar scenes.
Bayreuth will be strange
and Switzerland again
like home, and would
be tax arrangement
very satisfactory.

By travelling companion
she was so care whatever,
read for anything
and is careful about
all her belongings,
so that I do not have to
free a thought to her
room or clothes or
luggage, and she is
convinced of the
example about being
prompt. All this of
course means that the difficulties of travelling are greatly reduced and its fatigues as well.

I saw Tal Aldrich in Portland yesterday but could not speak with him. I sent a note to Mrs. A. Caro of Brown. She speaks well welcoming her and asking where and when I might see her for a few minutes, but I have not had a word or reply. I planned to have the note awaiting her on her arrival a week ago.

I shall be anxiously aware how affairs at home proceed this season. Oh, I meant I have asked you what passed between you and Miss Rebecca at your meeting. Tell me some time.

I'm sorry I am to sail on the "Lake" Dept. 17. That will bring me home about the 25th.

One great deal of care to Julia and Mrs. At Margaret now to expect ever devotedly, Mackay.
Darbi's Royal Hotel
Shanklin Isle of Wight
July 14, 1849

Dear Family,

If I had the pen of Lorice Imogen Guiney, I would send you an account of a visit to London which would have so much literary merit. As it is, I can only hope to make it intelligible, which is more than her letter to me at the Post was to me at Lewes.

Eight twenty-four and a half did not occupy all of the five days we spent in London this time, but we did a fair share of it. The National Gallery was just as fascinating. The British Museum just as vast.
Sunday morning. Mrs. Tur-  
send's entertainment.  
Whiteleys at nineteen.  
Edinburgh Museum so dis-  

couraging. Albert Hall  
as imposing, and Hampton  
Court so delightful as  
they all were fourteen  
years ago. The one new  
right was Covent Garden  
Basket. We went early  
one morning, and huddled  
about for an hour.  
We saw old women  
headed together in different  
places shelling peas  
and stringing beans  
while we were selling  
them thus prepared. The  
crowd was still natural,  
and we were treated with  
courtesy everywhere. I made  
two visits and each time  
bought flowers — a great  
bunch of sweet peas for  
Mrs. J. N. Clow, whose  
husband died in Carlsbad,  
and a bunch of pink  
sweet peas and mignonette  
for Mrs. Mack. I had  
two rather doleful ex-  
pereiences as regards my  
pocket-book. Just after  
leaving London, the fill-  
ing which Mr. Watts put in  
one of my teeth the week  
before I left house, nearly  
came out and the tooth  
had to be refilled. I was  
invited to the time of  
two primeas for half an  
hour's work and half  
ad hour's talk! This is  
to say nothing of the  
time and energy I  
spent in making acids.
fulfilling the engagement. The next thing that came out was the main spring of my match. The cost of affixing that and cleaning the match was nerve-shrinking and despair while I went without a timepiece and taking trains and meeting engagements. But I am fortunate not to have had more mishaps and more nerve-wracking ones.

I found the Mach's Tuesday morning at breakfast at the Victoria and we went to Mr. Mach's invitation to take dinner at the Criterion Restaurant, where a glee club of men and boys entertained the guests.
and me had no trouble
to show for a dinner, ex-
cept for the extra in back
ordered. As we stepped out
of the elevator on the ground
floor we were told we were
eight feet over the fall, or
of the Criterion Theatre. This
frigid our curiosity and
we were soon making our
way down and down to
the lower and as we lightly
opened letter, we saw where
we saw Charles Mangel
play Davit Garrick in a
most finished and de
lightful manner. It seemed
odd indeed to climb so
many stairs to get out to
the street to end of Alice
in Wonderland experience.
We were in street dress
but we wished our
bonnets off and laughed
at the ceremony neede and tory arms, which stretched around us.

On reaching London Monday night I sent a line to Mrs. Moulton as I promised I would, but wrote in such a way that I did not expect any reply. She enclosed card cause. Also! I hadn't the book and so had really nothing and purchased one, do tell Russell that when his return shows in the may refund three and cix for that little card of his on my sanctum! I carried the new copy to Mrs. Moulton and had a cordial greeting and kiss(!) but could not linger long as we were obliged to take a certain train for Hampton.

On Friday morning we had a long call from Mr. & Mrs. John Delrey and then I set forth on a hunt for my much needed chatelaine bag. After a long search I found a very pretty Dutch silver frame which suited me in size and came within my means, and I took it to a leather shop. I have the little bag made of very dark green morocco which will be pretty with the silver. Possibly in Paris I may have a monogram made. That is the way I have unrealized Mrs. Aldegith's gift.

Mrs. Dill tried to get a Kodak camera, but there
has been such a wish for
them that she could not have
one for two weeks. Directly
after lunch we took the
train for Plymouth and
reached the Royal Spa
Hotel, in ample season
for table d'hôte. I had
expected to remain there
over Sunday but we
did not find it very
agreeable to be directly
on the esplanade. I
decided to come to this
grand little town at
the town whose garden
and exterior are much
more attractive than its
interior shores. We
walked through Shanklin
Chine early yesterday
morning and then took
a thirty-two mile drive
through Boeclines.
Ventnor, Blackgang Chine, Carisbrooke and Newport, on top of a lally lo. The enclosed photograph will show you how we looked as we set forth on one of the finest drives we have had. The only drawback to our pleasure was the pipes and cigars of the men in front. We could not change our seats without seeming too fussy until we reached Carisbrooke, but I know now that ten pipes and eight cigars will do more for or against one than the whole Atlantic Ocean! The only way over this island is from the top of a coach, so short is one.
the road with hedges. I remember how much we knew we were missing when we drove in a cloudburst over the same road before. The photograph shows the windows of our room over the left hand upper one over the front door nearly. We had a good rest this morning. I read \textit{Besant's amusing Hermit of Man} which Mr. Clapp cleverly described to me at Mr. Dentsworth's. After lunch we walked over the cliffs and through the \\textit{landslip} to Poullinhed, the same walk we took years ago. The churchyard was locked so we could only look at the shadow of the cross from the high wall. We were frightened by clouds and came home by the highway fearing lest we might be obliged to seek refuge in some house.

10 Dover St July 15. Back again! \textit{With letters from Edith and Russell} which were most welcome. Mrs. Dill was glad to have the afternoon for a rest, so I continued my course to the \textit{Wesleyan} hotel and at 1 o'clock the Palmers arrived. Travel-worn and weary of their looking very well though they are in good spirits. Prof. Palmer went off to see about...
their baggage, and Mrs. Palmer stayed with me and how we gathered. Tomorrow they are to take dinner with us here. We shall not do much sight-seeing but prepare for the travel through Holland and Germany by taking a good rest. Mrs. Mitchell's death brings with it much sadness but not the shock of Mrs. Brigham's sudden end of which Mrs. Palmer told me. It will be a great blow to Mrs. White and Helen called just as we were sitting down to dinner and sent regards to all especially Russell. My next from Cologne. Tenderly, Maud.
10 Dover St.
London July 15, 1889

My dear Russell,

Your letter gave me much pleasure. I was especially glad to hear about the

shewing of the Camp and that you could be so helpful about getting up the cottage

I shall look forward with eagerness to seeing a photo- graph of the place. If I shall probably not have

the satisfaction of inspecting it myself this season.

You may be sure you are very often in my thoughts and go about among these novel and

entertaining sights. One of the best ways of seeing London is from the top

of one of the aquariums.
and I was safely in bed when a card of Mrs and the Misses Lawrence was brought to me. One of the daughters proved to be a member of the B.C.A. who knew me well by name and we had a little chat through a crack in the door. Saturday we came on here. The journey took from 9:30 to 2:45 and although we had a first-class carriage & ourselves most of the way we did not feel inclined to do much on our arrival. We did take a look at the Cathedral before dinner and I went to nine o'clock service this morning. After the regular service we went again and were shown the tombs of the Majs and
other treasures. This afternoon we have been in the
Zoological Garden. Watching the animals, listening
to the concert and amusing ourselves with the pictures of German life which
were as vivid as Lee and uniforms and cigars could make them. Mr.
Dill was especially entertained. Tomorrow early
we climb the tower and
at the start in Coblenz
where we shall spend the
night.
I found letters from
Papa, Mamma. Edith and
Lydia Dunn here; one
of Mamma's was received
in Paris on July 9th but
was carelessly detained.

The enclosure from Mrs.
Abel was very interesting.
We are packing up our
trunks to be left here un-
til we come through on
our way from Paris to
Berlin. That will save us
only one trunk to take
care of and pay for. We
have managed very well
thus far.

I am sorry to hear
that Pluthro was not
well, but trust he is all
right now. I would like
to hear that some of you
are writing. It is dreadful
to hear how tired you
one and all are! Please
send me any business
letters which I can answer
at this distance. I shall
lay these aside if I
choose, and I do not like
To think of an accumulation of such things to be met when I reach home, for I shall be very busy for a few days.

Now again good-bye with fondest love from

Hers.

[Signature]
The Palmers stood until ten o'clock. Port. Palmer, chatted very warmly of Weithersfield and thinks he has a bright future before him. News? Wednesday morning, I went to Sage's office to buy our tickets for Holland and then spent a couple of hours with Mrs. Palmer. They decided to start for Paris the next day as I was to leave town. I should have been glad to linger but knew I could not without crowding other matters. We had planned to visit Regents Park and the Zoological Gardens in the afternoon but decided to rest instead and at eight o'clock took
the fast train for Norwich. We had a very comfortable night on the boat and both slept soundly. This in the morning early Mrs. Dill was slightly seasick. We landed and the electrically helpful porter of the Dutch porters and coastmen and custome-house inspectors and went directly to the station in order to reach the Hague as speedily as possible. We were made comfortable at the Hotel des Indes whose proprietor wished me to commended him "Lady" to Mr. Fritz Eisele of Boston after luncheon we visited the picture gallery whose fame is Rembrandt's School of Anatomy. We took a valet de place who conducted us to a private picture gallery, which was fine, the palace and the Parliament house. Then we took a Victoria and drove through the Borch to the House on the Wood and there to see verminous the gay resort on the shore. The next morning we were off for Amsterdam and there again under the direction of a guide we travelled about visiting the Natural Museum, a diamond cutting establishment Rembrandt's statue and houses and then spinning
our guide earnestly entreated that we should go to the Palace, and "like this," we took a carriage and drove out on the wharves and on top of a dike to see the familiar characteristics of this wonderful city, which has conquered the laws of hydrostatics and defied those of gravitation in an almost supernatural manner. It was altogether a satisfactory and interesting experience, though I did not find much which inclined me to linger. After table-d'hotel I had a pleasant chat with Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Pierce and Kelly Miss Collamore. relative.
Hotel du Nord
Cologne, July 21, 1879.

My dear Family,

My last tidings to you went just after I had seen Prof. Mrs. Palmer. The remaining two days of our visit in London were passed very quietly, partly as a preparation for the constant sight seeing of the succeeding days. Our Tuesday morning we went on the top of a bus to Old Broad St., where we interviewed the banker. We were very near Brown Shipley's, where I had left my letter to Mrs. Aldrich, so I went in to make inquiries and he told my letter was still awaiting her. White-
chapel murders and dynamite
outrages have made it quite
the proper thing to play the
part of a detective. At this not
moved by any such notion.
I resumed the role at
once as my curiosity was
aroused, concerning Mr. & Mrs.
Aldrich. The next step in
my scheme was to go to Bar-
ings and inquire in the
most confidential tone where
Mrs. T. B. Aldrich was regis-
tered. So Bolton St. Picadilly
was the reply and my
heart was uplifted where
on turning to my map I
found Bolton St. just
round the corner from
Dove St. We bought some
books and some flowers
for our dinner table and
immediately after luncheon
started out for Bolton St.
Almost the first person I met
in Picadilly was Charlie Al-
duch and Mrs. Aldrich was
promptly at home and
invited to meet an engage-
ment. She had us go directly
to her room and we chatted
to a lively fashion while
she unflinched and arranged
herself in a very pretty gown.
Then we did a little shop-
ing. Principally flowers
for we are hard on them,
and returned home to
rest. The Palmers came to
dine with us and just as we were beginning our
our roast beef which I
had arranged Mrs. Costley
have especially good for
telling her that I had not
had a good piece once we
dancing. Mr. & Mrs. Aldrich
came in in full dinner
dress. I had invited them
to join us but Mrs. Aldrich
had declined as they had
accepted an invitation to
dine with Mr. Aprod.
They sat with us quite a
little time. Was it not
prod of these? There was
one person in London
from Boston who would
have given her eye teeth to
have had that party at her
residence that afternoon.
Mrs. Aldrich told me that
she had heard from Mrs.
Woodman that the cottage
was as picturesque and
lonely as it could be, so
there is an unbiased opinion!
Schloss Hotel
Heidelberg. July 24, 1889

Dear Papa,

It was a great pleasure to hear how much satisfaction you were taking in Mrs. Smith Brooks and also to have your letter describing your recent visit. I am sorry that your trip had to be so hurried and brief, but you may be able to take advantage of the opportunity offered for next year and extend your travels somewhat. I shall be at home to help hold the fort so that Mamma can join you.

I have had my suspicions confirmed that my letters would not be kept in the bosom of the family! I have...
Dear [Name],

I have been somewhat troubled in the way I have written about Mrs. Dill, so now I will tell you a little more about her in a private way. One need not be alarmed for I have only a pleasant report to send. She shows herself most anxious to do as I think best. A little example will amuse you.

She is a great eater of salt and is extravagantly fond of it. Water, indeed, she looks on as anything else on the steamer. One day in London, I told her that I never saw anyone eat so much salt in drink or food, in fact I should think she would never be free from thirst.

How did she take it? Why she hasn't touched salt but once or twice since and she has had several meals without drinking any water! Of course it is much better in any case to let the salt alone and, in travelling, the less water it drinks the better. She is very careful and tidy about all her little belongings and her clothes so that I have had no care. Since beginning this letter I have told her that for the first time I had found her doing an unreasonable thing! She had washed her hair, then put out her light and opened the window so that the strong and almost cold wind might blow on her head and dry her hair off quickly!

I was not aware what she was up to, so I was cutting...
almost shivering in my room, until I happened to open my door into the hall where the draught from her window in the adjoining room blew it to with almost more force than I could withstand. I was not long in closing the window for she has occasional attacks of neuralgia in her eye. The only way in which she has been unsatisfactory is socially. Cutt Mrs. Moulton, Mr. Mrs. Aldrich, and Mr. Mrs. Palmer she was as silent as the grave! I dare say she was overwhelmed by their names and reputations. It is a force for her to come to Germany for the language and music. She is so taciturn that she will never learn to speak German and she is not far enough advanced to take advantage.
of any exceptional opportuni-
ties of studying music.

I'm still amused with
one experience we have had.
A few days after landing
Miss Dill complained of lice!
I held my peace, as I was not
afflicted. At the Isle of Wight
her trouble increased and
mine began. I suggested fleas
albeit to myself I thought it
might be something novel,
as I did not like the looks
from room. I wonder if you
can imagine the effect of
the word ‘flea’ on a well-bred
lady like you who has never
travelled in Europe. She was
shocked in the extreme and
utterly refused to accept any
such notion as a working
hypothesis. She continued
to suffer a good deal, while
my trials soon came to an
end, almost forcing me into the conviction that the re-named face was the mischief-maker! But at Cologne about half past six one morning I caught one. I wrote Miss Dill up to show her a real live flea! The last state is worse than the first. She is imagining them crawling over her all the time and is questioning me continually as to their habits, mode of transit, length of life, and the best method of exterminating them! She does not see how people can live in Europe!

The 'Post' does not come regularly. The trouble is undoubtedly in Paris. I must write to them. I have your letter of the 9th, Mannes of the 10th, and Mrs. Mannes of the 12th today. Goodnight with dearest love, Marion.
Schloss Hotel
Heidelberg, July 25, 1889.

Dear Home, Folks,

Again I have been
in Cologne and am now the
better off for its wealth of
churches. As I looked about
and saw them from a dis-
tance, I felt actually repelled
and turned gladly again to
the Cathedral, whose
wonders
from upon one steadily
on Monday morning we made
the ascent of the tower and
walked about the exterior
galleries. It is a memorable
experience. One has no con-
ception of the vastness and
grandeur of the mighty
structure without seeing it
from these different points
of view. We began our trip
up the Rhine at two o'clock
and reached Koblenz at six after a day quite devoid of adventure or especial interest. The table d’hote was poor— we had a lively chat with a couple of Englishmen, the scenery except near the Drachenfels was rather uninteresting and I looked upon the day merely as preliminary to what was to come. In Koblenz we strolled about the Rhine promenade, enjoyed the rose garden and the pleasant walk with the fine outlook above Ehrenbreitstein. Mrs. Dill did not care to make the ascent of the fortress, so I was very glad to substitute a novel trip in the form of a trip to Erns. Thus we accomplished most delightfully by taking a train at 8:21 A. M. up the lovely valley of the Lahn driving about the pretty town for an hour and returning by rail to Oberlahnstein where we met the Rhine steamer at 11:45. Then for the rest of the day or rather until three o’clock we were kept busy watching the charming scenery. But castle finally began to be wearisome and I was glad to have a chat with Mrs. Chandler one of the Wellesley faculty. I had made a little plan to be carried out if we were not too tired. Mrs. Dill was ready for it, so we landed at Rüdesheim at 3:15 took the cable road up the mountain, inspected the
great National Monument, looked off over the Rhine valley and great vineyard district and then descended in the midst of a heavy shower of rain which we were well protected in the car. We proceeded on our journey by rail to Wiesbaden, arriving at 6.45 P.M. We were received at the Rhenischer Hof, almost literally with open arms, but there and then all attention and care ceased. It was the quiet experience of the kind we have had. We had expected to go to Mainz for the night, but I had nothing to see there and was glad to remain, in Wiesbaden and see...
something of the famous watering place. It had been a full day and one of the most satisfactory we have had. On Wednesday morning we took a drive through the town and suburbs. The parks are charming and altogether I was unexpectedly delighted. Pointed in Weibstadt as well as Enns. About eleven we took the train for Kastel, crossed the river by horse car, took a droschke, picked up our trunk at the steamer landing, landed at the big station which Mr. H. will remember, and at three o'clock reached Heidelberg via Mannheim. We are both glad to be up here on the mountain side.
We are higher even than the castle in our rooms, so we can look out over the castle and the beautiful valley of the Neckar, opening out into the plain beyond. The cloud effects have been very fine. Showers have been falling and great patches of sunlight here and there have added a new beauty to the scene. Now we shall have three days and one Saturday afternoon to go on to Nürnberg and Sunday.

The home letters which came yesterday were most interesting, it was of course a relief to know that Winberth was improving. I shall answer Mrs. Finnes letter at once, but I may not be able to reach the next mail. Had planned to write to her from here.

I did not tell you that the Aldrich party were to go to Paris for a few days, then back to London for a grand start, then up the Rhine to Liestern, and then return to be in Ireland before sailing in the City of New York. I believe Sept. 4.

Miss again with much love. Marion.
Bayreuth, July 30 1879.

Dear Family,

I must not begin to tell you of our novel experiences amidst all these Wagner adorations without some slight account of our enjoyment in Heidelberg. The Castle fascinated us and we were not content to see it from our windows but spent a good deal of time in the courtyard or out on the terrace or amid the lovely gardens and shaded walks which have, fortunately, taken the place of the stiff French Landscape Gardening to which the grounds fell a prey a century ago. I could but admire the taste shown in the arrangement.
and management. There are very few signs to offend the eye and there is scarcely anything to remind one that he is in one of the great show places of the world. We supplemented our close acquaintance with the castle in a way attempted by few Americans or Germans either. It judge from the exclamation of our host proprietor when we told him what we had done. He walked about a mile and a half up the valley of the Neckar to the Milfsbrunnen, a great place for trout, where the reservoirs for Heidelberg are, and then climbed up a path by a good path to the summit of the mountain chain which forms one side of the valley. We walked along the event a couple of miles through the woods until we reached the tower on the spot known as the Königshof. We had a superb view but our imaginations were not lively enough after our long walk to enable us to see the towers of Dusseldorf as we were told we might! Then came the long descent through the woods to the Missouri above the Castle and to our hotel at the Hotel after 3½ hours of very moderate walking. A distance of about seven miles. I suppose. We were both a little lame the next day, but were ready to go to St. Louis for our enjoyment. Already at Heidelberg we
began to feel the tide of travel toward Bayreuth, and stories were abroad about people who were unable to find rooms in Fürenrueck. We felt it with a Mrs. Helther who left two lovely children at Heidelberg while visiting Bayreuth with her eldest boy. She quelled my curiosity somewhat. She lived in New York before her marriage is an Englishwoman by birth, and claimed acquaintance with a great many of the performers at Bayreuth. She was quite attractive, in her appearance this exceedingly nervous and I think she was probably a singer. The journey to Fürenrueck was very tedious. It took us seven hours and over 160 miles and from Würzburg...
we were on the great express train with a sleeping car, which in the course of time got people from Frankfurt to Vienna. In spite of some forebodings a pleasant warm was ready for us at the Wurttemberg hotel in Nurnberg, in response to my letter written a couple of days before and the prices were more moderate than I had expected. On Sunday morning we walked through the town, looking into the curios churches as we strolled through the streets and "doing" Dives with an inspection of his birthplace home, and statue. The picturesque part of Nurnberg is picturesque, indeed, but it is much smaller in area than I had supposed. The
spirit of architectural re-
formation which is mak-
ing over, fortunately I
believe, so many German
towns has done its work
here. Moreover a great
many buildings are old,
two three to even four
hundred years, without
having any interest be-
yond that of mere au-
tiquity, which is done
of little account. The
c"ew old houses on the
river and Diirres Fonne
I did enjoy. The shops
were all closed, much to
my regret. They evoked
unusually attractive even
with the shutters up. We
spent a part of the afternoon
in the Vincenzi Museum,
which contains one of the
best collections of anti-
gute in Germany. But
collections of fossils, antique
armor and early attempts
at art may become serious
in time, and we found our
chief interest in the building
itself which was formerly
a Benedictine monastery.
Bayreuth, July 31.
Two letters from Papa one
from Maximilian and one
from Edith are my
birthday presents. One
from Edith was also here
when I arrived. I have
sent a cablegram home
to Dr. Talbot, I do not, but
I do not know whether it
will ever be received. The
clerk had a great deal to do
with the word Massachusetts!
You will want to know
my impressions of Bay-
reuth. I need more cle-
Sure of body and mind
so order to give them to
you. But this letter must
ups as we quite of
the cablegram you may
feel satisfied. I will
only say that many
emotions are mixed
such a mixture of art
and barbarity is un
usual in my experience
and I do not quite like
it. If the performances
were all, then my emo
tions would be all right.
But this living! So con
vince the next December.
Friday we go to Munich
Tuesday to Marburg and
then Elsd the Eugene to Cono
Milou Mappas and back
then to the St. Gotthard.
I have thought much of you
all today. Write dearest love
Marian.
Bayreuth, August 2.

Dear Home,

I am going to try and tell you a little about my impressions of Bayreuth before we move on this morning to Munich.

First of all the town. It lies in a rolling country with a few distant hills known as mountains. The streets are for the most part quite broad and are paved with stone, just as the sidewalks at which does away with the trouble of discrimination on the part of coaches and pedestrians! There is one large block with some apparently good stores. As for the rest you wonder as you do so many times in Europe where the people...
...any what they need, etc.

The town seemed, me

painted of homes without

the park and the fine new

residences. The hotels here

are of the most witched

order. I do not know

whether the visiting digni-
taries can be properly

received. As for ourselves

we are on the street lead-

ing to Villa Washington.

Washington home, and very

near the centre of the town.

The first floor is occupied

by a butcher, shop a coal

merchant, a back yard and

many containing fields enough

to last me for the rest of

the summer, and a woman

and her wife a singer

as they are friendly. They

are on the door on the stairs

on the sidewalk, ready for

as at every turn! But as tedious

I cannot love these! The

woman is little and bent

an enormous hooked nose

projects over her toothless

mouth. keen black eyes

gleam out from under

a bang which is a minute

portion of an enormous

structure made of coarse

fit black hair done up

braids and puffs and

ornamented with immo-

numerable pins and combs.

I do not like her! The

next floor is principally

a true born woman who

brings us fresh water and

a light when we return

from the theatre. We are

in the upward roof of a

front room evidently

metamorphosed from a

hakor for festival eyes.
generous. It is comfortable and tidy and we are always glad when we have fought our way through the dense smells of the entries and stairs and entered our own door.

Two orphan girls Potyler by name are our hostesses. In anticipation we were to be here for the festival. In truth we have spent twelve hours out of ninety-six in looking at the performances. A large part of the remainder of the time has been passed in search of palatable food. One switched and expensive table d'hôte at the hotel was enough for us. We very quickly settled into a routine regarding our meals as follows:
coffee, such as can be prepared by a German madchen one degree higher than a peasant, excellent rolls and butter when we order it and an egg at half past eight. At twelve before the canteen begins one goes to a restaurant where farthing something and bee drinking, for all find a quiet corner in the garden, have roast chicken, potatoes, salad, and perhaps a glass of wine. After always buy some friskies at a stand, some inventions or creamed be at the next confectioner shop close by, go to one room and eat our dessert. After the first act about half past five we make a rush for one of the theatre restaurants, help ourselves.
if we can't grab a waiter to
have sandwiches, have a
desperate struggle for ace-
cream or champagne to
help counteract the sand-
wich. for beer is about
the only other thing we can
get to drink, and there
content ourselves with the
thoughts of the roll, but-
ter, remnants of cake and
fruit which we closed a-
way in our room to be
taken as an after supper.
We think we shall have
a good supper at Munich
tonight! As you see
all this business over.
put a great deal of time.
so we were not familiar
with the operas we have
prevailed thought and
strength in studying them.
Miss Dill bought the
piano and voice score
with English and German
words. After making our-
seives familiar with the
list we have been with
Henry Hartwig & the
Piano factory and there
in a room by ourselves
with a musetable piano
she has gone over the whole
of the music very carefully
with us, pointing out the
themes and telling us
much of interest which
we could not otherwise
know. Last night we were
all ready for the great
interval from 13 to 6 sharp
realize how octane the
premise in Wagner or any
composer, which Mr. Walter
took with the greatest care
on the word "laughed."
Henry sings as an a.p.
prepose in the Meistersinger
and as a flowergirl and
behind the scenes in Paris, and she has heard the music so much and sung it so well that she knows nearly every note of all the arias by heart and could sing them to you. You can hardly imagine how much help this has been to me. Now for the performances. The theatre stands on an elevation about a mile from the town. It is of red and yellow brick with very slight pretensions to architectural merit. The temple sing their pilgrimage three times by three o’clock, and for an hour there is a steady stream of travel by the shaded highway, most of the pilgrims on foot, and yet everyone of the 152 droochkes etc.
the place engaged. It is a lively scene. The townsmen occupy every available spot and look with eager and curious gaze. Even the dull-eyed peasant women stop clearing the streets or hoisting the fields and stare. The cows stopped to plough of Roman patterns. I should judge, or hitched to heavy wagons are brought to a standstill. The peasant men are even more lazy, their usual and do their share of the staring, while boys and girls with two heads and clumsy frames hang on others' mothers' skirts or perch on some tempting post or branch, looking on with wonder, not knowing what it means or for what it means. Why Bavaria should draw the world with what it is a...
accepted as the greatest known musical and dramatic art
and yet that her people should know so little of the
comfort, the pleasures, the beauty and goodness of
life itself. Fortunately there is not much time for
philosophizing. By pessimistic mood grows apace.
We slowly ascend the hill, gladden the heart of
a boy by bringing ice cream and when we stop we find
ourselves in the open avenue which surrounds the theatre
and which is now nearly filled with assembling visitors
who linger to see the new-comers alight. On each
e side of the theatre are six
doors. We find the one de
signated on our tickets and
when the leading themes of
the work are heard are given
by trumpeters from the two
outside sides of the front balcony as we enter. We have already blen
dred the chart so we know in
which row our seats are and
quickly find them. But there
is little use in settling our-
seats for we have to rise for
each lesson who has a seat
beyond us as the long rows
extending the entire width of
the theatre can be entered only
from the two ends. At exactly
from o'clock the lights are turned
down, people hastily seat them-
selves, take off their hats and
corsets, a cry of “hush” is
heard and in less than a
minute out of the darkness
is heard the opening note
of the introduction. Not a
light is to be had of the arches,
the and the effect is very
startling especially when the
new curtain is slowly drawn
aside and reveals the beautiful stage setting lighted to perfection. The seats are tiered above two tiers, with no balcony stage to everyone can see perfectly. Now for the general impression of the performance. The orchestration is perfect, the chorus wonderful, there is nothing in the setting which striving has not shown to the principal roles are excellently taken. The first night Fran Puchner as Brdal completely dominated Tristan, who to my mind was inadequate to the part after taking the magic love potion. The Eva Fr. Dressler in the Meisteringer was neither pretty nor charming.
and her voice is not of moderately good quality. Van Dyke, who is strangely placed in the way of Parsifal does indeed ring and act well but Costas does much like a simple rounded boy as any stout beer drinker German of forty can. Dr. Malten, who alternates with Malvina in the wonderful role of Kundry is very fine. But I must not praise flaws, strongly as I am tempted, for just here is my great disappointment. I will tell you more sometime. Last night we had a surprising thrill in the performance. The spear which is thrown at Parsifal and is supposed to strike hanging over his head, glowed with a great light, did not work. Parsifal had presence of mind, he was just as much
amazed at the violinist's skill as he thrummed the strings of the violin, and the air was filled with the music. I find it trying to keep my nerves when in a state of tension after a day of tension. I have to take part in a rabble for refreshments and sit down composedly to have something to eat.

Meanwhile, another scene was playing itself out. There are two acts of nearly an hour each during which this is the programme, and at the end the performance is ended and another scramble for carriages begins.

I must tell you a funny incident which happened last night. When the lights went down for the second act there were still people beyond us, the seats belonging to an Englishman and woman. Just before the opening note, a few rays of daylight were seen as the direction of the door, and then a peculiar noise in the darkness came from ten or more people fortuitously enough to fit in at all. But they came from eight o'clock into utter darkness and were not familiar with their seats which were twenty feet from the end. When they had passed about eight people they began to sit down! The violins would boost them up and there they sat down. If too small people happened to be sitting side by side, the poor claggers would mistake the place between them for a seat and jam themselves in.

Meanwhile here were these two or a dozen people in confusion, hisses, grizzling, all about, and great abuse.
ment among those who could see the fire! The poor unfortunate were in their places as due dates after the next round dinner, but did not succeed in reaching there until after they had travelled a long distance into the woods behind and were obliged to retreat and take a fresh start! Oh, but there are stupid folk in the world!

I saw very few people whom I knew. Mrs. Sheriffing and Dr. Bay Leveille of Harvard, Mr. Clifford of the Institute and Mrs. Webster were the chief except Mr. and Mrs. Alien of Salem, who did not return from London after the sudden death of Mr. A's mother in law as Lydia D. Ame wrote.
We have been this morning again to the theatre to visit the stage and look behind the scenes. We saw the corpse of the dead king Titurel, the box in which the man sits who works the electrical apparatus which illuminates the Holy Grail and a few other disillusioning objects.

The most interesting part was the arrangement of the orchestra. The seeming empty space occupied by them is most deceptive. The canopy which shields them from view has the effect of covering them completely, whereas it extends only a few feet, and most of the orchestra are out from under the stage, contrary to all appearances.

Bayenofehst. Munich
Friday evening.
Here we are after what
should have been a seven
hours journey but proved
to be an eight hours. This
was a great rush of people
away from Bayreuth and
many came late. Their
conference room was full but
the people were pleasant
and we got on very well.
He had two bright English
girls and Mr. Mrs. Bern
Janett, besides a young
German. Mr. Janett was
of the same Janett and
Palmer who made them-
sew famous with the
Black Crook. He has
managed for many people.
and is interesting.

How this long letter must come
to an end. Always affectionately,
Marion.
Dear Papa.

Your kind and good letters of the 16th and 19th were a most welcome birthday greeting. I was specially glad to hear of Antho’s recovery and to have the bits of Redclorns news. I hope I shall hear soon that you and mamma have arranged to see Edith and the home in which she is so happy. She writes me of her dread lest she not see you there this summer. Nothing would gratify her more than a little visit from you and I trust it will be possible.

After four weeks of rambling through Switzerland and we shall reach Paris. Travelling as I am there is little opportunity for economy without sparing myself to criticise. I had hoped to
summer days are passing.
I have been doing
some shopping this mon-
th, some personal to a four-
weeks trip away from
store. I looked about
for something to send
you in my letter as a
little birthday remem-
brance, but with the limi-
tations in language there
and method of transpor-
tation, was not as successful as
I had hoped from my
aesthetic point of view.
There will not be any-
thing to complain of re-
gard to usefulness and
it carries just as much
love and loyalty as if
it were unbounded
beauty and cost.
I don't want my
letters to tire you for we
are really travelling very
comfortably and the trip
is along the good I know.
Mrs. Channing said I was
looking much refreshed
and Mrs. Almich said the
same. Mrs. Dill is prow-
ny fat in spite of the
climate she undergoes with
the national past! I fare
much better than she
does.
I have hardly begun
to enjoy Munich yet, but
shall today. It is a very
attractive city, but we
shall not try to do much
as we wish to get into
the mountains. I am sur-
priused to be glad that
the visit in Bayreuth has
come to an end. You will
see my long letter telling
my experiences there.
after you have read it will you forward it to Mrs. Allen, 263 Harvard St. Can bridgeport and ask her to send it back? She is especially interested in the Wagner Operas and I must not attempt to write a full account. I have not heard from her since I was in Edinburgh, but suppose she is at home.

I am anticipating the trip into the Tyrolian Alps with great pleasure and hope we can see the Italian lakes. Our group will be so uncertain that we shall have to be without letters for a time I fear.

Give a great deal of love to Will and the baby girl and take a thousand bitter slap greetings for yourself from your ever love. Ll.
Bennet Station, Aug. 6, 1918.

Dear Mamma,

We have had more than three days here and have enjoyed them. Good letters have come from you and Papa. The items of news about folks are of great interest. But I am very sorry to hear of your disappointment in your garden. I hope you are now changing some of Edith's satisifcations in her farming experiments. Isn't it good to know of her happiness? Tell Papa that his experiment in regard to mailing letters will not be of much satisfaction, for the bankers are not very regular about remailing. A letter dated by him July 24, 12 P.M. for S.S. Augusta Victoria, but stamped Bath Bay Station July 24, 5 P.M. was received in Paris Aug. 2, 9 P.M.
remained in the 3rd and was brought down here before I woke on the 5th. That is the only letter for which I can as yet report and we do not expect to receive more until we reach Putescher’s Friday or Saturday. If he would try the experiment while we are in Paris, I will take note. The letters should go to the Bankers. The office is quite near the Hotel Louis de France where I intend to stay, but as these may be need of changing letters should not be sent there.

Will you tell me in your next about the width and amount of black lace that would best suit you? I cannot remember what you said. I have kept out of shops for the most part and intend to look about a little in Paris. I have had no temptation indeed, except in London and Ave.

I am sorry Papa felt anxious lest we overdo. My letters have been long and yet not long enough! Still I think you can read between the lines that our days have never begun early, hard up before nine or ten o’clock, except the morning we were in Stirling, and we have done very little evenings but eat our supper and go to bed. I wonder what I wrote that gave him the impression that I was not Janey any. The exact reverse has been true after the first few nights on land, as I thought. I wrote to Mrs. Aldrich’s Astronomy. The trip to the Isle of Wight
I gave us more rest as I thought it would take the three days in London. But as a result of what he writes I shall cut down the amount of travel I had planned for this month, go directly from Como to Maggiora without visiting Milan and go over the Timpone and down the Rhone valley to Geneva instead of thru the St. Gotthard and to Lucerne, Interlaken and Zermatt. We shall probably linger some days in the Environs. I cannot make any plans about mailing my letters for I have no means of knowing what the post cleaners do or how long it will take my letters to reach them. I can only write and mail as opportunity presents itself or can be found.
Schenks, Aug. 7.

The Munich galleries seemed inexhaustible. We only visited the old and new Piccadilly and the Glyptothek. We went into three churches near the Bavaria and Hall of Fame, had a long drive in the lovely English Garden, inspected the palace and famous Schloss festes of the Nibelungenlied and spent a part of Sunday afternoon in the Nymphenburg Park. Mrs. Dill had a skirt taken from her Cannondale bundle which made a little excitement of an unpleasant sort. We enjoyed the trip over the Brenner pass vastly more than I had anticipated. We left Munich at 10:45 a.m. and went right through Trient without change, reaching here at 9 p.m. We had two...
very agreeable dinners in the first-class carriage with us. I should have thought the man a prince or a duke if it had not been for his courtesy and attention to his wife! After leaving Innsbruck we discovered that they both of the Englishmen, the man very well. They gave us their seats on the view side and told us a good deal that was interesting beside pointing out each duke. Somebody the uncle of the Emperor, who was walking near the train as it stopped at Brennerbad. The scenery was fine indeed and we looked with all our eyes until night fell. It was warm in Meran so we were glad to start on for greater heights this morning.

I had planned to go by diligence, but the landlord urged us to take a return carriage to Pontecchia. The regular price would be 330 francs, but he thought he could get it for 200. I said we could take it for 225 and we have already made our first stop. We shall be four days on route stopping at Spindelnig, Bormio, Passiavo and reaching the Hotel Roseg, Pontecchia Saturday night. The Stelvio is now in sight so we stop for dinner and we anticipate great enjoyment. Huge white clouds are floating over the mountain peaks, covering them from time to time. Here and there we see patches of snow which tell us we are
in Alpine land. The Tyrolean costumes are very picturesque and I like the bright, bold, some faces of the people.

I am glad to have the luxury of a carriage. Our driver is excellent and the road I find so frequented as to remove any slight doubt I had about travelling to privately. We shall avoid early rising by keeping away from the diligences, except to "walk up" our driver advises starting by seven o'clock. In the long ascent of the Stelvio. My next letter will be from Switzerland. Goodbye into decent love from Madison.
La Preze, August 9.

Dear Family,

It did not tax my imagination greatly yesterday to picture an athletic young fellow accompanied by a world-renowned mountaineer from John Bull's island tramping up the valley from Prad and gradually recrossing the glaciers of the Oster group and the Madatack glacier which before this the wonder of the scene was as great today as it was thirty-four years ago and far greater than I had anticipated. We spent the night at New Bonding where there is a hotel house there at Prad a mile and a half near the valley. At seven o'clock we began our
Ascent and seven hours it took of steady climbing to reach the summit of the Helvius pass. We had a two hours rest at Frankenstein. We were three thousand feet high and the valley lay far out of sight below us and there was scarcely a trace of vegetation. The mountains with their caps of snow and mantles of glaciers were of a peculiarly soft and pearly gray hue where the crumbling rock stretched down below to the tree line. But from Frankenstein we had still an ascent of two hours over a road making more than twenty windings. The day was most fortunate. The sky was of the clearest blue with here and there a fleecy cloud veiling with the snow in whiteness. We had winter wind very cold to mar our pleasure, this I had anticipated both. There was one exasperating mishap however. I drank a large glass of Italian wine with my dinner and it made me deadly sick! But I kept my courage up and think I did not look much that eyes could see. The descent to Bonnico is as unremarkable as its way as the ascent on the northern side. The engineering of the road is magnificent. We went through tunnel after tunnel and frequently under water falls. The road is
kept in perfect condition, recalling those of Norway.

Host. Languardau,

Porte ouest, Aug. 11.

At 2 o'clock we reached the new Batter of Torino, where there is a good hotel and we passed a very comfortable night. On we went the next morning starting at eight o'clock, finishing and resting at Turin and the "C," beginning a new ascent toward the Nebelina Pass. To cross our stopping place for the night, it charmingly situated at the head of a small lake. The road both reminded of Ulleviar. A pretty garden with a rustic bridge tempted us out after a good trout.
supper and we would have gladly lingered in the fas-

sionable moonlight for a long time. From the top of
the Stelvi to a point just beyond Evans we had been
in Italian territory—my first experience. We noticed es-
speciall the change in the features and appearance of
the peasants and missed the striking beauty and
really noble countenances of the people whom we had
seen in the Tyrol. The filth and degradations of the
Italians were poor substitutes.

Begging to be help in a row
as we crossed the frontier
and in spite of my principles
I found it easier to buy
off the unfortunate seamen
with cemtimes than to listen
to their monotonous whining.
We started from Le Prèse at seven o'clock and very soon began the ascent of the Berzina pass where we arrived at two o'clock after a rest of nearly two hours en route. The view from the summit is very fine, but we did not have enough time to enjoy it as we felt somewhat impatient to reach Rütliswil. I had written for news from Munich and also telegraphed so, although we heard that everything was well. I felt confident that we should be comfortable. We dismissed our driver Peter Philipp at half past three. He had served us well and our four days' drive had been most successful.

The weather had been most

propitious for the placing and indeed during the whole time with the exception of an hour between Bonnis and Sion when we had a heavy thunder shower. I must not forget to tell you of one rather amusing incident of our journey. At Neuendorf we fell in with two Swiss ladies who were making a tour this the Engadine in a little one horse carriage. They started an hour before us, but we overtook them. Their driver, a young fellow, had never been over the road and it was most funny to see how he walked when Philipp told him at different times how much more climbing there was ahead! He was glad to fall behind us and for three days we
had the little equipage in our train, the old grey horse grazing our trunks. The last day, the ladies who had tuned their eating and sleeping and going by our movements, actually had the audacity to address from the stove before us. But as far as we overtook them and again they felt belated to form our retinue. We have now lost sight of them. All the time there was not a word exchanged between us!

Well, now for our arrival here. The Hotel Bocage, the first named in Baedeker, is a large establishment beautifully situated with a large armery and garden. After some delay, the manager appeared to tell us that
all he could do for us would be to give us rooms in the stable! That was rather a shock! We had been anticipating a higher degree of civilization at this great resort! However we looked at the rooms and decided to take them temporarily, as the odor was not offensive, and the rooms would at least give us shelter, but I at once started out on a voyage of discovery. I could find nothing but a single room in the third story of this hotel with the assurance of something better on Monday. In addition I discovered that Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Dodge were at the Roxeg and knowing how people are constantly coming and going in a big hotel, I decided to help the stable rooms and ask Mr. Dodge...
to use his influence on our behalf, although the manager had said that everything was promised for the week ahead. In Dodge was most kind but could not accomplish anything for us. The night was wretched. When the stable was closed up we began to be painfully aware of our surroundings and I was awakened several times in the night by the odor. In addition heavy thunder showers set in followed by a hard rain and in the morning we were drenched enough. I sent for our breakfast to be brought to my cheerless room and dispatched a messenger to this hotel to see if we could have the room which had been shown me in a letter.

The reply came that we could have a room on the first floor. This good news cheered us up. It did not take long to settle our account, pick up our belongings and then in the pouring rain to our new quarters. Everything is now beautiful except that we should like to have another room as we intend to stay several days and rest and enjoy some of the lovely walks. But we were fortunate to have any shelter last night. People came here begging for the privilege of sitting in the salon over night. The rain has now stopped and the summit flows over the mountains with their fresh covering of snow. It is lovely and unless the storm begins again we shall
soon forget our unhappy experience. I shall continue
now the rest of our trip very definitely and write
ahead of in some time in
advance, for we are now
on the borders of the most
frequented part of the con-
tinent.
I met Mrs. Dodge, who
is quite a attractive
man, but rather slighty
in her manner. Mrs.
Dodge especially wished
to have his regard. I re-
cent to my parents.

With dearest love

[Signature]
Poutreine Aug. 11.

Dear Papa:

Three of your series of letters were awaiting me here and did much to relieve the gloom of our seclusion. I like your experiment very well though I don't think it will prove very much in respect to the mails, except that the Boston streams are slow and that we know already. I mail with this a letter to Maurice marked via Southampton. This I leave to find its own way.
Here is our route for the rest of the time.


Will you tell Mrs. Britocs that I have often thought of her and Mrs. Parker especially in Munich and here at the Conservatory. I hope I shall not have to wait until another summer before
I am both over our experiences with them.

Yesterday in a New York paper of July 30, I saw an account of the E. H. H. Batcheller failure. It was a great surprise.

I thought much of your news budget.

Affectionately,
Hermit.
Pontresina, Aug. 13.

Dear Mamma,

There is so much uncertainty about the mails that I am going to send you a little letter today with the hope that it will reach you on time for Saturday's steamer. This is a lovely place. I had no idea of its beauties. The excursions to be made are limitless in number and variety. I am looking forward to make the ascent of Piz Langvard, a trip made nearly a hundred times a day, but it requires four hours of steady climb.
Sils Maria, August 16

Dear Home Folks,

Here we are still in the Engadine, though we have moved on a few miles since I sent the last bulletin. In some respects I do not feel very well satisfied with our visit in Pontresina. In the first place the weather was not altogether favorable. We did not have much sunshine but the clouds were lowering much of the time. This was quite a solace for me, because Mrs. Dill is not much of a walker and cannot climb at all, and if the skies had been clear I should have been in despair at not making any ascents. We spent two afternoons in visiting the Morteratsch and Rosset glaciers and lounged about the hotel or meandered through the woods mornings. An overdose of reading gave Mrs. Dill a
sneezing headache and on Wednesday she kept her bed nearly all day. We had planned to walk through the woods to St. Montz. After leaving her to sleep if possible I started out with three cans at my disposal. My first inclination was to go part way up the Schaufelsgut but the path seemed lonely and the clouds hung too low for a view, so I retreated. I could look across the meadow through which the St. Montz path wound for a short distance and as many people were coming and going that I decided to carry out my original plan. I was alone and could take my own pace, so I outstripped everybody on the road and reached the Bath of St. Montz in an hour and a quarter. It is a charming bath part of the way through the woods and then by the shore of a very pretty lake. Every few minutes I came to a bench and would have been glad to linger for the views. The Bath is a gay place with fine shops and a Casino where Italian Opera is given! I made the circuit of the lake and thus had a look at the village of St. Montz from which there is a fine mountain and lake view, but lacking the pleasures of Fontaineux. I enjoyed the walk greatly though I should have been glad of a companion. The thermometer stood at 50° in the shade during most of our visit and we were always glad to jet in the sun where it shone. Our drive here about twelve miles was very delightful. We went through Flamaden, Salerme, St. Montz, Campfen, and Silvaplana little villages separated from each other by lakes of the
most exquisite green color

we have since made an excursion to Malaga, the very

head of the valley and turned off over the head of the pass

into the valley on the Italian side with its luxuriant pine

forests and steep slopes, contrasting with the

barrenness and gradual de-

cent of this valley of the

Ims. This little hamlet of

Sile is a verdant spot, about

the only one in the valley of any extent. There

are a couple of hotels, two

churches and a few houses

and the place is chiefly re-

served to by Germans who

spend the whole summer.

The walks in every direc-

tion up the Tosa valley, by

the shores of the lakes, and

through the woods would

occupy one pleasantly

for a long time. I have
the most curious sensations when I look up and down the valley horizontally and vertically. The mountains rise on each side to a height of three to five thousand feet above the river, but as the valley itself is at an altitude of nearly six thousand feet, the mountains are really so high as to be snow-capped. It is difficult to reconcile this proof of their great elevation with their apparent height. They seem to me like white-haired, gray-bearded old dwarfs! Then as one looks in the direction in which the valley extends and the sky meeting the plains it seems as if one would soon come to a jumping-off place and the wonder is that the water of all these little lakes doesn't flow off and leave the valley quite dry! Terra firma appears to
be a long distance below us and I am reminded of the three plans represented in "Faust" at Weimar!

We have found very few people with whom we cared to talk much. At Portezima was a traveling English clergyman who seemed to be somebody. There is another one of a similar but not next me at table here, but I have less respect for the English clergyman than for any body of men I have seen or known anything about. The wives in these special cases are on a par with the husbands. The table manners of one and the extraordinary costumes of the other, as well as the English, do not attract me. The only satisfactory acquaintance I have made is Mrs. Woodhouse, headmistress of the Girls' High School at Sheffield. She and her young daughter who is here on account of consumptive tendencies left Portezima before we did for Bamberg, but yesterday walked over here to make us a call. Mrs. Woodhouse has thirty teacks under her and seems to occupy a responsible post.

Last evening we had a small excitement in the form of a concert given by a couple of strolling Italiacs who sang and played the violins, cello, mandolin, tambourine and lyre. Tomorrow our week of rest will come to an end and we shall drive to Thures over the Palais and Scheir panses. We shall both be glad to be on the move again.

We have been much disappointed at not receiving letters here as we had expected. I presume my order did not reach Paris until it was so late that...
the Barker thought it was not safe to send the mail here, and we shall doubtless find letters awaiting us in Boston tomorrow night.

I enclose a proof of a picture I had to have in Munich at the place where Mrs. Frostou and Dr. Black were. I was much disappointed that the other kind for which I sat turned out very badly. I hope you will like this. I did not expect to have my gloves taken on and I should have fitted myself out in better style! I hope you will not think me won by the bone!

Please remember me warmly to all Holderness friends. Every time I see a Lombard piano and that is very often, I think of you all among the New Hampshire hills with dearest affection. Marion.
flights to reach our zone.
I had some misgivings as we followed the track but was well content when we found ourselves in a large comfortable room with fine windows and a balcony looking out on a pretty garden which formed a fitting foreground for the great Via Mala stretching out before us. The precipitous cliffs rise on each side to a height of 1600 feet, but steep as they are, they cannot baffle the Swiss pine, whose tenacity and persistence are a source of much of the loneliness in the Swiss landscape. The following day we de
voted to reading, writing, playing cards, and watching the heavy showers come and go. There was one complete rainbow, one of whose ends rested in the garden before us. It was an exquisite sight. Toward evening the clouds began to clear away and we walked for more than a mile up the Via Mala, and saw from a distance the castle built by Rhaetus, according to tradition 589 B.C. That is the oldest yet!

The next day was fine and sunny, and at seven o’clock we set forth for our long drive through the Via Mala and over the Jalugna pass to Vienna and our turn out was not quite as fine as on the preceding day. And for the first time we had a driver who was not satisfied. He was a young fellow, fat, slovenly, untidy, a good-natured man, pure cul. He gave us our first real experience with Swiss tobacco. I’m sure its value, I had been dreading it in anticipation and why wonder had been that she had not had a couple drivers who cared or offered to smoke. I did not remonstrate with this chap as long as he walked. But when he put into the carriage and every puff sent a cloud of the nauseating stuff full into my face, I told him there should be no smoking
in the carriage. It was stupidly
able about it and as in-
telligently persistent! Once
again, each time with in-
creasing severity I had to
assert my rights! Early the
next morning I looked out
of my window and I saw
how starting off with
one gentleman as pas-
tenger who had no sooner
seated himself than he
pulled out a cigar, and
knew the driver's hankering
would not be interfered with
except possibly by the sub-
stitution of a tobacco worthy
to taint the pleasanter air.
Our drive through the
Via Mala kept us on the
graviere. The Rhine there
with its clean, sparkling
water rushing made C.
Hotel Bellevue, Cadenabbia
Lake Como, Aug. 23,

Dear Susan,

Our experiences of the past few days have certainly been varied though not so strikingly novel for the most part as some that preceded them. Monday morning at half past seven we set forth from Selt Marca with light hearts, for we had found at our breakfast plates the batch of home letters which we had been expecting for three or four days. We glanced them over hastily and gave them several faithful readings later in the day. Our equine carriage was satisfactory but on a small scale, horse, carriage and driver every!
I told Miss Dell that she would have to do the "big" job for the party the best she could. Whenever we past the diligence or a two, three, or four horse carriage I noticed the people all looked at us with a somewhat amused expression, and we were rather a cute little concern! But we just threw all the same. The finest part of the way was along Silva Plana Lake, but on leaving the village of Silva Plana we immediately began to ascend. The Julian pace is not especially interesting. The genuine Roman mile stones at the summit most attracted my attention. The descent was pretty long, but fortunately the landscape was greatly varied. We had an excellent dinner at Mühlen. The sun became very hot and the wind blew our own dust all over us so that at intervals we were not altogether comfortable. The drivers are not usually slow to seize upon an opportunity for giving their horses a "stückchen Brod", which I think is merely a pretext for giving themselves something of a different order, so I was surprised that our Italian driving fellow drove through the picturesque village of Reinharst in without halting. Then for a little
over two hours we were on the Selyn Pass. I do not know why it is called a Pass, as we did not cross any water shed, but Pass or not, a never lovely drive it is through a wild wooded gorge, most of the way. Mr. Davis had told me of its beauties and I am glad for the hint he gave me. It would be difficult to find a more delightful drive of nine miles. Shortly after four we reached the Hotel Via Mala in Thurn and were much amused by having a repetition of our Criterion Theatre experience, for we had to go down stairs two.
hundreds of feet below in the narrow rift between the rocky cliffs is a very different river from the muddy sluggish streams drifting slowly through the level fields of north Germany. We dined at Schägen, and there unexpectedly met Mr. and Mrs. Dill's niece and aunt. Mr. and Mrs. Rynmore, who were travelling by diligence in the opposite direction. They were soon winding our way up the 17 turnings of the pass, but were not much interested or interested in the landscape. The mountain sides were gray and bare and there was little snow or ice to be seen. We had barely passed the stone post which marks the confines between
Italy and Switzerland they
two ragged dirty trips bobbed
up from somewhere and
began the climb for centuries.
Be were once more in Italy!
The engineering of the road
on the Italian side would
make some of our Holden-
ners neighbors open their
eyes. I think even Mr.
Hunter would not care
to take the job for blasting.
I am prepared to believe
that a road can be built
over any mountain moun-
tains, or mountainous dots
this feat of engineering
seem to me. The descent
was rapid, but we had
to go down absolutely
more than a mile and
a quarter toward the
earth, and it was half
part even when we reached
Carrivonna. We had passed
through every zone of re-
duction and it must coopers
were glad to exchange it.
and rocks for chestnuts,
grapes, olives and figs.
Carrivonna is more interest-
ning and comfortable than
I had expected to find it.
but we were ready to find
easily soil the next even-
ning to Bolico and there
takes the steam on Lake
Como. The day was quite
summer and the cloud's
hung low so that we did
not see form in its finest
grace, but it was very
lonely. Be reached Cadem-
abbia soon after two and
had a lovely room with
a balcony overlooking the
Lake. The sun had come out, so we waited until later in the afternoon and then strolled along the shore of the lake, indulging ourselves in fresh fruit by the way. A luxury we had been missing for several days. We retraced our steps to escape a heavy thunder storm. Showers succeeded showers all night, and all the next day it stormed hard. We were comfortable and comparatively indifferent as we had planned for a quiet day. Between two and four o'clock we went to the Villa Carlotta, whose grounds admirably the garden of the hotel. It contained some fine pieces of
sculpture by Carpeaux and that
valley and the gardens of
Bagatelle. I have been sur-
prised at two features, at
least. I had not imagined
that the mountains were so
high or even so precipi-
tously. I had expected to see
clothing brush, and gardens
thereon, exceedingly large. But
as there are not more for
ever a carriage road along
the shore part of the track,
it follows that the gardens
are quite limited in area
and so, though the foliage
and vegetation are most luxu-
ciant, the impression on my
mind is not that of un-
confined magnificence and
splendor. Then I think of
the gardens of Chatsworth
House. I wonder that more
is not accomplished under condition so infinitely more favorable. Aug 25
Hotel des les Bourneis, Stresa
At Badenbaden, Mr. Mrs. Fitch and Mrs. Pickton of London, whom I had met at the Palmano in Lanebridge made themselves known to me. Saturday dawned in a most unpropitious way but our post fortunes did not fail us and we cleared away at eleven o’clock with only condition of weather favoring. All the high mountains were covered with freshly fallen snow and Lake Como I was about ready to yield the place. We went on past Belgio to Brenaglio where we again met Mrs. Brynlow leaving the train we were to take. Home on the Como, to Lake Lugano in which we spent three hours. Then came another fine railway journey of two hours and we met the Lago on Lake Maggiore with an hour to wait for the steamer. Everything everywhere had been behind time so we were not surprised to find ourselves half an hour late at reaching Stresa. We could hardly see Villa Bella as we passed in the twilight but it is nearly opposite our window and forms part of a lovely view. Today we have clouds and occasional showers so that we do not feel inclined to go very far from the hotel but it is pleasant to sit in the garden by the lake side. It has been very green how the days of storms and showers have come when we
have been resting at Heidel. 
beg, Krumberg, Rottweiler. 
Franz Caban at this end here. 
Do not our truck from 
Franz to Genoa, and glad 
we are to be freed from the 
annoyance of porters and 
conductors of officers. 
This 
morning Sebastian and Francis, 
letter mailed the 13th, 
quickly arrived. I was very 
glad to hear about the water 
plants. We have secured 
pannicke seats on the differ. 
piece and day after tomorrow, 
now go over the Sappho. I 
shall not write again until 
reach Genoa, as you must 
not expect another letter for a 
week. Mr. Dills aunt thinks 
She is nothing splendidly. 

With constant affection. 

Marion
Hotel Byron near Chillon.

My dear Winthrop,

It seems so short a time since I heard through Papas and Momma's letters of the opening of the camp that I can hardly realize that when you receive this your summer work will have been ended. The report of your illness of course caused me some anxiety but I knew you were in good hands. When I last heard you were still feeling some ill effects from the attack, but I hope you are again in first-rate condition so that the last days of the camp may be a pleasure rather than a burden to you. The next thing will be for...
you to have a taste of your
own. A flotilla at Mt. De-
cert would be an admirable
tome I think! Judging
from Maurice's reports the
Pelleras has not suffered
from loneliness in my
absence. That crowd of
people you have had to en-
tertain! I am curious to
know who your boys were.
Some of them have been men-
tioned by name, but not all.
It seems rather strange
to me to be revisiting these
places which were so famil-
ars to us all fourteen years
ago. I am anticipating with
a good deal of pleasure see-
ing the Hotel National again.
It will not require much ef-
tort to picture you and George
eating and those honest Eng-
ish boys in the hotel garden.
Our journey over the

Simplon was safely and
delightfully made. We had
our first experience with a
 diligence and unexpectedly
satisfactory it was. There
were two expeditions from
the Rhone valley while it
tore my heartstrings not to
do, Zermatt and the Gemme
range to Thun. Both are
real mountain trips and
my companion is not fit
or trained for such work.
Moreover we neither of us
have suitable clothes! Our
outfit is light and suitable
for ordinary travelling with
very clothes no reserve. Then
again Zermatt is an uncer-
tain quantity. It is not
worth while to go there (part
of the way you know is on
foot or horse) unless you
can stay cold enough to
make sure of good weather.
for the ascents and placed climbing. I hear that scores of people have been waiting there for the fair weather which came on Monday. We are taking this easier trip, which will perhaps prove just as pleasant. I have left out Chamounix for the same reasons; the valley cars of a pong.

I have not yet bought your muneces, but am planning to do it the day I arrive in Berlin as I think the selection will be better there than anywhere. The end of my trip seems near now that September is so close at hand. It will not be long before we shall all be in winter quarters again.

With love to all.

Yours ever affectionate Sister

Marion.
Hotel National,

Dear Family,

If you know of any nation that would like to show us some lakes, we are ready. England, Scotland, Switzerland, and Italy have done their best for us and night royally we have been treated. I am not prepared to yield the praise to any one. Each is exquisite, grand, bold, lovely in its own peculiar way. At the risk of seeming a raging pessimist, in view of some of my reports, I am going to say that the Borromean lakes were a disappointment. Isola Bella we could not inspect on Monday, but we rowed around it close to the shore. The villa looks like a tumble down factory with shabby pentele.
Boarding house attached. We loll’d back in our pretty boat with the white evening and I imagined what a little energy would do, even while I was under the very influence which has let everything go to decay! We crossed to Villa Madre and walked through the gardens whose loveliness is so little due to the hand of man. I thought the gardens of Chatsworth House far finer. I don’t know what the Duke of Devonshire would not do with the enemy chiefs of Italy to aid him. Monday afternoon we took the omnibus from Stresa to Genoa and then the train to Dona. Villa, where we were sheltered over night in the wretched Hotel della Posta, the best the town affords. It was a consolation that we did not have to pay much! But I was surprised that there were not better quarters in a town through which so many wealthy tourists pass! On Tuesday at 6 o’clock, we were seated in the Panettone of the diligence when the driver began the series of whip cracks which was to last nearly all day. It was pretty cold after the sun went down over the mountains and we had to make use of all our wraps until afternoon and we began the descent of the Simplon. The pass is even finer than I had anticipated. That will offset the Borromeano! The friend of companions has taken possession. I say the Simplon for scenery, the St. Gotthard for it.
engineering and the Stelvio for both examined. The diligence was more comfortable than I thought it would be and we paid seven dollars and a half instead of twelve the price of a one horse carriage. We kept right on that night by train for nearly three hours to Vernayaz and the next morning went into the Gorge du Trient, heard the echo of the pistol, listened to statistics of depths and heights and in twenty minutes were on our way to the statues of Cervantes on the gorge. Questions! The days on the Rhone valley railroad are admirably planned. We found the second class much better than any first class that we have been. We liked them so well partly because they are quite open.
Our journey to Villeneuve was theoretically a short one, but we had to wait over half an hour at St. Maurice for the train to arrive. A Captain in the mouth was a picturesque figure in the crowd. Our fellow travellers of the second class were nearly all English. From Villeneuve it is only half a mile to the Hotel Byron where we had a beautiful corner room on the first floor. From one side we could see the lake and Villeneuve; from the other the snow-capped Dent du Midi. Of course our steps were turned first to Chillon. We were a little too early. The sun was still too high to make theungeons effective as they were on my other visit. Close by the Castle is the terminus of the electric...
railway to Nevers. We secured a car and were soon looking into the second story windows of the cottages and hotels in Nevers, St. Amand, and the other little villages which make one continuous line of dwellings along the shore. We did not have time to go to Nevers. The car had to stop frequently to wait for those coming in the opposite direction. The roadway is very very narrow and I think there must have been a subsalt before permission was given to lay a track. On Thursday we took the 8:25 boat for Geneva, arriving there at 12:45 P.M. The trip was not as enjoyable as it would have been if the atmosphere had been less hazy. We were in.

Geneva. Well, it is the same democratic Paris that it was. It looked very attractive. I was disappointed to find the National so full that we had to take a room on the fourth floor. So the general effect is not so good! But the table is marvel and the salons were quite as magnificent as if you.

I took a jeep into our old sitting room. There are beds in it now. But there we five were, Russell with his curls and Wuthroff with his first long trousers, drinking our morning chocolate!
Kleinfieldt means the same blue flower and has the same clutter about him in that little third story room shop, but he has made money. I hear he remembered us and showed me the plaster cast of Mammi’s own lochot. And as I walked through the gateway at Belleview, there under the arch stood Millie Pauline with her shade hat in her hand, looking hardly a day older than she did fourteen years ago. Millie Suzanne had gone to the Saline. I had a cordial welcome and received many warm messages for all the family. My call was very short. I had an introduction to Mrs. Forbes of Buffalo, the
sister of Mr. Powers, through whom we heard originally of Bellande. How curious it was that we should meet there after all these years! Mr. Bales, I hunted up to. He is in deep affliction, having lost his wife recently. He has five children, four girls and a boy. He is the proprietor of a flourishing daily paper, the Tribune, and continues his banking business though in a different location. We went to the little park at the junction of the Rhone and the Arve and drove out to Torcen, but the air was so hazy that we did not have a good view. One thing about Geneva we found absolutely the same and that is the def
futility and the expense of the trip to Paris. There is practically no way to make it except by night. I planned to go by sleeping car—we went second class and saved eleven dollars each! Our compartment was quite full, but we were more comfortable than you would think and totally slept a good deal. An absurd club of an English fellow shoehorned opposite us, approximating to the use of his legs the two vacant seats. The mild mannered man travelling with his family didn’t raise a protest in behalf of his wife or children. Such conforming I never saw and we laughed when we inspected the fellow under sheets and blankets and the result in the morning!

We reached Paris at seven in the morning and there came the struggle at the customs office. We were nearly an hour in putting our one little trunk through. There was an immense amount of luggage to be examined, and not nearly men enough to handle it. Again we are in temporary quarters in the Hotel Louis Le Grand. Tomorrow we shall have rooms on the fourth floor where we prefer to be so that we can have two rooms without breaking our purses. Paris is crowded. Prices for rooms are high. The advantages of this house
are to quiet respectability and its central location half way between the Palaces and the Opera House. We have had our first real look at Paris today. The I took a walk yesterday. We decided to attend to our duties at once and to simplify matters I thought we would go to the Bois Marais for most of our shopping. Beautiful! The bus that passes the house goes directly there. We hail the first that comes. With an air of utter indifference to our umbrella moving and elevato it goes on to its destination. It has no sooner passed than we see the latest word Complet over
the door. All right, I say. We have only to go walk up the street and meet one. But alas! Compleat is the order of the morning. But all will be well if we go to the bureau not far away at the Madeleine. We get our tickets. The first bus is filled before our numbers are called. The next one also fills up rapidly and if we get in it must be indeed and we want to ride on top. Happy thought! Get in a kiss and ride in the other direction to the terminus. Wheelie is not far away! But we are not allowed to stay in! Out we go and seek our numbers and we true manage matters so that we have our pick of...
places on top and ride in state, having a load of wisdom and strength in patience which were not ours before. We started to have a similar experience on our return, but had not the time to indulge in it and settled the problem by taking a carriage ride driving home by Notre Dame. It looks as if we should not have the fun of riding on omnibuses very much. Everything is crowded in the same way. I would exchange a couple of millions of these eight years most gladly for Mr. and Mrs. Mac, but to my soul they are not to arrive until the 16th after I leave. We
had a satisfactory visit at the store and bought our dresses which are now in
the hands of the fitter.
We are to have another
seize on Thursday, but if
it is not any worse than
this has been we shall
not fare badly at all.
I think we shall have
enough of Paris by the end
of next week. I doubt if
we are able to do or see
anything in real comfort.
Even the Exposition they say
must be visited before noon
in order to avoid the great
crowd.
There will not be many
more bulletins will there, ei-
ther to or from? 
Always with dearest love
Marion.
Hotel Louis le Grand
Paris Sept. 7, 1869.

Dear Family,

Our first week in Paris is nearly at an end and it has been a really busy one. The Luxembourg, St. Denis, the Pantheon, Versailles, the Louvre, the Bois de Boulogne, three visits to the Bon Marché, a day at the exposition, a ride on one of the little river steamers, and innumerable short trips have occupied our time, all day. The best of all was last evening's experience at the Opera. I met Mr. and Mrs. Chase and Elrie Talbot at Booth's office the other day and went with them to the Opera House to see what we could do.
about getting seats (as everyone had always there was a great crowd, and we hardly knew what to do, but after much deliberation and a careful inspection of the tiny possibilities of the interior of the house which is carefully named and numbered and lighted so that you have the whole thing before you at a glance. I decided to take the best box which was left. It was on the second balcony, far sound, but no matter; it was the best we could do. The cost was $2 framed with seats for six. We were only five and accordingly I invited Capt. D. A. Light the military commissary of the U. S. O. The Exposition told us as my guest.

Well it was a great evening. We could see the house splendidly (This is the only term that will do!) There was the great orchestra in front, every fiddler and tooter and drummer in full view, forming rather a contrast to the Bayreuth arrangement. Behind there was the large section of the pit reserved exclusively for men, the sixteen best seats in the house filled by the conspiring claqueurs. A racket behind them indicated the presence of women who might enter. The balconies however are the house. Paris was not there, it is at the watering places and chateaux and the
eighteens had taken pos-
session. We could not have the whole house but
enough for it was a sort of an
night and the boxes
of the absentee owners remained empty. What
did we see? All kinds
and sorts of people. Tri-
veling suits and hats
to costumes so we agree
in extent as to give us
a glimpse of the real
Russian style! But
best of all Mr. and
Mrs. Gladstone! The Presi-
dents box was nearly
officers us and after
the performance had
begun an old lady of
distinguished appearance
wearing a diamond
tiara entered it at
ended by a lady and
some gentlemen. We asked Capt. Blakely why she was,
but he did not know and
supposed it was some
writer. In a moment
the form of Mr. Gladstone
made us familiar, so, by
photographs and pic-
tures came forward,
and there was an ex-
clamation of delight
from us all. They were
the two people in all
Europe whom I most
wanted to see, and we
pointed our eyes on
them even more than
on the gorgeous scene
and ballet of the stage.
The opera was Giordano's
"Romeo and Juliet," and
how strange it seemed
after Wagner's "Parsifal"
the last operatic rec

performance we had seen!

After the first act we inspected the grand foyer and lobbies and Capt. Lyle treated us all to ice cream. He gave a glass of Chartreuse of which I had a sip. That with Scotch Whiskey Rhine, Hochberger, Italian Chianti and French Chartreuse I am rapidly becoming the great international type. It was midnight when we reached home after one of the most interested evenings we have spent. I ought not to forget to mention at least the ballet which was large and good and the spectacle was brilliant.

Monday, Sept. 9.

Saturday we made the

signing trip to Versailles quite comfortably. We had as a companion a young girl from Cincinnati who was a bit homesick. She is here with her father and mother. They are the "Mrs. Combs" he and very well. The folks at home write us kind-hearted simple sort as much at home in Paris as a cat in a strange garret. The girl was very grateful for the attention.

Yesterday Capt. Lyle came at three o'clock by appointment to take us to call on Mrs. Henry M. House of Bordeaux. You may have forgotten that I know Capt. Lyle thru the Institute. He is vice-president of the superior jury of the Exposition.
and so I was very glad when after seeing Mr. Howe (Mrs. Howe was not well) he invited us to go to the Exposition for the remainder of the afternoon and the evening. We visited the Trocadero, in which is a part of the exhibition and saw the horticultural display. For a long time we watched the seething crowd from the high ground where we stood and then we plunged into it. Went in the country folk out in force! Peasants of all kinds were there and we had a good opportunity to see their costumes. We had a fine time in the Promenade re-
stairway which is run by a
January! A Romanish
band played on one side
of us, then one on the
other, and then both to-
gather! It was gay! By the
time we had been through
all our liqueurs and
drinks, it was dark and
we went out to see the
illuminations. It is folly
to attempt to describe
there. The Fountains
and the central dome
of the Exposition Build-
ing formed the extreme
limits and most por-
ness they were. The
space between was very
effectively lighted and
the Eiffel Tower was
beautiful. Then the
fountains began to play
and were illuminated in the way the French know so well how to carry out, and their last and best of all, at a signal, all at once Bengal lights were fired on all the stages of the Eiffel Tower! What a sight! Think of that great structure, beautiful too! I think it one immense pillar of red light! Russell would have gone mad. Well, we were tired when we reached home, but well satisfied to be so. Capt. Lyle's hospitality and courtesy had been delightful. As Mrs. Dill got into bed she said, 'I don't know what some of the good people at home would say to my spending Sunday afternoon at the burnt down house and looking at fireworks—and enjoying it too!' Papa will sympathize with me, even when the bills come in, when I tell him how fascinating I have found the stores. I shall draw a good deal of money, but I shall have clothes enough for all winter, except boots; I don't venture on that field!

We find it as agreeable going about Paris as in Boston, except for the crowds. We have not suffered the least
annoyance, I should not have ventured to visit the Exposition on a Sunday evening with more than 25,000 other people if it had not been for Capt. Tyler, but we are going alone to one of the centennial fetes on Wednesday and I have not the least hesitation after yesterday's experience. Tell Russell I have had to put off my visit to the Eiffel Tower, but I shall devote tomorrow morning to it. It may take several hours, but we are going very early. Goodnight now with fondest love from Marion.

Here joins the last bulletin
and a shot one it must be. Instead of having
a little repose this last evening in Paris, I
must pack and settle affairs because the
afternoon was unexpectedly taken up
with hunting for
promised packages.

Two red letter days
have passed. The
Eiffel Tower marking
the one and Fon-
tamableau and a
Centenary Pete the
other. Now I am
looking forward to
the racing steep!
That is a fine story which is marching on from America to make me happy. But no matter. The Lohn is staunch and it will do me good the search. It will work if one of my superfluous fat Paris has been fun but I am glad to move on even if so dull a time as a solitary ocean voyage.

Dear love, press now as forever to you all.

Marion
Johns Hopkins University,
Baltimore, Md. November 15, 1889.

Miss Marion Talbot,
66 Marlborough St. Boston, Mass.

My dear Miss Talbot:-

I am glad to hear that Miss Brown proposes to read a paper on University Extension before the University Education Society. Do I understand that this Society will hold its next meeting in Boston? If so, I should think you might utilize the occasion for awakening public interest in the formation of popular educational classes in the poorer parts of the city, wherein short courses of instructive lectures could be given by men from the Institute of Technology. In the City of London last year there were dozens of such classes, some of them instructed by the most celebrated scholars in England. I am sure we have much more to learn in this country regarding the best forms of uplifting the people. I have tried various agencies, working-men's clubs, churches, libraries, and that great educational democracy called "Chautauqua." I do not think I have quite struck the ideal as yet, but hope that some progress has been made. There is a danger in striking too low and an equal danger of shooting over people's heads. I think each community must work out its own salvation through the best existing agencies. In your case I think it is better to co-operate with societies and institutions already established rather than to create new machinery. I have no projects...
on foot in Boston and hope that you will discover a more excellent way than any hitherto attempted. I think you will find General Walker, Professors Dewey and Levermore, at the Institute, inclined to co-operate in any possible way.

What did you do at the meeting of Collegiate Alumnae in Buffalo?

Very truly yours,

H. B. Adams

On Umi. So the latest words are in the Chr. Union, Nov. 9, 1885, and in the Oct. no. 9 of the 18th Century. Come to the Washington meeting of the Amer. Hist. Assoc.
53 Garden Street,
Cambridge.

My dear Mr. Saltos,

I hope to be able to attend the meeting of the Round Table tomorrow evening, with thanks for the kind invitation. I am yours very truly,

C. E. Everett

Dec. 11th 89