Nantucket, Mass. July 20th 1882

Dear Mummie:

At last have arrived -- Am writing in the office of above deliniated hotel. Time 8:45. Musical accompaniment by doleful gentleman in the parlor, who is (or says he is) on "the deep blue sea" -- Should say it didn't agree with him -- Sea sick - perhaps -- I am. I started from Providence at twelve. They, very kindly had an early lunch for me. Charlie saw me off; he (Charlie) goes to Rockaway tonight, I believe. (At this moment am almost driven wild -- Gentleman in the parlor has a female companion in misery, - with more feeling than voice. To continue. Riding in the cars agreeable -- In smoking car had any amount of room, with my feet on the bench in front of me. Enjoyment of short duration -- enter at some station (name forgotten) a base ball nine (seemed like ninety-nine). They seemed to fill the car with their offensive cigar-smoke and coarse voices. They rattled something down behind me, like a melancholy suggestion of dried bones -- Turned and saw collection of base ball bats, however -- This is how I knew them to be a base ball nine -- I had before remarked base ball shoes -- but that is the custom of this part of the country -- down to women and children. They, however, were good natured enough. One of them, addressing his friends, but looking at me all the time, in reference to my sketching stool, folded in the strap as it was, said he had been looking at it for some time and thought it about as queer a base ball bat as he had ever seen. (Lightning flashing, also waves crashing in the parlor -- melancholy gent. much excited.) To resume, at New Bedford large procession -- Knights' Templars with band. (band in crimson coats playing all they were worth) To my horror, the boat (River Queen) boarded by Templars and band. -- Great crowd on the wharf and greater on the boat. All in high good humor except myself. I sat squeezed upon a narrow bench on deck, cursing my fate. After much banging of luggage we start, the band rousing all the echoes of N. Bedford. Cheers from the wharf. Before us a bright green sea, flaked with white caps -- A little tug running in front, leaving a flashing wake. I became

gradually reconciled as we went on for the day was remarkably beautiful. The sea changed to the deepest blue I ever saw. Light pink clouds on the horizon above a low purple line of shore. Beyond Martha's Vineyard, where (thank heaven) got off almost all including the band and Masons, we ran into a thick wall of fog. Finding nothing interesting on deck I went inside. Of course, a pretty little girl, with round blue eyes. Would have been very pretty, but for hair that was decidedly frizzy. Talking in a very high small voice, until suddenly suppressed morally and physically by benevolent aged party, who inquires if she likes to be on the boat. A very small unintelligible reply is all he gets, however. Here, woman opposite me, getting tired, lies down leaning against some packages. Covering her head with her hat, in a way painfully suggesting decapitation, and that of very recent date; horrible - by slight movements, under her shawl. I was very much amused with a grave man, who with a countenance of the most profound dejection, deliberately went to a stand of life-preservers, and taking one examined it as if he meant to be fully prepared for the worst. He put it to the use of a pillow, however, and made himself indescribably uncomfortable upon one of the benches. About this time small child, being conscious of a certain amount of neglect, to excite sympathy, informs her mother that she feels seasick, and makes an absurd attempt to cry (a perfect failure, by the way). Fond parents, easily deceived, make elaborate preparations and small child having been pitied sufficiently, declares with a clever assumption of surprise, that she doesn't feel seasick in the least. -- Fog clears slightly -- I become conscious of something suggesting Mr. Floppy Fly, if you remember, "all gold and shine and dressed so fine" -- It was a female, "all dressed in green and gold" and resembling the above gentleman in certainly a floppy walk, referable to large feet and an uncertainty of purpose. Often, was she assisted about by a gentleman (husband probably) who supported, not to say hauled her, somewhat like freight. Nearing the island,- not impressed -- Young gent. by my side, to other young gent. "Well now it is a nice kind of place to lay around and do as you please -- good fishin' and good sailin'" "And

clams" added other young gent. "Looks nice and green, don't it?" says meek young man, to nobody in particular; for which remark meek young man is regarded by all much in the light that he put island -- At wharf met Harry (who is looking very brown, by the way) and am now at Springfield House -- Got a letter of yours at the post office tonight. Shan't stop at this hotel long, at all events, room too small and people (who by the way or as they are at most, in fact all, hotels here, of the lower middle class) too musical -- Supper fairly good. Upon sitting down at the table, young lady in attendance said "Clam Chowder -- Blue fish -- smoked beef" I said "blue fish". Exit y.l. (enters again with blue fish and biscuit) Y. L. "Tea or coffee" Myself. "Coffee (exit Y. L. again and again returns with coffee.) Coffee bad -- I push it away. Y. L. (who has been sitting opposite watching me eat) "The coffee isn't very good -- suppose I get you some tea" Myself. (with gratitude) "I wish you would" (exit for the 3d time and return with tea, certainly quite nice). Town as far as I can see it, through the fog, quaint and pretty -- with one energetic inhabitant (resident), the town-crier. Lamps suspended from the corner houses, light the cobble paved streets. -- I have a little box of a room but am going to change tomorrow, where I don't quite know as yet.-- If you find this letter too disconnected to understand blame the melancholy gentleman in the parlor, not me -- He is now having a terrible time in the fury of the storm -- Base of piano doing the thunder, finely -- It is really nothing but the truth, when I tell you that at each pause in this musical performance, faint sounds of pianos, singing and violins, can be heard from the houses in the neighborhood -- Thank heaven, they go to bed early. I go up to see the Thayer crowd tomorrow. By the way, the umbrella came, into use, on the boat today. The sun, at first, was very warm -- Am afraid I shan't stop here long. -- but can't tell until tomorrow.

Ed. M. Taber.

Monday. July 24th (or 23d) 1882.

Dear Mummie:

I went out sailing last night with Annie Hoe, Thayer Cranford (an artist -- friend of Joe's) and Robinson (another artist) It was quite rough, but I didn't mind it at all. We went out just at sunset and the sky was perfectly beautiful. After sailing about for some time, we ran out to the bell buoy. We sailed around it very close and every time the waves struck it, the bell would toll in a magnificent deep warning tone -- It was really thrilling --

I grow more certain every day that the mountains, are to me, so much more delightful than the seaside.

Edward M. Taber.

Nantucket --
Saturday--August (5th) 1882.

Dear Mummie:

I received your letter the day before yesterday -- I am sorry you don't like Mohonk. If the Pater was like minded there would be a strong possibility of Stowe, would there not?
As it is I hope you will go there --
Nantucket I really like; there is a great deal that is attractive about it; but when (in your description of the sunset at Mohonk) you spoke of the tall pine trees the absolute lack of such scenery all summer struck me quite forcibly. The other night we had a most magnificent effect here -- the Aurora Imagine a mass of dark clouds lying upon the horizon and from behind them shafts of light stretching up to the center of sky, the stars shining in them -- That was how it looked at first, but in a little while the whole Northern sky was pulsating like an enormous fire.

This town is really very quaint -- I am at work (in the afternoon) upon a study of some old houses, I see from my window -- In the mornings, I paint in a most delightful old orchard where the trees are quite marvellously twisted and old--

5th Dec. '82.

Dear Joe:

Florence will go of course and as for Robt. and I--! Shall we meet at your place--? Will you come here and take dinner? or what?- This we can decide tomorrow morning--As for Miss Terry's note, why don't you say in answer that we will all be only too happy to go and see her--and the Bells.

The Crosbys are at a place called Pine Hill (near Stamford) and Evert wanted me to go up and spend the summer there -- The country doesn't in the least compare with Lebanon or the Green Mts.-- Stamford is an awful hole; from which I bring back only one pleasant remembrance. On the Albany boat, as Billy and I were taking of our noon-day meal, there came and sat opposite to us a little girl, of say 14 or 15 years. At the first glance one wouldn't have thought her very pretty, one would have said, you know, that she was a rather amiable looking child, with a somewhat pale face. But she grew on us -- She grew on us to such an extent that we sat regardless of our dinner with our eyes glued upon her all the while she was getting away with her ice cream, and when she did finish we felt willing to treat her to another plate, providing she remained where she was and took a very long time about eating it.

She had a most beautifully shaped face lovely blue eyes and quantities of soft brown hair.-- As it fell out (not the hair) she went all the way to Stamford and Billy and I did nothing but stare at her all the way. To use a classic quotation She didn't "mind us no more nor "Hogs". We saw her once afterward on the piazza of a country house at Stamford.

Thursday, July 1883.
Mattapoisett, Mass.

Dear Mummie:

It is a funny little place just about what Nantucket is -- the old, once upon a time energetic whaling town. It is on Buzzard's Bay -- five miles from Marion where lives old Mrs. Taber, the Pater's aunt, or something of that sort. I drove over to Marion the other day and found out the Gilders, who stay there in the summer. They have one of the ordinary country houses, but back in a pine forest on the ruins of an old mill, they have built a great big studio -- Here I found Mr. and Mrs. Gilder and the two children. They were just setting things to rights and confusion reigned. The baby particularly created a great excitement by enthusiastic efforts to aid the arrangements by means of all kinds of sharp edged tools. Rodman is a nice little boy and looks much better now they have cut his hair. Mrs. G. was very kind and polite in the intervals when not rescuing the baby from sudden death. There was making a call at the same time a Mrs. somebody who said she was some connection of the Wisners, and told me that Sally Wisner was there (at Marion) now. Richard Watson was floating about in a flannel shirt making curtain rollers with his penknife, having just finished painting the doors; his first artistic effort Mrs. G. informed me.
He was greatly pleased to show me the points of a great fire-place that they have had built out in the room. It is after a design of Stamford White's of Mc. Kim (I don't know how to spell his name) Meade White. After that we had some ice-cream, which they told me came from N. Bedford, how, and why it should have been there when I arrived remains a pleasing mystery.

August 1883.
Mattapoisett.

I drove last night with Merwin over to N. Bedford. We

had a very good horse and starting at five reached N. B. in less than an hour. -- We went partly in search of some ale, and had certainly a hard time to get it.
We saw a man standing at the door of a gents' furnishing shop, by the side of a fierce looking dummy (dummy decorated with a black mustache and arrayed in an ulster). We thought it possible, considering his neighbor's perfect disregard of him, or anything but the windows opposite, that he might be inclined to be communicative. We asked him where to get ale and his answer I think must have taken fifteen minutes. -- He told us how difficult it was to get anything to drink and traced it all back to politics -- How the Democrats had voted for no licences, to spite the Green-Backers and how the Republicans in power were all determined to put it down. It took so long that he had time to point out among the people passing several politician judges and lawyers in some way, connected with whom, rested the probability of there ever seeing any thing more to drink in N. Bedford. He was the bane of our existence -- After each failure we would come suddenly upon him around a corner and he'd immediately begin again ending with another direction. Finally we met him in front of a large drug store and as it happened there also we met a 'friend' of Merwin's, a former hotel keeper at Mattapoisett. The hotel man said that the druggist's was where he got all his stuff, so both of these duffers, the resident and the hotel man, exerting their influence we succeeded in getting half a dozen of Bass & Co.'s Pale Ale. -- After that we drove about a little. The town is very pretty not unlike Providence in the higher part. Very new and very old houses are all over, side by side. Something Japanese next door to a stately old mansion ____ after a Greek temple (thus.) The houses both old and new are charmingly profuse in the way of balconies and flowers and windows with pots of geranium and sweet-pea vines on the sills. Below, by the water, it is a jumble of rather old wooden houses, crooked cobble paved alleys, old wharves, the masts of ships, and everything in the sailing way from whalers down to cat boats. -- After our drive about we put up the horse, and went to the Parker House and had a very nice -- supper-dinner I think Merwin's meal was more of a supper, because he drank tea -- and mine on the contrary, a dinner;

supposition based on a bottle of Pale Ale. We left N. B. just after sunset. - Crossing the bridge to Fairhaven the water was like glass, reflecting the last red glow of the sky, and away above the town was the new moon red gold.-- We drove home by star light.
It was very funny while in N. Bedford to see TABER staring you in the face at every step.
By the way -- this place -- Mattapoisett is bad enough in that respect. All 'er's too, isn't it funny?

24th Sept.
Far Rockaway.

Dear Mummie:

Saturday was the day of the meet of the Rockaway Hunt. We left the train at Woodsburg and all (Will, Chilly and I) got into his dog-cart, and wandered around the country in company of some 50 more traps of all description endeavoring to catch a glimpse of the hunt -- We were quite fortunate, for as we were on the crest of a little hill, the hunt went across the fields, just before us. It was a very jolly Octoberish day -- The grass in the field dry and yellow, and the trees all degrees of bronze. You can't imagine how pretty the red coats of the riders looked. First we saw nothing, but heard the dogs making a great row yelping and whining; then as they struck the scent, (I suppose) they broke into a continuous barking and came out lining along the fields at a dead run; Then came the rest of the hunt. There was a fence just in front of us, and it was very interesting to see the horses take it -- The third (Jack Cheever's I think) swerved off to one side and had to ride him at it again. This time it was very amusing to see the way in which he really seemed to lift the horse over -- as a sight it was extremely pretty but looked at in any other light, of course, sublimely imbecile.
There was one man who rode a peculiarly vicious horse, who amused himself by rearing frantically, at all the pass-

ing vehicles -- He began dancing about as we approached, and surprised us by waving his fore feet over the dash-board of the dog-cart -- After we had extricated ourselves from this unpleasant position we fled down the road, but no sooner did that vicious animal comprehend our design, than he set off in pursuit. That horse was the bane of our existence, we spent half the day trying to avoid him and always managed to come upon him unexpectedly around corners.--

Love to all.

E. M. Taber.

Sept. 8th.

Dear Mummie:

By the way - if you want anything jolly to read, buy "Trumpet Major", Tho. Hardy.

Love to all.

Ed. M. Taber.

Nov. 6, 1885.

Dear Joe:

Having finished the second act of Mme de Mauves, I hastened down to read it to you -- and as usual you were out. Robt. and myself are anxious to arrange business for both 1st and second Acts. I have been waiting now about half-an-hour more or less - more I think and as there doesn't seem to be any chance of your arriving - I leave this which is to say, that you must without doubt - unless, of course, you have a positive engagement elsewhere come up to dinner tonight,- at all events come in the evening - but why not to dinner?-. It-- the second act - is neatly copied out. Part of the first also.--

Come, and we will also talk over "going to Boston" our own little game - which amuses us and hurts nobody - and is a great improvement on the old fashioned

"Going to Jerusalem" --

The days of Crusades being over.

Yours

E. M. T.

P. S. Robt has gone down to be pounded by Belasco. May return permanently made up as "puffy baron"---

Mch. 1887.
Piney Woods hotel,
Thomasville, Georgia.

Dear Merwin:

I am doing a great deal of horseback riding here, that is to say, I ride for a couple of hours every afternoon. I don't enjoy it much; I would a great deal rather spend the time walking. I find I can see, hear and remember more in a morning or an afternoon occupied in this way, than in any other. It is, in reality, a matter of habit which I acquired last summer at Stowe, when I used to spend the late afternoons and early evenings strolling about with my note book in my pocket. It is curious to see all the trees in leaf, roses growing in the front yards,- to hear treetoads, frogs, birds and mosquitoes, to experience a heat equal to the midsummer of Vermont at this time of year. I confess I don't like it. There is something raw and incongruous in this scenery - A magnificent beech, just in leaf, which I happened upon the other day, was hung with long streamers of Spanish moss. There was something very unpleasant to me in the sight of such a lugubrious hanging to a tree that has always been associated in my mind with the fresh green woods of New England.

The soil here is as sandy as that of Nantucket, for instance; the roads as heavy and lie straight through the inevitable pine woods. There are the tall, rough barked, long

tassled, loblolly pines;- they stand thick all over the county and where the inhabitants found, and still find, (one falls naturally into the way of speaking of this part of the world as having had it's day) open space sufficient to grow cotton, of which, according to late national anthem, this is the land, is more than I have been able to make out. They certainly have kindled a great many fires in the hope of clearing the ground, as the frequent dismal stretches of blackened surface and scorched tree-trunks indicate, but the result has been unsatisfactory. I have seen most beautiful crocuses growing on the edge of the swamps, and have listened to the most beautiful notes of mocking-birds (that keep close about the town) so there are some compensations for the annoyance of the journey and the depressing character of the place.

I have started a picture here - of a tangled bit of wood,- some tall pines, hung and encircled with vines, quantities of young sweet gum trees, (just in leaf) and, as a central object, a large dark-leaved magnolia. I expect every day to be attacked by a tarantula or something terrible, but so far all has gone well - tho' the picture is in the first stages and I have fears of it's never reaching a so-called finished state. This place, Thomasville, is about 5 or 6 miles north of Florida, in the South-western corner of Georgia - the ultimate parts of Dixie. The country swarms with negroes - as poor, as squalid and shiftless as can be imagined; the only occupation of the youth of this town seems to consist in singing, dancing and scrabbling for nickels. They are governed with a heavy hand, which the whites of the place assure us is a necessity.-

A little way up the village street is the calaboose, where the chain gang lodges of nights, which body of culprits (those negroes from 14 years of age upwards, convicted of misdemeanors, petty larceny etc.) is hired by the municipal authorities, from the government, to work upon the adjacent roads, and accordingly, the painful spectacle is presented twice daily to the inhabitants -- a long file of gyved prisoners, followed by a guard with a rifle slung across his saddle.

I'd rather than forty shillings I were at home. I have always condemned this monstrous folly - this bee in the bonnets of mortals, that drives them out over the face of the earth -

to no good end, I am convinced.
As for travelling for one's health, it is, if possible, a greater absurdity. I have no sympathy with those possessed of this devil.
I hear from the Commadore once and a while - he is very busy - of course.
I wrote a poem this winter on the subject of wood-thrushes, but I have not yet screwed my courage to the point of sending it the round of the magazines.
I should like nothing better than to write a story and to have you look it over.--perhaps I'll try - just for greens - or greenbacks, if you put in a good word for me with the editor,- whose name, by the way, I was not able to make out.
I wish for some congenial soul to enjoy what there is enjoyable in this forsaken country along of me, and join me in damning what remains.-
Remember me to Mrs. Merwin; I am so glad to hear that she is feeling better. Write soon:- we live on the anticipation of letters from the north, where by about the first of May, I hope to be,- shaking from my feet, forever, the dust of Dixie.

Yours
E. M. T.

March 26th, Sunday.

March 17th (?) 1887.
Thomasville, Ga.

Dear Florence:

I shall certainly do no painting here, as we are located in the heart of the town, and an indefinite length of negro cabins must be encountered and passed before reaching the pines, which are thin, straggling and afford but an indifferent shade. For myself, I can find variety enough, warmth, comfort, fresh air, sufficient in New England, without going further,- least of all, in the direction of this place, where now we have **fallen**, in the anger of God.

The country is vacant, dull and savage. I feel very much as an African explorer must, surrounded by strange and hostile tribes.

When will people realize the folly of going away from home?

Yours

E. M. Taber.

Saturday. March 26th. 1887.

Dear Florence:

Mummie and I chuckled over your letter, that one to me wherein you make reference to Don Pedro Livingstone. Your book arrived yesterday;- we all think it a success. If the background for the leaves had been a little less dark, or less shiny, and if the detached leaf had not been lined out with black, I should have liked it better. However it certainly is better than anything Henry Holt ever got from the McKim Meade and White, combination.

The lettering is also very good, is it not? and the title-page, with the exception of the owl, most admirable. I wish you were down here to walk about with us and talk to the natives - I have started a picture, which is, at present, in the most uninteresting stage - the canvass little more than covered. Commend me to the Lunch Boys,- I wish I were among them.

We sit today in our little parlor, with the door open upon the piazza, and it seems too extraordinary to be comfortable. The principal amusement I have here is watching the children, at the Piney Woods hotel, (where we take our meals) dance in the evening. There are some delightful children - and a great variety - The people, too, are very amusing; Henry James would revel in the atmosphere of that place. Every queer and original method of decorating the human body, in accordance with the fashionable dictates of what distant and savage western country, it is impossible to guess, is there exhibited.

I ride in the afternoons and take no great pleasure in it - The Spring here is a very different thing from the Spring north. There are so many evergreens, and so many of the trees hold their leaves, in comparative greenness, throughout the winter, that the fresh leaves are mingled in among others of a less vivid tint, and so the effect of a new and clean equipment is

lost - I would say habiliment - but the word is overworn. Toby is a perfect imp - He pursues everything that will run away from him, and is delighted with every new variety of animal that offers the chance of a hunt - He has so far tackled chickens, cows, pigs, goats and numerous dogs. His preference seems to be for pigs with which animal this country is fairly overrun.
My picture is of a tangled bit of wood, with a large glossy leaved magnolia for the central object. There are the most beautiful roses here, growing in our front yard - of shape the most perfect I have ever seen from out-of-door plants. Mummie asks me to tell you that if you read anything very amusing, she wishes you would send it her. The people of the house (or houses), in which we live, are delightful, simple, kind, thrifty Kentuckians, who go by the appelation of Yankees here. Does not this indicate a lower down south degree of provincialism than anything one can very well imagine? It seems so to me.
I have had a letter from Merwin, encouraging me to write for the "Epoch"-, what sort of a paper is it?

E. M. T.

April 7th. 1887 F. T. H.

Dear Chilly:

Behold Mr. Toby, still indefinite of outline, but very scraggy from loss of hair. His looks are somewhat improved - the paint having worn out, but his character is blacker than ever were his paws, even in the paintiest stage of his existence - He has twice been convicted of killing a

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deedie - that is to say, he has killed one - and attacked another, with intent to kill, but succeeded only in breaking it's wing. It remained for me to cap the climax of the disasters, that have attended this journey, and this, I have, in some part contrived to do.

Coming home from my painting, the other day, I encountered a tree which I have every reason to believe is a Poison Elder. My attention was called to it's poisonous nature by Tom, my henchman, who seeing me touch it assured me that the result would be "sores all over yer" I have not, as yet, seen any indications of this effect, but I am looking anxiously for them; if I am poisoned, I shall experience the symptoms every Spring for several years, the druggist informs me, it may be that I shall have to look forward to a poisonous future,- but my hope is better.
We shall leave this place the day after tomorrow (Saturday) for Asheville, stopping at several places on the way.

Yours
E. M. T.

Thursday. April 14th 1887.
Asheville, N. C.

Dear Chilly:

We arrived yesterday,- at 9.30 P. M., nearer ten thirty to be very exact, after having endured the most dusty, hot and uncomfortable journey imaginable. We started from Atlanta at 7.40, and an hour or so later had occasion to render the most devout thanks, having crossed the line, to find yourselves free, I hope forever, of the dead levels of Georgia. At Spartanburg, in South Carolina, we changed cars, having waited about an hour in the wretched shed of a station for the Asheville train - In it, the Pater lit upon an old acquaintance, a lawyer, Mr. Martin who, along with his wife, was bound in our direction. Almost as soon as we struck North Carolina the mountains sprang up around us,- very blue and indistinct, for the air was full of smoke. The railroad lay right in among them,- and you can't imagine what a relief it was to look at them - I spent most of my time,- until it was dark, on the platform steps with another colored man,- for, what with the dust and cinders, I should, with a larger collar and a pointed wig, have made a very creditable appearance on the comic boards. A small boy, attached to another Asheville

bound party, with whom we made some acquaintance, had brought (from Florida) an alligator, in a cigar-box, and two chameleons, while his mother and sister had with them a couple of large bird cages, containing respectively a mocking-bird and, I believe, a red-bird, what ever that may be, so, together with Toby, we were crowded into the hotel buss and were in considerable apprehension least the hotel authorities should suspect that a travelling managerie had suddenly broken loose upon them.
This place commands a view - such as it is. This red clay makes me ill - it affects me like raw-beef. I never realized before what a sweet boon the soil of New England was,-what a delightful color to rest one's eyes upon. North Carolina is, so far as I can see, a great improvement upon Georgia, but how infinitely inferior to the north, that I know, New York and New England - Why should we so mercilessly abuse the unfortunate inhabitants of Jersey, when the whole of the South is as red a horror? If I could have my way, I should make the line of the Hudson, the western boundary of my world,- the St. Lawrence the northern and the ocean for the rest,- with the Sound also, so as to entirely exclude Long Island.

Yours
E. M. Taber.

Wednesday April 20th. 87.
Battery Park hotel.
Asheville N. C.

Dear Chilly:

Yesterday there was a very strong west wind- fit to blow the top of your head off - or your hat, at the very least.
In consequence of this tempestuous weather, Mummie and I fell into a discussion on the subject of the probable state of the temperature in New York. I thought it was likely warmer and the Spring more advanced than here, while she held to the reverse opinion -
Remember what the weather was - if the trees were any of them

in leaf in the Park (willows particularly) and write us in your next letter.
I took a delightful horseback ride yesterday afternoon, along the ridge of one of the level chains of hills in the vicinity. The views are wider, and if it were not for the image of Mansfield, that defies an invidious comparison, would be more grand than the views at Stowe.
I never saw more impressive trees than the oaks, that grow along the hillsides, stunted but of immense width, with wonderfully twisted branches. The effect of the colored leaves must be beautiful in Autumn.
The scenery, when one gets clear of the Asheville valley, with it's brightly painted houses in the late mad fashion of building, has, although not so wild, all the essentials of Craddock's Tennessee Mtns. background or, more properly, foreground.

Toby is much admired in this hotel, and treated with marked distinction, even by the proprietor. We have occasionally a wild string of words from Jumbo, who failed to rouse the lurking western relative in Burlington - was uncertain in his mind but that Burlington, Vt. might be place of her abode.
Is Peters still in New York?
We begin to give up all hope of rolling Billy down here.
Ask Joe Gilder, if you see him, if he has begun breaking wild horses yet.
I begin to fear that M. Dillon will have none of me at his establishment, when I return to take the two lessons that my ticket entitles me to, for I have about forgotten all his precepts and in place have acquired a very meagre notion of the art of singlefoot riding.
In order to conform to the fashion at this hotel, I have been wearing my Patterson riding trousers, which have occasioned me to be remarked by the country people. I have tried here to

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give the effect of a single foot horse in motion.

Yours,
E. M. Taber.

Friday April 22nd. 1887.
Hotsprings, N. C.

Dear Florence:

I have not written you for a long time, have I? I intended to send you a line yesterday, but my day was so fully occupied, skipping stones across the French Broad River, and the evening found me so exhausted after these employments, that I gave up the idea.
You have not been to this place, I believe - It has all the advantages of being situated in a valley - On one side the French Broad and upon the other some nameless mountain stream keep up a continual rushing, today unheard, as the wind triumphs over all other sounds, whistling around our corner of the hotel;- you can't imagine a more dismal day than it is. We all agreed in thinking the place beautiful, yesterday. I don't know that I ever had much experience of a river before - The French Broad at this point reminds me of the Upper Ager - Hans Heiling, his part of the world. The opposite bank is steep and craggy. I did not care very much for Asheville. - I took one delightful ride there, but the Battery Park was a melancholy place to my mind, and the view from it's piazza did not appeal to me -- I am a rum 'un, I dare say. What fun you must have had at Easter.
Mummie well -

Yours
E. M. T.

Tuesday May 3rd 1887.

Dear Chilly:

Mummie, the Pater and Mr. Toby, started this morning for the North, the latter gentleman was in admirable spirits, and, on the way to the train, coverted in a frantic manner -- He is really getting very sensible. I expect soon to hear of his promenading up 5th Avenue - no longer the humble cobbler's apprentice, but a travelled dog, smoking his

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cigar, just like any other man.

Yours

E. M. Taber.

Stowe. June 17th 1887.

Dear Florence:

I have found myself wishing for you a great many times, as often as I have happened on a familiar sight of place or faces.

A good many changes have taken place among the people, although the village is altogether the same as of old, with the exception that the old barn which formerly stood at the foot of the lane leading to your hill, is torn down.

The duties of head-waiter are not, I regret to say, to be undertaken this summer by Charlie Leech, who is not yet recovered from an illness brought on through his over exerting himself in an attempt to eject three uproarious stone cutters from a bar-room somewhere in Windsor, I believe, where he was temporarily employed.

Having reached my Mecca, like a devout pilgrim, I set out at once to revisit the various shrines. In the morning I got a glimpse of Mt. Mansfield, as beautiful as I ever saw it, the air having been cleared by the late rains. In the afternoon, I made my first ascent of your hill. I started out in the hope of hearing a wood-thrush, intending to time myself so as to reach those most likely places at about 5 o'clock, but I found myself upon the ground fully an hour before and was not disappointed.

There seemed to be a great many in the wood on the little plateau and even among the trees upon the summit.

My greed of the old sights and sensations was such, that I hardly stopped to listen; at the moment of gaining any familiar spot, I was animated by a Don Pedro-like appetite for more.

I don't remember ever seeing even the Green Mountains look so green. My enjoyment of the hill was the less that you were

not there also. The other members of this family though appreciative are somewhat critical and even there can talk and think of things altogether foreign to the place.

Yours

E. M. T.

Stowe. July 7th. 1887.

Dear Florence:

.....I have completely gotten over my desire to see my Thrush poem in print.; I begin to suspect that it is very wordy.

Do you remember when we first arrived here last year, how, for upwards of a week, we had nightly exhibitions of the northern lights? I saw them this summer for the first time on the night of the 3d. - I have been at more pains than ever to fix on a scene to paint, This, looking north toward Stirling, from the strip of woods below Miss Brackett's, is what I am still deliberating over.

SKETCH

It would certainly make a pretty picture, but it is not at all what I want.

I have had a terrible time trying to get a saddle horse - and a saddle. I have almost decided to hire one among those beasts brought up for my inspection, not because I am by any means pleased with the animal, but simply because nothing better offers. Harry is a very satisfactory mortal, on the whole, excepting those moments in the course of the day, when he becomes sleepily inquisitive, humorous, or possessed with an active desire to instruct you in the Mysteries of logic, calculus, algebra or some such like dry and profound learning - as for Robert, though I would not wound his sensitive soul by hinting so much as a suspicion of Philistineism, since he professes to be on the most tenderly intimate terms with nature, he is, notwithstanding, a most unmitigated cockney. This is strong language, perhaps, but I speak out of a sense

of injury, he having been my companion in several walks of late.
Harry was delighted with the celebration of the 4th., and took no sort of exception to any part of it - even those manifestations of rustic humor as presented in the comic Firemen and other horribles. As for the Indians and cow-boys - I am sure that Joe and myself in our managerial capacity would have been proud to produce such admirable costumes and makeups. They enacted a very thrilling drama - an episode of the Plains.

3 SKETCHES

The Indians, with terrible outcries, attacked Faunce's coach, stole therefrom, in spite of an heroic resistance, a small squirming boy and made their escape, closely pursued by the cow-boys, who arrived upon the scene at the moment of the capture a running fight down Maple Street terminated in the rescue of the child, who was restored to his place on the box amid general rejoicing. There was the Stowe drum and fife corps, with lights in their helmets - I recognized Felix among the fifers. I have not attempted his portrait.
All the varieties of ancient rural man was represented. One very aged party in a white felt hat of this design,

SKETCH

gave me particular delight. The belle, or at least the most popular young woman of the day, was a plump pink-faced damsel with a comical likeness to the Cameron family.
Among the great men present, Lawyer Wilkins and the Governor were conspicuous.

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You can have no conception of the extent of the festivities they had over the Citizen's band from Waterbury, which in a gorgeous Huzzar uniform, led the procession. Next followed (in their shirt-sleeves owing to the excessive heat) a number of Grand Army men, among whom, also without his coat - a plaid Prince Albert -- his most unequivocal form of dressing up, I beheld my friend Myron Owens the carpenter.

SKETCHES

Then followed Indians and cow-boys - Horribles and minstrels and included I suppose among the horribles the Rhino-cer-(i)os, as active so far as his digestive powers are concerned, as of old - Where that extraordinary thing passes the winter, or what time he is not employed in the mastication of small boys, is a mystery I should very much like to unravel: where and how he originated, who first conceived the idea of a cannibal Rhi-no-cer-(i)os (and why with a hat too small for him?)

SKETCH

are questions that I am afraid will go forever unanswered: You would have taken infinite enjoyment in watching both the people - and the entertainment, in every way superior to last year's, excepting that the pursuit of the elusive greesed pig, was a rite, on this occasion, neglected. The speech making was especially amusing - Lawyer Wilkins made the opening address (the orator of the day - Mr. S. M. Binghan, a nephew of the Governor, being in reserve). Wilkins, after looking at the question in a thoroughly lawyer-like fashion, as consul for the defense in Freedom versus Tyranny, or America against Europe, wound up his remarks with an unexpected burst of eloquence, "Let the thunder of the cannon" said lawyer Wilkins, "that speaks the joy of our celebration" call forth reverberations that shall not cease, until they ring in the ears - the dull ears of tyrants, that sit trembling on their thrones!" As the lawyer sat down, five men who had remained seated, on a bench, at the left of the speakers, here rose and the end man by means of a tuning-folk having obtained the right note, which was softly murmured along the line, they simultaneously broke forth into "Hail Columbia".
I did not wait for the younger Bingham's oration, but at the close of it, happening to be once more before the platform, I had the keen gratification of seeing the five spring to their feet a second time, and plunge violently into a nautical ballad, in which they were continually demanding of us that we should attend to "the Pilots cheering cry - "ship-a-hoy!'"
--Tenors "ship-a-hoy!" -- Bassos "ship-a-hoy!"

A sort of ditty that could not possibly have any connection with the events of the day, unless perhaps it was a poetical allusion to the swimming match, that followed immediately afterward in the pond back of the hotel.

In the evening there were fire works, really the most beautiful I ever saw-, and you remember what a singularly charming night it was.

What perhaps was the most astonishing thing of all, throughout that day of astonishments, was that there occurred no fight, or disturbance of any kind, notwithstanding that the hotel bar was accessible to them all,- a circumstance of which many in the crowd availed themselves- This, I believe, could only have occurred in America, perhaps only in this particularly American corner of the country. I wish you would write me whenever you can -

Yours
E. M. T.

Saturday July 9th. - Stowe. 1887.

Dear Florence:

I made the ascent of your hill along with Mummie, today - and Mr. Toby, I should not forget him, as he placed us in a somewhat embarrassing position, by his barkings and cavortings, collecting a herd of inquisitive cows, that followed close upon our heels across the plateau, and whenever we stopped to rest, arranged themselves in a circle of observation. We picked several violets, (there was more than the usual supply) most of which are now in Fanny's possession, but as you see, according to request, I enclose one to you.

We were driven home by a thunder cloud of tremendous and threatening aspect and caught the first drops as we crossed the road to the hotel piazza. It was quite a storm - a deluge of water and a wind of great force,- that blew the rain like clouds of smoke over the ridge-poles of the barns and houses. We chanced upon a peculiarly comical episode in the course of our walk. Entering the long covered bridge, we have to pass

(you know the one, of course) in order to reach your hill, we noticed two men at the further end, busily employed with a brush, a pail and a great roll of papers, seemingly engaged in the art of poster-sticking. We then perceived that over the old advertisements of the Barnum London circus, etc., new and startlingly brilliant bills were judiciously pasted, setting forth the "Aggregation of Cabalistic Wonders - Taylor, the Wizard King!" with portrait,- (a kind of immitation on Hermann, with a curly red imperial and distinctly waxed mustaches, arrayed in a dress suit with diamond cross and shirt buttons, and made yet more resplendent by numerous and sparkling orders.) "The King", so the bill continued "assisted by the Distinguished Artist, M'lle Irena - M'lle Irena in her great European Success", wherein she was depicted, in complete Eastern costume, floating airily over the heads of a distinguished, awe-inspired and (presumably) European audience. There was yet another bill, descriptive of a second attraction - this a conjuror, representing him (pictorially) revealing the wonders of his art.
After such a preparation as the above, imagine our feelings, when, on reaching the further end of the bridge, we discovered in the person of one of the bill-posters, the Wizard King himself. - His dress coat was removed, but otherwise he stood before us in all respects the brilliant personage of his advertisement.- the low cut vest and polished boots - the diamond cross and buttons - the flashing orders - the red imperial and mustaches, waxed to the last possible extreme, were all clearly revealed to our astonished gaze. Happening incidentally to glance at the other poster of bills, we thought we could detect, under a shabby tile, and a general air of vagabondage, a strong likeness to the conjuror before mentioned. It is needless to remark that we looked with considerable interest for M'lle Irena.

We had a charming call on the Wells the other night - Jenny repeated a couple of pieces for us, prefixing each with a little bow.

Yours
E. M. T.

By the way, I shall hope to write you again on the subject of the Wizard King - We propose to make inquiries as regards

the character of his show, and, if possible, see it. He has been running in my head all the evening,- I can't help but wonder whether his professional is his only dress - if he wears a duster in the course of his travels, or always goes about, as we beheld him, wasting himself in the vulgar glare of the day.

Band expected on the 15th.

E. M. T.

I enclose this violet - the first I have seen - I found it on the slope opposite your particular hunting ground -

Yours

E. M. T.

July 28th.

Since writing the above, the violet in question has undergone an alarming shrivelment. I send it notwithstanding. Mummie and I called last night on the Wells and Jenny presented Mummie with several rosebuds, which she cut from the rose-bush in the front yard, taking marvelous care to snip off all the thorns, armed with a pair of shears of extraordinary size.

Yours

E. M. T.

July 29th. Friday 1887.

Dear Florence:

That you should forget to send your congratulations (why congratulations?) on the 21st. of this month, does in no wise trouble me, but that you should begin your letter in terms so humble, you, whose reputation as a comic-epistolary artist was established long before I went into the business, affects me sadly. The pictures were properly appreciated. You perhaps know that the band is here, conducted in the absence of the acknowledged leader, by the long Scotch violinist.

Charlie Platt, who has come up for a week to see Fanny, is taking lessons of the little celloist, who turns out to be a great man from Buffalo, where, in the winter, he plays in a quartette, along of certain other rare geniuses, and this

summer excursion is only undertaken for rest and recreation. He scorns his companions in harmony, and never practices with them. All of which tale, redounds creditably to the keen musical insight of your husband, who, if you remember, spotted a genius in the person of the celloist. You have not heard of my giving lessons in painting, but I do nevertheless - My price, (settled by circumstances) is 25 cents per hour.
Mrs. Robert Roberts is here - quite as pretty as ever.
By the way, I am painting Fanny's portrait - or trying to. Both she and H. Taber are a good deal interested; they take me quite seriously.
We will see Chilly soon, I am glad to say, but, as the time draws near to his coming, it alsc, unfortunately, brings my Adirondack season into the immediate future.
Robert will go back to town shortly - that is, if he can disengage himself from the toils of love - so to speak it. He being mightily overcome by the charms of a certain Miss Allen, of Boston - known to us as Barbara - to whom he plays the emotional role of Jemmy Groves. We are all going out riding in a few minutes, so no more at present,

Yours
E. M. T.

Aug. 13th. Saturday 1887.

Dear Florence:
There is a notice pasted up in the hall, to the effect that band of the Grand Opera House Toronto is prepared again to delight the inhabitants of Stowe. - "The musical event of the season". Perhaps you will recognize here

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some of the musicians, known locally as the Band Boys - The ancient gentleman who performs upon the trombone, Mr. Anderson the mephistophilian Cornet player; the renowned and supercilious celloist, Mr. Corell and last, but by no means the least conspicuous, the talented banger of drums, clasher of

cymbals, ringer of bells and distributor of music, who has lately added to his other accomplishments a complete mastery of the mysteries of the Xylophone.
Today the air is crisp-cold, autumn-like - characteristic Stowe weather.
Have you Mr. Clark's paper?
Fanny is very indignant over the implied invidious comparison; She is now known to us as the amiable daughter-in-law.
I tell these tales very vilely but I am not i' the vein - so no more -

Yours
E. M. T.

Stowe. Aug. 17th. 1887.

Dear Florence:

The beautiful Barbara Allen went away, some two or three days after Robert's departure. That interval she spent mostly in her room and it was generally given out that she was feeling unwell.
When you see Robert, you may tell him this.
Jumbo was popular at Stowe - he was clearly Barbara's favorite - Churchill is fallen into a green and yellow melancholy in consequence of his departure and as you may have heard, even Lady Brackett was so far impressed in his favor as to treat him to a ride.
Fanny and the baby are well - especially the latter. - The Pater still suffers from his knee but he has been up and about for several days past.

Yours
E. M. T.

Commend me to Chilly when you see him - He will tell you what admirable times we had on the Mountain.

Stowe. Aug. 20th. 1887.

Dear Florence:

Thank God the fates, favorably inclined, still conspire to make it possible for me to date my letters as above.

I received your letter with DeChamp's masterpiece inclosed - it suggested the conversation of Geo. Cable's Creoles - a little.

The Wells' children (Jenny and Liza) spent yesterday morning with us, between Fanny's and Mummie's room and the front piazza, where they listened to the band, who were arousing these reverend echoes for the last time this summer.

You would be delighted with our new acquaintance Pearlie Poor - a chubby little girl with very round blue eyes. We met her not long since in company with another small person. This latter a thin child with a wandering and anxious eye.
"How de-do Pearlie?" Says Mummie "and what little girl is this?" refering to her companion, "Lula Hutchins-, come along Pearlie" the young lady gasps out in a single breath, at the same time seizing her friend by the hand and proceeding, without more ceremony, to drag her away, at which, Pearlie,

SKETCH

looking back over her shoulder says, with a little laugh, apologetically, though not without pride in the impetuosity of her friend "She's allus in <u>such</u> a hurry - "

Is Robert with you now? He will have tales of "Tantrum" excursions, taken in the company of Churchill, that will prove both amusing and instructive.
By the way, who was it, in your letter, with regard to whom you made the suggestion of a companion for me in the Adirondacks? Thayer, J. E., Carey, which? They are all equally available I think.

Yours
E. M. T.

Burlington, Vt., Aug. 30th 1887.

Dear Pater:

Chilly, Robert, H. T., Fanny, Dorothea and Toby; to whomever it may concern, inhabitants of 22 East 67th Street or late passengers of the White Mountain express, I have as you may conclude from the heading of this sheet of paper arrived in Burlington, so far on my way to the Adirondacks. After you left, I walked over to Gove's stable and passed the time of day with him. Then, Churchill having put his horses in, I drove them to the Post Office, where I took an affectonate leave of Churchill and walked back to the station.

At the station, I very nearly escaped being placed in charge of an aged lady, one of those pale passengers in mourning weeds, that forever lurk, as inevitable as the Southern buzzard, in the dusky corners of waiting rooms. Her friend, who had brought her there (about an hour before the train started) explained to me that the lady was an invalid and unused to travelling, so I volunteered to see her safely over the difficulty of Essex Junction, which it seems she regarded as a stumbling block in her path. However a friend of the lady's friend happening along, bound for Burlington, she was transferred from my care and placed under the escort of the newcomer. After that I sat in a buckboard and controlled the prancing steed of a French Canadian gentleman, while he searched for some missing authority, who should have been on hand to deliver him some freight that he expected. In parting with him he made me a profound bow, at the same time saying with great deliberation "Thank you" --

About this time the judge, very small and dissheevelled in an old white hat, in company with the governor, several sizes larger, most elegantly arrayed with a shining black tile, surmounting his head, appeared upon the scene, and with them, I have come to Burlington, and they, as I, have put up at the Van Ness.

I have just had dinner,- which was tolerable -

I very much hope the journey did not prove too much for the pater, and also that Toby accomplished it, without having to be consigned to the baggage-car --

I shall write to Mummie as soon as I get settled in the Adirondacks, which may be --

Love to all and especial greetings to Mr. Toby -

Yours

E. M. Taber

Paul Smith's Adirondacks.
Wed. Sept. 1st 1887.

Dear Mummie:

Here am I seemingly at the goal of your and Dr. Loomis' ambition, with regard to my progress -- not my own -- but in this appearances are deceitful, since, although I have gained a slight footing and am located in a cottage at hand I am not actually in Paul Smith's. You cannot imagine anything much worse than it is! Mt. Desert was infinitely better for there the eccentricity of garb and demeanor, was in some way softened by the character of the place, that was phenomenal to a degree. Here, in these desolate mountains, the effect is most ghastly; it jars on the nature of the scene. The mountains are no places for "funniments" as Robert would say -- if such are bearable by the sea, it is probably on account of the salt in the air. Oh, the people here!..... I don't see how I can possibly stay here; I am already thinking seriously of going down to N. York and then starting-- if the city proves too warm -- for (?) if they will have me there -- Nantucket -- anywhere, away from this place. I really don't see why I should make myself miserable to carry out the notions of Dr. Loomis. Two days would land me in New York -- three at the most. I had a hard time enough getting here -- from Plattsburg. The train was late and brought me to Loon Lake at about 10 o'clock. There I took a wagon to Loon Lake House and after a cold ride appeared at the door of that hostelry, in the midst of a scene of revelry -- quite a dramatic entrance. They were crowded, of course, but as a certain Dr. Tucker was gone to camp, I was put in possession of his room for

the night -- It was a rather singular sensation, going to bed amid a confusion of medical books, photographs, strange boots and brushes and an infinity of trifles (for it would seem that Dr. Tucker, in the intervals of study, was of a sentimental turn, much given to the collection of mementoes). As it happened I stole nothing although I was in some fear of unintentionally going off with something beside my own traps.
Loon Lake seems a pretty place -- not so this, which is unutterably dreary in all respects.
The drive over from Loon Lake was the most wearisome, physically and mentally, that I ever endured. 14 miles of sandy road, through a dwarfed and barren wilderness. I was about to say, God lighten the fools that come here, but for this I care not -- I only wish not to be numbered among them.
I am sick and tired of it all already. Well -- enough of this place -- Tell me something of Florence and the baby -- and if I am not here long enough to receive your letter, I can have it forwarded to me in New York. I am bound to bed early tonight having had but little sleep of late and being mortal tired after my morning's trip.
So farewell -- take care of yourself --

Yours
E. M. T.

Paul Smith's, Adirondack Mts.
Franklin Co., N. Y.
Thursday, September 1st.1887

Dear Pater; Chilly, Robert and Toby:

The Adirondacks are all that my fancy painted them -- a raw wilderness, in which the only point of any possible interest seems to me to be Loon Lake -- The Loon Lake House kept by Chase seems so much pleasanter than this, that I am more than half inclined to return to it -- if I can be sure of securing a room there. It is needless to say what kind of people frequent both

these resorts -- a frantic mob of fishers, hunters, blazer-wearers -- a taudry imitation of the Thomasville Asheville crowds -- ..... God alone knows how I am to waste a month in this barren land, surrounded by a moving troop of mountebanks -- the lay figures of Peck and Snider and the puppets of Dr. Loomis, in point of fact, there seems so little probability of it to me, that I have begun already to look out a homeward route -- I have a very indifferent room now in a cottage about 50 yards from the hotel, but they hope shortly to do better for me, for it seems that many of the souls in this Hades are tormented by a restless Devil that not content with bringing them here, allows them no moment of repose but drives them from one place to another. Once more let me repeat my often repeated vow -- never, so help me, to travel out of my orbit -- to revolve only forever after between New York and Stowe.

Give my especial regards to Toby and tell him that I have not seen any dog in the Adirondacks -- and there are many, both spaniels, fox terriers, setters and curs of low degree - that can compare with him.

There are men in gaiters running all about this country with guns -- I look for some speedy doom upon them. Their gaiters are in themselves enough to excite the anger of the gods.

The things to eat here are good -- if one can manage to get any of 'em, and escape the fate of little Isaac.

I think I won't be able to stand this for long -- you may see me in N. York long before you expect me.

Yours

E. M. T.

Paul Smith's, Adirondacks.
Thursday September 2d. 1887.

Dear Mummie:

This is the second day at Paul Smith's -- and a rainy one, nevertheless I like it infinitely better than when the sun is shining, for rain and mist and a

melancholy condition of the elements seems best to agree with the character of the place. This is the effect today -- I believe that the American artists have

ILLUSTRATION

done the place full justice -- what remains to be said? The office now is so dark from the number of guides and loungers that stand before the window, gaping therefrom, that I can barely see to write, much less to draw pictures. On the way up here -- we stopped at Rainbow Lake -- there's a kind of hotel there -- from the door of which burst an excited man in gaiters -- "If we could only get some dogs' gasped the excited man -- just then a figure appeared on the edge of the clearing, another gun and gaiter bearing individual, accompanied by a couple of dogs. One of the group about the hotel, observing him, called out "Zeph", adding to his excited neighbor "There's Zeph, now, with his dogs" -- at which the excited man yelled out in a tone of savage triumph "Zeph! hurry up -- bring the dogs along -- I've got a wounded doe down here".

However you may think that mine is too serious a taking of these innocent summer amusements.

I had a good breakfast here but strange to say, it did not console me --

The place is stirring to a degree, coaches and wagons continually come and go, the office is littered with bags and bundles, amateur and professional. I don't know if all this is interesting to you -- but as I have nothing else to do and as this expression of my sentiments is on the whole rather gratifying -- hence, the length of these epistles, which, by the way, are not intended for circulation. The desk where I write is ingeniously situated, so that the shadows of all the passes by fall accross it, and as the effect proves rather tiresome to the eyes, I will end.

Love to Florence.

Yours

E. M. T.

Paul Smith's, Adirondack Mountains
Wednesday September 7th.1887

Dear Mummie:.....

I think I have said everything, that has occurred to me, about the Adirondacks -- it remains now for me to bid them a long farewell, which I do devoutly being religious in't.--

Yours
E. M. T.

Love to Florence.

Sept. 8th 1887.

.....

I ride almost every day but I have not as yet ventured out on the lake. "Well, Heaven's above all".

Yours
E. M. T.

Paul Smith's - Adirondacks,
Friday Sept. 9th 1887

Dear Mummie:

What's the objection to Dorothy? I thought that name was settled upon long ago. Not that I am especially fond of it as a name, but there would be something very amusing, in having a pair of Dorothys in the family,- so near of an age. The little difference in the name would serve only to make it more interesting -- Dorothy and Dorothea - it sounds like the title of a childs story or the heading of a chapter -- However, it is not a name I greatly dote upon. As for Millicent, I'll none of it -- Of the Puritanical names, the which I had supposed Florence would most lean toward and first canvas, I like best and only, Hope.

Here's a list.

Constance

Florence. Why ain't this the best? It has now become one of the most popular of the Taber names, and holds the place in feminine nomenclature, that Charles does among the male.

Well to begin again -- there's --

1 Hope
2 Constance
3 Florence
4 Francis -- familiarly Fanny, wherein she might confer honor upon you.
5 Agnes is a pretty good name
6 Margaret -- for which she once had a great liking, is a very well sounding name.

7 Grace -

I don't think of any others --
Please don't lets' have any Elizabeths -- Constance is seemingly a variation of the word Constant -- and in this interpretation implies something very admirable.
Now about the doll's head -- I went to Mr. Jenny two nights before we left, and I found the doll had recovered her sight in such wise, that she would on no persuasion close her eyes.-- I paid Mr. Jenny, whose charge I believe amounted to 25 cents- ; I then carried the young lady home, and for that night, put her under Fanny's protection. On the following morning, I mounted my horse and rode to the Wells' with the doll's head, done up in a handkercher, tied at my saddle bow, and having arrived I called to Johnny, who was on the piazza, to tell Jenny that I wanted to speak to her, so, in about 5 minutes, in which time the whole family had assembled around me, for it was Sunday and they were all at home, Jenny, who, I think, had been just dragged out of bed and hustled into her clothes, made her appearance under the escort of Eliza, and hoisted upon Mr. Wells' shoulder, received the restored doll, at which, being prompted by several members of her family to express her-self politely and with due gratitude, she sent many thanks to Mrs. Taber. Mrs. Wells told me that she had not long before, expressed a great longing to see Mrs. Holt's baby.
I have just had letters from Chilly and the Pater -- They

advise me to remain -- It is cold again today -- but not anything like the cold of yesterday -- the thermometer this morning being somewhere in the neighborhood of 51-53. Well -- I wish I was at home -- I have been walking this morning -- I have discovered a path through the woods -- that is pretty -- rather --, emerging from which, upon the highway, I encountered a bull, who seemed to be in a state of some excitement, but as luck would have it, there was a fenced-in path of kitchen garden character just across the road (the only fence in the Adirondacks I think) which fence, I hastily bestrid -- and so we exchanged glances and parted.
It now draws on to dinner time, so farewell.

Yours

E. M. T.

Tell Florence, that if she is serious in her prophesy, to bring up her child in the dictates of good taste, so that when she attains to the age at which it is customary to found Priorys, she may not construct one with artificial ruins -- as have her neighbors of Pelham.

E. M. T.

Paul Smith's,
14 September 1887.

Dear Mummie:

I must drop you a line to tell you that Dr. Loomis has arrived here. He came last night and there was at once a perceptible flutter throughout the hotel,- especially among the crow and buzzard species of the hotel guests - the black robed feminine lurkers - at every corner of the piazza stood a group peering in at this or that parlor window, for a glimpse of the great man -- His name was in every mouth -- one could not so much as pass through the halls without catching the word "Loomis" sibilantly whispered -- Well, I've seen him -- but not so as to exchange a word with him -- or even to know the delight of a recognition. He lives in a cottage hard by -- Today I saw a fat lady

with rather antiquated arrangement of black curls on either side of her face,- more I had no opportunity to observe, but someone said it was Mrs. Loomis.

I have this morning been out riding with the Hoffman, I spoke to you of -- He sent to town for a Mexican riding suit, which he donned for the occasion, and which excited the facetious remark of his friends, who were in force to witness our departure. I think I shall stay here until I am released from this sentence. I hope you have sent no letters to Loon Lake-, if you have, write me, so that I may inform the Postmaster there, to have them forwarded -- Today is fair and milder --
Love to Florence. Tell her today at dinner ,

Paul Smith's,
September 14th. 1887.

Dear Chilly: .....

The young Hoffman, of whom I spoke, in my last letter, is very amusing; he calls me 'old man' etc. and gives me good advice - puts me up to a thing or two, as it were,- As for instance, what demeanor to assume so as to win the good graces of the stablemen in order to procure a horse at all times, which he seems to consider a matter of some difficulty, requiring Machiavelian address, but in which I have had, as yet, no trouble whatsoever. His riding costume arrived today and amid considerable facetious congratulation, from a group of friends on the hotel piazza, he mounted his horse and away we went --

SKETCH

As he had selected his horse for his running qualities, and moreover as he rode in true western style, our progress might be described rather as a procession than a companionable turn on horseback - I should think he rode pretty well --
He seemed to take much innocent joy in his Mexican suit.-

On the whole he is a good enough sort of fellow - but - I can now avow it with some certainty - fresh -

Paul Smith's, Adirondacks.
Franklin Co., N. Y.,
Thursday. Sept. 22d. 1887.

Dear Florence:

I am so glad to hear that you are up and about again;- I wish I could see you.
Well, it won't be long now, I hope, before I actually shall. This month seems at once short and long: The days have dragged themselves out in lingering tediousness and yet, have been so uneventful, that, seen in the perspective of the past, they stand ranked very close together. However, it is years since I left Stowe, and decades since I drove down, that rainy night, with Robert, to the New Rochelle station and left you at Bonrepos.
I have no doubt but that you would know many of the people here:- I told you of my seeing Dr. Battershall. Well, that reverend gent. is now gone away. Yet, notwithstanding, the clergy is well represented: There is here, a rum-looking kind of army-chaplain, I think, and a queer little bishop. The latter, high-church and close-shaven, who goes off boating without abaiting a scruple of his dignity or making any alteration in the extremely clerical cut of his garments. He is commonly attended by quite a harem of fine-- feathered females - But enough of the bishop;- of those, whom you would doubtless recognize, is one, Miss Grace Mitchell. I remember seeing her at Mt. Desert - a sweetlooking lady, with small, near sighted eyes and very thick black eye lashes.- She is here, with her elderly Ma.
The people, are, on the whole, not unlike the Bar Harborites, only much tamer,
I think of leaving in about a week, which would bring me home on the 30th or the 1st of October-, then I shall hope to make an early expedition to New Rochelle, if I may,
Well, my love to you and to Miss Dorothy (?) Millicent (?)

Holt - I am so sorry to hear that she is poorly.
Commend me to your husband and to the young ladies.
Yours
E. M. T.

Sept. 17th. 1887.

Dear Mummie:
..... I have just come in from rowing.
I have made the circuit of the lake -- which is a very interesting one.
.....

No. 22 E. 67 St.
Nov. 19th Sunday 1887.

Dear Florence:
You asked me to write you about the Faust show, but Mummie has probably sent you full particulars, however, in accordance with my promise, I shall say a word or two on the subject.
We were all on hand; the family circle shone with familiar faces. There were the Blums and the Tabers, the twins of Harlem and Joe, in his popular character of the modern trunk-maker, there was Buckland and Ed Coward and the Joblights and the Jumblies, whose hands, in the course of the evening assumed their original coloring, and, as the performance drew to a close, and Mr. Irving came before the curtain to deliver his little speech, the gunpowder was distinctly observed to run out at the heels of their boots, at least, there arose such a dust in the vicinity of Joseph, resulting from the combined and vigorous action of his heels and umbrella, that certain proud intruders, unknown to the gods, begged that he would give vent to his enthusiasm in some less violent manner. Mummie has no doubt

told you of the scene where Margaret finds the jewels, where singing her little song she begins to undress herself, of Miss Terry's strange likeness, noted both by her and Louie Burlingham, to Annie.
I believe it would be impossible to speak too highly of Miss Terry's acting just here, Throughout the piece, she seems to me to act more carefully, with greater earnestness and continuity than ever before.
The only fault to be found with the stage-management is, that it may be, perhaps, a little too complex. Mr. Irving carries out his theories bravely. The stage is two-thirds of the time in an unusual gloom and there is a bold and lavish use of music.
The curtain never falls until the end, darkness favoring the changing of the scenes, that seem to melt one into another. The intention is I suppose to convey the idea of a dream.
I don't know that I ever entertained any notions respecting the devil; it's a little hard to criticise anybody's Mephistopheles, and far be it from me to attempt the like with Mr. Irving's. He is very picturesque and certainly a figure that remains vividly in mind. He is perhaps a little inadequate, at moments that require great force, as for instance, when he reminds Faust that he has to do with the devil.
You would delight, I feel sure, in all the scenes with Martha. His costume and makeup are admirable; his face has what Hawthorne calls, in speaking of the dead Judge Pyncheon, "a swarthy pallor". We saw him in the Bells and Jingle a week ago yesterday, and Miss Terry also, across the way in a box along of Joe and his family, She was said to be looking charming, though I did not see her very distinctly, through reluctance in possessing myself of our one circulating opera-glass, as the gentleman sitting next me had, in so short a space, acquired a habit of borrowing it from me.
Enough of theatres - My inclinations have, of late, led me across the park, to and from the museum of Natural History, which, of course, is not so interesting to you, nor will it awaken any great emotion, when I assure you that the day before yesterday, in that complication of paths known as the Ramble, I came across a cardinal grosbeak,
Granny is better,- very weak still, of course, but she suffers no pain and has improved slightly.

We look for the Baltimore Tabers at Thanksgiving; and speaking of them reminds me to tell you, that I have added several pages to my proposed Christmas book for Dorothea.
I have now, to begin with, a little drawing of a rose, with "For Dorothea" printed in Roman capitals, likewise, upon the succeeding page, engrossed "The Story of Cinderella", with all the properties drawed off:-the fairy god-mother taking flight up the kitchen chimney and on the hearth, dancing in a circle about the pumpkin, the rat the two lizards and the six white mice. The little shoe also occurs in a corner of the page. On one sheet there are three small pictures, of the conjunc, the proclamation, and the trying on. Also 4 full page pictures-of the prince on horseback, the Marriage and Cinderella before the footlights, taking her call. Lastly the children's supper on their return from the play. As soon as I can get some holly, I shall draw a wreath with a "Merry Christmas" printed inside, as a fontispiece.

.....

22 East 67 St.
1887 - 1888

Dear Fanny:

You know that Robert is here, and as it were, between the acts, I managed to find time to skip over to Brooklyn to the abode of John Arkhurst, where I purchased three specimens - Attacus-Luna male and female - and Attacus Pholyphemus.

The female Luna moth is the one I wanted to paint. I regret the other two purchases on principal,- but I was carried away by my feelings at the moment, for they are certainly among the most beautiful things I ever set my eyes upon;- as beautiful as birds.
Many thanks to Andrews.

This note ought to be addressed to Harry, but I suppose it's very much the same thing -- My love to Fiddle-de-dee.

Yours, E. M. T.

January 18th. 1888

Dear Florence:

I thank you very much for your letter, which I received a few days ago. Fanny leaves for Baltimore today, with the baby, who is now generally known as Fiddle-de-dee,- an alliterative companion title to Fritters. It comes about through her unbounded delight in the humorous song of the "Fly and the Bumble-bee", of which the refrain 'Fiddle-de-dee', has never failed to call forth an appreciative grin.
We shall all miss her terribly, particularly Mummie, who has taken the most solid satisfaction out of her.
For my own part I shall miss Fanny more than Dorothea; I have enjoyed her exceedingly:- She is a great chatterer and very amusing.
We expect Robert now, in less than two weeks. I had a letter from him yesterday: he seems to be a good deal excited at the prospect of the New York season. They open, on the 30th., at the 14th. St, for a few weeks engagement.
How long ago Christmas seems now. You know all about ours, from Mummie's letters, of course. Your letters were very amusing, descriptive of the Christmas sights of Hanover. Christmas is very easily and naturally associated with Germany in my mind, through Hans Andersen's stories and Nuremburg toys-
I should so delight to see your baby; she must be very charming. I really wish you would name her;- so long as you don't call her by any high-flown title, for I really don't like to speak of her by so frivolous a name as Fritters.
I had a bout at dyeing yesterday afternoon, very successfully, according to my notions, though no one else has given expression to much enthusiasm over the colors of the materials dyed,- certain thin inner window draperies, ribbons and other odds and ends, I have had it in mind to draw off <u>Blue Beard</u> in pen and ink. It would be much more interesting to do than Cinderella;- it is so much more dramatic, though for that matter, what could be better than the situation of the clock striking twelve, in the ballroom scene of the latter-? I shall write you about Robert. The 30th will be a proud day for the Tabers, if all goes well and they have the sense to appreciate the fact,

For my part, I expect to be a permanent resident of the 14th St. Th. gallery.
This is a terrible winter out west, Over a thousand persons have been frozen to death.
The thermometer, in the remote parts of the north west, has been, in some places, down to 58° below zero - many of the deaths from freezing have occurred in Texas. At Jacksonville (Florida) the thermometer has been down below freezing;- here, two nights ago, one degree below zero, and in Northern Vermont, it is said to have gone down to 35° below zero.
Cattle trains have come into the western cities with their entire freight of live-stock frozen stiff. Numbers of people have died of cold on the cars.
You will find enclosed in this letter, a copy of verses, for your private perusal.
They are very bad, I dare say, but I should like to have you tell me how bad.
I have had them by me for some weeks, during which time, I have been endeavoring to select a victim, upon whom to inflict them, but I have lacked the resolution.
I had thought of reading them to Fanny, but, as I say, my courage failed me,
Although my poetry, so to call it, at the time of being set down, seems a serious matter to me, once in the constraints of rhyme and metre, it loses more than half of its force and interest, I begin to cease to believe in it and presently, at, say the fifth rereading, it appears to me only in a ludicrous light,-trivial to the extent of being comic.
I have been long uncertain about sending it;
I should much rather read it to you, than have you spell out the words one by one and probably, fall to criticising it's construction before you grasp the idea -
This would be treating it unfairly. It is not finished, by the way, I want to add a good deal more.
This following you can read before or after reading the verses,- as you please
The lines --
"See the summer waste away
"And feel the winter's iron clutch"-
are, to a great extent, figurative, you probably perceive.
The lines--

"And thou, with downy wings unfurled,
"Dost roam Queen of the waking world"-
I don't altogether like, as it repeats the idea expressed in the couplet immediately preceding "wings of owls and bats etc", wherein, formerly, 'moths' appeared in the place of 'owls', but was discarded for the trifling variation that 'owls' gives. Owls are too unfamiliar in ordinary aspect of a summer night, to be put down so casually.
The line "wind-tossed flowers rare", is very bad, of course, the noun so flanked with adjectives,- but as the reference to a butterfly is only put in to countenance the succeeding thought, of moths embodying the souls of the unhappy dead, I don't want to extend the interval between both ideas by introducing a couple of descriptive lines, and so, confine myself to a single line, making it a rhyming attachment to the preceding couplet, ...
Well, farewell - I shall write soon again.
Commend me to all.
This is a slovenly, good-for-nothing letter, I know, and I have not had an opportunity to finish it before, in consequence of which, the date is altogether wrong: this is the 23d.-
My love to your baby and yourself.

Yours
E. M. T.

Monday April 2d. 1888.

Dear Florence:
I was delighted to get your letter this morning;- I had not supposed that you would take my verses so seriously: I began, at once, to think of them with something like respect.
I thank you for the criticisms, which are, I think, undoubtedly very just. Its a matter of very small importance, but you have read "firmly" for "tamely", a mistake due, as you intimate, to my very ill hand-writing. I don't know if I have already told you or not, that I went to Brooklyn, to one John Arkhurst and purchased two beautiful specimens of Luna moths,

male and female.
I have had in mind for some time, to paint a picture,- a moon light scene,- the lot back of the hotel at Stowe, and a Luna moth, with outspread wings, risen into the moonlight, from behind a little bush of witchhazel, that grows there, last summer hung with white morning-glories, that on nights of middle moons, were open and generally full of dew-
It is only by regarding my moths as models, that I can justify myself in the possession of them,
The extra Luna and a large and beautiful Attacus Polyphemus, still weigh heavily upon my conscience.
I admit that the temptation was too strong for me, particularly in respect of this latter,- but it is a lovely thing and singularly cheap,- only twenty five cents for each specimen.
I am in the park now a good deal,- on the lookout for spring birds, for since the blizzard we have had the mildest weather imaginable,
You may be surprised to find this letter addressed from N. Y., but Dr. Loomis has conceded a reluctant consent to my remaining here, on condition that I presently go to Lakewood and ride on horseback for a few weeks; I am happy to say that it is not impossible that Joe Gilder, who contemplates a short holiday and had had Atlantic City in his mind's eye, may not alter his plans and go to Lakewood along of me,
I must tell you about the theatricals I have had a hand in; a show gotten up for some charity, in which (show) Buckland was conspicuous. Joe was the stage manager, and the other performers were Evart Wendell, Miss Conway and Miss Edith Wardell, Miss Terry's daughter. My part was only to give weight, by reiteration, to Joe's suggestions, since his authority was hardly well enough recognized to admit of more positive terms -
You may not believe it, but our "Mme de Mauves" rehearsals were mild and peaceable in comparison with them. From my point of view, as an outsider, they were amazing beyond description, Miss Terry, who came herself to rehearse them the day before the show, dispaired of their achieving anything short of failure, but the result was on the whole, very satisfactory, at least from her point of view, since the piece in which Miss Wardell played was decidedly successful. Buckland, who played on both pieces, and did the dream scene

from the "Bells", was admirable and Wendell most amusing,- when impersonating a stern and self-sacrificing Prussian general, and dismal to a degree in the performance of his comic songs.,- but in the one important play, he acquitted himself with credit. I was mightily pleased with Miss Wardell-, rather a blunt young woman in her manners, but with a keen discerning eye and well endowed with the chief virtue honesty. You may not believe me, since I have been, I feel, so remiss about writing, when I tell you that I have time and time again, sat down with my pen in my hand, on purpose to write you all about Robert, but I find I have nothing to say on the subject. Mummie has written you, and you have the papers. I was too excited on the Claudio night, to take away a very clear impression of him, but I know that it was more than good. The speech about death, as he says it, is, according to Mme. Modjeska, pathetic-:
I think it was more than pathetic, it seemed to bring the idea terribly near;- I'm sure most people in the theatre were strangely touched.
I have been, of late, rushing from Johnstone and Foulkners to Hawthorne's (the costumer) and back again, selecting stuff for a costume, which he is to wear as Orsino in Twelfth Night. The result is, I am glad to say, satisfactory.
I have been very much amused, for a week or so past, modelling two little figures in wax.
One, a Madonna, which is not very bad., a great surprise to me, as I undertook it simply as an experiment, and the other, a Fortune: they are both in a rough stage, subject to change, but the latter is, I confess, at present a failure.
I remember well our carriage jaunt about Dresden.-
I sometimes wish I was over there, or wherever you are, to have a look at some pictures with you.
Do you know that Will Hyde is now in Paris?
Its true - in fact, an established truth for some months past - Regarding our going to Europe, I think there is very little likelihood of it,- Mummie talks confidently of a summer in America,- conjecturally of a summer at Stowe.
Fanny and Harry are here now, the latter much better, having suffered the extraction of a molar.
The baby is beautiful,- a perfect miniature of Harry. I never saw such light blond hair - that retained any (in her case a

strong) suggestion of gold.-- I am glad you incline to Milicent for your baby's name; I think it happy as a compromise, though I should prefer to have her named for you. What a little H.H. she is - isn't she? The photographs are sweet,- so far as she is concerned, and in one case, you, though you are interesting in several. I like her best where she is sitting clothed and in her right mind, which seems from her expression contemplative to pensiveness.
It is in this one that, I think, you must have remarked your likeness to an early Christian. You are sitting bolt upright - grave and spare, looking sadly off toward the right, from the beholder's point of view.
You are best in the little one, where the baby is laughing, I think she looks like Edith.

The blizzard was not so bad-, it gave us something to talk about, in fact, we refer to it still with a good deal of pride. Mummie sent you an account of it - I know.
Mummie continues I think, very well.
I went to the Academy last Saturday and saw a beautiful thing of St. Gaudens, a bass-relief of Mrs. White-, his bust of Sherman, which I saw before, in clay, at his studio-, an admirable picture by Dewing, several things of Sargent's and good paintings beside of Blashfield, Brush and others,- altogether a wonderful waking up for the Academy. You can be sure that there was plenty of trash, however-, for the most part on the line. Robert will be here next Sunday. There's to be an engagement for one week in Brooklyn, and I hope they'll give Mary Stuart,- in wh. case I shall go to see him.
Joe Gilder took tea with us on Easter; he was in admirable spirits.
The azalia you sent us from Stumpps is beautiful, and with a deep magenta bush of the same - which the little Toels gave the Pater on his birthday, presents a delightful spectacle.
This letter, now I think of it, will reach you about the 10th., won't it? I shall then be giving some expression,- in the form of a toast doubtless,- to the wishes for a happy birthday that I send you now.

Remember me to all your family, who will recollect me. My kindest remembrances to the young ladies, and some fitting expression of regard to Henry Holt, and love to the youngest Miss Holt and to yourself-,

Yours
E. M. T.

May 15th. 1888.

This postal's to tell you that Robert was fine
That he said all his part and omitted no ----
And as Joe thinks so too - I'm convinced I'm not rash
When I say that he acted with spirit and ----
And for all of the rest of the cast to be frank
They were better described by a dignified ----
And the great Mrs. D____w, tho' I don't like to cavil
I can truly avow was as bad as the ----
E. M. T.

New Rochelle, N. Y.
July 3rd. 1888.

Dear Fanny:

I was very glad to get your letter, because I was in some fear that you might skip off to the Adirondacks without my seeing or hearing anything of you.

I live here a life of seclusion, undisturbed, in an upper apartment, with my pens and papers and a little microscope, the property of the absent Holts.

To tell the truth, I have been too lazy to undertake a trip to Rockaway, or even to write you: I can only bestir myself to go about, at certain hours of the day, with a spy glass, like Captain Cuttle, and also, still like that distinguished mariner, with a pocket almanac, which, from time to time, I overhaul to register what sights I see.

By the way, tell Harry that Uhler sent me a civil note, recommending three books, two of them, singularly enough, published by H. Holt & Co.

You and Harry and Miss Dolly must make us a little

visit:- Our time is short and we should make the best of it.

Mummie would love to see you; she wants to know if, on the receipt of this, you can't come and spend a night or two here. And when you come, bring some news of Robert,- of whom I have some dim recollections -- Is he still in the theatrical business?.....

Florence sailed on the 1st from Southampton, in the North German boat, and we expect her to arrive about Monday night.

Bonrepos is spelled as one word, thereby increasing the somniferous effect, which, if you come, you can test in several ways.

By sitting on the piazza with Toby and the Pater,
or by going with me to seek herons and such like
wild fowl,
or with Charlie to the Hodgkiss', where he repairs in quest of a more domestic species, for he and his friend Mr. Palmer,-- in fact both Mr. Palmers,-- or to be perfectly accurate, all the Mr. Palmers, are quite gone on the little Miss Hodgkiss that used to live in 67th St.

You must really come and we'll talk over the Adirondacks--in as cheerful a vein as the subject permits of.

And so remember me to Robert, and to Will, and to all the Rockaway household.

Yours,
E. M. T.

P. S. If you can't come up I shall even go down to Rockaway some day before you go north. Mummie is going to be in town at 67th St. on Thursday at 2 o'clock. She hopes to see or hear something of you.

Far Rockaway
Saturday July 14th 1888.

Dear Joe:

Here sit I in Rockaway, and contemplate the prospect of the Adirondacks with a growing distaste. Though for that

matter this, but for the society of my cousin, is a dismal place,- a spot deserted of the Gods, though not, it would seem, of the Goddesses, for there are several young ladies to whom Robert applies that term, though I am disposed to think, somewhat indiscriminately. Still the ladies of the Minturn family may be seen, from time to time, on the beach; and whether they be goddesses or no, I am unable to say.

It is good news about Miss Wardell. The Times criticism was doubtless just;- to be appreciative, is to ask a little too much of a critic. Concerning Bunker's opinion of the theatres, I dare say you are right; for my part, I don't trust him outside of his studio.

The Holts returned enthusiastic over Miss Terry in the "Amber Heart".

Robert, as I have said, is here: he is either here at such long and lazy anchorage, that he seems in danger of dry-rot, or in erratic and hovering visits, continually on the point of hoisting sail (in the form of an umbrella) and speeding town-ward.

Concerning the umbrella, it seems he goes in constant dread of the effect of the sun's rays on his complexion and his brain, which has lately suffered another severe shock. A few days ago, forgetful of the phenomena of the tides, he undertook to dive from some accustomed perch or float, and, fathoming the two scanty feet of water, the leavings of an ebb tide, he came into close contact with the mud beneath, where he remained, wildly flourishing his legs, tying them into Delseartian knots expressive of despair, until somebody came and pulled him out.

The gravity of this adventure so transcends anything that has gone before, that he makes no effort to draw out the flattened portion of his skull, by pulling at his hair. He has, of course, ever since, been unable to think clearly. His prospects, however, are looking up: The Coghlans want him and wait for his decision.

The Marlowe matter is still uncertain:- he will accept Barney's little proposition, if he can get the leading business, which, if Frank Mayo decides to undertake the heavy parts, is open to him. Otherwise, as they want a name to support Miss Marlowe's, they would look for a famous leading man, and Robert would have the 3d position with a choice of parts.

The delay results from Frank Mayo's inability to understand what is required of him; if they do not succeed in making it clear to him before next Monday, Robert closes with the Coghlans.
Fanny and Harry have been endeavoring to get away to the Adirondacks for four days; I don't think they will go now until Monday. Fanny's trunks were packed days ago, of course, but the postponement is due to Harry's method of packing. He had only his books to pack but after enstalling each volume in its proper place, he lies down on the bed in his room for several minutes and groans-; this method takes time.
The Holts have returned.
I had the pleasure of being at Bonrepos when they arrived. Florence looks thin but not ill.
The Tabers gathered from all the corners of the earth to meet them, and the two babies together were a sight to see,- so different and so pretty. I wish you could see Florence Holt Jr. (for such is her name). I don't know how to describe her but she has really a very extraordinary expression, a very singular charm.
I am sorry to have missed you when you left town. I arrived in the waiting room, just as they were closing the doors - lying clocks and lagging cars. Well, farewell.
I understand that Louie is at Washington. If you see her remember me to her, her children and her sisters.

Yours
E. M. T.

Crystal Spring House
Bloomingdale, Essex County
Sept. 2nd, '88. New York.

Dear Fanny:

.....There is one pleasant person here, a civil-spoken man, who sits at our table, and is the builder of the dam and grist mill, now in the first stages of erection in the village.

Certain black, fat and stupid tabbys, occasional gents

on fishing excursions, and villagers are the other guests--mostly transient.

I feel sad to-day; I think of regret of Miss Pussy, which I never summoned courage to say 'Howdy' to her.

By chance, my brother Robert is with Joe and if so, tell him to be ruled by Joe in matters of costume; I shall not be in New York early enough, I fear, to be of any assistance to him. I wish, now I think of it, that he had run across from Stowe to see me. You see I write to you in the same wambling way in which I talk but I don't suppose you mind,-- or mark particularly.

There is a total lack of any news--you know that, of course.

Harry thinks of going to Stowe and thinks not, about seven times a day.

I have been tempted by the dead and desolate sterility of this country to set up my easle, now rotting in my box, and paint a little picture. It is singular, is it not? But there is something interesting in the undisguised ugliness of the place. So far I have resisted.

There is a lovely puppy here,- a long eared, black and white animal, as yet uncertain on his legs, with a voice like a toy dog's.

He barks very much as Dolly says "Ta-ta".

How is that sweet little baby?- and the little Burlinghams? I wish you would remember me to Louie and Grace and Edith and Joe and C. C. B. and both Roberts, if they are with you- I wish I was.

Well, farewell.

Yours,
E. M. T.

Perhaps you will see Miss Page--if so, will you remember me to her, too?

Bloomingdale, Crystal Spring House,
September 11, 1888.

Dear Fanny:

These two animals are the domestic cat, and Carlo the puppy.

SKETCH

When we first came, we expected to take great pleasure in Carlo, but he is very much of a disappointment. He is a dog of one idea; an animal of no originality. He came in contact with his natural enemy at an early age, and the impression left upon him was so strong, that he has since been unable to think of anything else: He goes about continually to pursue and harry the harmless necessary cat.

Here's a singular dispensation of Nature: In all our walks about Bloomingdale, we have come upon no really pretty child; Saranac, it seems, got all the interesting children, and Bloomingdale all the saw-mills. There is one in operation, there is one being erected, one being repaired, and one in ruins.

And while I waited for Dr. Trudo, on the piazza of the Berkeley, I saw at least half a dozen chubby little girls in pink calico gowns and round combs.

It is an unfortunate arrangement: And yet, to a superficial observer Bloomingdale would seem to be the happier valley.

By the way, Dr. Trudo advised me to stay in the Adirondacks as long as I could,-all winter. I am going to see Dr. Loomis in a week, and my hope is for better terms.

Harriette has been all over this place, enquiring for rooms. It is no great task, as the village is much smaller than Saranac. Would you believe it? There is only one open fireplace in the village; and that was built by request. Mr. Taylor, of Iveson, Blakeman and Taylor, publishers, spent a winter here, and made the building of that chimney a condition.

The rooms are over a grocer's shop.

We have had pretty fair weather this month. About half and half, rain and shine. It is pleasantly cold;- we

have twice had frost at night. The red maples are all turning, and on the hill opposite my window, I see some orange tints that look as if the sugar maples are touched also.

My dear Fanny, I wish you were here. Why won't you come and occupy the rooms over the grocer's shop, for the Winter? Even if you should be snowed up, under such circumstances you could run no great risk of starvation.

Mummie, the Pater, Toby, are all expected this week; and I am comparatively cheerful in consequence.

Remember me to all at Washington. I suppose Joe has been industriously at work. Well, the Adirondacks is sufficient excuse for me, don't you think so?

I thank you very much for your letter. You must understand that I don't absolutely require an answer. Your time is probably fully occupied - and in a much more amusing way than in letter writing,--Still--

My love to Dorothea.

Yours,
E. M. T.

Mt. Mansfield Hotel
Stowe Vt.
Sept. 30th. 1888.

Dear Florence:

I attempted to write to you several times while I was at Bloomingdale, and before I left Lake Placid. That you have written so little to me I know is due to the cares of your house etc., but my silence has been the result of a vacant mind:- I found nothing to interest me in the Adirondacks, and I grew tired of abusing it - In fact I grew a little ashamed of exclaiming so fiercely against it: I had some slight revulsions of feeling, in which the tenor of my letters seemed foolish and flippant.
Loud and violent denunciations are a mistake; there is nothing so poor in Nature that will suffer it; and sometimes I began to think the despised Adirondack woods were disposed to take a magnanimous revenge. Still I am more than happy to be out

of it; and in Stowe again.
The sweet Miss Milliken is here. Last night she spoke of you and your baby: I am sorry to say that she goes next Thursday.
We arrived yesterday and left the Pater at Plattsburg. At Burlington we encountered a hail storm; but at Stowe it has been, and is still, snowing. You know how beautiful it must be:- I wish you were here to see it.
Are Harry and Fanny with you?
I have just written Fanny an account of our coming. I should delight in the sight of Wibby and Dolly together. The Christmas tree, which we must have next Christmas is going to prove a great occasion for us all.
I think it was exceedingly kind of Harry to send me Packard's "Entomology". Remember me to him, to all your household.
My best love to you and Wibby.

Yours
E. M. T.

Mt. Mansfield Hotel, Stowe, Vt.
Tuesday Oct. 9th 1888.

Dear Fanny:
I want to thank you for the dictionary, which has a very agreeable cover, and also for the gloves, which are exactly what I wanted, and which I have already made use of to do,- what do you suppose? No less a deed, than to drive, in this merry snowstorm, to Moss Glen Falls.
This is a real snow-storm. The roofs in the village are all white; the fields, so much as we can see of them, through the falling snow, are quite grey; as are the woods.
Can you imagine anything more delightful than a drive under such circumstances, in such a country, to such a spot. And wrapped up in the things you sent us, against the possibility of cold, with an opera-glass in one pocket, for to identify birds, and a stick of Ridley's peppermint in the other, and a footwarmer at our feet.
Owing to the late rains the falls are very full. You

can well imagine how wild it looked; the snow was blown about by the wind, and fell - so thick that the mountains were entirely hidden: The surface of the ground in the hemlock wood (you remember?) was thickly coated with it.

I wanted to come home by way of the hills, as we did that night, but Mummie was afraid of catching cold, so we had even to take to the beaten road, on which we drove, as solitary as we could wish; and where we started up a little company of bluebirds.

The thermometer is down to 34, but still we were not cold; the air was dry and pleasant.

By the way, I bought a soft hat for this expedition this morning, so Charley need not buy or send me one. Will you tell him so, if he has not already dispatched this business?

I have been meaning to write to the Pater, to thank him for the several concessions to my taste, that he has made in the purchase of our winter supplies, but I want to devote as much time as possible to open-air exercise, and beside this, I have a certain amount of writing, as you know, to do, and so I shall ask you to convey the sense of the foregoing statement to him, and also to tell Charley that I thank him very much for his letter, and give my love to them both, and to Harry and yourself and Dorothea. I forgot to mention Robert, to whom I also owe thanks, for so neatly tying up the package of notes I asked him to send, and for ordering my coat at Merkel's.

My dear Fanny, I wish you were here:- I know you would enjoy it so much.

The winter birds are making their appearance; juncoes, white throated sparrow, blue jays, etc., and the country has lately been overrun, or rather overflown, by flocks of little Myrtle-warblers.

The mention of birds reminds me of your brother Robert, to whom I wish you would remember me, as also to Joe; and tell him not to be so rash as to start off for Europe, at least until he has cast his vote for Cleveland, when I hope to see him in Town.

Well, farewell.

Yours,

E. M. T.

January 5 1889.

Dear Joe:

Your letter came a day or two ago; I was very much pleased to get it. Since then, Fanny and I have drunk bumpers to your health. We had some charades the other night: The Blums and Lawrences, Holts, Toels (younger) J. B. G. and some Minturns were gathered together for the purpose; and although we did all the things we could remember, including the soup-tureen act, and afterwards danced the Virginia reel, until the gunpowder began to run out of the heels of our boots, it was never-the-less by no means so good, or so merry as some of our former efforts. It was in the course of this evening, that Fanny and I, privately and sadly (remembering the palmy days of the early dumb, domestic drama) drank to your health and speedy return.

I heard from Robert about 2 weeks ago, on the subject of his Orlando costume. I have had a long and bitter struggle with Hawthorne, varied by several skirmishes with Robert himself, on the subject of dye and paint etc. With the former, I am happy to say, I kept sufficiently cool to part on the friendliest terms. It was thus: Hawthorne got some devilish orange-colored stuff for Robert's trousers in Orlando - (he does not wear tights), and, as Robert had, of course, given me to understand that the play was to be performed immediately, I could do nothing but agree to their completion, they being already half made up. Robert refused to have them dyed, and so I got some dry blue paint in the form of powder, and prepared to rub it in. Harry, however, kindly volunteered to perform this service, so, enveloping his head in various towels and pocket handkerchers, he shut himself up in the bathroom, and set to work.

There is a deposit of blue dust on most of the articles of furniture in the house, but the trousers are a good color,-- so long as the powder remains, but I fear that the wrestling scene will inevitably beat it out of them, and certainly the rising dust will do much to render ineffective the many feints, tumbles, parries and throws that Robert has, at much personal inconvenience, learned of a certain champion light-weight, a friend of the ubiquitous Kelly, who I believe has been especially engaged for this scene. The play was given

last night, with, according to this morning's papers, much applause;-so much indeed that it is stated, And Barney has cancelled certain Western engagements to play another week in Philadelphia. I had hoped to go on, but I did not feel well enough. However, if this newspaper item proves true, I shall still have a chance to see him.
I got him a very good belt, made out of calf, the wrong side out, which notion was also successfully applied in respect of his head gear (the wrong side of green plush); but I think that Hawthorne has made a very ill shaped hat, not at all after Bell's design. I was rather used-up by the combined excitements of Christmas and Robert's costume, so that sending it off early this week, as he had requested, I could not do full justice to the leather overjacket, my endeavors to rub paint into that, being made feeble by exhaustion, and a fear that the confounded stuff would get into my lungs. I got a telegram from him stating that he had received the costume, and expressing his thanks - briefly -- I sincerely hope he liked it, but I fear its filthiness disgusted him. I should like to see him as Orlando more than in any other part I think of, and if I am successful in consummating this desire, I shall write you all about it.
Do you know that we have not seen a snow-flake (I don't mean the bird, but the actual particle of congealed vapour) this winter? The weather is mild--something like an Indian summer. The Boston papers as you have probably heard gave Robert good notices;- So far, they are not so complimentary in Philadelphia, which is not surprising, since they are well known to be inferior in intelligence.*

I can't think of any else to tell you, that you are not likely to have heard more fully from Fanny or some of the Blums.

Yours
E. M. T.

*They have made no mention of his Orlando--at least none that I have seen. For the others, there was none, I think, really unfavorable.

EMT

Tuesday. January 22d 1889.

Joe:

I went to see Thayer yesterday; and, in the course nversation (or soliloquy), which as you can well under-, took a wide course, he spoke of the hourly growing iculty of answering a long delayed letter. This has been rouble since the 11th of this month, on the night of which, I began what was expected to be a long letter, but which I gave over for lack of energy. My energy has increased in the interim, but the incidents have, to some extent, lost color.

The letter I speak of was dated from a now forgotten number in South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, and was begun while I waited up for Robert. It remained incomplete from the total collapse of my powers, as the scene I describe, and our subsequent supper at an adjacent oyster house, was the last act of another Philadelphia Farce, in which I sustained the leading part - alone.

Not long ago Robert wrote me a letter, in a spirit of suppressed but evident satisfaction: He said that the costume was the best he had ever seen, (you remember my doubts about it) and he thought he did Orlando well, - perhaps better than any part he had ever acted;- at least certain members of the company thought so. On the receipt of this, I felt it my duty to start at once for Philadelphia.

I wrote him a postal, explaining at what hour I should arrive; and started the next morning. My mother went with me. We arrived at the Broad Street Depot, at about four o'clock, but met no Robert. I never had any expectation of seeing him at the station, at all events on time; I know him far too well for that. So after waiting for a few minutes, I took my mother out to West Philadelphia, to some relatives, and returned to look him up.

I went to the Broad Street Theatre, inquired his address (which they could not give me) learnt that he was not then in the theatre, and having bought my tickets (poor seats in the last, but one, row of the orchestra circle) I pursued my search. I went to the Cafe Belleveu, but he was not there,- to the Continental, but they knew nothing of him; I crossed Chestnut Street and peered about for him amid the

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dazzling and be-jeweled splendor of Green's, but still no Robert. It was then late, so I concluded to take some dinner, make the best of my poor seats (which I had hoped to change, through his agency) and inquire him out, at the stage-door, after the show. Passing by one of the Chestnut Street Theatres, I saw the Posters of Paul Kauvar, and it brought to my mind a familiar face that I had noticed half an hour before, in the Belleveu Cafe, to which I was then directing my steps, as it seemed the most likely place to meet my elusive brother.

Sketch

Robert bursts into "the Belleveu"

The face I recognized by the hint of the posters, was, of course, Vandenhoff's; and I found him still seated at his table. Of him I inquired Robert's address, but he could give me no satisfaction, so I relinquished all hope, for the time being, and ordered my dinner. Vandenhoff was the Vandenhoff of our first meeting, neither sad nor merry,- but civil, civil as an orange--

And while we sat thus talking, suddenly enter to us, R. L. E., Robert. Pause: Pantomine expressive of complete and overwhelming astonishment.

It seemed he had not received my postal, and the surprise of meeting me unexpectedly, was so increased and complicated by finding me in Vandenhoff's company, that he sat for some little time speechless.

He was (for he has now left that sober city, and is on the road) a great man in Philadelphia; and his fame, and the singularity of his get up, caused the eyes of the curious to follow him with awful interest.

After dinner we went to the theatre, and interviewed all the authorities, to effect a change in my poor tickets. We even interviewed Barney himself (who is a spruce little man of the Fred Stimson order, with a cold, grey, business eye) but all was unavailing. The house was crowded; chairs in the aisles, and the orchestra piping feebly in the wings.

I went behind with him into the stuffy den he called his dressing room, and there met Owen and Brunnig.

There is an elderly female, (Miss M's dresser) who not unnaturally perhaps, is possessed of a deep-rooted dislike of that blooming star and her aunt, and who takes every opportunity to testify, in secret, her attachment for Robert,

under the unshakable conviction that he is Burnaby, or de Beryl, whom she nursed or otherwise tended in infancy. Robert is unable to make her understand that she is squandering her attentions upon 'another', for in spite of his protests, she continually brings him little presents, such as packages of fruit, clean towels (a great luxury), and has his things washed and neatly done up for him.
His other friend is Owen, who is an admirable man; and stands by him like a church. [redacted] is jealous; and he mistrusts the others, I think. Miss [redacted] he begins to estimate at the proper figure; but he still clings to Miss [redacted] All these revelations are, of course, secrets. All the lesser lights, as gas men, carpenters etc., are the slaves of his extraordinary tact.
Half an hour later, watching the show from the front, I felt that there was a peculiar significance in Adam's "why are you virtuous?-- why do people love you?" especially coming, as it did, from the jealous lips of --

Sketch

Robert's Orlando.

I went around early, met my mother and relatives, and put them in their seats.
Robert's Orlando was beautiful in parts. In the penitential speech "If ever you have sat at good men's feasts, If ever etc"., he touched the deepest note of feeling that was sounded that night. I never heard the lines so well spoken; I wondered if there was not something deeper and more serious in them, than any others that occur in the play. Madame's remark on his Claudio, I thought applied well to him, as he said those lines. His scenes with Adam were all excellent; but he failed I think to be convincingly in love with Rosalind and the later scenes between them, owing, I think, principally to Miss M's inadequacy, had a tendency to grow shallow. She was inadequate certainly but more pleasing in this, than in any part I have seen her. She looked pretty; and she was at no time bad, except when in describing the paces of time, she suddenly grew impressively serious over the thief to the gallows, with an eye turned timidly aloft, inviting the thunder of the gods.
The wrestle was a good one, and would have been better, as good as Barrymore's, if Charles had possessed a little more

dramatic fire. He is muscular, but no great things as an actor; he does not, at all, impress one as a fierce and difficult subject, and consequently the wrestle loses much of its interest.

SKETCH

(Miss M. as Rosalind or Puss in Boots)

It brought down the house, never the less, and was more genuinely applauded than anything that preceded or followed it; for the house was dropsical, its very size seemed to make it lethargic,- so dull are they in Philadelphia.
You never saw a more dismal picture, than that disclosed when the curtain rose on the second act. Jimmy Cooper, as usual, succeeded in conveying a profound melancholy into "Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones" and "I would not change it" was spoken with a labored sigh. Behind him, lined out in dismal order, stood the outcasts of Arden, like Falstaff's regiment, "much too poor and beggarly". These were not singing supers, but mutes at this seeming funeral, and Barron was chief mourner.

SKETCH

(Mr. Barron's Melancholy Jacques 1st Tableau "A"
Bump on a Log" -

He evidently has not the most remote idea how to play the part, but his experience and skill would have carried him through with credit, and even with dignity, had he not gone to pieces on the rock of (the seven) ages, and to the delight of the gallery "piped and whistled" as the slippered pantaloon. Of course Robert thought the blue dust, so painfully rubbed into his trousers, would do him serious harm, if in the wrestle, it should float about and get into his lungs, so he hired the call-boy to beat them out for two days, and when I saw them again, in his dressing room, they had very nearly returned to their original orange. The costume is, however, a good one, especially in and after the second act, when he has his boots on.

He had an engagement with one of the company for supper after the play, which delayed him until about 1.30 A. M.

I was sitting up for him at his lodgings, as he had given me his night-key, and, when he did finally make his appearance, I was a prey to the pangs of hunger. So, as I have explained, we went to a neighboring oyster house, and there talked over the play and the company, until the hours began to grow to the outer limit of the small-; in a word, we went to bed betimes He seemed to have recovered his spirits:- the papers spoke well of him; the business was good; and Barney was satisfied.-- I think of nothing more to tell you of him, except this, which struck me as rather amusing. While in Philadelphia, he was put to much inconvenience by the lack of a watch, but remembering that I had once told him, that it was possible to tell the time, within a reasonable margin, by observing the directions of shadows, he adopted this method. One day he woke moderately early and perceiving a decided slant in the sun's rays, he composed himself for another nap, but when he awoke a second time, to his extreme surprise, the slant had increased. A moment's thought explained the mystery;- the shadows were slanting the wrong way!

I want to say one word more about my call on Thayer, I never meet him without being re-convinced that he is the finest type of a man I ever knew, and I never take leave of him, without the uncomfortable conviction that I am little better than one of the wicked, and what grieves me still more, one <u>of the stupid</u>; for, beside that every word he speaks, lays open to me the bareness of my own intellectual life, (of which I sometimes altogether doubt the existence) he says so much that is entirely incomprehensible to me.

He is having a hard time, of course; he shows it more in his words than his looks. Perhaps for this reason he is in a more contented frame of mind regarding his work. He is painting a lady, not pretty, but sweet looking, a Miss Allen, upon whose silk gown he expends much skill and care. He thinks of sending the lady and tiger, late lady and swan (alas!), and presently to become lady and lioness, to the World's Fair. He thinks it is in a very good state. It suddenly occurs to me that this is not, perhaps, news to you. He seemed glad to see me, and asked very particularly after you, the Blums, Fanny and Harry.

Some things occurred that caused me secretly to wish that you might come out of that far room of London town, and lend me your hand to laugh a little. Exigency and wit clashe

on one occasion I remember. It was when he was painting in the background of the portrait I mentioned, when by a stroke of a brush he half obliterated the printed word "worsted". He debated within himself for an instant, and his eye, happening to light on a tag end of that material, (probably a pattern for color or quality) he caught it up, sped across the room, and hung it conspicuously upon the brim of his hat. "There", he said "I can't possibly go out, and forget it, now" and returned to his work in a contented frame of mind. Verily, he is a true Yankee!

I find it has taken me the greater part of the day to write this letter; I hope you will survive it. But I promised to write you all about Robert's Orlando, and I know any news of him is welcome to you.

Thanks for the "Pall Mall Gazette".

I understand that Miss Page is in town; I hope to see her at the Blums.

My principal work now consists in plans and elevations for my Stowe house.

My dear Joe, you have missed the mildest winter on record:- why, oh why, did you go to that demned damp, moist unpleasant country? Yet the way is always open to retrieve your error. Well, farewell.

Yours

E. M. T.

[Letterhead with picture of hotel.]

Hot Springs, N. C.
May 8. 89.

These two are our windows. This is a tolerably correct picture of the hotel, except that the guests are not overflowing in this exuberant manner; and the introduction of a hansom is the wildest flight of a poetic imagination.

1. Me, on my gray horse, "Beauty".
2. Mrs. Bronson, on her black horse "Kitty".

The others are all imaginary persons.

My dear Florence:

I began to write to you when I first came here, but for some reason, the excessive heat of the reading room, I think, or a draught (which seems always to pursue me) or on some account now forgotten, I was obliged to give over the attempt.

This is a much more pleasant place than Asheville can ever hope to be: if you liked Asheville, how much more would you enjoy the Hot Springs!- Still, I am not convinced of this, because you don't always like what you ought to. It seems my only hope of making out a letter is to recapitulate home news, and make my remarks upon it. But this I shall not do. I only want to say how sorry I am that Fanny should be compelled to leave town: That she should seriously think of spending the summer in Morristown, and not in Stowe, I cannot believe.

It is very hot here; but I manage to get two hours on horseback, along my old hunting ground, down the margin of the French Broad.

There is a great botanist here;- his name is Smith: and there was a pretty girl,- but she went away this morning.

You can imagine nothing more beautiful than the bank of the river, just now. All the leaves are fully out - of chestnut oak, sweet gum, red-oak, beech, red maple, box wood, sycamore, iron wood, black walnut, white elm, corky white elm, holly, tulip, sweet buck-eye, box-elder, alder, willow, blackjack, chestnut, ash, locust, dogwood, striped maple, hickory, and whatever trees else that grow along this lovely river. The pink laurel is out, and all sorts of wild flowers are in profusion; there are banks of white, yellow, pale and dark blue violets; of bluets: There are pinks; and numerous wild flowers, of which I know not the names. Trumpetflower vines hang on the trees, some, as the locust dog wood, box wood (on which some few blossoms remain) are still in flower. There are a great number of birds, verios, warblers etc., the most conspicuously beautiful being the cardinals and summer tanagers, orioles and blue birds.

I am as dull, as dull can be: the heat, and the kind of life, which is injurious in the highest degree, does hurt to my wit.

By the way, I did think of something the other day,

which I dare say has, been thought and said often before, but is to me a new idea - to you I suppose old. It is this: that the first two lines of Shelly's "sky-lark" (I was repeating it to myself) sound his false note:

"Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
"Bird thou never wert".

This is contrary to Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry, is it not? "Noble thoughts applied to life". Is not this a reversion of that definition? If Wordsworth had been the writer, he would have taken pleasure (would he not?) to have allowed the sky-lark a bird, and not a spirit - Is this nonsense? Truly, I cannot tell. Well, farewell.

Yours
E. M. T.

Upton Court
Camden So. C.
April 11th. 1889.

Dear Florence:

Has Mummie told you about our getting here; and what sort of a place it is?

Today although there is a pleasant breeze, (is it) hot in the sun, and looking south (as we do, from this piazza) comparatively near objects are indistinct in a hot, white haze. The most delightful and wonderful music of mocking birds is continually ringing in our ears; they never seem to cease singing from sunrise to sunset, even flying. They are noisy in this garden, of which the comparatively unkept condition, seems to offer them peculiar advantages.
There is an alley of holly and mock-oranges, very dense, at the foot of the garden, leading a distance of about a hundred yards to the road, and here they throng, singing, fluttering and alighting among the leaves, with their white-tipped wings and tail out spread fan-like, in exactly the attitude of Mr. Audubon's beautiful drawing.

April 14th. Sunday.

You see the heat was too much for me; and I take up

this mangled matter, after an interval of 3 days, with a fresh burst of energy, due to a change in the weather. A change that I did not think possible in the smiling monotony of this climate: The sky is heavily overcast; there is a strong N. W. wind; and the thermometer has dropped over 20 degrees; Yesterday 83° or 84°, today 61.

The country is now in a charming state: The light spring greens filling out with solid forms, and contrasting with the dark pines.

The day before yesterday we drove out to an old place called "Mulberry", lately the property of a General Chestnut and built by his family in 1820. It is the best instance of a swell Southern home, I have ever seen. It is a very large brick building of colonial style - i.e. piazza in front with very beautiful doric columns, and a wide sweep of stone steps. It lies in rather low ground, near a swamp, about three miles from Camden. The way to it is a most indifferent country road, running through an almost houseless wilderness. There are a few negro cabins in its vicinity, but otherwise it stands alone. I can't get over the strangeness of this: It would not be so odd, if there were not all the evidence of a new and apparently unopened country, the seamy side and the ragged ends exceedingly visible, in a bad road, charred clearings and miserable huts; and at the end of all, a truly grand old mansion, stranded as inconsequently as a glacial boulder.

The grounds, even at this early spring stage of foliage, are a little gloomy: The house is set in the midst of a level park, of water and willow oaks, some of considerable size, a few live oaks, some hickory and holly trees, and dogwood and crab-apple (both now in bloom)

It is said that the present owner, for the sake of a few square rods of cotton, cut down a long succession of beautiful old crabapple trees, that lined one side of the avenue that leads to the road.

Until yesterday I didn't know that clouds could appear in this sky, which, until that time, had remained an unbroken cloudless expanse. In this flat land the sky seems a thousand times greater than it does in the mountains: I was never in any place where I felt the world to be so large; Camden itself seems to stretch out interminably; it is a

country of infinite perspective. The straight roads, lined with cloudy trees, that grow bluer and bluer, stretch away until all the lines converge and meet on the horizon.

The sky fades from a very deep blue of the apex to a cloudy pink against which are the dark green pines, and the delicate emerald tints of the water oaks.

Twilight shuts in rather sadly; there is often a great deal of smoke in the air, and toward dusk, things become dim and ghostly. After sunset the air is very lively with bird notes-, mocking birds, sparrows, and the little tufted tit mice; and when these are quiet, there is a loud whizzing of insects, a ringing of tree-toads and a very far off, hollow chant of frogs. Little "Brer Rabbits" hop silently into the garden and begin nibbling the stalks; and bats (little red bats) flutter around the piazza.

From time to time, in the course of the evening, when everything is quiet, the mocking-birds break out into short and most unexpected bursts of song.

The night before last there was a whip-poor-will in the garden, but I did not hear it.

I don't know if these items have very much interest for you, but such things amuse me exceedingly.

The nights are very warm and dry, and Mummie and I sometimes walk in the garden, where there is the most delightful warm scent of whisteria, jasmine and honeysuckle.

Some roses are out:- the other day a friend of Mrs. Perkins sent Mummie a charming tea rose, and today on the dinner table, was a Marshal Neil, from our own garden.

On the east of the house is a vine of Cherokee roses. They are wild roses, like the briar rose, but larger and with waxy, white petals. I have here made a very indifferent drawing of one, to give you an idea of what they are like. This is about two-thirds the natural size.

SKETCH

They grow at regular distances along the vine, about five inches apart, so that the petals almost touch.
We thought and talked of you on the 10th., not much more than on other days. We both wish you were here. Mummie has suffered from the last two or three days of heat; but she seems well.

She misses Toby very much, as I feared she would.

Not long ago we had a kind of musical performance here; Five young darkies (boys of about 14 to 16) came in during the evening and played for us. They have formed themselves into a band of a somewhat singular nature, in respect of the instruments used.

It is called the 'bottle band'and with exception of a harmonica (?) and a triangle, and tamborine is composed of bottles of various size.
The (sketches) base, treble, etc. The harmonica was played by the smallest of the five designating himself"the captain" and who carried the air with considerable physical contortion, and the most excessive flourishes. Afterwards they sang; and one of them danced a pretty good shuffle.

Very odd people turn up here occasionally: The other day a man of eccentric appearance, with one fixed and one roving eye, came, apparently in quest of a ghost. He made enquiries about all the old houses in the neighborhood in the hope that they might be haunted, and when he heard that "Mulberry,"the place I told you of, was said to be frequented by a ghostly lady in grey, he tried to persuade old Jim, the black butler, to go down there with him and spend the night, and asked him in the event of encountering the spirit, what he would do: "-run, or stand and address it?" I believe Jim said he should run.
I suppose you saw Fanny on her and your birthday. When you see her again give her my love, extending the same to all at Sixty Seventh St.

I am feeling much better. I spend most of my time designing little pagodas for Mrs. Perkins, who is anxious to ornament her grounds in that manner.

I want you to debate within yourself what I am about to propose, and determine whether or not you think it too great an imposition upon Harry; if it would not be asking too much of him, to look out for a horse for me; it is simply silly for me to think of buying one, relying on my own judgment.
If a second "Pearl of the Desert" were offered me I shouldn't be able to distinguish between such a one, and her less swift sister, or an animal with fifty diseases. A saddle-horse that Harry would consider good, would be all that I could

possibly require.

There seems to be no other way for me to get one. I suppose I could buy a good enough horse for three hundred dollars,- more than this I could not give.

I don't mean to ask him to put himself out or make any extraordinary exertion, but simply to bear this want of mine in mind, when it may happen that horses are up for sale at the riding club.

I am ashamed of you that you don't care for Falstaff and Company, but I am not altogether taken by surprise.

I don't know Thayer's address - in numbers. I sent him a note before I left town, with a little descriptive paragraph on the envelope, and I hope and think he got it. None but an insane postman could possibly fail to deliver it - or yours, if you think of writing him, and address him in Studio Building, north side of Washington Square, first or second door from University Place.

Yours
E. M. T.

Battery Park Hotel
Asheville, N. C.
April 30th. 1889.

Dear Florence:

I have three very poor pencil drawings of flowers that I made at Camden, half intending to enclose them, should I write you again;- their interest being that of having grown in Mrs. Perkins' garden. They may possibly give you some pleasure, and traveling seems to have a tendency to blur them, so they are accordingly enclosed.

I believe I was very bitter on the subject of the Battery Park: its a mistake to denounce people in that way. I have learned this three or four times already, and always forget it. I don't say this because I am any happier in being here, since I last wrote, except in so far that we have had a note from the proprietor of the Hot Springs hotel, to assure us that two rooms will be at our disposal on Friday next.

I have been trying to read Richard Feverel, but I don't seem to get on very fast, or with much enjoyment: I like the admirable choice of words; and I am impressed continually with it's cleverness; but the story is explained, rather than told, in too lofty a manner, with words and phrases in capitals, too Charles Reade-like for my taste.

Today is indescribably gloomy, sultry in the morning, and now overcast: but we had a drive yesterday, in a clear, cold autumnal atmosphere.

You are now, perhaps, watching the procession, which, should it take it's way in a rain storm, as from our out-look seems not improbable, would, I think, cause Harrison to despair of public honors unattended by rheumatism. The Heavens (very properly) frown on the representative of the Republican party.

Well, farewell.

Yours
E. M. T.

Cobb's Farm, Stowe, Vt.
July 4, 1889.

My dear Fanny:

.....I am better, and not quite so dead as I was; I begin to regard things with something like interest around the corner of my coughin' lid, which is somewhat less oppressive.

I have seen a few birds, only the most common, excepting a red-headed woodpecker, who would not have been here if he had read Ridgeway, and learned his proper habitat. Tell your brother Rob this; and also ask him if he does not think June 2nd an early date for a bobolink this far north.

I suppose Harry is with you now. I hope you like Washington. Charlie B. very kindly sent me a letter of Joe's to C. B. on his birthday, the which I could not enough admire. I have also to thank Louie for writing me. Do you want a good book to read? "Rhoda Flemming": Geo. Meredith. This I have read, and several Chas. Reade's, "Griffith Gaunt",

"Terrible Temptation" and "Woman Hater" (up to the point where "Rhoda Gale" appears). Also "John Nicholson"; but not Stevenson's new book, which Florence, speaking of it in her letter, calls "vile". Also Erckmann-Chatrian's "Waterloo", and Hans Andersen's "Story of my life". We are now, having read everything decent within reach, staying our hunger on "A Mystery of a Hansom Cab". Have you any book (not Trollope) to suggest?

My love to Dorothea, Fanny, FANNY and Harry, and all friends in Litchfield Co.

Yours,
E. M. T.

Thanks for Joe's letters.

[Stevenson, plus Kloy Osbourne]

July 11, '89.

Dear Fanny:

We conclude that Harry will probably not come up; and for my own part, although I should very much like to see him, I think that would be best, as he would have very few days for a long journey, and as it would be more his pleasure, and yours, for him to return to Washington. I enjoyed Rob's letter, and was amused to compare his list of birds with mine: In all the time I have been here, I think I have seen but very few more than he saw in less than a week; but only about half of the names in his list, find duplicates in mine.

You cannot imagine anything more uneventful than the life we lead here: I spend nearly the whole day, if it does not rain, which happens pretty frequently, sitting out in the front yard, in a perfectly vacant minded condition, doing nothing whatever, but nevertheless enjoying myself.

Do you remember our night drive over the hills from Moss Glen Falls? We went that way yesterday; and Mr. Cobb, who drove us, related some facts concerning the most remote of the farms along the ridge, that I thought very interesting.

This land was owned by a sleepless man. His father was one of the first settlers in that part of the country, and

left him a tract of land but partially cleared. But one or two hours of sleep in the twenty-four, taken at odd times, sufficed for this extraordinary person. When other people were asleep, he busied himself in perfecting the clearing of his land; and was to be met, at any dark hour, hauling logs to the Moss Glen saw-mill; and people who happened to pass his farm at midnight or early morning, could hear the strokes of his axe in the woods.

In this way, with six or seven extra hours on his hands, put to such profitable use, he possessed a distinct advantage over his neighbors: His unusual habits procured for him comparative wealth. Cobb pointed out to us a tract of land, where now grow wheat and barley, formerly forest land, cleared by the unassisted nocturnal labors of this wakeful one. This is an extraordinary and picturesque story, is it not?

We learn that the Toels are really coming: Robert is to convey the two young ladies, Miss Edith Holt, and a maid appertaining to the young Toels-- also Tim. How they will fare with him, who never bought a ticket or checked a trunk in all his extensive travels, is an interesting question.

How I should like to see Dorothea. My love to her, to the baby, to Harry, to yourself, to Louie and her household.

Yours
E. M. T.

July 27 '89.

Dear Fanny:

.....I have heard that Harry has accepted a teachership at Clark's University--Is it true? Your news about Joe, is good news; but how far I shall profit by his return, I don't know.

Please fill your next letter with interesting items of news about everybody that you know and I know; and, by the way, this reminds me that I heard the Minturn family is not popular at Rockaway. This is greatly to their credit.

You must write me a letter, when you feel like it, on this plan:- (I shall give you headings, like an examination paper, or something of that sort.)

1st subject. Say H. Taber.

Does he ride? Describe his horse. Tell how many times he changed his stirrup, put on or took off his coat or vest while riding.

2nd subject. Say yourself and family.

Are you well? Tell the latest funny remark of the eldest Miss T.

3rd subject. Say the Minturns.

Relate all you know concerning that interesting family. This would be an excellent model for the gossiping letter you promised to write me.

I am getting in a terrible way: I no longer love my fellow men; I find I dislike to see people more and more, and my interest narrows to a very few friends. I speak of the Minturns in this letter, but it is merely as a matter of habit: Can it be that I have lost interest in them also? This is a form of selfishness, that I feel is going to end in a solitary existence on the summit of Stirling or the Camel's Hump. I shall be the second Hermit of Stowe.

Well, write when you feel like it. Give my love to the family. I should like to see the baby very much, but better Dorothea.

I want to know about Harry's article, which it was an amplification of his thesis. In what is it to be published? When is it to be printed? Is there hereditary insanity in the typesetter's family? Has the editor promised to pension his widow and orphans?

Forgive this wambling letter, which I am rather inclined to destroy than send. However, I know you are one of the wise, who keep no letters.

Yours

E. M. T.

July 31 '89.

Dear Fanny:

Do you already know of the exciting incident of the summer? Behold it!

SKETCH

When first at the hotel, we had front rooms, with windows opening on the piazza roof, but when I went to Cobb's, the Pater changed his apartments for one on the south side of the hotel. It had been Mr. Toby's habit to spring on the window-sill, from thence to the roof, where he did delight to walk venturesomely; and one of the first evenings after our departure, the Pater having gone up to his room with Toby, that silly little dog, forgetting all about the recent change of rooms, and confidently expecting to land on the piazza shed, jumped gaily out of the window. His surprise must have been extreme! Anyone witnessing the incident must have concluded him to be a hairy denizen of the moon, or a large variety of flying-squirrel, at the very least. I think of all dogs, he is best adapted to aerial flights; his long hair must have buoyed him up, or he would certainly have been dashed to pieces.

As it was, he put a foot out of joint; and the alarmed Pater, hurrying out in the dreadful expectation of collecting his scattered fragments, met him, the picture of a dilapidated dog, laboriously climbing the flight of steps that leads to the back piazza.

He fell virtually two stories; you remember how high story No. 1 stands from the ground, at the back of the house.

This may not be news to you; it occurred sometime ago, but as I had forgotten to speak of it when I wrote you the other day, and as it is still fresh in my mind as an amusing occurrence (for, with Mummie, I was until lately kept in the dark respecting it) I venture to write this brief account of Mr. Toby, his terrible tumble.

We were all in a state of delightful expectation on Monday morning: Robert went down to the village with umbrellas and wraps, etc., (for it was raining) expecting to convey Mummie up the hill, and she had not arrived. Her telegram had not been delivered, Johnny Vearen having gone off somewhere on a picnic, and left no one of telegraphic understanding behind him, and the news of her non-arrival came back from

Wtbury with the empty carriage.

Tomorrow morning we look for her; today she is on her way--even now at Springfield, if all has gone well.

A charming letter Joe wrote to me; and I wrote to Joe, saying that I had heard a hint of his possible home coming in the fall. Was this a breach of confidence?

I have read the Wrong Box: If you have not already, take particular pains to avoid it. It is painful that Stevenson should have lent his name to such a production.

I have seen Lloyd Osborn: he is Mrs. Stevenson's son, step-son to Robert Lewis. I saw him when I was at the Adirondacks; he came with his mother to Paul Smith's, on the way to Saranac.

He is fat; he wears glasses; he talks with a very strong English accent; he has a great deal of bushy hair in a thick bang, low over his forehead; he put their names in the hotel register thus:

"Mrs. R. L. Stevenson, Bournemouth, Hants, England
Lloyd Osborn " " "

He went about with an air of criticism and contemptuous interest, like a real Englishman; the printed bill of fare of Paul Smith's larder, as an aping of civilized methods, seemed to amuse him greatly. He is Stevenson's imitator, even to a lesser trouble of the lungs, I believe: It seemed he had been recommended to take open air exercise: he made careful inquiries about horses and sleighs; and, although a robust youth to look at, he confessed to some fears, never, it appeared, having before driven a sleigh. And yet he comes from Kalamazoo, or some such remote Western place.

Love to all in Litchfield County.

Yours,
E. M. T.

I must say, although for Florence's sake perhaps a girl would have been more desirable, that I am very glad there is a boy in the family. As you remark, he is not a Taber in name, but it seems he is in looks--So much the better.

Stowe, Vt., Sept. 16, 1889:

Dear Fanny:

Thanks for your letter; I did not know whether I owed you one, or you me. The fact is, that of late, so continual have been the interruptions to the calm course of my existence that I have had no time to write. Mr. Billy, Mr. Georgy and Mr. Chilly have but just departed; and although they were a most pleasant diversion, they did, to some extent, weigh upon my mind. Each day was valuable to their short holiday; and our plans and amusements were subjected to their approval or modification, so, the very first thing to be done every morning, was to drive to the hotel, collect the three gentlemen (a matter of no small difficulty), and having, as it were, triumphantly shaken them into the covered, central ring (for singly they were unable to give positive and coherent answers) propound the important question "What shall we do today?" This was only the proper course to take with one's visitors; but the aggravating part lay in their entire lack of enterprise and imagination; for, beyond the morning diversion of Tim's bath in the Waterbury river, they seemed to have no ideas whatever, and, when daily confronted with the daily question, they were plunged in the silence of stupifaction, and interchanged solemn eyes, in the hope of discovering gleams of intelligence in each other's countenances: The day's sufficiency of good or evil, they treated as an unanswerable conundrum.

From first to last of their stay we had dry and hazy weather, and no opportunity to make the trip up the mountain. They were much at the farm; and did good service on Mr. Cobb's second hay crop.

Harriette, you know, left Stowe after their coming; and Florence and Harry Holt (sr. and jr.) arrived some days before their departure, so that there has been no pause in round of excitement. And to enliven these latter days, have arrived certain vulgar but amusing persons: a pretty young lady of doubtful respectability, and her so called ma; and a little knot of gents, her admirers.

I enclose a little scrap whereon I flatter myself I have made a very happy attempt at portraying the lady: (Five Sketches) these are her adorers.

An old gent. name unknown lately repudiated by the whole family for his vulgarity.
Mr. Chick, a Boston dancing-master (a particular friend)
A gentleman from Canada
And his friend
An affable commercial traveller--a bashful hanger-on.
This is the young lady.
(On separate sketch)
We take great pleasure in watching this party.

By the way, I have heard a piece of news that can hardly be news to you, this: that Miss May Minturn is engaged, or as good as engaged, to Mr. Allan Marquand, professor of Fine Arts at Princeton. This would account for some of Miss Minturn's views, relating to the subject: I mean the subject Art.

You know I have bought a horse, Polly by name. I bought her for riding, but that is, I find, still too violent an exercise for me. I use her in a buggy, and take great comfort in her: I clean, harness, and rub her down myself.

.....Today is a constant rain and a cold wind, but, in my mind, much preferable to the hot dry weather we have lately suffered from.

Part of Miss Brackett's establishment is already gone; Miss B. goes Thursday; the hotel is almost deserted; the trees are everywhere tipped and turning red and yellow, everything points to the end of the season and the return of J. E. I do greatly long to see him. I don't see why I could not run down to Worcester, when the weather is colder and see you and Harry. This is a good scheme; I shall debate it further.

I ordered three canvases from Boston, but I have made no effort to paint upon 'em.

Florence's baby is a cunning little creature, rather a pretty child--very, I conclude, for it's age.

I should greatly like to see your flat. I should think it great fun to furnish of it.

My love to your husband and daughters.

Yours
E. M. T.

Stowe, Vermont,
Tuesday, Sept. 17 1889.

Dear Joe:

I had intended to answer your letter immediately, and to inform Robert of your temporary change of address, but with the rapid succession of (to my bucolic calm) interesting events, I have failed in both particulars.

To begin with, I have lately purchased a horse; and with the assistance of Cobb, our farmer landlord, I have been breaking her to the saddle. This has taken, for the time being, all my superfluous energy; and I would not have undertaken such violent exercise, were I not tempted by the little mare's exceeding docility. I take a great deal of pleasure in her. Like all these Vermont horses she is not large, but very hardy, gentle and prettily shaped, being in part Morgan. I call her 'Polly', which is a shortening of a more imposing name: Hippolyta.

In the midst of this diversion come Mr. Billy Taber, Mr. Geo. Palmer and my brother Charlie to spend their holiday at Stowe; and before their visit is completed, Florence arrives with Harry Holt and the baby. These are the causes that have made me neglect your letter.

I have not heard from Robert directly since he left here, in the early part of August; but in regard to his affairs I have gathered this: that Daly has offered him a vacant place in that company, Otis Skinner's, I suppose; but, as he refuses to particularize the nature of the part, Robert holds doubtfully back. Fromann - is that his name? a many enterprising manager - offers him the leading part in some military melodrama, the name of which has slipped me, but difficulties have arisen concerning the salary, Robert asking more than Fromann wishes to give. This was the situation a month or 3 weeks ago.

My mother, I am sorry to say is now ill with a cold, and is at the hotel with Florence; so I live lonely on my hill top, surrounded by mists and continual autumn rains.

I have been reading a good deal this summer,- novels mostly; and have greatly enjoyed Geo. Meredith's books; do you know them? "Richard Feverel"; "The Tragic Comedians"; "Rhoda Fleming"; "Diana of the Crossways". The second and

the last especially, I admire.

Your description of Sargent's mental straits seems to indicate a great work in embryo, but we know better; it will turn out something that "--ah- doesn't matter,- a matter of no importance."

Well, return as soon as you can, and come and see me at Stowe. I am going presently across the lake to Plattsburg, to meet Dr. Loomis on his way out of the Adirondack wilderness, and will then and there learn if I am to spend the winter at Stowe, which I think more than likely.

I should greatly like to hear of the rugs and jugs and candle-lights it has been your lot to view; of the king and queen (one in red; and one in green): I should like to see a friend full of news.

The fact is I have not rightly appreciated this summer, or taken the pleasure and comfort out of the place as usual, for I have not been well enough to abandon civilized haunts, and loaf about in the woods, as formerly: Cheerful society would be welcome.

Harry and Fanny, you know, are at Worcester, getting their flat in order, and are very busy. I conclude that Fanny is getting the flat in order, and that Harry is meditating on the theory of Whats-his-name, with imperative orders to the butcher in one pocket, and a touching appeal to the upholsterer in the other. Well: farewell.

Yours

E. M. T.

Stowe, Vt.
Sept. 26, 1889.

Dear Fanny:

We had but just gotten a peep at the sun, when down comes rain and mist; and again, after three days of most perfect clear, cold weather, we are plunged into unnatural gloom. Our last storm cleared with beautiful effects of frost and snow on the mountains, and was worth the week of rain; if this should clear in the same way, I shall have

nothing to say against it.

When you write me, tell me a little news; I mean little scraps of news of all your friends and relatives.

There lives a wicked barber at Stowe who can only cut hair but in one fashion, namely; to cut it all off. So he did with me when I first came up here; so with the Pater; so with Mr. Gurney, and many others. Two months of growth could not efface the damage done to Robert's careful crop in a short five minutes--at least Robert so stated it. And a little while ago, Judge Bradley, whose hair was of a very excellent, wavy length, for the purpose of having it trimmed, confided the same into the barber's clutches. Result, as before, with others. But fearful of the effects of the cold weather, and horrified at his singular metamorphosis, the enraged Judge starts suddenly for Waterbury; from that town he goes to Burlington; from Burlington to Montreal, for the single purpose of buying himself a wig. In this he failed; and on his return, suffered himself to be concealed in a kind of black turban. He presented a very interesting appearance like Louis the XIth, without the images. Did you ever hear of such a wicked barber? The oaths that have been lavished upon him, seem in no way to daunt his evil spirit, for since this last enormity even, he may be seen any afternoon in a kind of sulky (a vehicle, not a mood) straddling the hind legs of a bony bay horse, cavorting up and down the village street, as bold as brass.

My hair is very long now, and I had begun to clip off the ends myself, being desirous of having nothing whatever to do with the barber, and happening to mention these scissorial feats in Mr. Cobb's hearing, he informed me that all the hair cutting done in his family, was the work of the hired man. Imagine the jewel he possesses in this hired man, one who mends his furniture, builds his fences, shingles his roofs, etc., being a skilful carpenter; who shoes his horses; who is a skilful hand in the dairy; an enemy to woodchucks and such varmints, being handy with a rifle; and who, finally, is the resident barber.

Florence, who would make an admirable reporter for a paper, leads the native into conversation; and this, rather interesting, she had learned about the Hermit-- you remember?

He was a graduate of Harvard; and his engagement with

a certain young lady was an approved and established fact in his circle of friends and acquaintances; when it chanced that the lady, embarked to cross some great body of water (sea or lake, not specified) was drowned; and his misanthropic habit is supposed to be the result of his sorrow, and an attack of brain fever, the immediate effect of this shock. He had trunks full of elegant clothes, and, it is reported, rich jewels--at least he boasted of such possessions; and it was his custom to sell ladies' half worn shoes, gloves and dresses, many of them fine silk and satin gowns, to the women of the neighborhood. These, it is supposed, were sent him by the charitable ladies of his family.

Personally, you remember, he was not very particular about his dress; but during the winter, he read sermons of a Sunday, from the desk of the Union Church, and in deference to the prejudices of the community, the Sunday alteration made in his appearance was the reversing of his jersey, the cleaner side in front.

Seventy-five spiritualists are coming to the hotel: I am glad I am not there; I hate such morbid people. I can only hope they will raise a ghost that will frighten them out of their poor remaining wits.

I was interested, and not a little amused by the notices of Clark University in the Worcester papers. It seems there are no end of professors, docents, etc., each with a list of terrible intentions--and only three scholars. Harry need have no nervous fears, I think, if he takes them about the fourth round, before the substitutes are called in, when they will be supported into the lecture room by their backers and bottle-holders.

There is something said about my going to Plattsburg to see Dr. Loomis--Perhaps I shall do this.

Mummie is all right again: she spends much of her time at the hotel with Florence; she seems to enjoy her so much.

I met Burt Corse yesterday and he inquired about Henry. I told him how great a man Henry had become.

About the desk, you can't have it until I unlock and take my papers out of it:- And I have lost my bunch of keys! However, that is not important; when I go home (14th of Nov.) I shall find means to open it; I shall put my papers into tin boxes, and dispatch you the desk.

I am sorry to send you seven pages full of nothing; but it is all the place, the times and my brain affords.

I hear the axils of the Concord wagon chuckle on the hill, which indicates the return of Mrs. C. C. Taber to her tea. Farewell: Commend me to your husband and daughters.

Yours

E. M. Taber.

Stowe,
Oct. 5, 1889.

Dear Fanny:

What will you say to this melancholy and astonishing piece of news? The Mt. Mansfield hotel no longer exists: Yesterday, in the space of some three hours, the hotel with all its dependencies, except the stable and bowling-alley, was burned to the ground.

The Pater, H. Holt, wife and child, and the maid Abbey, left at about ten o'clock A. M.; and on the platform of the Waterbury Station, in the very act of embarking, learned, through a sudden excitement at the telegraph office, that the hotel was on fire, and the aid of the Waterbury fire-engine company entreated.

At about half past twelve, Mummie and I, sitting in our little parlor, heard the bell of the town-hall tolling, and saw a dense cloud of white smoke rise beyond Sunset hill. Conjecturing a fire in the village , Mummie hurried to inform Mr. Cobb, who, partaking of his mid-day meal, on the further side of the house, did not hear the bell. He, and his two hired men, rush precipitately forth, harness up a horse, and make a swift descent to the village.

I should have followed them, but having a horrid cold in my head, I feared to run the risk of catching more; and with Mummie, Mary and the female part of the household, I walked out in the pasture south of the farm, where the village is in view. There we saw smoke and flames pouring from the roof of the hotel.

Mary, inspired with unusual ardor, declared that

nothing was to be seen from this point, hastened across the pasture, scaled the fence, with considerable agility, and hurried down the road.

She came back at about four o'clock, and described a very confused and dismal scene. The wind, in the early part of the afternoon, blew from the southwest; and it looked very much as if the greater part of the village would be destroyed. Carpets were torn up in the adjacent houses, drawn over the roofs and exposed sides, and continually saturated with water, conveyed from the river in pails, passed from hand to hand of a line of men stationed for this purpose.

The heat was intense, and the workers on the roofs, in order that they might not be driven off, received a like drenching. The people in School Street, in great anxiety, were emptying their houses, carrying furniture and clothing into the streets, where it sometimes caught fire from the falling sparks. Mary joined her efforts to those of the Quinn family, in their removal. Hattie Vearen, in tearful excitement, played the part of a rural Cassandra prophesying a speedy decline of all the business interests of Stowe, and lamenting the want of enterprise, that found them without means of any kind to quell the fire.

The poor people expected to see their houses go at any moment, the sparks falling so thickly that the roof of the school-house was at one time in flames.

Bedding, mattrasses, furniture, crockery were passed from the windows of the burning hotel, and lay in broken heaps.

The alarm bell tolled, men shouted, women cried, children screamed; and to add to the confusion frightened horses, released from their stables, galloped about the streets.

Fortunately before the fire reached the new wing the wind changed to the north, and drove the flames into the park at the back of the hotel. The stable was closed, the horses led out at the rear, and there harnessed to large wagons, which were brought as near the hotel as possible, filled with the rescued furniture and driven to a safe distance. Those things already in flames were hurried to the pond, and there quenched.

The fire started in the roof, near the cupola, probably from a defective chimney; and in consequence, the people

were able to save a great deal, before the fire reached the lower stories.

On account of the change of the wind, both the bowling-alley and the stable caught, but the fire was slight and soon extinguished.

Mary has been down again this morning, and reports the village still in the greatest confusion; the hotel stable and the church crowded with the saved material, the people are too exhausted to collect their goods, that still line the streets. Despondency seems to have taken hold upon them; there seems to be a general impression that Stowe has received its death-blow, in respect of ever being a prosperous community. She met Churchill, who shaking his head despondingly said: "Robert will never come here again."

The village has a vastly different aspect. I walked out in the pasture again this morning. The group of trees, formerly in front of the hotel, are now first in view, scorched and blackened; limp carpets dangle before the houses; the whitened chimneys stand a little out of the general ruin of the hotel, still smouldering and smoking under a very dull and wintry sky.

Mummie has gone down to see Mrs. Gurney, the wife of the unfortunate proprietor.

I feel very sad at this untimely end of the old hotel; and I dare say you will also: It holds a very conspicuous part in the annals of the Taber family.

Mummie, who arrived just now, brings more news. She saw Mrs. and Miss Gurney, the latter ill in bed with a cold. From them she learned that Mr. Gurney's loss is very heavy, notwithstanding the insurance, which is rumored to be $40,000. The Gurney's personal property is disposed all over the town, some clothes etc. found scattered in the road, escaped from broken trunks.

The only guests left in the hotel were Mr. and Mrs. Van Wagner and Miss Crane, who took refuge at the Binghams; The Gurneys were taken in by Mrs. MacMahon. Mrs. Cady (you remember her, Mrs. Bingham's sister?) devoted herself throughout the day to making coffee, to revive the energies of the workers.

The villagers worked with great energy and courage, and fortunately, beyond some colds and cuts, no one was hurt.

Some French Canadians are said to have carried off a wagon load of wines and liquors, feloniously drinking and quaffing of the same, until prostrated by intoxication.

Are not these melancholy events? Well, farewell--
No more at present from

Yours,
E. M. T.

Love to Harry, Dorothea and Francis.
By the way, you remember the little carriage Dorothea used to be trundled about in? It was among the things saved.

Stowe,
Oct. 8th. 1889.

Dear Florence:

I enclose a very choice set of pictures, which I treasure dearly. I drew them off yesterday, with many chuckles. I wonder if you will think them as funny as I do? Robert would be amused by them, I think; if you think of it, and opportunity serves, show 'em to him.

.....Farewell

Yours
E. M. T.

Oct. 16, '89.

Dear Fanny:

We were very glad to get your letter, as not having heard from you for so long, we began to fear sickness or some disaster prevented your writing.

Mummie sends you her love; and is sorry to hear of the hard time you are having with your youngest.

I have a piece of news of a kind particularly to delight you: a member of the Taber family is engaged to be

married. Who do you think? No other than Sydney Richmond Taber, Esq., of Chicago, Att'n'y. at Law. Yes, sir (ma'am) I beg pardon). Miss Austin's hero finds his reward in a Miss Cox of Orange, N. J. I think the young lady has cause to rejoice.

Toby gave us a fright the other day. We went out driving and left him shut up in the house. Unfortunately Jessie (the cook) happened to open the front door; and Mr. Toby, spying his opportunity

SKETCH

dashed out, and started off up the road, in the hope of finding us. He ran across the pasture to the wood (where we often walk) pursued by Jessie and Mrs. Cobb, whose cries for assistance brought up the three hired men, at work in the fields. Not finding any trace of us in the wood, he starts back again, this time followed by the three hired men at their utmost speed, Mrs. Cobb and Jessie, with loud lamentations, bringing up the rear. He escaped his pursuers and disappeared down the road, in the direction of the village. A horse was hitched up, and Mrs. Cobb and Jessie drove franticly down the hill after him. In the village they learned that Mr. Toby had made his appearance, barking prodigiously and galloping about evidently in search of the hotel, which, for obvious reasons, he was unable to discover. Mr. Gurney, Mrs. Bingham, Mrs. Cady, Hattie Vearen and other children made successive attempts to capture him by speed and strategy, all unavailing. He a second time eluded pursuit; and when we returned from our drive, we were given the startling tidings of his escape, and the failure to recapture him. We drove homeward in some anxiety; but about midway on the hill, we found Mr. Toby sitting composedly on a water-bar, and great was the mutual satisfaction of the meeting.

He created the greatest excitement in the village; even the Gurney's parrot though caged, caught the infection and cried out, "Tobe, Tobe, Toby!" in an agitated voice.

I had a delightful letter from Joe yesterday: he comes home the last of November.

Do write me a nice long letter.

Love to all your family.
Yours
E. M. T.

Oct. 20, 1889.

Dear Fanny:

Still no letter from you: I hope you are well.

We have had the most delightful weather until today, which is dark and smoky. Blue skies have we had, and steady cold north winds. Behold me, still clinging to my straw hat, in my grantha Cantle, and an assortment of jerseys, my hair of a theatrical length, in personal appearance a perfect Ojibway-a half converted one.

SKETCH

The decree of banishment is still in force; the 14th of Nov. a cancelled date (it was then I hoped to be in New York, possibly by way of Worcester). We had thoughts of taking (if we could get it) Miss Brackett's for the winter, but Dr. Loomis says "No". Henry Holt went to him and explained the difference of the two situations, Cobb's and Miss B's.

The cold weather brings out some beautiful costumes. The French Canadians in particular wear most delightful weather-worn blues and browns, blouses and night-caps.

SKETCH, FRENCH-CANADIANS.

I am to stay here until Christmas. If I could persuade J. E. to come and see me, supplying him with a fur coat and a pair of snow shoes, this would be an agreeable prospect. It is pleasurable in any view.

Do you remember Cobb's? Such it is.

SKETCH OF COBB'S HOUSE.

And the upper window on the left is the window of my room:

Mummie inhabits one opposite, on the other side.

The woods are beginning to look cloudy and purple, the leaves are hurrying off so fast; and this is particularly trying to me just now, as I have had a little hut constructed from which I did hope, to paint a landscape, and rashly commenced the same when the autumn leaves were in the very height of fullness and color; and I now experience the pain of beholding my model wasting away before my eyes. Can note or my brush interpret its shrinking characteristics.

SKETCH

I really feel I shall have to wait over a year or paint a true winter picture.

Love to all.

Yours
E. M. T.

Stowe, Vt.
Oct. 26, 1889.

Dear Joe:

.....I am almost afraid you will not be able to come and see me, when you get home, because this climate is excessively cold, and requires a kind of Corin outfit, sheep-skin leggins and such. I have lately been investigating the winter costume of these regions, and I find it is something like this.

SKETCH

It is beginning to get cold already, snow has been hanging on the mountain since the last of Sept.; and we have had a very respectable snow-storm in the valley.

There is some hope of my going to New York at Christmas, which merry meeting, may God not prohibit!

I enjoyed your letter exceedingly. I feel almost culpably provincial, hearing of these bits of news from

foreign climes, and (as Mr. Stephenson has it) the Modern Bagdad.

The putting of H. Christian Andersen's "Snow Queen" into a little operetta does greatly tickle my fancy; I should have liked exceedingly to see it. It has inspired me with the notion of making some pen and ink drawings in illustration of the story.

I began a landscape a couple of weeks ago; and was beginning to get rather interested in it, when one night a great wind arose, and the following morning the scene was changed from full autumnal colors, to bare twigs.

I had a little house built to paint this picture from; and now this is to be transferred to another spot, and a more constant model: a very interesting old hemlock; a botanical rather than an artistic study, but one that pleases me.

I have also painted a portrait of Toby, which I want you to see very much, as I have reached a point of painful uncertainty respecting the next thing to be done.

I enclose you Arthur Carey's cards, which Bessie Evans sent Florence, and Florence me, having forgotten your address.

Forgive the extraordinary dullness of this letter; its a poor return for your very amusing one.

Yours

E. M. T.

Oct. 27 1889.

Dear Florence:

I have been intending to write you for some time; but the weather has been fine, and I have taken advantage of every morning and afternoon for painting and driving. The sudden departure of the leaves has put an end to the former pursuit, and now a rainy day occurs to prevent the latter, and so it happens I am a-writing to you.

You have evidently taken my Daniel Boon adventure too literally. These are the facts of the case: Daniel Boon, worsted in an encounter with an Indian, (the artful dodger

of the Choctaws probably) fled along an Indian trail, pursued by his enemy with remarkable velocity. A large tree divided this path, and behind it crouched a bear. The race was a close one; the extended tommahawk already tickled the flying tail of D. Boon's 'coon skin cap: they reached the tree almost simultaneously; D. B. took the right hand, the Indian the left, or vice versa. The pallor of the former's fear, must have revolted the bear, or for some other reason he considered the Indian the more digestible. At all events, as he rushed by, with uplifted tommahawk, the animal threw about him his detaining paws; and Daniel Boon pursued his way rejoicing.

I have written to J. E., enclosing the card. By the way, his address is not difficult to remember: Seligman Brothers, 3 Angel Court, London, E. C.

You say you don't agree with me in thinking Robert little changed, and but slightly older. You seem to consider him from an earlier period than I do: he has been a morilizer for many moons. You don't appear to have cultivated his acquaintance much, of late years.

I have greatly enjoyed the Punchs- I am to send them back, after looking them over, in tact. Bister Sargelt's picture of Henry Irving is I am sure, a beautiful caricature.

Joe comes home the last of next month; too late, I fear, for me to see him in Stowe. About that time I expect to present an appearance somewhat like this.

SKETCH

Love to all.

Yours
E. M. T.

Oct. 31, 1889.

Dear Florence:

.....Did I tell you I was going to have my little house, in which I paint, transferred to the

Gov's land? The move is accomplished; and the site chosen takes in in the foreground, a large hemlock, which is the principal feature of the picture.
Mummie is possessed with a desire to collect and exercise all the dogs of the neighborhood. Whenever she goes walking, she takes with her - Todo, Pete (who is now almost constantly at the farm) and the two puppies, Samo and Domino Jr.

SKETCH
"FALL MEETING OF THE LAMOILLE
COUNTY HOUNDS"
Mrs. C. C. Taber whipper-in.

We are still reading Chas. Reade with unabated energy. You might send any amusing novel you happen to meet with. Your last letter was very funny, the drawings, or one of them, a good portrait.

Yours
E. M. T.

November 14th. 1889.

Dear Florence:
.....The Pater sent up the trunk full of furs and books and rugs and jugs and candle-lights; but neglected to put in it Hans Andersen's volume of Fairy Stories that wh. includes the Snow Queen; and it is my firm belief that you have absconded with the same.
.....I am well, Mummie is well, Polly is well. Write me a good gossiping letter.

Yours
E. M. Taber.

This is the manner in which my new fur coat and hat envelope me. This is without exaggeration -

SKETCH

Nov. 18th. 1889.

Dear Florence:

Perhaps it would be necessary to make some change in the Dan'l Boone drawings in order to put 'em in the magazine; if so, I should not wish it done: perhaps I have put my initials in the corner, which, in the event of their publication, I should wish omitted. If they could go in as they are, without any change or retouching, and perfectly anonymously, I should not object to the St. Nicholas having them; and on these terms you may do as you see fit: give them to Mr. Buel, or not. I never looked for fame in the comic line.

Yours
E. M. T.

I signed this letter because I expected it would be necessary to hurry it off. Not so; And I have time for to say a word about your letter to me, which amused me very much; and is the kind of letter I like to get: the gossipy kind.

I could tell you of a delightful wintry drive we took yesterday, over snowy and frozen roads, away up into Nebraska Notch, which seems so remote and wild in this cold season: the trees on the hillsides standing against a background of snow; the bare rocky surfaces and all the lesser brooks and springs ice-coated; the cattle huddled in the farm yards, the farmers in nitted nightcaps, buffalo coats and sheep-skin leggings. Today has been warm; much of the snow is melted.

I am going to move a little kerosine stove into my painting hut, for my hands get so stiff, it is almost impossible to paint. My picture gets on marvellously slowly: I have been shifting my traps about, to take in several varieties of evergreens; and I expect to call the picture "Hemlock-spruce, Spruce, Fir and Pine". Do you think this too funny? It is to be a kind of botanical study. Your Pucks and Punches have not yet arrived: Perhaps they'll come tonight.

Write me again, when you feel like it.

Did you get a note from me asking for some drawing materials? I shall have to take to pen and ink drawing when

it gets too cold to work out of doors.

Yours

E. M. T.

Surprise of Lym'n, on unexpectedly meeting the Pater out sleighing.

Monday, Nov. 25, '89.

Dear Fanny:

How much I wish you were here; it would be great sport. Your husband seems to relish a rural life. The last letter you received from him, reached you, due to heroic self-sacrifice on my part. As it was late and inconvenient for other means of transmission, I allowed him to saddle my cherished Polly and ride down to the post-office to mail the note. Actually to impose a weight of 160 lbs. upon her delicate spine. I hope you appreciate this: I don't ride her myself for fear of injury to her growth. I passed a miserable half-hour; however, he returned her intact, not in sections as I feared.

I hear delightful stories of Dolly's sayings; she must be most cunning. And the other child has turned out a blonde after all, which she appeared so dark in early youth. .....My love to your very cunning eldest daughter: I don't know what to send to anything at once so solemn and capricious as a baby of Miss Francis's years.

Yours

E. M. T.

Nov. 29th.

Dear Mummie:

I hope the break in the daily delivery of my letters did not alarm you: I explained the reason of it in

my last.

We hitched Polly up in a sleigh this morning, and drove down to the village, and over the square drive. It was great fun, as she was quite fresh, not having been out the previous day. The shafts of the sleighs here are peculiarly arranged to admit of the horses' moving in the rut of the left runner,- so fashion: (Illustration) See?

This afternoon we have been trying the snow-shoes. We walked out to the sugar house: I rode home in the ox-sleigh, and Harry attempted to run home in the snow-shoes-- an effort that resulted in several headers

(Illustration)
(Harry attempts to run in snow-shoes)

Out of doors at twilight it looks so strange: the trees and the stone fence opposite are exceedingly dark against the dim expanse of the snow. On the grey stretches of Luce's hill and Sterling, the farm house lights twinkle with the effect of stars, the houses themselves at that distance being indistinguishable.

Harry appears at the window to inform me that the last calf is captured: Mr. Cobb has been for two days past, endeavoring to circumvent some calves that have been running loose in the pasture, and induce them to take up winter quarters in the barn, but for some reason they have become suspicious and wild, and the united efforts of Leon, Henry, Mr. Cobb, the red-night-capped Canadian, on foot and horseback, have failed, until now, to secure them.

Nov. 30th.

This morning the thermometer was at 17°; but as there was no wind, and as the sun shone, the air was almost summer-like. My fur coat felt opporessively hot, towards the latter part of our drive.

Yesterday, cavorting around with my spy-glass I saw some little Redpoll linnets, and this morning a flock of them flitted about for some time immediately outside the dining-room windows. .....We have spent most of the afternoon riding about on the ox-sleigh; - to the upper barn for straw; to the woods for firewood. This last expedition we made about sunset: You can imagine how beautiful it was:

a red glow behind the trees; and long blue shadows; a tinge of pink on Sterling and the mountains northward.

Harry came in a little while ago (it is now about 6 o'clock) with an icicle he broke from the eves of the barn. He measured it and found it about 2 and 1/2 feet long. It is clear moonlight tonight, and the thermometer is falling.

The Canadian with the red nightcap informed us that he had known it here as cold as 44° below zero. The part of Canada he came from, however, was colder he thought. He went on to extol the benefit of open air: He said he was poorly as a child; from 5 to 15 was "recruiting-up"; at his 16th year took to wood -- chopping, and ever since had been as "tough as a bar".

Dec. 1/89.

Dear Mummie:.....

We have come out in the most remarkable costumes during this cold weather. Harry gave Mrs. Cobb quite a start by suddenly appearing before her in a most fantastical rig. It was dusk; and he happened to open the parlor door just as she arrived before it, with the oil-tin for the student lamp. She gave a squeal of alarm, and jumped back, nearly upsetting the tin. I picture him as he appeared.

SKETCH

Why he should have bound his head up in a blue silk pocket handkerchief, I really can't say. Unaware of this episode, I made a sudden entry into the dining-room, when dinner was announced, in this hardly less eccentric get-up.

SKETCH

Love to all at 67th St.

Yours

E. M. T.

Dec. 5th. 1889.

Dear Mummie: .....

You can hardly imagine a more beautiful night: the air clear; no wind; and the moon almost full. Mt. Mansfield was white against the sky, but the other mountains had lost their outline. The stars hung very low over Hogback, and sparkled brilliantly. The snow on the meadow was like a smooth, hard, polished floor. I spent about half an hour walking up and down the ridge, without a sensation of cold, although I found on going home that the temperature was 1° above zero.

.....

Dec. 6th. 1889.

Dear Mummie:

Today out driving to Elmore woods and back again. Sleighing made much better by a few additional inches of powdery snow. I would greatly like to have some nice sleigh bells -- some that go "ting, ling" in different keys, at a decent interval;- not a string of jangling, wretched cowbells. It would be a great satisfaction to me to hear Polly shake herself, spring into a canter, while I exclaim melodramatically: "The bells, the bells"! If this is an expensive wish to gratify and requires harness, you need not attempt it.

It is mild; the wind has somewhat gone down: therm. 24°. I have been sitting on a sleigh in the stable yard, watching the moon rise, and also amusing myself by prowling around by the barn, the pond, and along the edge of the wood, greatly to the discomposure of Fawn's and Samo's nerves, who, seeing me stalking in the moonlight, set up the most discordant barking and howling, which being echoed loudly in the wood, sounds like a distant pack of wolves.

This is the full moon; and the light reflected from the snow, gives the brightness almost of day.

I am now debating whether or not to go for a little

moonlight jaunt in the sleigh.

I have given up wearing shoes: I find the sheep skin leggings turned inside out (wool-side-in) very warm and comfortable. When I go out I put my rubbers over them.

Dec. 7th.

The other day I rode down to the village on the wood sledge. It was rather fun. Although we had a chain on the runners, to serve as a break, the horses were pushed along at quite a lively pace, bucking and kicking in their endeavors to hold back the load. We went to the grist-mill for some corn-meal, and stopped also at Mr. Straw's to encourage him to finish the windows. Everybody had on the most delightful costumes. There was one old man at the mill, in an old seal-skin cap and a 'coon skin' coat, who was a very lovely specimen. Mr. Lovejoy (who runs the mill) came out to speak to Mr. Cobb, his rubicund countenance done up in a blue checked handkerchief.

Illustration "The little old gentleman in the 'coon skin' coat".

Illustration "Mr. Lovejoy the miller, congratulates Mr. Cobb on the quality of the corn".

Illustration "Mr. Cobb, his costume".

Dec. 8, '89.

Dear Mummie: .....

The Howell's book is very pure, unadulterated Howell's, isn't it? Its a humorous but uninspired point of view; it makes me melancholy. But I take the keenest delight in Hans Christian, his book. I feel it is what one ought never to be without; as essential, almost, as Shakespeare.

There is a little flock of blue jays continually around the grain house, tapping at the walls like wood-peckers, until the indignant squirrels burst out of the cracks

and crannies, and disperse them.....
E. M. T.

Polly misses her sugar. I gave her some, until in expectation of more she began snapping at me as soon as I went into the stall. Being chastised, she now conducts herself more reasonably. I have forgotten to take any more out to her of late, but she does not forget it, and sometimes, when I am harnessing her, she will arch her head over and brush my hand with her mouth, evidently as a gentle reminder.

Dec. 8th.

.....Notwithstanding the thaw, I managed to get a little sleigh-ride. This morning I went into the sugar-wood and sketched for an hour: The air was warm and balmy, very spring like; the mountains in a haze. The snow in the wood was crossed and recrossed by the prints of squirrels' feet.

Tell me something about Joe.
E. M. T.

Dec. 9th.

Dear Florence:

I must say I don't care very much for the verses you sent me. You are a very singular lady; you are one, to whom the most strange ideas occur. And although your poetry usually fails, through some defect of rhyme or metre, tottering or centipedal lines, or an obstinate adherence to some form of words or feeble adjective, (what Thayer calls "cherished touches"), yet there is generally an amusing and novel idea attached. I don't know that I succeed in catching it this time, however.

I was proud to receive the "Punch", which came the other day: It contains a very lovely music-hall song (don't you like 'em?): 'The Guardsman'-

By the way, if you want an uncanny set of verses, something in the style of those you sent me, why don't you read "The Lykewake Dirge" or Death-watch dirge, in Wm. Allingham's Ballard Book? For so simple a ditty, it seems to

possess considerable hair-lifting powers. Perhaps it may not affect you so: you ought to be sitting alone at night in a farm-house, the other inmates having gone to bed and the wind whistling and moaning outside, to properly appreciate it.
I liked your letter very much: I like to hear about little things like your encounter in the car.
That is the kind of thing that makes a city so attractive, and New York the most so of any. Being in New York is like having a free ticket to a Chinese-theatre, to a kind of drama that has no ending.

It has been thawing for two days; the snow is about all gone; but tonight it is cloudy and colder, and we look for more snow.

Love to all.

Yours
E. M. T.

Dec. 13, 1889.

Dear Mummie:

Do not be in a hurry to execute my last commission viz: a toque. It appears I can get one "in town", as they say.

I saw such a lovely one today, that has rather converted me from red to blue: one, dull brown in the band, and the crown the most lovely faded greeny-blue you can possibly imagine.

I have made a little modification of the late popular song, to sing to the "toqued" and picturesque Canadian. Thus:

Where did you get that cap?
Where did you get that "toque"? (pronounced "toc")
I think 'tis very nobby;
Upon it I am stuck:
I am bound to get one,
If I have any luck,
Where did you get that 'toque'?
Where <u>did</u> you get that toque?

Or, if his prejudice should lead him to prefer this pronunciation:

Where did you get that cap?
Where did you get that 'toque'? (pronounced 'toke')
I think 'tis very nobby;
'Tis fashion's latest stroke:
I am bound to have one,
If only for a joke:-
Where did you get that toque?
Where etc.--

Today a man came with a wagon full of fox, coon, sheep and other skins. It appears he goes around the country to collect what skins he may. He bought Henry's fox skins (5). Henry threw them over his shoulders, and ran down the hill to the county'clerk's office, to get the bounty on them, before delivering them to the purchaser. As he disappeared down the road, he seemed to have on a most beautiful coat of yellow fur. I thought-- too late-- what a beautiful carriage,- I mean sleigh robe could be made of foxes' skins, with the brushes flying. There is no skin, it seems to me, of so splendid a color.....

E. M. T.
Dec. 16th.

Dear Mummie:

I find I cannot get what I want in the village, so I must ask you to try in New York.

1st. The toque must be of wool
2d. this shape (sketch) not this (sketch)
You see the difference?

This is the real thing (sketch) This a base imitation (sketch).

The top must be blue (a nice dull blue), the band black.-- no stripes, which have a vulgar, base-ball, athletic association. If you cannot get one with a black band, get one all blue. But this kind of a blue. (sketch). The 'toque' is historic and should be treated seriously.....