

Saratoga, July 24th 1882

My dear Kate,



I really don't know when I shall get home, for either the waters or the Company agree so well with me in this place that I find myself in first rate health and spirits and very much tempted to prolong my sojourn. It is really delightful to me to have these social outbreaks after my long course of English life. I have found some old friends and have made new acquaintances here, all very cordial and agreeable. There is no ceremonious restraint, nor pretensions shown, but every one seems disposed for social enjoyment. We have fine music sometimes professional, sometimes by amateurs - and all of an excellent quality.

This morning we had Spencer perform-
ances on the piano, by in the saloon,
by Mr. Jack (on some Irish name) I believe
a Norwegain, and one of the best performers
in that instrument I have ever heard. After-
ward we had charming singing by Miss
Lucretia Lloyd Stevens who has cultivated
her fine voice in a high degree since I
heard her two or three years since.

This afternoon I am going to a childrens
Ball at the Country Club of Mr. Lindsay
in the vicinity of the Springs. He has laid
down an immense platform on the grass
under the trees and has invited all the
fifth people at the hotel. It will be a
complete fairy land.

Mr. Mitchell (Mr. Marshall) is here and we
are very much together. He was at the Franklin
house at Tarrytown recently and was down at

the cottage the day after my departure.
But finding me gone, did not enter the
house but contented himself with strolling
about the place. I told him he would have
found a cordial welcome, even though I were
absent.

Spencer-Kimble returned yesterday to his
old bachelor nest in the Highlands. I did all I
could to keep him here but in vain - I wonder
he should be so anxious to get home when he
has no women kind to welcome him, as I have.
Not even I, can he, can keep away.

There are some very agreeable talking
ladies here, and a great number of very
^{looking} pretty ones; two or three with dark Spanish
eyes, that I sat and talk to, and look under
their dark eye lashes, and think of dear
old Spain.

Mr. Frank Grainger is here, and has joined
the Kennedy set with which I am in a measure
domesticated. I am strong in the belief that Mr
Grainger will ~~have~~ have the situation of Post
Master offered to him and that he will accept of
it; though he shakes his head whenever it

is mentioned. I regret extremely that Adele
is not with her - she is on a visit to a
friend at Niagara

It is dinner time and I must leave
over stairs from my room which is near
the roof. Ever my love to all the
household.



Your affectionate Aunt
Washington Irving

Miss Kate Irving

1852