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Correspondence, W.E.W. 1868-1873

WARE MC4

**GRAND
MUSICAL FESTIVAL**

THE SECOND REGULAR TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL
—OF THE—

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY

—WILL BE HELD IN THE—
BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

during the second week of MAY, commencing on TUESDAY, the 9th, and closing on SUNDAY EVENING, the 14th, with a CHORUS of more than

SEVEN HUNDRED VOICES

and an ORCHESTRA of

ONE HUNDRED MUSICIANS,

together with

THE GREAT ORGAN,

B. J. LANG, Organist.

Madame E. RUDERSDORFF

and

Mr. WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS,

two of the most eminent of London Oratorio Singers, are engaged; together with some of our own celebrated Vocalists, among whom are

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS

and

Mr. MYRON W. WHITNEY,

forming the best Quartette of Singers that has ever appeared in Oratorio in this country.

Engagements are pending with other artists, the names of whom will be duly announced.

The Festival will open on TUESDAY, May 9, at 3 o'clock P. M., with the following

PROGRAMME:

Nicolai's Festival Overture.

Part-song—"Farewell to the Forest"—for full chorus, unaccompanied.....Mendelssohn

The Hallelujah Chorus from the "Mount of Olives," Beethoven

Hymn of Praise.....Mendelssohn

To be followed by

The Elijah on WEDNESDAY EVENING.

"**Israel in Egypt** on THURSDAY EVENING.

"**Ninth or Choral Symphony of Beethoven** on FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

Selections from the St. Matthew Passion Music (first time).....J. S. Bach

And

The Woman of Samaria, (first time.)
by Sterndale Bennett, on SATURDAY EVENING.

THE MESSIAH on SUNDAY EVENING.
CLOSE OF THE FESTIVAL.

Orchestral and Vocal Concerts will be given on the afternoon of each day during the week.

CARL ZERRAHN.....Conductor

SEASON TICKETS, admitting to all the Concerts and Oratorios, nine in number, during the Festival, the price of which has been fixed at \$15, with secured seats, will be for sale on WEDNESDAY MORNING, April 19, at the BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

GENERAL ADMISSION, to all Concerts and Oratorios, ONE DOLLAR EACH, with ONE DOLLAR and TWO DOLLARS extra, according to location, for secured seats for the opening day and for the Oratorios.

For the remaining afternoon Concerts the extra charge for secured seats will be FIFTY CENTS and ONE DOLLAR, according to location.

SINGLE TICKETS to either of the performances will be for sale at the Hall on and after WEDNESDAY, the 26th.

at 7 1/2 LORING B. BARNES, Secretary.

Dear Emma.

Yesterday was a day of disappointments. In the first place the steamer was full & my pass had to wait a fortnight in Liverpool. Everything had been done except to speak a berth for it in the Commodore. Of course it never had been so full before. Then none of John's company came. He had thought Helen had managed it, & she he. Mr. Mrs. Mansson & two girls were all, besides C. H. & J. W. W. W., the first ordered from Smith went to the Clifton House. But this cancelled for the lack of guests. Finally at 7 p.m. the things arrived, and the Rogerses next door, & we three made as hilarious a row as we could, & really had quite a jollification.

So I shall have to be here the last half of the month after all. I

Shall try to get away for a
week on Friday or Saturday.

All previous orders are
hereby countermanded.

Yours affectionately
M. Ward.

Sept. 1. 1866.

Lang
—
Friday
—



Friday.

Dear Mamma -

I had promised myself the pleasure of calling on you today, but have to go to Cambridge in stead. I shall be at on Monday.

Mrs Munnie is at Milton for two nights, & Lucy & Lizzie Allen for tonight. I go to Bravelly to spend Sunday at Penitents.

Nothing has given me so much pleasure for a long time as the

Lang's visit. Not that I enjoyed their
visit very much, after all, as I was
mostly away & did not happen to be
at home at any of the particularly
significant moments. But people
are much nicer than anything about
them, and the natural man much
better than his accomplishments & per-
formances. It is delightful to have
come in contact with people who seem-
ed to be bringing ^{out} their own best natures.
Specially when that is such a fine one.
But fine qualities are not so rare.
What is uncommon is so full and
so simple a life, like a flower.

Yours affectionately W. H. W.

1868? 1891

Dear Emma

I send this line along with Fred's. He speaks with a certain dis-
dain of Annie's being tired or need-
ing relief, and though it will be
a good thing to have them children
in Milton when you do get back,
I don't think there is any reason for
taking that into consideration in making
your plans.

Charley says something of Miss Jack-
son's coming with you. That would be
charming.

Had a matinee this a.m.
W. Hunt & his class, Mrs Perkins &
Miss Bowen, and Miss Cushman, who
was lonely. W. Hunt approved of the
freeze altogether. Did I tell you that
they are going to camp it all
round the lake.

I have taken a place at a

boarding-house. latter in Archibutean Place,
and are very comfortable. It is less
expensive than the new-made state, &
gets me up earlier in the morning.
I am training for Milton Road.

Wednesday I am going to a
tea fight at Miss Whiston's to meet
Mrs. Charles Ware, wherever they
may be. Yesterday I walked out to
Mrs. Cabots to see some water-colors,
but did not stop at Brookline as I
was forewarned that they were to go away.
Will & Arthur were there.

I begin to hanker after vacation—
as if that did any good— but am in
better care than of late.

Your affectionate
M. Ware.

I was at Louie Shaw's on Saturday. She
is very nicely, & goes to New York, &
thence to Staten Island, on Friday, to
stay there till she sails. Miss Schuyler
said she was going to write to Harriet.

2 PEMBERTON SQUARE,

Boston, 187 .

Bar Harbor

Mt Desert Island

Sunday Sept. 29.

1872.

Dear Emma -

In spite of my somewhat
 brutal response to your "intimation",
 as they say in Scotland, I had no
 notion of not acceding to the sug-
 gestion and vending a nice ex-
 cursion to show what had become
 of me. This is the chance of my
 days since Friday p.m. Ecco!

I found S.B.V. at the Eastern
 Station whither I ran in a pouring
 rain from my office, two coaches
 that I met refusing to take me.
 The splendor of a palace-car consoled

me for all these petty griefs. A table
 was soon spread on which I wrote letters,
 as is my wont on leaving home, Parthenia
 wrote, until near midnight, while James
 read his Nation opposite, and finally, fired
 by my example, also wrote a line. All
 these I mailed at Portland and then
 slept the sleep of the just until we arrived
 at Barreque at about 7.30 o'clock. The
 clearing weather that had been predicted
 duly came off and after a promenade
 through the town and a goodish breakfast
 we set off on top of the coach for a lovely
 drive of six or seven hours across country
 to Ellsworth. At breakfast I entertained
 a lovely youth who sat near us, and who
 looked like an English boy, by telling James
 the story of the Monkey and the Parrot. The
 twinkle in the fellow's dextre brava yeux, too
 civil to laugh outright, was my reward for
 thus showing hospitality to a stranger. In
 any way we had a delicious dinner. From
 Ellsworth we came to Somes's Sound, a

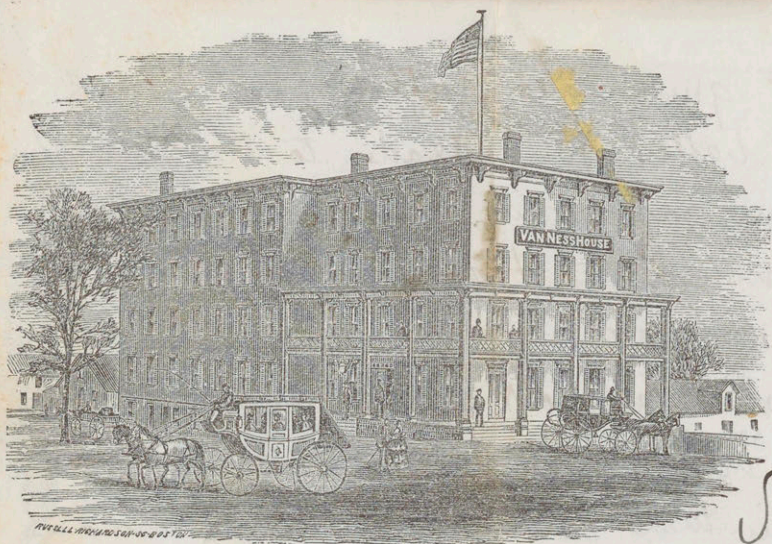
I am sorry to miss so much of your winter visit.

Drive of 15 miles in an open wagon partly after dark, but with three moon-
rains before us all the way. A homestead
inn with a bright fire and good supper
reclined us cold tired and hungry at
about half past seven. Soon after tea
we were overtaken by the sleep of
the first, ^{just} ^{as before.} the weather was lovely.

Today we were neither of us in
tip top case, but have had a very
good day notwithstanding, taking two
men to row us down the Sound in
the morning five or six miles, a
narrow harbor something like Lake George,
with a fine cascade falling into the
salt sea, an expedition on which
I left coming home, and which was
well devised for persons a little out of
condition. This p.m. we were in bet-
ter case and taking a wagon came
across the island as far as the large

mountain, sent it on hither with
our things, while we went up to the
top + walked to our destined haven.
It made about 6 miles walk I should
think and quite wet as up. The view
from the top is unequalled, a great lake
full of islands all around bounded
by the mainland on the north and on
the south by the great plain of the ocean.
It is immensely imposing and very beau-
tiful - unique too for one never sees the
sea from such a height, nearly 2000 feet.
It was of the most lovely of all colors, and
presently we had a sunset of purple
and gold. It has been a very successful
day. A line a telegram to the Bangs
House, Bangs, I shall find there on Wed-
nesday p.m. ^{if there is occasion to write.} James will be in Boston on
Thursday but I shall stay away till Mon-
day, probably at Conway.

Your affectionate M. P. Ware—



VAN NESS HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, VT.
D. C. BARBER & CO.
Proprietors.

Sunday.

Dear Emma.

Instead of spending the night at Keeseville you will have to come to Burlington. There is no means of getting over from the west side of the lake in the morning in time for the 8.10 train. The noon train does not get in to Boston until midnight.

In this case you can go to Keeseville to tea and take the evening coach to Port Kent to meet the night boat. Arrived at Burlington come to this house, where Mr Barber will be expecting you. But as the night boat is apt to be late, and waiting at Port Kent disagreeable, and as at any rate the boat leaves

Pat Kent quite late, after 9, I think
you had better go instead to Plattsburgh,
where you can wait comfortably at
the Cumberland House or at Fouquet's
until the boat is in sight, and if it is
late, as it almost always is, that
will be better than waiting on the pier.
They say that with houses so command
the Lake that it is not necessary to
start until the boat is in sight.

In any case telegraph to Remun-
ton Sq. & I will meet you in Boston.

I left Edward on the road, going
back after my sketch-book which I had lost.
Then there proved to be no Saturday night
boat & I had to spend Sunday here.
But I have had a fine time, walking
about for a couple of days, as I
will describe to you.

Yours affectionately
W. Ware.

Arthur was in today, much de-
siring you at home again. Will
I have not seen for ten days.
I have been hoping for a
space evening to get to
Manchester or Brookline, but
last night was my only chance
& I had a lecture to get up.
It turned out to be a pretty
good one, so I didn't mind.
Hal Lee is going abroad. No
news from Uncle Charles since
March 28.

Love to John & Helen & the
children from your affectionate
W. W. Ware.

Thursday. Apr. 20
1841.

Dear Anne

I enclose a letter that
has come from Milton. To-
day also came Harriet's
to me from Baltimore for
which I am obliged. It
would be lovely to have
Frank at Milton, & lovely
to be there ourselves, though
I do not believe in surely
May, and should be well
pleased if you tarried for
a few days at Saugusburgh

on your way home.

I am still in Bowdoin Street, very comfortable, and not expensive. I paid up and just dues by successive instalments & no mention was made of extra days. I have today gone to a lodging house near at hand for my meals, having so far dined at the Club & broken my fast morning & night in a somewhat irregular & sporadic manner. In the evening I follow my usual ways but think I am ex-

pected at two parties tonight (Mrs. Scott Chase & Miss Ernestus Bigelow) besides Club, to which I shall not go, my dissipation's have been few, only a quiet evening at Miss Scree's & a small party at Miss Ashburner's of which I spoke. But there have been a series of grand parties of great splendour in aid of the Art Museum, Mr Matthews, Mr Kipper, Mr J. S. Warren, (whose home, where W.B. fixed up, is the handsomest thing I ever saw) & next week Mr Mudge. At Mr Warren's I made a few remarks & got off very well, though much scarce, never having spoken in public & to a miscellaneous company.

July 10

1893



got accomplished this year. So this day among the mountains, a perfect Sunday, so cool, so calm, so bright, was specially acceptable.

Thursday I walked up here, sixteen or twenty miles, taking it easily, and accepting a lift of three or four miles this side of Lampton. Then I took a bath in the river and as it was rather warm performed the rest of the road in my flannels, so to speak, carrying my proper clothes & my white shirt in a bundle dangling to the handle of my umbrella. This is a capital walking costume, as I have often proved in unfrequented paths, and quite safe here, as there were absolutely no inhabitants. I arrived, after a tuck in the ham, at about five o'clock, cool & fresh, quite dry indeed and even unwilted, which surprised my hospitable entertainers. Tomorrow, Friday, is the last day of my visit which has been very pleasant, one day of rest & slumber, one of mountain climbing, one of sketching and rain. Tomorrow is to witness an operation. The party consists of Mrs. Sparks & her three daughters, with my colleague Pickering who is engaged to Miss Lizzie. I suppose it is on his account that I am invited, & I am very glad to see him in this sort of way.

It is too ridiculous to think of you all in England. I trust this morn, with its "long fibres" is unclouded in these skies. Saturday's paper reported you at Queenstun. So glad. Give my love to Miss Shepherd as well as to Stanier & Lizzie & Charley & the boys.
Love yours most affectionately
M.W.

Waterville . N.H. July. 10. 1873.

Dear Emma -

I wrote a line to Charley a week ago, on the tenth of July, namely, to write me only a line and I did not send it. Accordingly it is a fortnight since you have had a line from me, which is rather heartless. This marks the end of the third week, altogether.

As to history, or chronicle, it is easily written. Commencement week, indeed, I think I spoke of, and my spending the night at Baskin's, charmingly. The next was Fourth of July week. I began it with lying in bed all Sunday with a head-ache, but I got out at sunset, and sat an hour in the Public Garden, serene & convalescent. Then finding Mr. Ellis at home prevented my sad case & he prescribed Bismuth & Milk, taken alternately for three days. No head. I objected on the score of a certain biliousness, but he said milk was not considered bilious nowadays.

This Sparks sends kind regards.

I had a mighty economical time carrying out this scheme, astonishing purveyors in all parts of the town by going in & drinking huge bowls of milk at unexpected hours. "No, no head". It suited my views exactly, as I agree with Dr Bourn-Bignard that man is an animal that requires food every two hours. I may say that I found the milk very nice every where, fresh and unskimmed, especially good at Rusling Station. I got quite right my room, but think I shall continue the regimen, in moderation, from time to time. In the course of the week I spent a night at Milton, a night at Swampscott & a night at St Paul's School. I found our neighbors, so to speak, quite domesticated. Moreover, in spite of continued drizzle, the will-spring, as I call it in my humorous way, was still running. Billy Thayer is quite well again. It was Thursday that I was at John's, and he was in the final distresses of his condition, which by the way I want to bear the next day. It was first-rate, a trifle vermiformizing, but otherwise well put, and had the real oratorical fervor, which is a fine thing. I made my party call on Mrs. James Lawrence, rather at John's suggestion, as he thought Mr Lawrence would miss his accustomed visit. It was a piteous spectacle, but I was glad I went,

and shall make a point of going again. After the visit I spent my 4th packing & getting ready and started Saturday morning for this remote spot.

It happened on a class day that I brought myself to call on Mrs. Sparks and that she proposed to have me come and make her a visit at this place. Sure enough came a line last week bidding me on Saturday for a week. It happened however that affairs at St Paul's kept me at Concord all day so that I had my Sunday at Plymouth, coming up here on Monday. It was just as well, on the whole, or better, as I got Atwood to come along in a later train and we had a lovely Sunday together, walking and talking all day long, going away round over Prospect Mountain to Blair's & thence nearly up to Sauborn's, to the famous view of the Franciscans. In the evening he helped me with some drawings I had to send down to Concord, so that the whole undertaking was a great success. Nothing gives me so much pleasure as the kindly & friendly relation I manage to keep up with so many of my boys, Stearns & Mrs. Tilden, & Chandler, & Peabody & one or two more, especially, but I get more personal comfort & satisfaction out of Atwood than out of any of them, and I think he cares more about me than any of the rest of them do. We have been trying to get a vacation together ever since our horse-back journey two years ago, but have not managed it, and I am afraid it will hardly

will enough to do things without needing
 the stimulus of actual haste, so that I
 get along without the wear and tear of hurry.
 To be sure I work a little jocularly, and
 may wake up some day and find I have
 been dozing, but I hope not. I am still in
 the preliminaries also, getting ready, putting
 things in order and doing accounts, and
 I have often found that my opportunities
 were entirely consumed in this sort of work,
 and nothing really accomplished. But I
 have still six weeks before me, at least, and
 my things are almost fixed already, so I
 am still hopeful. Moreover I find it of
 course perfectly practicable to get to
 work by eight o'clock, and this antici-
 pation of the rest of the world by an
 hour is wonderfully restful and quieting,
 - stimulating, also, and full of hope.
 So my sagely anticipated opportunities
 seem really to be fulfilling their promise,
 and I am very much contented therewith.
 If I can really manage to get my

The long follows are in England - Barings, & must to be seen from you.

how much
 this conference is -
 Boston
 Tuesday
 to
 after, I believe,

July 17. 1873.

Thursday -

now since you reached Queenstown
 I am hoping for letters every
 minute. Meanwhile I will send
 you this line - no I will wait.
 I have written twenty-five letters
 yesterday and today, and good
 long ones some of them, and have
 no more write in me. You must
 wait a day or two.

July 21. Monday.

The letters arrived Friday morning,
 all at once, the Queenstown and Limerick
 ones together. The voyage seemed
 to have been a marvel of comfort
 and pleasure. I never heard of such
 another -

Since I wrote from Wheelers Watermill I have finished my visit and returned to these Launts. It was quite a success in every way. My hostesses, so to speak, were very kind & pleasant and I was particularly glad to have this chance to see Pickering who is an extremely nice fellow whom I have had little opportunity of knowing. He and I walked back to Plymouth of a Saturday, making such good time that when we got to Blair's there was an hour to spare which we improved to ride up to Sauborn's and see the Franconia hills. Nevertheless we got to Plymouth in ample time for the one o'clock train.

This brought me to the Lake which I spent the afternoon in traversing backwards and forwards & Walfrons struck before proceeding to Centre Harbor which was my desired haire. I had not really been ^{to the lake} since 1858, when we made our memorable circuit from Whitefield to Conway. I never saw the scene

more lovely than on Saturday, with a view of Mt Washington I had quite forgotten, looming distant and grand between the nearer hills. The Sunday was a great success, lasting till Monday noon, & devoted to note-books and cogitations preparatory to my Summer's work. There is nothing like the serenity & solitude of an inn for such things, supplemented by lonely hill tops. In the p.m. I went up Red Hill, where I was well lauded by a loose horse, accompanied by Thayer, the anti-text, whom I found in the house. So to amend the next night and home Tuesday stopping to dine at Winchester to hear the journey. It was lovely there, in the middle of a hot day.

This little jaunt has quite made me over and I come to myself in wonderfully good condition for the Summer campaign. The conditions of my life are favorable too, and for once I find myself working with a certain sense of freedom and leisure that is delightful, and strong, and

that I have been having a fortnight's war with
the Building Committee of the Institute, they in-
sisting that I should take the new building in
hand as professor of architecture, and I that I
would not do the work unless it was
brought into the office. It was a regular tummy,
as courteous and polite as possible, they friend-
ly grew to affectionateness, and I the road of
honour. We finally, by mutual concessions got
it down to ^{the} point that the work should be done
at the office & the only question was as to the re-
cognition the office should receive. You should see the
note I dispatched on that subject. I re-wrote it
three times, and went so far as to say that if
they would do what I thought proper, I should
appeal to the Government of the Institute. It was a
point of honour & I could not yield it, so when they asked
me, in private & confidentially, what I should do if
the Government sustained them, I had to say I should
write. I would not see people in any capacity who
insisted on conditions that I could not properly accept.
This was getting interesting, but of course they could not
say anything to that. So I had my way. I have re-
lated enjoyed it, though it has engrossed my mind
so much as to be a serious interruption of other work.
But I do not often encounter my fellow creatures with
the lance, and am better for the exercise. Yours aff. W.R.W.

[50 Aug 1873]

She was a little tired when we got back, but
it was a great and brilliant success, and she
was greatly pleased & gratified. Dr. Philip ex-
pressed his sense of the situation by saying to
me, confidentially, that I was a perfect angel.
A queerer man never lived. I stayed to dine
at Mrs. Rand's and in the evening read over
Mrs. Carpenter's letter on American Poisons with
her, criticising her style quite mercilessly and
so as to give her a surprised and admiring
sense of my literary acumen. The next day
I saw her off in the company's tug from Tubarf,
Dr. Philip going down the harbour with her. She
went off at last in excellent case, quite cheered
up and was to the last as stupendous as ever,
and more and more admirable and lovely.

That night I spent at Mrs. Spring's in Be-
verly to meet the Dr. & Schuyler, who sent all
sorts of congratulations to you & Emma. The next
Sunday also I was there, at Mrs. Cabot's, very
pleasantly, with a picnic Saturday night on
Little Misery, and a nice walk Sunday.
Thursday of the next week I had occasion
to go to Providence, & coming back walked
over from Providence to Milton, & spent the

night at John Boncompagni's. The children were at Newport, and he was not himself very well, but he seemed self-luminous and serene as usual, though it was enough to make me wish to see him so alone. I did not get to our house this time, where by the way nobody can tell where to find the keys of the trunks, so that I have not been able to get the keys for Louisa.

Saturday I went to Brookline and took tea with Mrs. Parody & Miss Annie, looking over their Santa Cruz drawings, and afterwards made a call at Mr. Rogers's. He & Miss Annette were going on Monday to join the four Schuylers & Miss Cabot at Parikur, for another Adirondack expedition. He asked me to go, but I could not, as Aunt Murt was taking his vacation, I'm happy to say, at Mr. Deser's. She actually made him stay away four weeks. When he comes back I am going down to "Mrs. J. B. Thayer's sea-side cottage," as the advertisement calls it. I told Mr. Rogers about the Choona House. The previous Monday I had been to Mrs. Child's to tea, who was as young & lovely as ever. So you see I am not without social converse.

Sunday I was in town, going out to tea

with Louisa & Mary, where I encountered Helen Blake, who had come on to see them. By a happy inspiration it occurred to me to invite them to drive over to Winchester, & this was accomplished on the Tuesday, William Allen happening along to go with us. It was a little east-windy, but in the main it was a prosperous expedition. They seem pretty well, but are beginning to feel the effects of the climate, and I think they will be back in Germany again before you come home.

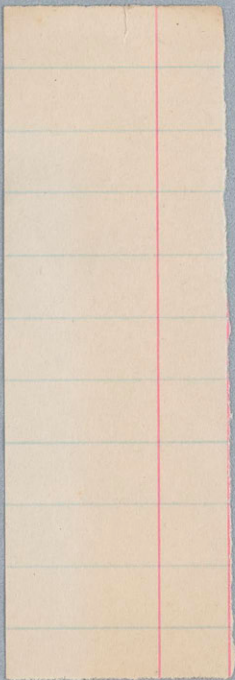
Last Sunday I was at Newport, at Mr. Philbrick's. We had a lovely drive of twelve or fifteen miles in the morning, visiting his new house, which is all plastered, and walking along the cliffs at night to the tune of a crimson sky. Later we sat admiring the evening lights, of which the latest joke is that the wind blows them not as fast as the moon ^{can} light them. In the afternoon we made a call on Mr. & Mrs. Rogers, who were both well & charming, as is their house.

This brings down my chronicle to this date, & the only other thing to mention is

1873

Aug. 20.

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was well that I did, for I found her & Dr. Carpenter all through with their packing, and just going off to Cambridge on their own account, with a sort of despair, having just learned at my office that I was not expected till morning. I think I never had a more enthusiastic welcome. Indeed Dr Carpenter told me afterwards that she had been in such a state of despondency, feeling so solitary and unhappy, and quite upset at the thought of the desolate life before her in Bristol, that he had had to get up this expedition just to divert her mind. So you may believe that I came just in the nick of time. Miss Carpenter was charmed at my craft and guile in pretending still to be away so that I might devote the day to her, her spirits returned, and we had a delightful & perfectly successful afternoon. She was delighted with the college grounds, quite surprised to find that it was a literary institution, never having heard of anything but the Divinity School, quite excited by Dr. Lyman's Museum (we did not go to Mr Agassiz's,) and full of wonder at the Memorial Hall. We walked down as far as our house, and I picked some bits of smoke tree and silver-poplar for her.

Boston, August 20. 1873.

Dear Annie -

It seems so long since I wrote to Emma that I am not surprised, looking in my memorandum book, to find that it is a good four weeks. Let it go at first, but I may truly say that every evening for the last fortnight I have tried to get through what I had to do in time to inscribe a line. Now I am sitting at Alwood's table, in Spruce Street, my own apartment as you may remember not being big enough for epistolary conveniences. It is very nice having him in the house. It makes in a sort of home, to have somebody glad to see me.

My summer in town is a great success, I never was so well or so well-entitled with my mode of life. To be sure I work more hours a day than before, but having more hours I work more leisurely and am not hurried and do not get tired. I often get to my office by eight o'clock and it is generally 10 or 11 when I leave it, but I take things quietly, and often get a nap when other people go off, just when I

should otherwise be on my way to Milton. I
breakfast on bread and milk, dine in stall
and take head-butter,iced-tea, and an ice-
cream to my supper. It is a modest and
inexpensive life, & I much enjoy it. As to
health I never had so pleasing a conscious-
ness of being in good condition, and if I feel
the least bit tired, especially in my head, I
stop and take a nap. I have discovered a
new luxury, that of dressing at leisure. It
is so agreeable that I hasten out of bed to
enjoy it. Then I have taken it into my head
to stand up straight and get the crook out
of my neck. To this end I sleep without a pil-
low, as upon a back-board, and my figure as
I cross the crumpled recals that of Eleonora.
I have got so far already that I can strain
myself up to the greater attainable altitude,
(or azimuth, I forget which is which,) and not feel
at all uncomfortable. I hardly recognize
my own shadow, which was one of my earliest
friends, and most admired, and casual acquaint-
ances pass me in the street without respect-
ing who it is. Others to be sure protest that
they cannot see any change, but you can
judge how true that is likely to be.

Four weeks implies four Sundays, of which
the first I spent at Naushon, going down on
Friday & returning Monday, two delightful days
with Alice & the Agassizes in the woods, breakfast
with Charles Dix at his camp, and sundry walks
and rows. The island was even more lovely and
unique than I remembered it, & I think I dis-
covered the secret of its being, or of its being so.
It is that the wetted soil gives no nourish-
ment to the tangled undergrowth which fills the
New Hampshire forests, while the trees grow so
slowly that they are full of knots & gnarls and
every picturesqueness. This was the Sunday Miss
Carpenter was in Boston, but as she had her
mother here and was altogether given over to pack-
ing, I left her without much scruple. Miss Lizie
Petnam had her to tea & showed her the First
Church. She spent these days very comfortably
at Mrs. Rand's, Miss Dix insisting on paying
the bills. I had proposed going to Cambridge
on the Monday afternoon but she had been a
little indifferent about it, so it was given up.
Still, with a disposition to keep the time free,
I had left word in Pemberton Square that I
should not be back till Tuesday, and it

and, so to speak, with their eyes open, they
would still be completely turned in, would
rise with the land and go to bed with the
same. I myself, in a small way, have be-
come a model of punctuality by keeping
my watch ten minutes ahead.

We spent our last evening at Waterville
writing accounts, or rather ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~last~~ ^{last} ~~day~~,
for after putting the car up to it I stably
bounced out. After I got home Mrs. Sparks sent
me the following, with a black cravat which
I had dropped in my walk down. I may
promise that we became very good friends
during my stay and were in the way of heal-
ing every new point of agreement as "another
lie!" But I anticipate.

Charmed hour! The sea forsakes the honied fair,
Returning wings thrill softly on the air,
And flings the sun his last coquettish smile,
Various, from flower, mound, peak & peak, the while—
And must I grieve even now, with sobbing sigh,
The best of all that bound thee here and
darkest lie!

Pretty good from an ancient belle. But I
doubt whether she was ever so kind to me as
now. Farewell, love to all, & to all old friends.

Your affectionate
W.P.W.

[17 July 1873]

Winter's work well prepared before school
begins, wholly arranged and settled and half
done, it will seem like the beginning of
a rational mode of life. I do hope it
will prove so for I have certainly been lead-
ing a miserable existence.

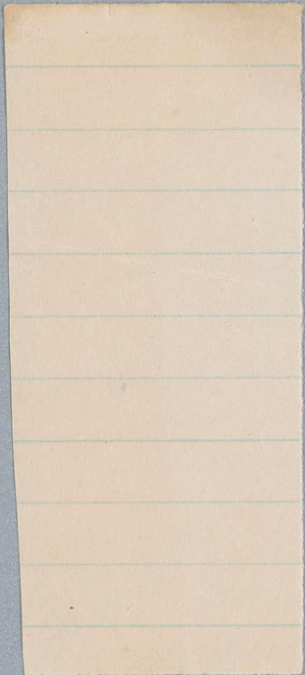
So far town has not been hot. I ad-
here to my milk diet, & bread & molasses diet,
for breakfast, dine as usual, and pretty
well, and go in for iced tea, bread & butter
& ice-cream for tea. Bye bye I shall go
to a boarding house for my meals. I
am at the school from 8 to 12 and in
the office the rest of the day, and so far
have done more or less writing (as at
present) or ciphering in the evening. Early
to bed is my motto, and I keep to it whenever
I feel the least bit tired. Early to rise comes
of itself, in that case. There is nobody in
town, but I don't miss 'em. Dr. August Van
Buren is going to Fort Brant and I am
to go down to James Thayer's in September.
The climate of Waterville is very red

compare. I verily believe there is not such
a one in the world. In the first place the
mornings are cool and fresh quite on into the
middle of the day. It does not begin to be
warm until two or three o'clock, just when
all the world is turning its nap. The after-
noons, out of the woods, are apt to be warm-
ish, but this is more than made up by the
long and delightful evenings and marvellous
twilight. The sun does not set until very late
so that even in August and September, which
you know are generally troublesome in that
respect, there is plenty of time for long
drives and walks after tea. In summer
the light hangs along as in the north of
England or Scotland quite till bed time. On
the other hand there are none of those
odious long dawdles with noisy birds, wa-
king the sleepers with the unseasonable
sunrises and their din at five o'clock
in the morning, a disturbance to which
I have been unusually sensitive this
summer. The sun does not begin to rise


till six or seven o'clock even in the
longest days. Altogether it is the most
satisfying arrangement possible and
when it is found out the place will be
thronged. This is not indeed as yet the actu-
al Waterville, but the Waterville of the future
which I expounded to Pickering on our way
to Plymouth. He agreed that it was perfectly
practicable and that it would be like
another paradise. Do you ask as he did
how all these wonders are to be brought about.
Just by keeping all the clocks and watches
two or three hours a-head, so that man-
kind might run their daily round a little
in advance of the celestial cruiser. The
white Gaeley, ^{who is to mend his fortune out of the candles he saves,} is to capture the watches of
new arrivals and subject them to this sim-
ple but novel adjustment, or, this fudging,
is to impute an apparent loss of time to
difference of latitude. I verily believe, so are
we the fools of habit, that if a party of
travellers, a little off the beaten track, should
play this little game for themselves, wretchedly,

1873.

Aug. 27



or indeed half a million, as in this case, blown
into the air like a bubble, and yet no bubble
but solid brick and stone, and great ship timbers
languishing about in space, huge and vast, — why
no anticipation can begin to realize the im-
pression of the reality — I mean the impression that
the realness of it makes. One's own part in it
seems so trivial that it hardly counts. I am
one I enjoyed and admired in this afternoon
and was as much impressed and taken aback,
as if I had been an utter stranger — none so,
for I was of course in a receptive or, so to say,
sympathetic frame. To be sure I noticed three
mistakes, or a flaw, but what of that. Do you
want to know what they were. Well, the ceiling
is too blue, as I have feared it would be. Then the
panelling below the picture-space all round is not
high enough by a couple of feet, and looks in-
significant. Then the main cross-beam is too heavy,
and the braces beneath it too high.



But those are nothing. The affair is
something unequalled. You see it is twenty
feet wide & sixty feet longer than the lar-
gest halls at Oxford or Cambridge, and
though Westminster Hall is a little wider &
much longer, the richness & freshness of the co-

Ms. Edwards writes that one of her notices children
she will probably be on the continent
is threatened with blindness, and that

Boston. Wednesday, Aug. 27. 1873.

Dear Emma —

Your long and excellent letter
arrived at this port on Monday, and though
I had him no true friend who when one
has discharged his epistolary obligations im-
mediately sits down and responds, so as to
leave one never free from that dull care,
still as one are not on these terms, and
all our writing is understood beforehand
to be of grace and pure goodness, I
write at once on this rejoinder.

Do not know what it is unless
it is goodness or affection or some such
fine quality that sets me off; for certainly
by the events of the past week have not
called for any speedy chronicle. Now have
my thoughts or feelings been particularly
remarkable. At this moment I have
come in from Cambridge where I went
to take tea with Dr. Walker. But as
he had apparently had his tea in the
middle of the afternoon, the conversation was

only partially successful. The action was as
wise and wisely as ever, and preternaturally
sagacious, a word that reminds me of what
de Bona said of him hearing that Mr Hunt
had likened him to an elephant, ~~with~~, "Yes,
and he picks up an apple with just the
same solemnity that he would an ox." The
only note-worthy remark he made however
was in regard to the danger of getting me
away with, in extemporaneous discourse:-

"What one needs to commit to memory is
the things he is not to say." While I
was there the following graceful thought
found its way into my mind, that I
would come in state in a coach, and
show him the inside of the Memorial Hall.
He had just been saying that if he
ever appeared in public again it would
be when the Alumni dined there for
the first time. I vowed, solemnly, that
that was part of the programme, and
indeed it is, and it was there that this
inspiration of which I speak illumined

my intellectual being.

So much for the immediate or proximate
cause, but the true occasion, or causa causans,
was that only this week has the staying which
for a couple of years has filled the hall been
taken down, and on my way to the Br's I
had stopped and had my first look at these
splendors. The effect is really stupendous, and
I was ^{still} quite excited about it when I got to
^{and naturally wanted to show it to him.}
my host's door, "Such height, such length, such
breadth, such color such graceful and command-
ing form, I was quite penetrated. People are
always saying, in a stupid practical way, how
melancholy it must be to have the reality
always so far from that of one's intentions &
aspirations. But there is a distinction. One's expec-
tations may be very lofty, indeed, quite out of
reach, but one's special intentions in any par-
ticular case are ^{altogether} ~~quite~~ modest and humdrum
and some quite adequately expressed by a
few lines on a bit of paper, which indeed
convey about all one has to say on the
subject. Then to go some fine day and find
this little idea magnified some 125000 times,

[27 Aug 1873]

low, the blue ceiling, the red brick walls and the rich yellow brass, give our dining an effect of its own, that is quite unprecedented.

I was pleased to find that the Mem. Vestibule has a totally different atmosphere, which is very striking in passing through the door in this way. It is very high narrow and solemn, while the other seems serious but secular. The Vestibule has a graining in wood, like that at Ripon, which suggested it to me, and is opening out extremely well. Some people don't like the outside of the building, but I think the inside, which people moreover are less likely to be captious about, will be a great success.

Meanwhile I am getting along with my chemistry building famously, with O. D., for he has made almost all the drawings in the office as he did the small sketches with which we started down at the school. He takes good fair rate, and is so capable & knowing about it that I think even he must be convinced that he has learned something, in spite of interruptions. But he seems in very good spirits since he has got back,

book & letter just as I had directed their predecessors! Chops & Tomato Sauce, think of that? Who could have fancied that one could so transform a single act into innumerable habits, or go on in his mind calling his young women he knew apart perfectly well both by the same name. I thought I should die in my bed. What with mitts and chapsin, and all those entering my nostrils, I shook the house with my ~~convulsions~~ ^{throes}. Could you have believed such a thing possible, especially as the book was lying round a week with the wrong name on it, waiting till I could get a chance to write the note. I stood it a day or two, inwardly cursing, and then ~~was~~ considering that it was really a great rudeness & liberty to send two presents to the same person, wrote an apologetic & explanatory epistle and relieved my mind. Presently one after the other came a pink paper, thanking me for the little volume, which was wrong, and then another thanking me for my amusing note & promising that the little volume should go to its rightful owner, which, though teachers, and quite in the face of my injunctions, restored peace to my mind.

Go to see the Castle at New Castle, & if chance turns, down the river to Tynewydd Priory, a ruin by the sea. At Llanhambydd go to the County Hotel. Give your most affectionate W.R.W.

There is a fine handwriting of Greville & the Farnes by David Salt in a public building at New Castle.

and I am getting really to take some comfort in having him about.

Stopped as I came here and begged a bit of food of Luisa & Mary, who were pleased to have me do so. I think if you should write and ask them to join you that they would do so. Mary is very anxious to get them again over sea. They are neither of them so well as they. But in the absence of any occasion for starting they will very likely settle down into a sort of rog, especially as in the present abatement of prices I suppose the place is not likely to be immediately sold.

I did not say that at the picnic at Beverly were Lizzie Perkins and her guest Miss Codman! She looked just the same, & was very civil & friendly, with a queer combination of demureness & deeper self-possession that was taken to be a natural result of going round and round the world in a ship. After tea when it became no longer she sang and talked and told little stories and was the centre of hope of the party. Spanish, Italian, ^{French} English, Scotch, sentimental and rosy, it was all one, and it was very amusing to hear her describe a man in Brazil, I think it was,

who had a wonderful talent at twisting up bits of paper & making them fly, like butterflies, right up into the balcony where she was sitting, and express her disappointment at finding there was nothing in them. "Not that I suspected anything affectimate, you know, of course, but I did think he might have said something, just like a luv-luv, you know." There was something else she said that was very piquant, and that I treasured up to tell you, but it had escaped a too inattentive mind.

I must tell you of the most ridiculous thing in the world. When I came from Watermill I went up to Miss Florence, as a graceful act, Carter Linn and Brid Methuen, which we had had some talk about, & which I had told her she ought to sing. Now they were reading among them "20000 Leagues under the Sea", a scientific astronomical, and as another book, by the same man, called "Round the World in 80 Days" has just come out I thought I would do the reverse thing and send this tidbit to Miss Lizzie, with a playful note. Can you believe that lying pensiveness in my little head some days later it flashed upon me that I had gone and begun my reverse note also with my dear Miss Florence, and not only that but had followed suit and directed

which is lovely, and
Scotland all over,

Yours affectionately

M.P.W.

Sept. 16.

I hope Mrs. Marti-
nean isn't dead. I think
you will like the young
ladies very much.

Dear Charley -
There be some of my friends.
Affectionately yours M.P.W.

Dear Emma.

Your long and de-
lightful letter has been good
for many poor worms
such as live in Spence
Street Swamp Scotland and
Mount Street. I confess
that I can't follow you
round and looking on the
map confesses me wrong
there over, as I al-
ways find that place that

runned South and East in
the text turn out to be
South & West in the il-
lustrations. But Shuley
& Knaw, & Sam Edin, &
when you get on Franklin
ground I shall be at
your side. I sent my
shadow, rather a sub-
stantial one, just after
my last letter, & trust
it came to hand all
right.

The object of this line
is to inquire what you

want done with your piano,
which is now at my lodgings.
W^m Long-Smear, wanted to
sell it, but I do not know
what you would like that.
The Smiths have one of
their own, which they na-
turally prefer.

Also where are the keys
of the trunks in the
store room. I haven't been
able to get the keys for
Smith as nobody knows
where they are.

Da haste, & with much
thanks for Dunblane,

You see I take you at your word.

I never could justify to myself your taking all the pains to copy my letters into a book. Perhaps this was the final cause. They may serve to call attention to some things you may like to see.

Dear Mother
I have just received your letter
and was glad to hear from you
and to hear that you were
well. I am well at present
and hope these few lines
will find you all the same.
I have not much news to write
at present. I am still at
home and doing my usual
work. I have not yet
received any news from
you since I last wrote.
I have not yet received
any news from you since
I last wrote. I have not
yet received any news from
you since I last wrote.

to be spoken to, though we said him for a moment at home afterwards, ^{where} ~~and~~ he seemed more like himself. I could not get to New Bedford in time for the ceremony but went down in a later train and made a great sensation by appearing in a carriage, all alone, in my best clothes, an hour after every body else. I was very glad I went, especially as they seemed to fancy that it was more of a compliment to come ^{so} ~~to~~ there to do the regular thing. The hide was charming, and as to the other hide the lovely serious look with which she made Putnam's words was the nicest thing I have seen for a long time. I came up in the train with Cousin Margaret, who told me if I was wanting to send her love and to say, from her, that my hat and gloves were perfect. The same I admit could hardly be said of my coat & trousers, which were not so new, but as one was dark & the other were light, a great secret with the aged, they carried such other off very well.

Yesterday I was again at New Bedford, at Carrie Truyn's, where I saw an interesting book of Mr Conway's about London called the Easternward Pilgrimage. The preface, in which, wandering of the Celestial City, he marks his way to the so-called City of Destruction, & brings up in Bostonwellsborough, which he credits till from London, is very clever. Farewell, ever your affectionate
W.R.W.

Boston. Oct. 27. 1830.

Dear Emma.

When I perceive as I do at this moment that it is six weeks since I have written to any of you, I perceive how deceitful is the heart of man. I fancied that I was kindly affected and that in due time I should naturally be moved to sit down, long before this, and send some of you at least a couple of sheets. I believe I did send Chauncy a couple of pages a week ago, but that hardly counts.

Meanwhile all your excellent letters have come to hand, last of all those from Amosbury and Norwich. Both seemed delightful and perfectly satisfactory. But I fear you did not hear the famous Norwich bells, though they certainly ought to have rung a triple bob major on such an occasion. I believe there is still no letter which I have not seen, and I have not seen any of Chauncy's for a long time, as they are not allowed to travel, and I have not been able to get to Winchester.

My six weeks story, which I dare say

you may like to hear, is chiefly to be told. The last three have been mainly school, and as I have had a lecture every afternoon and a recitation, ~~or~~ ^{or}, every morning, and have besides had to get things started, you may understand how it is that I have been so busy. The class is a capital one and every thing is in a much better state than ever before, more systematic and the system more permanent. Then Van Buren has been in his house for the last ten days, the doctors having almost cut his leg off to cure his lameness, which was becoming alarming. The operation was a very severe one, but promises to be successful. They found an abscess next the bone which had been there twenty years, and being covered with a sort of cartilage had run all over his leg trying to get out. He is a good deal pulled down by it, but is doing nicely.

Just before school began, finding no peace or chance to work quietly hereabouts I took my bag of papers to North Conway and did

quite a stroke of work, copying at the Dutcher place, next the Pendersters! after some days Will came up and joined me and we went up Bearcamp on Saturday and on Monday walked up to the North, on Tuesday over the crest of the mountains to the Glen & on Wednesday back to N.C. Will went home the next morning, and I stayed a day longer to finish my writing. It was a great success, & a most reasonable expedition for both of us.

By the way you have never any of you given us any idea of Scotland as compared with South Hampshire, & this being our only standard of mountains I don't think, for my part, that I have indicated a word you have written.

Henry Putnam and Mae Forbes have both celebrated their nuptials and at both solemnities I have assisted, so to speak. That is to say I went to Roxbury last week in proper shape. Mr Hale held forth, rather at a glibbing pace, but to acceptance. Uncle Putnam said two or three sentences, very touching and tender, and made the pronouncements. He seemed a good deal broken and ashy pale, but the color came back afterwards. But he did not stay