

got out of the way of it of late years;  
~~has~~ excepting that Dick my horse  
now and then cuts dairies with me  
when I am on his back; but that's  
to please himself, not me.

To-morrow I ~~am~~ going to set out  
on a journey with a large party,  
including your cousins Julia,  
Fanny and Irving Iriacell. We shall  
see no castles; but will voyage on  
great lakes and rivers and through  
wild forests. I wish you were going  
with us, but I suppose I must wish  
in vain. That must be for some  
future day. And now my dear Kate  
give my love to Susie and Julie  
and my kind remembrances to  
Therese. Your affectionate uncle  
Walter Irving  
Miss Kate Storrow.

Sunnyside July 15<sup>th</sup> 1852

My dear Kate,

I thank you for your  
charming little letter; it is very  
well expressed and very nicely written  
and what pleases me most of all, it  
is written to me. You must have  
had a pleasant time at Compeigne  
with such an agreeable party. I  
recollect the place well and the  
beautiful palace, ~~and~~ <sup>with</sup> the pretty ~~bo~~  
boudoir which you all liked so much,  
because there was a glass there in  
which you saw yourselves four times.  
I did not notice that glass and  
therefore was not so much struck  
with the boudoir.

I recollect Pierrefond also and  
was all over the ruins and the  
surrounding forest, which put me  
in mind of what I had read about  
old castles in fairy tales. If I could  
only have seen you driving through  
the forest in your open carriage  
with four white horses. I should have  
thought you one of the enchanted  
princesses. You should take care  
how you venture out of your carriage  
in such a place, to gather lilies  
of the valley and other wild flowers;  
don't you know what happened  
once to a young lady (I think  
her name was Prosperine) who

was carried off by a wicked king  
in sight of her mamma, as she was  
gathering flowers in the same way  
you were. Your mamma will tell  
you the story, if you have not heard  
it.

You say you should like to live at  
Compègne always, it is so pretty,  
and you passed your time so pleasantly  
in the park "sitting on the grass, making  
beautiful wreaths of buttercups and  
daisies." I think one might pass  
one's life very pleasantly and  
profitably in that manner. I reced-  
-ed last trying my hand at buttercups  
and daisies once and finding it  
very agreeable, though I have