Dec. 16th. 1889.

Dear Joe:

I was rather in hope you would come up and see me, but I fear that must be postponed until next Spring - or rather, summer - June; "for the Spring comes slowly up this way", and the last of May will have hardly seen the snow well off. But June is a halcyon month in this region, and in June must you come, and stay until November.

I don't press you to make the trip at this time of year, because I really think you would come to regard it as a very vile life, and give your voice entirely in favor of the court; and that would seriously interfere with my summer snap, as the saying is.

I rather counted upon being in New York when you came home; I expected to spend December there; but the fates decree otherwise.

I have some beginnings of pictures I should like you to see very much, and I have lately been trying to make some pen and ink drawings, but I find I am too nervous to make a success of it. If the atmosphere was a little more propitious, I think I should degenerate into a kind of rustic sporting character; my only interest is in my mare, and when I am not driving her, I spend the time loafing about the stable, chewing straws.

I have nothing to write you about. I only do it in the hope of extracting some reply, and to explain to you why it is you have not received a Christmas present of a 'coon-skin' coat, which my mother promised to furnish you withal, could you be persuaded to make a trip to Stowe. The fact is, the long railroad journey, the 10 miles of sleighing in an atmosphere of extreme mercurial depression, and at last, the cold comfort of a farm house, would not I fear be very beneficial, except in the case of farers of the cameleon's dish,- like myself.

What a world is this! You go and spend a year and a day in foreign parts away from your friends, and the moment you return, I am compelled to this kind of arctic exile. But summer is surely coming, and then, you must not have promised yourself to undeserving A - or B, however meritorious, or have secured a house at Washington or any other place, but

to Stowe must you come, and there remain certainly until November.

Were you home in time to see Robert in 'Roget'? Do write me a kind of "city correspondent" letter, full of news and gossip,-especially your interview (if you have already had one) with the most inimitable A. H. Thayer.

Yours

E. M. T.

Dec. 23d.

Dear Mummie:

This afternoon I went down to the village with Mr. Cobb. Polly's shoes again. One was broken, the others had to have the points sharpened to prevent her slipping. While she was being shod, I went over to Mr. Stafford's and got a pair of tongues for my fire-place. As I told you before, I think he conducts the hardware business on purely philanthropic principles. He had none in stock, but he found one, an old one, somewhere, with which he presented me: He said it was old iron and worth not quite 4 cents. It is an excellent strong old fashioned wrought iron tongues, a little rusty, but otherwise in good condition.

I afterward walked up Florence's hill, where I have not been for over a year. It was warm and balmy in the little plateau almost like summer, and I sat there for some time, at the foot of one of the old maples. You can hardly imagine a more charming day than this has been.

I think I begin to appreciate the winter aspect of Stowe. I think my difficulty was in its being unfamiliar; Now that I have gotten used to it, I can enjoy its beauty.

24th.

Today is cloudy but colder than yesterday: no wind: a pleasant day. It looked rather like snow this morning, but now the sun is struggling out.

.....About noon I saw a flock of snow bunt-ings fly across the garden. I had only a glimpse of them, their white whings; they looked like so many winged snow-

flakes -- as indeed, they are so called.....

Dec. 27th. '89.

Forgive me, Joe, that I have not answered your letter before: God knows I am not greatly pressed for time; nor am I likely to add much to my answer, by letting it linger a week or so. The fact is, country people live on very generous terms with time; all their deeds, letters included, are characterized by a liberal margin, though not on paper.

Your letter was very satisfactory, quite what I wanted. More, I pr'y thee, more. This is not your cue, however, because I thank it, that it makes me merry. Come, more; another - letter.

I am anxious to hear about Bunker, Cranford and their brides. Cranford seems to have secured his; what prevents Bunker? Hard times, or a hated Drovy?

..... Excuse this, the evidence of my wambling wits; and believe me always

Yours

E. M. T.

Worcester,
Jan. 3, 1890.

Dear Mummie:

It is now endeavoring to snow: the changeableness of the weather is tiresome. Excepting the first week in December we have had no real winter weather -- it has been either April thaws, or windy, dry, frozen March days. There has been very little of the charm of winter.-- I am not prepared to define the charm, but I think it has much to do with snow, and large snow flakes.

Feb. 9, 1890.

Dear Fanny:

.....When shall I see you? Soon rhymes with June; but the month seems remote from our present snowy outlook. My thoughts run after summer merrily.

'Merrily, merrily shall we live then'
Are forever the words on my brain, tongue and pen.

Love to all.

Yours,
E. M. T.

February 21st.- 1890.

Dear Joe:

I rode down to the village this morning on an ox-sledge, driven down for the purpose of opening the road, blocked by drifts of yesterday's snow storm. It was a cold (-4) but very amusing kind of sleigh riding: the sledge heaving, the oxen plowing along, belly deep in the snow, which flew like smoke. At the Post Office I found your letter, and some papers containing the criticisms of the "Stepping Stones". It appears that all was lost save the honor with which Robert came off; this is next best to having it generally successful.

I am very much obliged for the letter: I know I owe you one; and yesterday I began writing you; in fact, wrote you a scurvy note, merely a request for news which I had not the heart to send.

I have a lovely pair of Indian snow-shoes; and yesterday I had a grand opportunity to use them walking over the tops of the fences on the drifts.

Yours
E. M. T.

February 27th 1890.

Dear Joe:

I got a letter from you last night: I appreciate the sketch of Mr. Levick; I can fully imagine what dreadful things your responsible actor can do with such a part.

I was reminding Robert yesterday, of our expedition to the Standard Gallery, when that theatre last cast its tarnished slough, and appeared new. "A Trip to Africa": you remember? In which a sweet-looking lady, whose name I forget, took part; and died shortly afterward -- of a cold. A circumstance, which goes to show the perversity of fate, since there were many Africans (in their native garb) who seemed so much more liable to such an ending. Well, we swore to avoid the Standard, until the management should be unDun. Is this a legitimate jest, or do I confuse my recollection of the manager's name with our feelings on the fall of the curtain?

I would I had been there this other first night.

I remember de Bellville;- I think he was a good actor.

As they seem so determined to force it down the public throat, I suppose Robert will be on the road with it in a few weeks.

Feb. 28th. 1890.

Dear Robert:

On receipt of your telegram I inspected the puppies and decided in favor of Alexander (Sandy) who I think would have been my choice, had you sent for Samo. He is the most ornamental of his race, the singular result of two circumstances: A fox that Henry trapped, and the presence on the farm of a little white footed terrier that used to come daily to see Toby. This puppy has the Domino markings very strong, and has accidently caught the white toes of Pete, and the white tip of the fox's tail. This is, of course, a conjecture: but how else is it so reasonably possible to account for this peculiar marking? As he is the fattest and least nervous of the five, he is best fitted to

stand the journey. He is a great favorite with Mummie and me, and we think him a beauty; he has made a conquest of our affections. I doubt not that the Express Officials on the C. R. R. R. and N. Y. N. H. and H. R. R. will for some time to come be quoting Burns (with these trifling variations) Express man, solus:

Oh saw ye the bonny puppy
As he gaed o'er the border?
He's gone this Alexander
To spread his conquests farther
(Breakman in chorus) To know him is to love him
And love but him forever,
For nature made him what he is
And ne'er made sic anither.

I supposed, of course, since you telegraphed "no delay" that you would be sure of meeting him, knowing there would be no Sunday delivery. I thought it best to warn you.

Yours
E. M. T.

March 12th, 1890.

Dear Florence:

I think I am rather disappointed in Miss Mary E. Wilkins, her book, but I don't feel warranted to express an opinion until I have read more of it. It reminds me to urge you to read Miss Murfree's "Keedon Bluffs": - such an admirable story, even more skillfully begun than are most of hers. And the first appearance of Rosemondy (one of the characters) I think will please you: - read it, read it.

You sent me also Ibsen's "Nora", which I have also read. It was not a success as a play, was it? Frances Lord - a distinguished person? Male or female? - The name always leaves me in doubt concerning its owner's sex - would have you take it very, very seriously indeed. Did you send it to me because you liked it? - or why?

How can anyone write stories as Miss Wilkins does, of country people without one solitary word concerning their background? What kind of a brain must such a person have? How can you disassociate country people from their environment?

Your husband most kindly offered to send me a book on butterflies, for which I thank him; but if the book is of the anatomical kind, I fear it will not be what I want.

I spent this morning in the sugar wood, watching the oxen hauling logs, which is really rather exciting. There's a popular notion that the ox is a slow, stately and rather dull animal. If you could see them, springing over fallen trees, pushing their way through underbrush, sliding down steep icy slopes, plunging knee deep into bogs, always extricating themselves with nimbleness and dispatch, you would change your preconceived idea and regard them as particularly spry and intelligent creatures. Notwithstanding all their cleverness the poor things ended the day with cut and bleeding knees. It is terrible to see animals so remorselessly driven; but you can hardly wonder at it when you see what herculean tasks the men themselves perform.

Love to all.

Yours,

E. M. T.

March 14, 1890.

Tell Florence I repent me of my hasty remarks in reference to "Humble Romance, Etc." I begin to like the book exceedingly.

I got another glimpse of the pine grosbeaks. I hear and see many crows nowadays; but the jays seem to have departed; also snow buntings and redpolls. The chickadies have introduced a little gurgle or warble among their other notes, in recognition of the advancing season. The trees are all quite red with buds.

Although the thermometer is 37° to-day, it is making a feeble endeavor to snow.

Love to all.

Yours,

E. M. T.

March 15, 1890.

Dear Florence:

I think it strange that the "Humble Romance" should give the title to Miss Wilkins' book, and be, as it were, the test story, for I find it, if not the least good, far from being the best in the collection.

I have enjoyed the book exceedingly, but when I wrote you I had only read the Humble Romance.

It would amuse me to know which of the stories you like best, and to know if my selections, as I set them here, correspond with your preferences. I think Old Lady Pingree and Two Old Lovers are perhaps the best; the latter the most artistic.

I like very much An Old Arithmetician, A Lover of Flowers (the picture being charming, and the girl very interesting), A Patient Waiter, An Unwilling Guest, A Modern Dragon, An Object of Love. Also, I think Gentian admirable. A Conquest of Humility is a strong, but not very pleasant story.

It's a very true and sympathetic view of New England

nature, isn't it?

Harry seems to think Scudder is not what I want, but proposes to send it as he thinks I might find something interesting in it. All books on the subject interest me; and I wish you would thank him.

Yesterday it seemed as if winter had gone for good; all the snow melted and the roads a foot deep in mud; but to-day the wind has gone around to the north and brought a snow storm with it.

Love to all.

Yours,

E. M. T.

March 22, 1890.

Dear Mummie:

Sugaring began this afternoon. I have just now (about 6 P. M.) come down from the woods, where they are still collecting sap. Since this morning they have collected four tubs full (vats about 3 feet high and 10 feet in circumference) and had not quite finished. The sap ran freely; the pails on some of the trees tapped thismorning, were full to the brim. These are the spouts (sketch) of lead; thus are they inserted:

(Sketch)

and this, the pail, a very good sized tin one; the proportion here is to a large tree.

Below is the large tub in which the sap is collected - it is set in this fashion on runners and drawn by oxen.

(Sketch)

This being a warmish day, the snow that came last night on a north wind adheres to the branches in so great a degree that the woods seem to have burst into white foliage. Nothing is left uncovered but the trunks and some of the larger boughs, the rest is cloudy white, as dense as spring foliage. There's a prospect of more snow; but the occasional gleams of sunlight this morning have much diminished the

beautiful effects.

Love to all.

Yours,

E. M. T.

Monday, 24th March, 1890.

Dear Mummie:

The sap ceased running Sunday afternoon; and to-day everyone's energies are concentrated on the wood-pile, as there is nothing to be done in the sugar wood. About five hundred trees were tapped Saturday, and they expect to tap three hundred more. This is a good many; on most farms, there are not more than from three to five hundred sugar trees. Mr. Pratt, however, proposes to tap fifteen hundred, I understand. There must be a little over a thousand sugar trees in the north wood. I believe a few farmers, away back on Worcester (you remember Brownsville east of Moss Glen Falls? Well, somewhere in the hills there) still cling to the old-fashioned method of boiling the sap in potash kettles in the open air - so fashion:

(Sketch)

Tuesday 25th, 1890.

Dear Mummie:

I saw Henry sugar off about eighty pounds of maple sugar yesterday; and it may be interesting to you to know the process.

The syrup drawn off from the evaporators is put in a large pan, set over a fire, and boiled for about an hour and a half. The means of ascertaining when it is done sufficiently is amusing, I think. They have a little twig of birch, bent into a loop, so fashion (sketch), and when on blowing

through it, after dipping it in the syrup, the sugar flies out in little filmy strips like shavings. They swing the pan off the fire by means of chains and a pulley fastened to the ceiling, and allow the contents to cool. While it is still in a gluey, half melted condition, they pour it into the cans, - and there you are. While the syrup is boiling, it seems to be the custom to scrape off the warm sugar that candies on the side of the pan, and devour the same, which is very good. Everybody goes provided with little paddles, whittled out of basswood - like this (sketch).

To-day is most dismal - chilly and grey, - and the roads frozen up again. But we have had beautiful nights, cold and starry.

Love to all.

Yours,

E. M. T.

Sunday, 20th, '90.

Dear Florence:

I don't know why you object to the lines -

"And slow and silent tears bewept
Softly the cheerless birth of day."

The morning was cloudy with a kind of mist that from time to time dissolved into rain drops; that is what I meant.

Monday, April 21st, 1890.

Dear Florence:

I re-read your verses and I like them very much - some of them. But you are all wrong in your classification of grains (verse 2). I always supposed cradled wheat meant wheat cut in a certain manner, but I am not sure. I think a

greenish tinge, and on springy slopes, there are patches of bright green grass. . . . . .

I am under a painful compulsion to send you the verses on the opposite page. I have been twisting and turning of them inside out ever since I left Stowe. Considering their intrinsic weight, they have sat very heavy on my soul.

It is like employing a religious expert to lay a ghost, to get somebody to read your vexed verses - they cease to writhe, they no longer prey on your feelings.

These, I need hardly say, fail to express my feeling, though they may convey a shadow of it. I feel as if I might sometime write something like a poem on this theme - a presumptuous statement, but I feel it (the theme) as a great inspiration.

With love.

E. M. T.

(Then follows The North Countrie.)

Friday, April 25, 1890.

Dear Mummie:

Yesterday afternoon I drove up the Sterling brook road to the saw-mill. You can imagine nothing more charming. The road is for the most part good, being sandy, and in the bad places repaired by cartloads of saw-dust and shingle, by the lavish lumberman. Although the deciduous trees were leafless, of course, the green mosses and the extraordinary greenness of the spruces made an effect delightfully summerish. But I was pained to see a mountain of spruce logs at the mill, and masses of sawed timber piled as high as the roof; - they seem to be doing the business on a gigantic scale, and I should imagine will, in no great space of time, clear Stirling as bare of spruces as Elmore or the "mountaing".

I went up the road that we couldn't pass, when we were last there, you remember, on account of the drifts; there was still a little snow on north slopes, but plows were cutting into the grey field along the windy ridges; and the whole country was ringing with the piping of spring frogs.

I could not make up my mind to telegraph you yes or no -- on this subject. I feel like Launce with his memoranda of the vices and virtues of his prospective wife. I am afraid this trait of "dwelling" will make rising to the trot, too much of an effort for comfort. I like the color, which I conclude is a lightish bay. H.H. probably thinks well of the horse, at least I gathered so from his letter. But I should want to know more about the animal's looks -- whether he has a pretty head -- for much of the satisfaction of owning a horse, is in having it good looking. I don't think I should care for the best horse in the world, if it was ugly.

Sunday, 27th.

Last night we had a heavy fall of snow from two to three inches, and to-day everything is white, under a leaden sky. The jays that have not been seen for two weeks past, are screaming and doing the gentlemen of Japan-act, outside the front windows. However, the thermometer is nearly up to 40 degrees, so that this wintry relapse will be but brief.

Wednesday, April 30th, 1890.

Dear Florence:

It seems to me that when you are dealing in generalities, it is not a good plan to sieze some solitary subject to particularize about. It is within the bounds of possibility that wheat might lie cradled, when rye stood:- but then, I think, the wheat must have been planted first, as they ripen about the same time. And again, when you say: "I hear low songs along the grass" it implies that the grass is long enough to be stirred into giving some sound:- the first hay crop will have been harvested when the grain is ripe enough

to cut, and I doubt if the second crop would stand very high, by that time. It doesn't seem to me to be worth while to catalogue the grains by extending the idea into two verses, why not leave out about buckwheat, rye, wheat, etc., and make one verse of it - (please don't suppose I put this in as a model - but as an illustration)

I hear low songs among the grass;
The hush of leaves before the rain;
The breezes, as they pause and pass
And whisper in the nodding grain.

As to 'hush of leaves' - Isn't 'hush', in this use, a what-do-you-call-it word, that takes its meaning from its sound?

By the way, I said "steely bright" because a rifle's barrel is made of steel.

I am rather surprised that you should really like those verses; but I beg you won't think of showing them to anyone - much less an editor. It would be possible to say '<u>they</u>' instead of '<u>who</u>' in -

"who saw the glittering sunlight shed"

as for instance:

They saw the glittering sunlight shed
On quivering leaves; they heard the speed
And music of the wind, nor said,
"Alas, this is an evil deed,'

I am so delighted to hear it hinted you may not go to Lenox, and so, possibly, I will spend some time at Stowe.

I hear your baby is most fat and robustious.

Love to all, and many thanks to Harry for taking so much pains about the horse,

Yours,

E.M.T.

Thursday May 1st/90

Dear Mummie:

My courage failed me when I went into the drugstore yesterday, to telegraph you about the horse. I intended to say 'buy him, if possible', - - but I could not quite bring myself to the point, and I accordingly despatched the first of the two messages you must have received from me that evening. It was on returning from my drive, that I found my mind sufficiently made up to send the second.

Your telegram was worded somewhat ambiguously: After learning that the horse's head and general appearance was very good for a moderate priced horse and not pretty for a high priced one, I was very much in the same state of enlightenment as at first. However, as I had decided to take the risk of getting a horse, relying on Harry Holt's judgment and as this chance seemed to offer favorably I concluded it would be very foolish to make any further delay. I think I was secretly hoping that Harry would miraculously discover the '$500.00 horse' at my price.

As soon as it was understood in the telegraph office that I was on the look out for a horse, offers sprang up on all sides. Everybody seemed to have a horse, that if not broken to a saddle, was just the sort to make a good saddle horse; even Charlie Griffiths, the telegraph operator at Waterbury telegraphed his readiness to dispose of his.

The other day when I came in from my drive, after unharnessing Polly, I found Domino occupying her stall, and while I was routing him out, she seized the opportunity to escape through the stable door, which I had left open. I got a measure of oats, and succeeded in tolling her in again, but having fastened her securely in her stall, I looked around in vain for my rubbers, which had come off in the midst of the commotion. It suddenly occurred to me that, as I ran out, I had caught a glimpse of the little puppies' inquisitive noses poked around the corner of the stable

door. Acting on this hint, I eventually discovered the missing rubbers, for which the puppies were contending with the most furious uproar, and it was not until I cornered Andy in the woodshed, that I succeeded in recovering all my property.

SKETCH

Andy with the India rubber.

Churchill is amusing in his character of "Milliner". He is having his house painted a primrose color, as the hotel used to be. He sits in the doorway of his barn, smoking his pipe, while Mr. Holly scrambles about the piazza roof with a paint pot and a handful of brushes. As I drove past the other day, from his post of vantage, he bestowed upon me a condescending and graceful wave of the hand.

I have read 'Democracy' decidedly clever, is is not? And I am much amused with 'Prosper'.

Love to all.

Yours
E. M. T.

Stowe, Vt.
May 1st, 1890.

Dear Joe:

Somebody sent me a supplement of the Commercial Advertiser, which mentions your picture; and I have also seen the excellent notice the Critic gave you. I wish I was on the spot, to join in the applause. But how comes it that you sent the picture to the Academy?

I have about half finished a picture of a hemlock-spruce that I am very anxious for you to see. How I wish Thayer might cast an eagle eye upon it: how I wish I could drop into his studio to warm my thin blood in the glow of genius!

May 5th, 1890.

Dear Mummie: . . . . . .

In your last letter you say, "tell me something about Samo"-- He is at once the best natured and the handsomest dog I know. The little puppies badger him all day long -- but he never seems to be cross with them. He plays with them even more gently, I think, than Tim used to.

I have adapted some of the lines in Burns "Twa dogs" to fit Sammy's case.

'The tither was an actor's collie,
'A playing, ranting, raving billie.
'Wha for his friend and comrade had him,
'An' in his freaks had Samo ca'd him,
'After some name in play-book sang
'Was made lang syne, Lord knows how lang.
'He was a gash and faithful tyke,
'As ever lap a sheugh or dike,
'His honest sonsie, dus'nt * face
'Aye gat him friends in ilka place;
'His breast was white, his towsie back [Towsie]
'Weel clad wi' coat o'glossy black;
'His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl,
'Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Note: *This is a Scotch word of my own invention-- the original is 'baws'nt', i.e. white-streaked. I substitute 'du' (black) and affix the same ending, which must be -- black-streaked.

. . . . . .

This morning was cold (45°) and cloudy (it has since cleared beautifully, so I devoted it to a long walk through the Pilgrims and the west pasture. I found (as I wrote you) yellow and white violets -- and, though I don't know whether this will be interesting I saw a black- throated green warbler. I found Sammy chained up in the stable (he had been chasing hens with intent to slay) and howling like a dervish. I took him out walking with me, and he was very obedient - and is certainly the handsomest dog I ever saw. Still he's but a poor hand at driving cows. As Henry

says "he's played too much". Cows, at this time of year, getting out after such a long confinement, are rather difficult to manage, a difficulty augmented by the fact of the frost having thrown the fences in some places, and Henry and Arthur are driven to the extremity of despair, running and shouting, while Sammy, I regret to say, only adds to the confusion.

I drove down to the grave yard yesterday to have a look at the birds, that I knew must be there (a sheltered spot) if anywhere.

You can't imagine how charming it was; the effects from the valley, where the grass is greener and contrasts very vividly with the purple woods and blue mountains, are more interesting just now than from higher places. There were myrtle warblers, a large variety of sparrows, swifts, bank swallow I think, and to be heard, black birds and thrushes.

I see the apple trees in the yard are whitening very slightly -- the buds becoming a little evident.

. . . . . .

May 16th, 1890.

Yesterday I saw on the n.e. corner of the Squirrel's Retreat wood, at some distance, a tallish tree covered with white blossoms; -- I fancied a black cherry, but I could not tell. Th flowers of the June-berry shrubs are very delicate and make interesting points on road-sides.

For a wonder, yesterday afternoon was clear, and after dinner, I walked a little way toward the Governor's wood. There was a slight haze the mountains soft and cloudy in spring foliage, and open places, pastures and meadow, of a bright, emerald green. (The trees all begin to have some body, -- the beeches are the greenest, the maples pale pink, lilac and gold, aspens conspicuously yellow-green). Thrushes were singing in such numbers, as to injure the effect.

. . . . . .

May 6h, 1890.

Dear Florence:

I enclose you some verses. I hope you'll like 'em. I wish you could see this country now - The still bare and purple woods contrast most interestingly with the very vivid green of the new grass. The last three days, that have been continuously rainy, have changed the colors of the landscape very decidedly.

When do you go to Bonrepos?

Yours

E.M.T.

May 14th, '90.

Dear Florence:

With your letter, last night, came one from Mummie, describing the beauties of Spring in the Park. I can well imagine how charming it is at New Rochelle; there the season must be two weeks in advance of it in this part of the country.

The summer forms of the trees are being faintly indicated. The beeches are brightly and transparently green, the poplar aspens almost yellow, they are so light, but the maples are still more pink than green.

This afternoon it is raining; but I put on my rubber boots and a mackintosh, and have been walking in the west pasture and the Pilgrims. The south slope of the pasture is covered with white violets; in the wood the blue predominate:

In Gray's botany frequently occurs the description of locality;- "rich, damp woods,- northward." It very adequately describes the Pilgrims and others hereabout, where every bowlder, root, and north side of bole and limb is coated with moss - in the beeches ranging from blue to yellow and bronze - and in all, in this moist spring weather, vividly bright.

I am having a new painting shed constructed (leaving my present one for Joe); and I think I shall have it placed so as to obtain a view of the mounting.

This morning (out driving) I had a glimpse of orioles, and several kinds of warblers. Blackbirds, Robins, warblers, song and tree sparrows and thrushes are all singing now, probably at their best; the song sparrows not quite so musically as in April, and bluebirds heard not at all. This may be accident; I don't know. I have been listening to the hermit-thrushes, today, in the swamp. They seem to choose the silent times of other birds to sing their songs. In reality, I think they are very constant singers;- they speak deliberately, at long intervals, but almost all day long. They can be heard later than most, and at noon of hot days, when others are silent.

I had a letter from Merwin yesterday, very amusing, and very repentant for not having written me before for a long while. He sent an article of his in the Atlantic, on road-horses - Very interesting indeed; I should think Harry would like to see it.

I wish you would thank him (Harry) for his efforts regarding the saddle horse. I am very much obliged to him.

Love to all,

Yours,

E. M. T.

June 28th, '90, Stowe, Vt.

Dear Florence:

To-day I make my first use of my tent, pitched under a white pine, on the top of the West pasture. I have had my table, ink, etc. moved over here; and it is a most sweet and reposeful place to do any kind of writing in. The birds sing; the pine soughs; the sheep bleat; Sammy, the colley, reposes at my feet. This is poetry.

About those heron verses. Do you really think it worth while to print them? If so, send them to somebody, but anonymously. Call it "The Heron".

I like the photographs exceedingly. I hear from all sides how beautiful little Harry is, and I can well understand it.

Yours, E. M. T.

Dec. 27, '90.

I never saw the atmosphere so clear as it was Christmas night; there was not the least haze on the horizon, so that the moon (the full moon, I believe) rose without the least warning conveyed in a diffusion of light or halolike effect, perfectly round and sharply outlined like a gold circle on a blue ground, and glittering as bright as a new gold dollar. In the same way later, the night was quite remarkable: On ordinary moonlight nights a whitish haze will blend with the outline of the mountains and make them indistinct, but Christmas night, Mansfield was as sharply outlined almost, as on a clear day.

The 26th and to-day have been a singular change -- driving snowstorms from the southwest. Yesterday when I drove down to mail a note to you, the snow was falling so fast, and the wind blowing into my face (which under a brimless toque was ill protected, so that large flakes, well delivered, would from time to time completely close an eye) that it was a matter of some little difficulty to keep in the road. To-day is milder; and I have just come home from a sleigh ride, delightful, on about 3 inches of light soft snow, covering the more solid foundation.

The woods have a most mysterious, Hop-o-my-thumb forest appearance, the trunks and limbs on the outer edge heavily snow-coated and the interior of dim and general grayness. The gable ends of houses and barns appear like haystacks, and the dormer windows and chimneys the most inconsequent things in nature.

(Sketch).

Stowe, Vt. Dec. 31st '90.

Dear Florence:

I'll be sending back a box of books too. And I beg you'll not send me any more old leisure hours. I have read and re-read them all. In General Walker's History of the

Second Army Corps, I took much interest (by the way, I found many pages uncut) And 'Great Odes' I feel disposed to keep- for a time at all events-. I never felt more disposed to burn any book than I did after reading Ibsen's 'Ghosts' - I hope you will. And the insolence of the Ass head to put his offensive nonsense in the form of a play.

This I send in a hurry, I shall write you again very soon.

Remember me kindly to all

With love,

E. M. T.

Jan. 5th, 1890.

Dear Mummie:

But now I must tell you about our trip to the mountains. Saturday morning was clear with a very faint N.E. wind, the thermometer was at about zero. As we expected to find the road somewhat difficult, Mr. Cobb borrowed a light sledge of Mr. Pratt's, and this he filled with straw, a canvas covering, and buffalo robes on top of all. They put us up a lunch basket, and we carried some steaks and potatoes to be cooked at the camp. Harry and I put on most everything we could find in the way of wraps, and what we could not wear, we carried. We presented a decidedly Tweedledum and Tweedledee-like appearance. We got off at about half past eleven.

The road south-east of us by Wilkins'farm (the grassy road) was entirely blocked by drifts, so we took a winding course through the pastures to the hollow. After passing the mill, we met a couple of lumber teams just below Warren's farm, that last clearing that we see from the valley, and it was not until we passed this almost drift hidden house, that we struck into the woods. It is no where very dense on these Worcester mountains, but we met with some fine maples and yellow birches, until we reach an altitude above the range of the former, and where the evergreens become more numerous,

spruces mostly, and slender tapering firs. And in the openings we saw ahead of us the glistening ridge of the mountain, heavily frosted by clouds condensing and freezing over night. You can imagine the delightful nature of the drive through this winter forest, where abandoned lumber roads wound with smooth unbroken surfaces, and prolonged the glimpses from the road, which occasionally dipped to the crossing of small ravines on corderoy bridges. At about half past one we reached the camp. The house where the lumber men sleep and have their meals, is not particularly interesting, but I found the log barn decidedly picturesque.

(Sketch)

The house is kept by "Charlie Burt's nigger" and his wife, a white woman. It's neat and cleanly, but a somewhat primitive abode, consisting of a single room, which is at once kitchen, sitting room, dining hall and sleeping apartment. A storeroom and woodshed open out of it, and there's a loft overhead where the lumbermen sleep. Mr. Cobb set to work at once to cook our dinner, and meantime Harry and I strolled about outside. There was no wind; and you can hardly conceive of the extreme quiet. Presently, in the distance, the shouting of teamsters and the crack of whips would be heard, then the jingle of harness, the creaking of the heavily loaded sledges and the sound of the runners in the snow. And for a short space the camp would present an animated scene, in the loading of sledges with lumber for the mill, or the unloading of logs brought down from the mountain. The men were exceedingly interesting to look at, in particular a Frenchman of a Mephistophilian caste, of whom I have made a little sketch on the next page. Dinner was ready for us in the course of half an hour or so, and was a very admirable one and highly appreciated.

(Sketch)

Immediately after we harnessed the horses and drove up into the woods, where the wood cutters were at work. We went up the mountain in a northeasterly direction for about two miles, through a region that was like fairyland, where the evergreens were so densely coated with frost that hardly any suggestion of green remained to them. I don't mean that the boughs were snowladen or iced over as you sometimes see them, but the en-

tire surface of the tree, boughs, twigs and needles were covered with minute feathery crystals that sparkled like silver. In the same way the birches seemed to bear a delicate wintry foliage. The lower parts of these trees in a cold shadow, the tops in the golden afternoon light -- at a little distance the firs and spruces seemed to be glittering pinnacles of ice. We had some little difficulty in reaching the actual scene of the wood cutting, as the road had only the day before been broken out by a yoke of oxen, and in the end we were compelled to turn by uncoupling the sledge and lifting it around, assisted in this by the lumber men, as the snow was too deep for the horses to leave the road and the track too narrow, and barred by a lately fallen tree.

(Sketch)

The choppers were about quitting work, so we offered them a lift back. They were very interesting,-- young fellows of about 18 to 25, the very picture of health and robustiousness. Some of them sat on the end of the sled; from time to time answering our questions, but mostly conversing together in low tones, others followed on foot, their axes slung over their shoulders. In front of us a yoke of small Jersey cattle, dragged a large log of canoe birch (for firewood), and occasionally created a diversion by endeavoring to crowd each other out of the road. Their driver walked with them. In this order we wound slowly down in the shadow, for the sun had by this time set and left a deep red glow behind the ragged spruce tops.

Passing places where a tree had been felled and the severed boughs trampled, the smell of the crushed leaves was very strong and fragrant.

On returning we did not stop, but continued directly down the mountain. The last glimpse of the camp was an interesting picture. Horses, oxen and men, grouped between the log barn and the little shanty, the bright colors of flannel shirts and toques conspicuous on the snow, the light gleaming on the axe heads, the movement, bustle and color against the back-ground of the cold and darkening wood.

The stars were out before we reached the valley, but with the wind at our backs the air seemed like that of a balmy summer night. On our way through the hollow, and

homeward we were boarded from time to time, by lantern bearing strangers, with whom we exchanged a civil greeting or remark on the weather. When we reached home we were surprised to find that the temperature had risen slightly a few degrees above, for when we turned northward and faced the wind, we imagined some phenomenal fall, so icy was it.

We were wishing for you all day -- I am sure you would have enjoyed it intensely. However, perhaps we'll be able to repeat it some time when you'll be along too-- Next Winter perhaps --

Love to all,

E. M. T.

Jan. 8th, '91.
Thursday.

Dearest Mummie:

Let me tell you here about the chestnut devil, as you term him. He will be next spring seven years old; he stands 15 3/4 hands high; he is, so far as Mr. Cobb and I know, perfectly sound; and although lately he has displayed considerable vivacity, he is, I believe, of a gentle disposition. In color he is a dark chestnut, fading to a gold color around the pasterns; black hoofs; and with no white hairs anywhere except a somewhat indistinct star in his forehead. His legs are very clean; and he has on most occasions, a fine spirited air. He is rather long bodied, but not ungracefully so. As you know, he is not much of a trotter, but Mr. Cobb calls him a good roadster, a stalwart animal that can take a carriage along at a reasonable pace, for long distances without tiring. In motion, he keeps his back steady, his legs moving rather rapidly, his neck arched, displaying a good crest, and his head tossing up and down, while his ears, like a good roadster's, are continually in motion. He carries his tail well also, it seems to me, not arched, but straight, somewhat flagged. He was an excellent fast walker when I got him, and I fancy

he is so still. One trick he has that strikes me as rather interesting than otherwise, a way of wrinkling his nose, like the horse in Albert Durer's "Knight, Death and the Devil".

He is certainly a very strong creature, and always seems to me to be full of undeveloped force. He is distinctly young:-- He must strike other people so, too, as I have sometimes heard the men refer to him as 'the colt'. He is apt to be restless and uneasy, for want of some means of working off his surperfluous energy, I suppose. He was broken to driving very late, viewed according to the custom here, but he seems to have been tractable from the start. It may be a fantastical notion, but he seems to me somehow, to have made a temporary surrender and never to have fought out with man the question of supremacy very thoroughly. Yet, as I say, I think him a well dispositioned animal. I am really no judge of a horse's disposition having driven the mildest and most intelligent, for so long. I really think Polly can drive herself so to speak better than I or anyone else can.

Now for the chestnut's faults: First, he has a bad trick of biting his blanket's; that is to say, a heavy blanket. He wore a light one last fall, without attemptihg to tear it. Now he has one of part wool and part cotton, and this serves very well, as he cannot injure it. If you go into his stall, he will select a button, or the edge of your coat, and grab at it nervously, but not at all viciously. These trifles, with the fact that his hoofs have a slight natural disposition to contract, easily guarded against by proper shoeing, are really all I know directly to his disadvantage. I could give you all his measurements if you want. His head is good, amiable, his ears rather small than otherwise. In fact he has the general handsome appearance of a Morgan horse, for it is said that he is about as pure Morgan as any horse raised in this part of the country.

As a saddle horse I can't say much about him, since I was on his back only three times, and for short distances. I should fancy his trot was a little too quick, but I remember finding his pace much more agreeable the last

time I tried him. About his other paces except a good, fast walk, I can hardly give any opinion.

As he objects so strongly to a heavy blanket, perhaps he would be dangerous for a lady to ride -- I mean he might have an equal objection to a riding skirt. He went down to Waterbury (10 miles) with Harry in an hour without any effort. Mr. Cobb thinks he is good for 8 miles an hour, for a considerable distance.

Now I must tell you of the termination of the demnation bow-wow-question. Mr. Cobb and Mr. Faunce went with three parties, two Mr. Harrises and Mr. Downer, to estimate the damage done, and to the surprise of everyone they put it at $10.00. Afterward they told Mr. Cobb that they had perhaps estimated very low, and recommended any increase, that we should feel disposed to give. Mr. Faunce writes to Miss Brackett and I understand he is to ask her to pay $10.00, and if she agrees, Mr. Cobb will pay the same amount for us. Mr. Cobb said he thought twenty dollars would only be a fair return for the damage, and believed the umpires, or whatever you call them, had not estimated it as high as it should be set. Mr. Moody feels very sore, I believe, and is not disposed to accept anything, unless he can get more than $10.00. He has suffered from the attacks of dogs before, and Mr. Cobb tells me, feels rather discouraged about his losses. Though the affair is unfortunate for us, it is of course infinitely more so for a poor farmer, and I think it only right to do whatever is reasonable to satisfy him. It would not become anyone, even if the circumstances were other than they are, and the owners of the dogs poor farmers, as this man is, to adhere strictly to the verdict which, as in this case, does very scant justice to the principal sufferer.

I enclose Samo's express receipt.

Love to all

from

Mintie.

Jan. 8th, Thursday, 1891.

Dear Florence:

Many thanks for your letter of New Year's night-- Is the Woodbury you refer to the author of 'A Village Tragedy'?

I think there are some good lines in your sonnet; but it strikes me, on the whole, as being incoherent and somewhat forced,-- at least some of the lines of the first part appear so to me. I don't think to say that waters hold their being less rigidly in February is true; thaws and freezing occur, in this N.E. American climate, which of course you refer to, about equally in all winter months, though the temperature is generally higher in February than in December or January. 'Mysteries have filled the woodlands' is, I suppose a reference to buds, but I think the expression too obscure. And the general winter aspect of the woods is very little changed in February. Are the words --- "and the level skies are eloquent at evening" meant to suggest the increased length of the day? I can hardly suppose so; and if not, this has no especial meaning as a description of the time of year; and what follows, in any case, certainly has not.

I think

'The life which is of thee, yet is not thine'

a very good line.

The ending is interesting: I think I like it very much The first line of the second part strikes me as being too abrupt. Let me know what you are plotting. I'll send back the box of books tomorrow. I've been lazy about packing it.

Love to all,

Yours

E. M. T.

January 9, '91.

Dear Joe:

Before your letter arrived the sad news of Bunker's death was made indisputable to me, through a letter enclosing

the newspaper notice, sent me by my mother.

It's not surprising that the news was very generally shocking, for, apart from the peculiar sadness and suddenness of it, Bunker himself was always associated in my mind (and I fancy in most people's) with images of pleasure and success. This is strange; for I think he was as little spontaneously merry, as any one I have ever known. It seems to me that I never even knew him to laugh, but it was under a kind of protest, and, as it were, in the face of a prevailing melancholy.

From the manner in which the news affected me, I can image the shock must have been great indeed to you and to Robert, who had seen him lately, and knew him more intimately than I did.

You say that his wife is pleased to receive some expression of his friends' feeling. I don't know how far to call myself his friend, I was never an intimate of his, but-I certainly always possessed a lively feeling of friendship for him. What do you think - might I write her? This is a curious question to ask, I suppose; such things should be done spontaneously. As I read this page over it seems to me very cold and unfeeling; and I am afraid it will strike you so, too. But this not really the case. Perhaps you will send me her address.

As always yours,

E. M. T.

Jan. 20, '91.

Dear Mummie:

Yesterday Mr. Cobb and I hitched up Polly and his colt in a light sleigh and drove to Moss Glen Falls. The colt, (who is, by the way, a grandson of Old Ethan Allen) although a little larger than Polly goes very well with her in respect of looks, and is still a good mate for her in disposition, being neither too nervous nor too eager, and at the same time, without laziness or want of spirit. They would make a very brisk stepping team.

I was really appalled at the moutains of logs of spruce and hemlock, heaped up around the Moss Glen saw mill. The destruction of the forest here is something to make your hair rise on your head with horror. I really have my doubts if enough will remain to admit of our repeating our trip to the logging camp. This is the exaggeration of strong feeling; but, without doubt, the woods are being rapidly destroyed. Yesterday was the most charming day we have had this winter; and just before sunset, I drove up to the house, taking my snow shoes in the sleigh with me. I hitched the horse there, and went down into the swamp and along Mr. Butler's road, which was crossed and recrossed by the tracks of hares, squirrels and mice. It's a great satisfaction to walk among your own trees with the consciousness that they at least are secure, no longer in continual danger of the axe.

The day before yesterday I went through the Elmore woods. It was in the afternoon, the sun was rather low and behind the clouds. I never saw a more completely wintry scene. The track was hollowed deep into the snow, which rose abruptly on each side to a level with the floor of the sleigh, it would have been a very difficult, almost an impossible matter to turn around, or even to pass another sleigh. This is (or was before to-day's thaw) about the depth of the snow on an average for in a dense wood like Elmore it could not have drifted -- of course on the main roads, the rollers have kept a pretty even surface but on the less frequented mountain roads you travel in these little gullies.

It was as beautiful as it is in summer, but quite a different place. It looked as if it might have been a Russian forest, the evergreens, of which I did not know there were so many in this wood, all with their boughs drooping under a heavy weight of snow. Twigs and branches so thickly coated, that the forest seemed very dense and impenetrable. You know how the road winds down for a quarter of a mile or so, after you are fairly in the wood. There was no effect of light and shade, the sun having gone behind a belt of clouds; only in the northeast there was a little gleam of greenish sky. There was no wind;

and the most intense silence, broken only by the creak of the runners and the very faint jingle of the sleigh bells, for I went through very slowly.

Love to all,

E. M. T.

Dear Florence:

I've just finished Francis Bartlett's letters-- very interesting, is it not?

By the way, do you know anything about a little book lately published, called "Rose Brake", by Dansker Danbridge? Have you it? Will you send it me?

With love,

Yours

Mintie.

Stowe, Vt., Jan. 26th, '91.

Dear Mummie:

..... To-day is charming, very pleasant, brilliant sunshine, but yesterday was intensely cold, several degrees below, and an intolerable, searching west wind. I went down to the village with Albert, to do some errands, and coming home, over the crest of the hill the snow was drifting heavily blowing in a cloud. I don't remember ever being so much impressed with the terrible nature of winter, except that day, you remember, in January of the first winter at Stowe, when you came up with the Pater to see me; it seemed as if nothing could live for more than a few hours in such an atmosphere. At 5 o'clock it was 8 degrees below, but later, when I looked out at about 9 o'clock, it has risen two degrees. However, it was comfortable enough indoors.

Stowe, Vt. Jan. 31st, '91.

Dear Joe:

What a consequential ass is A. Daly! Have you seen 'School for Scandal'? Harry Edwards as Joseph Surface! Mummie writes me that Robert said he acted the part 'straight' (which she very justly concludes to mean without subtleties), that he missed point after point. I can readily suppose it was as dull, as pointless as need be. Had old Sir John, Peter-- Gilbert-- Teasle been of that combination, the ingenious Mr. Daly would probably have assigned him Sir Benjamin Backbite, as best fitting his talent; and I think it reasonable to assume that the lines would have suffered a slight change, Sir Peter converted into an old eccentric aunt of Lady Teasle's, and the part given to Mrs. Gilbert. That something of the sort has not been done this time, is doubtless because everybody mis-fits their part so perfectly.

Mansfield and Daly are the two managers whom I would have wished Robert to avoid, and he has fallen in the hands of both. There's an end of Mansfield, presumably for aye; but with him at least he had a chance to act. Mr. Daly seems disposed to retire him from the stage. And, after all, when he does appear (if that is really going to occur) will it be much more satisfactory? Under the eye of such a manager to check the impulses of good acting and as effectually to restrain any display of good taste, in a costume concocted from designs of E. Hamilton Bell - a costume that will look as if it had been purchased ready made at the mediaeval Brooks Brothers.

I heartily wish he was under any one else's management-- except L. Barrett's, except L. Barrett's.

Such gloomy foreboding it would not be well to convey to Robert, would it?- who must really find this retirement from active service very trying.

The house progresses steadily and is not bad looking though something too high. Have you seen, at Gramercy Park any of my drawings of it? Do you remember a place on the hill, the juncture of a piece of old pasture land with a meadow at the corner of a wood, where we spent an afternoon? It is not more than a hundred and fifty yards from that very spot.

There's a room in the attic that I expect to make into a kind of studio. The light is a fair one for the morning, the window faces N. N.W., looking out squarely on the mountain.

How intensely you would have enjoyed the coloring of the clear cold days we had in December. You can imagine what a delicate pink the distance, snow-covered, might have been; and the irregularities of the surface, reflecting the light in various colors, made it much more complex than the distance of summer time. The character of the weather this month has been different - cloudy, and much thawing.

Write me a word about A.H. Thayer, will you not?

I want to exhibit that hemlock tree I painted last Spring, but I shall have to wait an opportunity of doing a little more work on it, and that opportunity is not likely to occur until the latter part of next April. When will the Society of American Artists exhibit?

Yours ever,

E. M. T.

Feb. 14, '91.

..... Last night a wonderful effect,-- exceedingly cold (- 10 degrees) clear moonlight, and in the north, northwest a rose red Aurora borealis. It streamed up behind the mountain a soft rose color, and also the same effect (though not so brilliant) a little east of north; due north it was the usual cold blue light. Id did not last very long.

Stowe, Vt. March 24th, '91.

Dear Fanny:

I thank Heaven the snow has a great deal diminished; there is much of excellent bare ground.

I had a most delightful time at Worcester. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed you all.

Mintie.

Stowe, April 21st, '91.

Dear Joe:

..... What do you think of Mlle. Ixe: I was not very much impressed by it. As Mr. Coleridge has remarked 'the Spring comes slowly up this way' but there's a very decided greening of grass, the roads, except in clayey places, are in a very fair condition; Robins, blue-birds, phoebes, most sparrows and black-birds have arrived; some flowers there are - spring-beauty; snow there is none, except on some north slopes where it had been drifted heavily, and, of course, still on the mountains and very conspicuous on the bald of "the mounting".

Will you be going to Philadelphia to see "the well-known actor, Robert Taber" support the not less celebrated 'Mrs. Drew' an excellent name, by the way, for an actress of waning power, of lessening attractions.

Well, farewell,

Yours ever,

E. M. T.

Stowe, Saturday, 25th April '91.

Dear Florence:

About the Punches -- many thanks; I like Punch of any date, and at all times.

The books, Miss Wilkins', Miss Jewett's, and Bunners arrived, and have been read quite through, all except Miss J's, in which I have, still unread, several stories. Mlle Ixe also I received, sent by Mrs. Evans, I believe.

Thank her for so doing.

Mlle. Ixe is not very remarkable, do you think? I don't. But what charming stories are Miss Wilkins'. She's an artist.- I was going to say a great artist;-- perhaps she is.

The spring is an early one here, and we've had warm and rainy weather that has advanced the season some two weeks beyond the state of things, at the same date last year. But to-day there's a north wind and considerable snow, which has a charming effect lying very light and feathery, powdered on the green grass.

I expect Oliver Palmer here in about two hours; he's on his way from Burlington. He'll be here 3 or 4 days, I guess.

Please remember me most kindly to Mrs. Evans.

Love to yourself and the baby,

Affectionately,

Mintie.

Stowe, Oct. 20th, '91.

Dear Joe:

..... I've been intending to write you for some time past, but, as they say here, I've not 'got round to it'- which is the same thing, I suppose, as not having gone squarely about it - Forgive this confession of a difficulty-; but the world, such as it is represented in these parts, is too much with me.

I am greatly grieved that I have not been able to see as much of Fanny as I could wish; but I am nevertheless glad she goes so soon to Princeton, for there she can be with Harry and the children. I fear she looks more ill and has less strength than when she first came here.

I understand that O.H. Palmer stopped with you not long ago, on his way to Florida. I confess I was a little surprised at the news. Since I expected him here this week. I hear you are again in the toils of the League-- that is to

say, toiling in its behalf and greatly to its advantage.

Devil a bit of painting have I done this summer; my only effort in that line has been in the direction of mixing colors, but for a large and more useful purpose, than any of my previous attempts tended to.

I must not forget to tell you how deeply Robert's Leonatus Posthumus affected me. I hope you'll see him in it.

Yours

Mintie Taber.

Stowe, Dec. 9th, '91.

[Holt]

Dear Harry:

Many thanks for your letter; and I wish I could respond with one equally interesting- but you know that the life at Stowe affords little news. Two very high winds have swept over the country from the south, levelling fences, unroofing barns, and causing our house to jar and tremble and, what is really cause for regretful remark, taking down some very fine old hemlocks.

I really believe you would enjoy Stowe now, even more than you did earlier in the season; these open winters are, to my mind, beautiful beyond what any other season has to offer. The woods, though leafless, are now at their best.

I am happy to say that I have now a young man to look after the stable, who is what I think a stable-man should be. He takes much pain with the horses, knows something about them too, but is not too proud to diligently study my stable-book, a blank-book wherein, in my best and most legible hand, I have written out all my knowledge (such as it is) of the subject. I am glad to add that he has taken rather a particular fancy to the big sorrel, who seems (by the way) in fine condition, and has conducted himself as peaceably and reasonably as one could desire. We have not had much opportunity to drive with the pair, but we use the sorrel for light carting, etc., and when not in use, keep him, when the weather

permits, in the paddock. The grey is certainly a very comfortable animal; and Mummie finds him a delightful improvement on the Pater's old horse; but I am sorry to say he has now a slight touch of thrush, which reflects unfavorably on our stable management;- but, so far as your horses are concerned we have taken particular pains with their feet, and the only explanation of his having this trouble, is that he must have caught it from the old horse, whose feet, during Truman's charge of the stable affairs, were allowed to get foul, and thrush ensued. However he has it but slightly, and only in one foot, and I doubt not but that in a few days he'll be quite well again. To prevent any spread of this, we wash all the horses' feet frequently in carbolic-acid and water, and I've given up stuffing the feet with manure and use damp moss.

I began this note the day before yesterday, but I've really had no time to finish it until now (evening of 11th); and in the meantime the exciting episode of a dinner party-- and a lunch moreover-- has occurred. Deacon and Mrs. and Miss Savage and Deacon and Mrs. Atkins dined with us yesterday, and to-day Miss Butts did us the like honor. I don't know how far you would have enjoyed participation in the whirl of Stowe society, but for my part I found it exceedingly instructive.

Edith will be up for the Christmas holidays, I trust; for, although we can promise none of the pleasures of sleighing yet, so extraordinarily mild has the season been, that the roads, up to date, have been as good and as elastic as summer roads; it is only in places that feel little or nothing of direct sunshine, that one hears the wheels ring.

I expect to do some carting with your horses, (not heavy work); but, if snow comes at all this winter, to draw a little gravel, etc.-- Let me know if you object-- It will be better for them than to stand in the barn, and sometimes, we are a little at a loss to exercise them properly.

Every now and again as I happen to think of you, I make a spasmodic effort to square my shoulders, but I fear I have lost something of the severe military carriage I effected while you were here.

Well, farewell-- Forgive the dullness of this note,

and also the fact that I've not yet finished your map; but I've done a little work on it since when you saw it last, and I hope to send it to you within the following week.

Faithfully,

E. M. T.

Commend me to all your family.

Stowe, Vt., Jan/ 23, '92.

Dear Mummie:

Snow again to-day; yesterday was clear,-- that is to say with some sunshine, but to-day there is a heavy snowstorm from the south. Were the "Gang" here now they could not complain for lack of snow. The roads are beginning to have the midwinter, deep-furrowed look, and walking is a very toilsome performance.

At about 11 o'clock yesterday I started for Morrisville to look at traverse-sledges, expecting to draw the sledge home, if I should find one. I took Albert with me to drive, and I led one of the horses. We put the sorrel in the sleigh, and led Polly. As both horses were quite fresh, we went over in a very short space of time, and in quite an effective and lively manner; the sorrel (though perfectly docile) cavorting occasionally, and Polly squealing and sending her heels up after every wagon we met or passed.

I found a very good, easy running single traverse-sledge, quite good enough for our purposes, for which I paid $18.00, rather less than I expected it would cost. We had taken the new work harness with us, to be able to hitch the sorrel horse into the sledge. This we did, and formed a little procession home. As the road happened to very well travelled, and as most of the teamsters were acquaintances of Albert's, you may imagine that we did not pass a single team, until the price and quality of the new harness and sledge had been inquired and commented upon, details of family history exchanged, etc., etc.

I hope you'll not miss seeing Robert in every thing

he plays, or miss writing me all about it.

Commend me to Joe,

Love to all,
Yours Mintie.

Stowe, Sunday, Jan. 24, '92.

Dear Mummie:

You ask about the puppies: Behold Beena in the attitude she generally assumes at the head of the stairs. (sketch) Her ears have grown delightfully long and rabbit-like and when she jumps or runs they flop about wildly: Tawny has beautiful littly loppy ears, just like Tojo's, that never turn back as 'Beena's do.' He has just the same baby-like expression, and really seems, notwithstanding his larger size, (now not quite so much in excess of 'Beena's who has grown up to him), to be hardly a match for his more lively little sister. They each keep their respective degrees of cuteness, that is to say you can't decide which is the more delightful of the two.

Todo is quite well, and reasonably jolly. I take him over to the barn whenever I go, and he enjoys himself very much, nosing around in the hay loft: otherwise he can't go about out of doors as heretofore, on account of the deep snow. He sleeps in my room, on his pillow which is placed in the arm chair, and the chair drawn up to the side of the bed.

Perhaps Robert is with you tonight; at all events, you will have seen him, when this reaches you. I want to know all about him, but especially how he conducts himself on the stage. You must not miss one of his parts: I see they are played in such order, with two or three intervals, where repetitions occur, that you might very easily see all. What I should like to see most myself, and what as I think it over I am rather disposed to believe has, in places, his best work, is Romeo. I want to know particularly how the Apothecary and Tomb scenes go. Do not fail to see

Posthumus; and Benedict I am very curious about, though I don't believe it is as well played as the other two. Let me know what you think of his looks in Cymbaline.
Love to all. Yours,
E. M. T.

Jan. 27, '92.

We skidded two or three lengths of ash out of the swamp the other day. It was quite fun: the tree (our own tree) sawed up by our own man, with our own saws, the log drawn out by our own horse, in our own harness, and finally carried down to the mill on our own sled. This, after borrowing harnesses, hiring horses and sledges, was quite refreshing. The ash worked up into very nice looking timber.
. . . . . .
The wind has drifted the snow a good deal, and the sharp edges of the drifts, heaved up here and there across the meadow, make a very wintry aspect. About zero all day, but clear: Wind now to the south-- looks like a thaw.
E. M. T.

Stowe, Vt. Feb. 8th, '92.

[H.M.]
Dear Harry:
I believe there is a prospedt of much reward in a certain class of investment in Stowe, Vermont: This is rather an abrupt way to spring this conviction upon you; but I have been thinking the matter over of late, and as I know you to be interested in the place, and one amused by suggestions of the kind, I have even determined discovering to you my ideas on the subject. If it is going to bore you, read no further, for investment is my theme quite to the end; I shall bear you no malice if you decline the remainder, which fol-

lows as the development of an idea, more in sport than for profit.

I don't mean investing money in an hotel, or inn, or cottages to be let; which might be profitable conducted with unusual skill and energy; nor in farming on a large scale, which would be profitable to anyone with a head for business and a natural bent that way; but what I mean is simply an investment that any rich man might make, and which would, in time, afford a good profit, without requiring peculiar gifts, or much expense of energy. An investment, moreover, not involving a vast amount of money in purchase, very little in current expense, paying back something at once, increasing that payment yearly, until within ten or fifteen years the profit becomes very large, and fourthly and lastly, retaining its value undiminished forever, and to conclude, conferrihg a priceless boon upon the children of earth- In a word, the investor profits both body and soul, puts money in his purse and performs at the same time an act of truest philanthropy.

All this may be done by building a saw-mill and by putting a few thousand dollars into the more remote districts of spruce forest that cover these mountains,- in parts as yet comparatively inaccessible and untouched.

In order to explain the peculiar advantages of such an investment, let me, in the first place, make some remarks respecting the lumber trade; for many years previous to this (when it is peculiarly the case)- the lumber market throughout the country has been overstocked, and prices consequently low; yet, nevertheless, it is agreed, in this part of Vermont, that the lumber business pays better than any other. Though farming may now be said to be at its best, for the country is neither too new nor too old, is well cleared and drained, and still retains sufficient forest to economise the moisture, yet the lumber business, choked with competition, pays better. Nor does this excess of supply cause any abatement in the cutting of the forests, which is done at about the same or at an increased rate yearly; the reason being either that each lumber man counts on the discouragement of his competitors, or else that all make sufficient profit.

Indeed, I understand, that they make about one dollar on every thousand square feet, about one in ten; and as the

mills get out from two or three millions of square feet yearly, the profit is not despicable. Besides, it is to be considered that the lumberman's methods are not economical; he either buys the land he cuts upon, or buys the right to cut trees on other people's lands; he cuts very close, so much so, that he cannot again within twenty years, perhaps ever, go over thesame land, even if he owns it; and the cost of his road building, etc., is consequently thrown away.

Thus it may be seen, from the lumberman's methods that the state of the market in no wise tends to preserve the forests; and in this reckless slaughter is the profit of the investor, who can afford to wait, for it clears the way to the remoter forests, both for profits and for roads.

The proper way, of course, to invest in forest land is to buy a large tract, sufficiently large to be divided into, say ten districts, one tenth of the whole to be cut over annually. In this way your forest lasts forever, the original cost of your roads is not lost (the repairing of them with so much at hand for the purpose, would amount to nothing) the profit, as the country is cleared yearly increases, and if under present conditions, the business pays, how much more will it within ten years? Moreover, I believe there is no good purpose of such necessity, as this investment would, in its degree, accomplish.

In addition, there are in this State peculiar advantages in connection with the lumber-trade; in the first place the tree that is principally cut on these mountains, is permanent for certain qualities and purposes. For dimension timber and framing of houses, and for the lesser spars of vessels, nothing is so good as <u>spruce</u>, for besides being as light and as easily worked as white pine, it is more elastic and enduring and of a tougher consistency. It is unrivalled as a framing timber; it can be put to almost all the uses where white pine was formally exclusively employed, and is the best, for general purposes, of the soft woods that remain to us (I speak of the spruce particularly, although there are splendid forests of valuable hard-wood in this state, which command better prices.)

There is to be considered the fact that the forests of Vermont are nearer the centres of demand south and south-

east than of any other state (except perhaps New Hampshire); and that New England and southern New York are particularly well cleared. Ask any builder you know where he gets his lumber, and I think you will find that all of it travels far before reaching New York, but his spruce from Vermont and Northern New York comes the shortest distance. The white pine from Canada and Wisconsin; the hard pine from Georgia and Alabama; the white wood from Western Pennsylvania, etc. etc.

But what most contributes to the profit to be made here is the length and severity of the winter, which, injurious to all other industries, is an aid to this, by making it possible for a term of four months, to penetrate the forests and transport the lumber with comparative ease, and at probably one-third of the cost expended in regions of little or no snow. This remains an advantage over every lumber district further south. Also the long interruption to farming, throws a large class of laborers into this business at ordinary wages, and during a time, when their services are most needed that is to say, from September until Christmas or the 1st of January, the season of tree cutting, or even for a longer period, if the snow does not become too deep to interfere with the work.

Again, it must not be forgotten that the laws of this State are peculiarly favorable to holders of real estate, and will probably continue so, while the cities remain unimportant, as they are likely to do.

As regards the prices of forest land, I understand that districts, more or less remote, have been sold within a few years, at two dollars and fifty cents the acre. A thousand acres for $2,500.00.

Respecting the cost of saw-mills, those run by water-power with all necessary machinery water privilege, etc.; involve an outlay of about $5000.00; but water is too unreliable a motor; steam is preferable. But the capacity of the millshould be considered in connection with the extent of forest-land that feeds it; the largest mills here, with every kind of machine, for preparing boards, dimension timber, shingles, clapboards, etc.,cost in the neighborhood of $20,000. and are capable of producing 20,000 square feet of lumber per day. But suppose the extent of forest land annu-

ally cut, to be one hundred acres, one-tenth of the whole thousand; a steam mill with all necessary machinery, and capable of manufacturing in the course of the year, all the lumber cut on the given amount of land, would probably require a sum of from eleven to thirteen thousand dollars.

Now to arrive at the amount of lumber on 100 acres: There are probably from two to three hundred spruce trees, of a size most suitable for lumber purposes, to an acre; but in buying an extensive tract of forest land, although at a certain elevation the spruce has its natural range, above the deciduous and hard-wood trees (the canoe birch excepted) it is nevertheless not at all impossible that a certain proportion of such a purchase may bear them but scantily. Let us say then, 70 spruce to the acre; in each tree (a moderate estimate) 400 square feet of lumber; that is to say 24,500 square feet to the acre; an hundred acres make the amount 2,450,000 square feet, on which the profit is about $2,500.00.

Thus it is seen that the outlay on land and mill may be set at, or within $15,000.00; and the profit, at the present reduced rate, pays for the undertaking in six years.

This profit of one dollar on 1000 square feet, refers, I understand, to all grades, and in this view, would be too low an estimate in connection with the scheme I am expounding, for the proportion of first grade lumber, from forests treated as I have suggested, would be larger than the mills here ordinarily ship; and the profit is proportionally greater on the higher grades.

These calculations are based, you see, on existing conditions; there is every prospect to expect a very great increase, perhaps the doubling of the profits within ten years.

It is worth while to add also, that the taxes on land valued at $2.50 an acre, cannot amount to very much.

What do you think of this? Is it not worth the attention of the rich and perfect philanthropist, the man that would do good to himself and others?

Faithfully,

E. M. T.

P.S. I have forgotten to say that the expense of running a steam mill is very little more than that involved in working by water power, just as much as the wages of say two men, engineers, amounts to, for the waste lumber, edgings, sawdust, etc. provides ample fuel.

P. P.S. I am afraid, being so much occupied in explaining pecuniary advantages, I have somewhat slighted the side philanthropic; but that is, of course, obvious; by cutting the forests as I propose, all necessary timber is supplied to the wants of civilization, and far from being destroyed or injured, the forest remains a thing of beauty and a joy forever and an inestimable blessing to the farmer.

Stowe, March 13, '92.

Dear Mummie:

To-day is one of those cold clear March days, intolerably windy and bleak in cities; but here you can always find a warm and cosey corner out of doors; Yesterday I was in the swamp looking for birds; and although there was a bitter south west wind blowing, in that sheltered place, the air was as warm and pleasant as April. Indeed for the last two days we have felt that the benefit of the wood very much, for whereas it has been extremely cold and disagreeable in the village, or anywhere where the S.W. wind strikes, we have felt little discomfort and only realized how bleak the weather was, by driving out to the village, etc. The roads are drifted full of snow, and yesterday afternoon Albert and I tried to get home by way of the hollow road. After floundering through one drift we gave it up, and turned the sleigh around, thinking to go home by the new road. There is only one point on this road where the snow drifts, and we thought it would probably be a matter of very little difficulty to pass. But here the horse (we were driving the sorrel) went in the whole length of his legs, up to his breast, and although the snow was light

he made such a difficulty of getting through it, that I decided to turn around as I was afraid he might give himself a splint or a sprain. As the space was narrow, we took him out of the shafts turned the sleigh on the crust, and having stamped out a path for him, drove back; and so home by the hill road, which by the way, was drifted badly enough, from the Cobb cottage up to our gate.

Last night was full moon I think. I tried the bob on the crust over Mr. Cobb's mowing. It did not go very well, as the drifts interfered. But I never saw a more beautiful night. It was almost as light as day. The whole surface of the slope had the ribbed look of sea sand where the lighter snow clung in long wavy lines to the crust, little drifts with a sharp edge, the other side swept off by the wind, in the same manner as undertow deals with light sand.

The days are getting long again, and the sunset begins to creep up a little to the north, beyond the edge of the woods.

Yesterday, I think, I saw the first of the warblers, the myrtle warbler, but I am not sure. However, the birds in the swamp were not strictly winter birds, but such as indicate a little change in the season, notably the brown creeper.

Bene is a dog of much variety: there is another change in the direction of her ears, that now point downward, and give her a much more cunning appearance.

E. M. T.

Stowe, Vt. March 19th, '92.

Dear Florence:

I conclude you are very busy indeed, but still I think it probable you might find time to write a short note, now and then. Roget's Thesaurus is a very depressing book to look over, but I dare say a heaven of refuge when the right word is not forthcoming to furnish out a mental blank.

Now is the time when I begin to listen for notes of

song-sparrows or blue-birds, and make all my out-of-door excursions armed with a field-glass to catch the first glimpse of them. Perhaps you can understand how the appearance and voice of the earliest migratory birds affects me; it "makes my blood cold and my hair to stare"- as you say Beethoven's music does with you.

Many thanks for the box of books. Grant's memoirs not as entertaining as I expected to find them. Charlie sent me by mail yesterday two stories, both amusing, but one was by Miss Wilkins. It is not enough to say 'truthful', every word was precious, the pure gold of truth.

Love to all.

Tell Harry Holt, junior, that
Toby and
Timmy and
Tippie and
Tawny and
Bene and
Rose and
Roary and
Tim junior and
Diana and
Glorianna and
Rosanna and
Domino Jr. and
Polly and
Rob and
the friendly Cow and
The grey and
The Big Red horse (as they call him here, as if they were speaking of Hengist's banner)
and Burleigh
all send their love to him, not to mention

Uncle Mintie.

March 24, 1892.

Dear Mummie:

I have been enquiring about dog licenses and thus stands the law in Vermont: before April 1st male dogs taxed one dollar; after April 1st until May the third week, (I believe) two dollars, after the 3rd week in May they are condemned-- in other words, they throw them into the briar patch. Tojo is very much afraid, as he tells me, "Dat Mr. Man ketch him by de behine-leg, and fling 'im blip!- in de middle of de briar-patch-- "An' taint all de critters"-- Tojo adds, "dat kin crawl out outer a chinquipin log, and comb de pitch outer der har". He 'lows he dunno what minute qwine to be de nex'- Consequently I must have a little light on the subject. . . . . .

Stowe, Vt., March 31st, '92.

. . . . . Tojo's mind is at rest-- If any one should even suggest the briar-patch all he has to do is to put his hand in his pocket and pull out a little card-- 'a little yellowish gray, skye-terrier 6 years old' Nobody allowed to fling him in de Briar Patch".

- - - -

March 27th, '92.

Dear Joe:

I have asked you before about Theophile Gautier; but I want to know a little more about him: What has he written besides 'Captain Fracasse' and (what I am now reading) 'A Winter in Russia'? He is certainly a very acute and delicate, though not very subtile, observer, and presents a picture in a vivid and interesting way-- an out-of-door picture especially; when he deals with personalities, I am not

so much amused. Captain Fracasse took me back to Pantomine days: I saw the most startling and vivid pictures, real in that sense, but in no way connected with real life, and saw them with the clearness and force, with which the fresh eye of eight years or so, takes impressions. It is much the same with this book.

Have you read 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles'? I have not yet; but I've looked over the illustrations that strike me as being very good indeed.

Have you seen Thayer lately? When you do, ask him if the color in a landscape varies in proportion to the amount of light. Is there more color on a sunshiny day, than a cloudy one? Or is it a change of values only. If I did not suspect myself of opinions at variance with scientific facts, I should be tempted to believe there was more color in a winter than a summer landscape-- the yellows and reds certainly seem to hold out longer, and the blue of distance to retire much beyond summer limits: - Is this due to a clearer atmosphere? The mountains (blue in summer) are now (snow-covered) of a kind of golden pink and lilac. I continually think of you in noting these delicate colors and the extreme sharpness of all outlines of things near at hand; the tufty edge of a mowing or pasture now as sharp as a knife-blade against the distance. It's the kind of thing I think you would like to paint.

I am going to ask you to get me some paints and brushes when you go down to Devoes.

I think I shall try some round kind instead of the flat:-- about half a dozen two of each, Russian sable (that's the cheap kind is it not?

That is probably to make my pictures (I believe I have at one time painted socalled pictures) less (ahem!) flat and more pointed? Really to make little black holes as Thayer used to in landscapes.

I want very much to send something to the 'American Artists -- And I shall do so (you being good enough to see my picture framed and presented) if I do not fall between the devils of Procrastination and Delay which beset me-- beside that I am under the dominion of the demon that presides over Jacks of ALL Trades, a fate perfectly undeserved, as I am one

simply by circumstance, neither inclination nor an ability to play many parts, moving me thereto.

(Sketch)

Behold my unhappy dilemma.

Faithfully,

E. M. T.

Stowe, Vt. April 8th, '92.

Dear Joe:

..... I would like to know what date is the very latest for sending in pictures to the American Artists jury, because the weather is now very unfavorable for me to make those alterations I think in my picture. Unlike most seasons at this time, it is not the warm hazy April weather (which I tried to represent) but is clear, cold and windy with bright burst of sunshine, and long intervals of shadow,- the most perplexing weather for painting.

The suggestion you made regarding my picture I find valuable, and truth requires me to make the alteration in it, even if I miss the jury and the exhibition.

I understand Robert is in New York - My love to him.

Faithfully,

E. M. Taber.

April 14th, '92.

Dear Joe:

Robert wrote me about Malvolio -- he had thoughts of a black costume-- I advised him to choose green. What say you?

Yours faithfully,

E. M. T.

Stowe, Vt. July 22, '92.

Dear Mummie:

Everybody went raspberrying yesterday, and all "de Criturs", even including Polly, who followed me about in the pasture (walking behind me so close, that her nose was bumping in between my shoulders) eating raspberries out of my hand, and as I picked them, nibbling them off the tops of the bushes. Mr. Tosho and Tippie went with Mary, Mrs. T. and Ellen; Tawny was of the party, and distinguished himself by having a fit, poor little devil-- he seems to be all right again now, however.

Weather is warmer but pleasant. I have had the lawn mowed according to your instructions.

Love to all,

Mintie.

Stowe, Vt., August 4th, '92.

Dear Joe:

I should have been very glad to have gone to Windsor with Robert; but the day is hot and the Capulets are abroad and my picture I must finish before September yellows prevail. Finished it must be in this month, or left over until next year.-- A very depressing alternative. I am painting a real American Artist picture; an elm tree, a sunset: I am happy that Robert liked it; but it is a very uninspired spirit that presides over its execution.

Last Monday night and all the preceding week we were wishing før you. Robert told you about our theatricals, so I shall not try to describe them- But they really were good-- The Wicked Uncle-- (sketches enclosed) was by no means so complete and admirable a show as the last - of '90, but still 'twas very amusing.

I wish you would kindly send these sketches on to Florence, Bonrepos, New Rochelle, after you have looked at them. Fare you well, Yours ever, E. M. T.

Oh, Joe, had you assisted at the "Brown Borooshka" you had seen a great and unique show.

Stowe, Vt., Nov. 14th, '92.

Dear Mrs. Elliott,

Your interesting bundle of such varied contents arrived just in time for Florence to take her share of amusement from it, as she left for New York on the following day.

The drawing I enjoyed seeing very much; and I should guess it to be a copy wholly in the spirit of the original, but in any case it might exist on its own charm.

I understood you that I might keep both the Ruskin pamphlets and the Garden and Forest numbers for some time, and if I am correct inthis belief, I should prefer to do so, as both are of that kind of reading matter that one would better enjoy in small doses, as one might have an appetite for it.

The photographs of the horses are admirable, and the low-wooded lake country (wherever it may lie) is a poetic background, from a picture point of view.

My mother to-day packs up the photographs and your drawing, which I trust will arrive safely. It is very kind of you to have troubled to send all these things, and you may feel sure your kindness is appreciated.

Very sincerely,

E.M. Taber.

Stowe, Vt., Wednesday, Nov.30,'92.

Dear Mrs. Elliott,

On understanding from your kind note that the pamphlets were a gift, I must again thank you.

Winter, as you guess, is indeed here; the temperature says so, though not too aeverely, and it is so in aspect;

we have had only a slight fall of snow, but the steady cold makes much of it; the country, all but the valley itself, lies white, and the freezing of clouds makes the mountain tops very wintry.

That call of nuthatches is to be heard in the woods now of sunny days, also tapping of woodpeckers (hairy) and sometimes the sounding blows of a log-cock,- black cocks, as they call them here; and chicadees you know we have always with us.

Yesterday I saw a small flock of pine grosbeaks, dark-slaty in color, with overlying ruddy or salmon tint. They flit restlessly, and are shy for unsophisticated birds. On taking flight, when fairly launched, they give a succession of wild and plaintive notes, which sometimes continue, growing faint, after they have quite disappeared.

On Sunday our hired man shot a 'coon,-- rather a fine skin. The coon was found alseep in a kind of nest he had made in the foot of a hollow tree. He lacked one fore-foot, which he had probably gnawed off, to free himself from a trap; and so, being unable to climb his tree, was an easy prey. Such is the lot of the disinterested wild creatures.

Some articles on trees in the Garden and Forest numbers, I see are by a neighbor,-- dated Memphremagog (40 miles north of us); I have looked up his name and location on the country map, and have it a little in consideration to pay him a call, as the subject on which he writes, greatly interests me.

I fear the length of this note is a tax on your patience, and requires an apology which I offer.

I am very sincerely,

Yours

E.M. Taber.

Stowe, Nov. 20, '92.

Dear Joe:

My last summer's picture I did not finish, and I shall

try again next June, It is full of faults, of color mostly, for twilight is a deceiving hour, to say the best of it. This is the composition.

(Sketch)

It is really a characteristic and reposeful Vermont landscape - I mean the original is.

We had a fearful high wind the other day, and the little shed I painted from was blown into kindling wood; but I expect to have another built immediately, and I have sent for plates of the most perfect glass it is possible to get which I shall have set in as windows to my shed,- then, in the company of a small stove to keep my fingers from freezing I hope to do a little painting.

Robert sends me notices that more and more commend him. ..... They were the regulation dreary thing, without charm or mystery; but nevertheless, I fancied I could detect the existence of really excellent qualities in the costumes-- notably Cliffords'.

I wrote him to curtail his beard and make larger his helmet as the barbarian;- said I well?

Will you tell me what has further happened to my picture, and about the exhibition?

As ever,

Yours,

E. M. T.

Nov. 25th, '92.

Dear Florence:

The delightful early Nations arrived yesterday, when Charlie came; and I've begun looking through them to-day:-- I foresee an abundance of most interesting readings.

We've finished Vanity Fair; and I repent that I ever said anything about being bored.

What news from Alden? I am very anxious to hear the result of that interview. Please let me know something about it; also, if there's any news respecting the

battered hemlock, Lapland's necessity, may I hear it?

Yours,

E. M. T.

Dec. 3rd, '92.

Dear Mummie:

I turned up the Gold-brook road where I met Mr. Slayton with another load of evergreens. He had unhitched his oxen to haul a fair-sized balsam-fir out of the wood, so I had to wait a few moments until he could draw his load out of the road, which it filled against the possibility of passing. The smell of the crushed foliage was very strong and penetrating.

While waiting I had a good opportunity to notice the sunset, which in its reflection on Hog-back was more remarkable than I have ever seen it. Perhaps, on account of a cloud that rested on the top of the mountains and aided the power of the reflection, it was unusually brilliant; a bright glowing red, really memorable. Did you ever see so brilliant a moon light night as last? I do not think I ever did.

To-day it is cloudy and has begun to snow.

Yours,

E.M.T.

Stowe, Vt. Dec. 10th, '92.

Dear Joe:

I am awfully sorry your eyes are troubling you; but, as usual you see well enough to write something amusing.

So seignor clown has returned to Illyria. Sir Toby receives him: "Welcome ass".

Sir Andrew's absence only wants to complete "the

picture of we three"; - though given free choice we might otherwise complete the trio, might we not? However the case serves to illustrate how the whirligig of time, etc., and the sister's three, and even such odd sayings, direct the course of human events.

Professor Van Dyke it seems is sufficiently small of soul to comment on a hole he detects in the foliage of my hemlock tree-- How does he know that I didn't do it on purpose? Or that it is really a hole at all and not painted?

My former method of mending it was to stop it up with paint,-- I don't know of any other, do you?

I can somewhat sympathize with you about eye difficulties: I find trouble in focusing my eyes, and see blue with morbid persistance. All is blue-- literally: every thing I have painted of late partakes of this tint or taint.

I have sent for some plate-glass and I shall have a little hut built, which shall be warmed by a stove, and by these means I expect to do a little winter landscape painting.

Very mild winter here so far-- no sleighing. But I am well pleased, for I know I shall have snow enough, enough winter and rough weather.

By the way, rough is in common use here, in the sense of cold or inclement.

Next winter, Joe, I must certainly go to New York, for if I am not quite well by that time, I dare say I shall never be. Next summer if you are at Windsor (how early will you be there?) I shall, if I can do so, run down for a week or two.

Farewell,

Yours ever,

E.M.T.

Is not this a curious way to end my note? The thought came into my head, so down it went on paper; though the resolutions must appear a little pre-mature- However I shall have them often enough in mind.

I am pleased to hear that my picture is so honorably placed.

yours,

E.M.T.

how very considerate of you to think of me in connection with those arctic suits, than which I can imagine nothing more desirable for such a winter as this. Indeed Lynch & I had had one a week ago when driving in a cutting wind I caught severe neuralgia in my face, and have had a most uncomfortable time ever since.

Stowe, Vt. Dec. 27th, '92.

Dear ~~Joe:~~ Mrs Elliot:

A party of our friends spent Christmas with us, and returned to New York perfectly convinced of the severity of Vermont winter. They arrived here on the coldest day I have ever felt; sunless, with a strong southwest wind that gave emphasis to a recorded temperature of 8 degrees throughout the greater part of the day.

It was while these friends were here that we went on an expedition which I should think would interest you very much. It was to a logging camp, on the mountains east of us.

We drove up in a rough travers farm sledge(for the mountain roads are more comfortably and safely travelled in such a conveyance) and succeeded in penetrating as far as any trace of road extended, where the choppers were at work. To gain this point we passed through the hardwood belt, into the region of spruces.

The clouds had frozen on the trees at this height, and the effect was indescribably beautiful and fantastic. In gorges or hollows of the mountains where the sun rested for only a few hours during the day and where the clouds had probably hung heavily, the effect was very much that of window-pane frost foliage made real. The effect was of the same character; the boughs were not ice-covered, but coated to a velvety depth with innumerable tiny crystals, even more remarkable on the birches than the evergreens, for it gave the many branching boughs of the former something the appearance of gigantic trees of coral.

At this height the canoe birches are not uncommon, and reach a fair size; their trunks, lead colored or silvery, sometimes russet tinted, are very soothing among the too frequent yellow birches. We have none in the valleys, I think.

The logging life is picturesque, and sometimes dangerous. The axe-men suffer only through carelessness, I fancy, for the spruce is not a large tree at best, and the wood is so tough and elastic that flying boughs or rebounding tops are of rare occurrence. The men are recruited mostly from the lower classes of French Canadians, and I was interested to

note certain characteristics (eyes particularly) pure Indian.

The teamsters' bane is the liability of their runner chains to breakage. These chains, wound around the runner, serve as break or drag to the load, sometimes of fifteen to twenty logs.

If this accident occurs there is but one hope for the horses; to keep ahead of the load; and the danger is hardly less to the teamster.

Up in the spruce forest I saw both chicadees and pine-gross beaks.

Curiously enough, notwithstanding the severe winter, I have only once seen a flock of snow-flakes. I am sorry, for their flight is, I think, the finest animate spectacle that the winter affords. They remind me of sea-birds, flying with such swiftness and power, passing over with a plaintive twitter or chatter, a long ripple of sound.

It is characteristic of winter birds to talk as they fly, is it not? Pine grosbeaks make a harsh outcry-; and red polls chatter like sparrows when they rise; and flying, give the same long drawn tē-wēe, with which canaries usually prelude their song.

The only particularly interesting bird I have seen of late is the black-cock, Pileated Woodpecker. Glossy black, a broad white band through the wing, and a high, brilliant vermillion crest: his note a loud "flicker".

I saw him in the wood on a very cold day, when the trees were cracking, in a manner most mysterious and startling, a sound varying in intensity from a pistol shot, to the pop of a toy air gun.

Your bat must have been an interesting visitor: I had no idea they were active in winter, which time, I supposed they passed in a torpid condition.

I shall enclose ten dollars, since you are so kind as to undertake to send me the suit.

I have in mind another trip, to a camp in the mountains across the valley, in a region more savage than that I have described.

In this case the Esquimaux suit will prove the greatest boon.

With renewed thanks, I am very sincerely yours,

E.M. Taber.

Thursday, 2nd Feb.,
9 Oread Place, Worcester.

Dear Florence:

I've been thinking about your poems; and I believe the principal fault is in treating familiarly, as if known, a subject with which you are not very conversant, viz: Nature, in the meaning of Field and Forest, wild life.

You have not observed enough, to distinguish between what is common phenomena and what accidental. You do not know the subject sufficiently well to select the really significant details. Of course you have recorded what you have been impressed with; but through ignorance of conditions that make one thing observed, in relation to time and place, more significant than another, You have failed generally to record of details of a really suggestive sort. As for instance: By "The upland pasture... .
And "saw the slender grasses stand
"Distinct against the sunset sky"
(1st verse)

Characteristic of pasture is turf close-cropped by cattle, consequently tall grasses being accidental are poor things to record in connection with pasture.

What "murmur from the mill"?
(2nd) work stopped at about that time:- Water? why not say so? Also, is it not rather a doubtful experiment to trust so much to the surface of a river?- The flower is well enough:.... pine needles?
"wood is thrilled
"By the soft call, of a late nesting thrush"
Soft is not the word that suggests anything to me in this relation.

In second verse of one of the poems you have made a mistake through carelessness. "In the half twi-light"--- I do not think any of them should be, as they stand, in a completed form. I continue to think the one
"Am I not here?
though I do not altogether like it, ends with much grace. Words too much crowded in next to last line; but last is really good.

Last line of "Before Harvest" very bad -- Stars come so meekly, so imperceptibly, with so little regard to each other, are so very individual, and so lonely, that ushered is a "vile phrase, a very vile phrase". The right word ought, I think, to have the meaning of going before, preceeding.

Was it not kind of Mrs. Elliot to let me know about the Esquimaux suits?

I'm fooling with pen and ink (drawing in the silent precincts of the University in Harry's study) between bad half hours at the dentists.

Also I consult books of architecture and costume at the library. I have some idea of doing Pied Piper, but I fear 'twill come to nothing.

Children well and very cunning: Frances a duck.

How comes on the kicking lion?

I guess I had not better have the lay-figure; 'tis too expensive- if I must have it, I'll let you know. Tell Joe so. My love to him; to all at 54th St.

Yours,

E. M. T.

No. 9 Oread Place,
Worcester, Mass. Feb.3,'93.

Dear Mrs. Elliott: .....

What strikes me in returning to city life is the singularly un-birdlike character of the English sparrow. It is mystery, is it not? that allures in this pursuit (I mean the pursuit of birds) and that perpetually stimulates one's interest. Now, the English sparrow is painfully devoid of mystery.

From the car window I saw a flock of snow-buntings,- 40 miles south of Stowe:

Yours very sincerely,

E.M. Taber.

Four Winds Farm, Stowe, Vt.,
March 13th, '93.

[Burlingham]

Dear Charlie:

The bull is very acceptable, though it might have come more opportunely; for we have just lost our cow; a most admirable beastie, the poet's ideal realized in fact, she being all red and white, and an ardent giver of milk. Her place cannot said to be filled, though her stall is now otherwise tenanted; in the room of her weighty and decorous presence, frisks a cunning, but perfectly inadequate calf.

I enjoy my stable exceedingly; and although it contains nothing very fine in horse flesh, it would, I think, be interesting to any lover of horses, as I know you to be. We have a pretty grey mare, gentle, but with a dash of Lambert headiness in her composition; then my mare Polly, a tough little Morgan; an old horse of good size and much usefulness, and lastly a four-year-old. The stable is a comfortable one, of 5 box stalls out of six stalls in all; and I do not think any horses enjoy existance more than do ours. We expect to raise two colts next summer, as both mares are with foal.

I hope these details amuse you, for I've little else to write about.

You know I am a citizen of this state, so to act the part of a good one, I go to the town meetings and vote as my conscience dictates. Party is not considered at these elections, personal spleen influences the voting slightly; but, in the main, the Farmer's common sense (which is vast) governs, and good men are chosen. This is the case with the town offices, where a better feeling is manifested than concerning less intimate trusts, such as Representative to state Legislature.

A new office, that of town road-superintendent, created by a late law, was to be filled at the last meeting (7th March); and without opposition was elected, a large saw-mill owner, whose teams travers nearly every road in the township, and who is a man of character and enterprise, and for several years past has been (and is now, I believe) constable and deputy sheriff. He was not at the meeting himself; but his fitness was so generally recognized, that no other, it seems, was considered. So with all.

Sugar weather is crowding upon the farmers here a little too fast for their satisfaction; -- they have hardly gotten their wood sawed as yet. It will be an early spring. I think, without doubt; and there'll be more sugar made in March than in April, which, popular tradition to the contrary, is seldom the case.

I suppose Rob× keeps you informed of his whereabouts and fortunes. He still keeps his interest in birds, I suppose. Mine revives powerfully every spring, and I am compelled to let everything go on the farm, and even my painting, to follow it. Hermit-thrushes, in June, are almost our commonest bird (for we live close to the wood); and veeries, shy in more civilized localities, are frequent here. There's no sound that birds make so wild and thrilling as their song, I believe. We hear them the last of all at evening, and sometimes they will sing at night.

Yours faithfully,

E. M. Taber.

[Laurence]

Worcester, 9 Oread Pl.,
Saturday, Feb. 18th, '93.

Dear Florence:

Mummie, Toby and I would be now on our way to Stowe, were it not that a severe storm and a great fall in temperature occurred this morning to prevent our leaving; so now we'll wait over until Tuesday morning, and meeting Charlie at Waterbury, drive to Stowe in his company.

I have no doubt you are right in taking exception to the cases I noted, to show what I felt regarding your verses; but you have not entirely understood what I said; that your error was in choice, through not sufficiently knowing your subject; for I quite believe that what you said you saw, you did actually see etc. I don't attack your sincerety.

It seems to me that if you have not now time to give to your verses, (for what they want is more rather than less time) it is not so bad a scheme, to devote the odd minutes or hours to them, if there is a reasonable chance of your having at some future time, opportunity in plenty, to pursue poetry more seriously.

What is the best training? Reading, is it not? You have read much poetry, but perhaps you have done so, without interesting yourself so much in the construction, form, art, in fact, as in the subject matter.

Thank the boy ever so much for his present. I'm looking forward "very hard" to seeing him and you at sugaring time-- not so far off now.

The children here are very good and very charming; Francis is very remarkable-- a very marked individuality-- and she has much beauty.

Most of my time has been spent at the dentists; and when not there, I've either been recovering from the last or bracing up for the next visit; but now, happily, it is over.

..... Francis, who is in the room, sends Harry a little kiss.

She says: "Dear Harry--" then concludes that that is all she <u>can</u> say.

Yours,

E. M. T.

Love to Harry (big Harry this time) and all.

Feb. 26th, '93.

Dear Florence:

A line this, to thank you for books etc. Do you particularly like McCarty's introduction and poem which you quote?

All America, I feel should read Merwin's book;-- Do you so, when I return it, for I see that none of your household have already looked into it, uncut leaves as evidence- It treats the noble subject of horse-flesh, from the proper point of view, and a new one, in this department of literature:-- not from the horse jockey's nor the trainer's nor the breeder's, nor the one equine family enthusiast, but from the horse-lover's point of view, the most valuable and most catholic. It is the kind of book that ought (and if it does

not the reader is to blame) awaken a new interest in horses; in the case of those already interested in the subject, it is calculated to stimulate that interest, more than any book of the kind I have ever seen. It should prove as good or a better friend to horses than "Black Beauty".

I am interested to get your poem etc. I'll write again soon, and more at length.

I have taken the liberty of lending Merwin's book to Dr. Church -- I hope you don't mind.

Our cow, (alas! is dead-- Her calf, a heifer, is so very cunning that, notwithstanding it costs much more than it's worth in dollars and cents, we shall undoubtedly raise her. Mummie takes the greatest delight in her;-- and she'll prove an additional attraction for Hal, when he comes, By the way, when is that? I am predicting an early spring (a little way I have, incommon with most dwellers in hard-winter climates). Certainly we have warm sunny weather now. More anon,

from your

E.M.T.

Love to all at 54th St.

By the way the notice of Merwin's book in the Nation, is in the carping spirit usually displayed in that department of the paper; that practical influence of Godkin's, I suppose:-- it cries out against details, but does not interest itself in the spirit.

Stowe, Vt. March 4, '93.

Did you ever hear of four color painters? Those who considered <u>green</u> as one, in addition to red blue and yellow, of the primary colors?

The Psychologists admit that all magentas and purplee, are combinations of red and blue-- In looking at them they recognize, as a painter would, the two primary colors

the other. Of course to admit a fourth primary color does not create one for

and nothing more; whereas of green they affirm, that while a bluish or yellowish tendency is observable, there is a sense of an underlying, a primary color such as red or blue conveys-- something that's neither blue nor yellow, but green. Wh at do you think of this?

I've been so much puzzled by the colors at twilight, that I'm wondering if there's not truth in it. Both twilight and moonlight, though on the whole almost solely exhibiting purple and lilac tints, have certain greenish effects which in painting, a little mixture of yellow fails to reproduce-- This might result from a predominance of blue, but such a predominance can hardly be accounted for by distance, since red would then naturally outlast yellow;- or of nearness, for then blue is at its least power; but admit green as a primary color, and the difficulty is solved. This may be all in my eye;-- and I greatly suspect it is. Various tests show my eyes to disagree in a most pronounced manner, being of different focus, and one evidently less capable of detecting color, than ~~the~~ painting purposes,-- we shall still have to mix up blues and yellows; but the admission-- perhaps might help one in seeing.

If you consider me quite, quite mad, do say so with frankness.

Psychologists also say that brightness and whiteness are synonymous; I combatted this statement at first, but the more I think on't, the more I believe they are in the right.-- What think you of this opinion*

All this is the result of my visit to Clark Universi-

ty.

Faithfully,

E. M. T.

* Not to offend the Psychologists, you might reply with all of Malvolio's tact, and in his very words if you disagree.

March 8th, Stowe, Vt.

Dear Joe:

Do you know how to dispose of paintings of great

American artists such as Homer Martin, Hart, Hays, Boutell, Hubberd (a colorist, Oh, Lord, sir!) Arthur Parton, etc.? We have of the works of all of these gentlemen, and would gladly part with them for good gold. Do you think it possible to sell them? Would it be a great trouble for you to find out -- I mean in the case of your knowing any agency, where such things are bartered?

I speak with little reverence of these worthies, who are so bold in error, painting distant mountains bright orange, and including the glorious sun himself in the range of their values (as he descends in the gathering brown- yes, actually brown twilight-) but notwithstanding color, value etc.,their sunsets leave no doubt in the observer's mind as to what they were about; whereas those who look at my twilight picture, are exceedingly uneasy until its strange appearance is explained to them.

My picture gets along slowly-- but I do not despair.

Yours,

E. M. T.

Stowe, Vt.,
Thursday, 9th March, 1893.

Dear Joe:

I like the frame very well and am ever so much obliged to you-- How much gold will it require to pay for it?

Were you at the Holt's the other night stage managing a show there? This reminds me that I came across a line in the Merry Wives not long ago, that was certainly composed for your benefit-- was, and if our luck is good may serve again. Thus it says:

"Evans: And I'll be dressed like a Jackanapes too" (actor and stage-manager as well, you see) "to teach the children their behaviour; and burn the Night with my Taber."

The confounded old commentators have got this last line wrong at all events, for a 'k' is introduced in 'night' and 'Taber' is spelt with a little 't'- what strange errors the wise will fall into! Yours, E. M. T.

Stowe, Vt., March 8th,

Dear Harry:

You'll see Robert shortly, shall you not? I cannot think of going to Boston, but I still hope, if I can raise money enough, to go to Brooklyn (New York I mean) for April-- I feel as if I must do so, as this may be my last chance of seeing Robert as Romeo for several years-- if I'm going to be his play-write, instead of Mr. Shakespeare, that is.

Mummie sends her love, and thinks perhaps you'll be wondering at her silence-- but she feels very sad just now, and though better than when she was in Worcester, not yet quite so well as when she left Stowe a month ago.

I have ordered of Magoon my little two story study or cabin or whatever you call it. I hope you'll share it with me next summer-- be tenant number two of the Diogenes flats.

Yours

E. M. T.

Stowe, Vt., March 12, '93.

Dear Joe:

I have a little, ever so little, hope of being in New York in April, for I feel as if I must see Robert this year-- particularly as Romeo, the part his age (or youth more properly) should make doubly interesting-- Of course you'll be on hand for the Brooklyn shows, is it not so? Well then, if all goes well, I may see you within a month almost.

Yours,

E. M. T.

Four Winds Farm,
Stowe, Vt., March 23d, '93.

Dear Mrs. Elliot:

We have made a gallon or so of maple-syrup,- the first of the season I believe. It is early, the sugar season, this year; farmers had their buckets distributed the latter part of last week, and many expect to begin gathering sap by to-morrow or next day.

I saw yesterday two meadow-larks. These birds seem to take precedence of bluebirds even. It is the first time, this year, that the fact of spring has been expressed in its fine type; hitherto the signs (winged) have been writ large and black.

In truth I have had no time to look for birds; for I am struggling (and hoping) to finish a picture in time to send it to the Society of American Artists' exhibition.

My mother sends you her love, and wishes me to tell you that she has now daily, a most pleasant reminder of you,- one of the little hooded daffodils you gave her.

Yours very sincerely,
E. M. Taber.

March 27th, '93.

Dear Joe:

I am sorry I cannot send the picture. I received your telegram this morning, and it caused me for some reason or other to regard my picture more favorably; it inspired me with a transient confidence, now departed. I cannot deceive the public (if that chance should be afforded me, and methinks no conscientious jury would admit of it) in the presenting of so noble a scene, with so slight, so feeble and so wretched a counterfeit. A snow-picture is all of finest edges, most delicate tints, which it is hopeless to slight. Truly, if it is possible to say one thing requires more painting than another, it is a winter landscape.

I was determined to send it you this morning and abide by your decision; I even went the length of having a box made for it; but at the critical moment, as the cover was ready to place over it, my sense of its utter inadequacy quite overcame all other considerations; and now I'm fixed in my determination not to send it.

Truly the weather has been so contrary that I've only had two weeks work on it; and to one of my small powers, that is not time enough.

I cannot tell you how vexing it is to me to have nothing whatever for this exhibition, but such is the fact.

Yours ever,

E. M. T.

I thank you again and again for the trouble I know you've taken; if it were for no other reason than to complete your part; i.e., my picture in your frame, I should be strongly tempted to send it - but it is an impossible case; believe it, Joe, not a matter of fantastical doubts.

April 6th/93.

Dear Joe:

The frame would be an aid to me, and I should like it very much, if you would kindly express it to me. I received the (as you say, moderate) bill - but at this moment I cannot send the money. What think you? Will the frame maker rest tranquilly until mid-summer? Then I surely will be able to pay him - if not, I could borrow the sum - indeed, I'll set about it at once. My difficulty is Antonio's - my means being in supposition - argosies stage-stranded and not yet come to port, but certainly looked for by June or July. It's unmoral, according to your standard and all good men's, I've no doubt, to order a frame without having money ready in your pocket to cover the expense. That the money is in somebody else's pocket doesn't alter the case, I suppose.

I'll write my brother Charlie and see if he cannot pay

the bill for me.

Yours,

E. M. T.

Thursday, 6th April,

Dear Harry:

You have seen Robert, and doubtless have much to say on the subject: say it, I pray thee, in your next letter. If it had been Romeo who appeared at the Worcester theatre, (for I've seen Orlando, and Malvolio has not such power to draw me) I'd have taken train for Worcester without delay (and thereby, perhaps, have retained a now lost molar--but that's another story). Tell me, I beg you, all about him-- Of course you saw him "behind the scenes", "the actor at home," etc. --- What said Worcester, stronghold of Philistines? I trust Sandford saw him, in which case I cannot doubt he had an appreciative auditor.

I did think to make a little story for Frances' and Dolly's benefit, of Mr. Tucker's adventures and the vagaries of a three year old, with incidental comedy in the pusillanimity of Mr. Tucker's friend. Perhaps I'll finish it for them sometime. These are all scribbles I've done in the evening, and instead of throwing away, saved for them at your suggestion.

I hope they are well. Give my love to them all.

I'll keep sending the Punches--you can keep them till you come up, and so save mailing of them.

Yours,

E. M. T.

This should come at end of next letter.

(Sketch.)

Not understanding the Latin tongue, I am not able to put the proper terminations to "the library of Henry" --; also, as I do not know if the motto is to be in English or Latin, I leave it faintly penned and incomplete, and only to show in what manner it is to be set down.

The figures at the top indicate Mr. Henry Holt's

amiable tastes, architecture, music, farming; the white pine and swamp oak boughs indicate an origin partly southern, partly New England; the same idea is below in the two trees, which help to make up a symbol of the new significance of "Holt", viz., a hill by a lake; the maple leaf crossed over a spruce tree shows the location of the 'holt'; the owl and the books explain themselves; but there's no adequate explanation of the lady.

E. M. T.

April 16th, '93.

Dear Florence:

Earliest hermit thrush date for Stowe that I have recorded, is 15th, April, for veery, 18th. Males come first, you know. I don't know when nest building begins, but I think about the first week of May. Thrushes very apt to raise two broods during the season.

Of course, these dates of coming, of pairing, of nesting, vary a little according to the climate.

I send today my idea for Harry's book plate; I dare say there's much more that might go in to help fill out the design. It is not much more than an idea, for the manner of its drawing is not favorable to reproduction by engraving.

Love to all,

Yours,

E. M. T.

April 16th, '93.

Dear Joe:

Thanks for dispatching frame; and for your letter. I should love to see Thayer's picture - as indeed, others at the exhibition - but this most.

Farewell, E. M. T.

May 2d,/93.

Dear Joe:

I have been meaning to write you about the frame, which I like very well; though I am not so sure about the shadow box-: the idea is variety, is it not? a light and a shadow side to the frame.

I expect this summer to paint a landscape, a pasture, and incidentally my two mares and their colts (if both mares and colts live and flourish - the latter are not born as yet). One mare is a grey - a very paintable creature, the other my little dark bay, whom you saw when you were up here.

The advantages of turning the mares out are manifold - not only do they serve as models, but one is entirely released of the responsibility of exercising them.

Has St. Gauden's anything at the Columbian Exhibition? - I mean anything in the way of a public work, a national statue, or decoration of buildings?

What think you of French's gigantic lady? It has dignity, and considerable charm, has it not? There is something admirable about his work of that order, very lacking to most American efforts;- something reserved and scholarly - a kind of authority, which the French so remarkably possess - something almost classic. Well, he has a touch of this, whereas most of the designs (I judge by what I have seen in the magazines) strike me as being flimsy, experimental, without power or confidence. What do you think?

Robert, you will soon have with you,- by the middle of May, I see his address is "Players"-

Farewell.

Yours ever,
E. M. T.

I'm exceedingly pleased that you liked the little bookmark.

go yourself to the Forestry Exhibit.

This reminds me of something that appears to me exceedingly comical: the fact that Vermont in order to show to the world its wealth of marble quarries has adopted the Pompeian style for its state building. What genius conceived this plan, to unite such seemingly conflicting conditions of life? The interior is said to be decorated in the Pompeian fashion.- What can this mean? Find out for me, will you not? Perhaps there is a frieze representing the sturdy Vermonter, with sheepskin leggins and mittens, his toga wrapt about him, armed with a bit stock and a half-inch bit, sallying forth, to tap the sugar maples on the slopes of Vesuvius; or possibly, watching a trotting-chariot race at the amphitheatre; or bringing in the harvest with dancing and song (so like him!) and sacrifices to Ceres.

It is cold here now, but clear and bracing weather. The boy is in the best of health and spirits, and very cunning.

Commend me to all.

Yours,

E. M. T.

(Sketch.)

Oct. 12th, '93.

Dear Joe:

I am grieved to hear that the society's exhibition is so remote in date; and I am the more inclined to try Philadelphia. But I would take it as a true friendship, if you would inquire into the probable character of the show. This you might do, might you not? at the Players? possibly of Chase? It's Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

I have a great mind to send this picture to you - To say truly, I do not know if it is as good as I might be expected to do, or damned bad. I incline to the latter opinion. If it's <u>too</u> bad, of course I won't try to exhibit it anywhere, not Philadelphia even. I should like to have your opinion on it -- to know if you think there is any virtue in it, or to

hear you denounce it in the opposite case.

Pictures may be sent to this Penn. show by Dec. 2 at latest, so there is plenty of time for the framing, which you are very kind to offer to look after.

I have a bright, supposed-to-be golden light in the upper righthand corner of the canvas, and I am anxious that the frame should not prove the better counterfeit - so to speak,- Consequently a wide band next to the paint is to be avoided - this is my idea. [Camel/sheep/picture]

(Sketch.)

Could this be done at moderate expenses? But of that later;- first, I want your opinion of the picture, and according to that will I regulate my ideas respecting its framing:- If you say "Good",- I'm prepared to go to any reasonable expense - etc. I understand you are expecting to leave for Chicago on the 16th? So Florence writes. In that case had I better wait until you return before sending the picture, had I not?

If Thayer should be in town , could he not be induced to look at the picture? It would do me much good to hear what he might have to say about it - particularly what he would find to condemn. Of course I should have to ask you to report him, for with the kindest intentions he would never get to the length of writing me.

Do you find all this rather hard on you? I make use of your kindness, and have no means of repaying in kind -

Well, we must certainly see Robert in company - the very least he can do, is to let us have a box - I feel that it should be a great occasion. So you have really bearded the Kipling' in his den?

Florence wrote much of Miss Balestier, she returned that / liking.

Well, until next December.

E. M. T.

Oct. 24/93.

Dear Harry,- [Hoyt] If you are thinking seriously of buying my