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Correspondence, w RW, 1878, 1882-1885, 1888

WARE MC4

Change of air — any change
from this air — will do you
good.

Ever your affectionate

W.P.W.

Wednesday.

Union Club, Boston,
8 Park Street.

Dear Emma.

The carpet woman, with
a man to cut & fit,
will come out on the
8 o'clock train Friday
morning. The green
carpets will come out
and all three be put
down on Saturday. I

Did not forget the lining.
Tuesday seems the best
day for the Lovells to
go to Winchester, and
Thursday to Milton.
On Monday I am going
to New Bedford to Allen's
wedding.

J. L. goes to Hartford
to-morrow, probably, for 24

house, & I have written to Annie
but Tuesday will be better than Wed-
nesday for Conchester.

I had been mean to ask John
Freed, but am obliged for your re-
minder. He said he would be in
Wed to. Helen seems much better.
She is coming up to help three
nurses in Thursday.
Hope you will stay in N.B.
on Sunday, & get a good rest.

For that. Miss Foster is going
to bring the young lady to
my Magic Lecture tomorrow
p.m. I have written
for Mary Whitson to come in
I wish we could have
them at Milton for a
night, & have Annie over.

Yours affly, W. A. Ware.

I think you will find both of them at
home tomorrow about 1 o'clock —
if you should be in town.
Gennie is in with George at St. Vito.

He is engaged to the youngest daughter of

Union Club, Boston,
& Park Street.

Dear Emma.

John Lowell & his
daughter Emily — who is
a little white haired
thing that looks like her
great-grand father's father —
arrived Saturday morning.
I met them in at

W Dalton's last major where
they came with Judge Foster
to hear the Phonograph
make a few remarks. I
was quite struck a-heap,
but recovered. They are at
Judge Foster's, as was per-
dicted, I did not make
out for how long. Tuesday
they are to go to Cam-
bridge with W Edward

Hall. I have sent to Charley
to join the party. If I find
that Mr Palfrey is well &
enough I shall go out and
go there with him. But I
am busy through the morning.
Mrs. Foster wants to see the
carving school & show it to
them, & I volunteered your
services. I should think
Wednesday morning good

We had a very successful day
which we have just terminated
with a late lunch.

Engy is keeping home at Paul's
the lady proprietor spends only three
months in the year on the estate, and
she has to herself the rest of the
year. Bonnie spends three months a
year in Geneva, or Milan. George is
married to the Boston girl, much
to Engy's displeasure, I am sorry
to hear. But I trust that will blow
over. Let us know about day you
propose going to the car, about
Yours W. W. P. W.

Union Club, Boston,
8 Park Street.

Dear Emma -

I took this note from
Mr. Chittenden last night promising
to give it to you this morning,
thinking to see you at Mrs.
Lang's. But Emily Lowell,
where I stopped on my
way said you were out to
town last night. I am sorry

not to have been you, as there
is much to arrange for.

John Lull is delightful, and
I wish we could have him
at Milton. Thursday I have
left him to Judge Foster,
as it is his leisure day; and
Friday has got to be arranged
for. I cannot go to Amherst,
as I have lecture at the

afternoon, but may arrange it
for Saturday. Tomorrow we go
to the Museum of Fine Arts and
the Institute, and in the evening
to the American Academy to
hear Mr Price. Today they have
been to Cambridge, with Mr
Hale, and I went out at
2 o'clock and took my
colerick to see Dr. Palpey,
who had written to say
that that hour would suit him.

[16 July 1978]

be made to commend itself to him.

I think it is clear that the Museum cannot find room for the Drummy School, the Embroidery school, the Carving school & the Pottery school all four. If you & the Pottery school are both taken up one will have to be entirely outside, as the furnaces you both need will certainly be. If the P.S. is ready to begin at once a complete scheme of joint operations would at once be necessary. If it must at any rate wait for a year, you might go on for a year, on a temporary basis, in such quarters as the Museum can supply, leaving till next year the attainment of permanent relations. The establishment of the P.S. will involve joint building operations, and that will be time enough to de-

Dear Emma

I sent you a postal card on Wednesday as I was on my way from Boston to Worcester. Since then the busynesses of vacation and the natural pre-occupations of a guest have prevented my fulfilling my intention of writing again. Besides I have had other letters to write and half a dozen pages of Perspective papers to send off.

But there is really little to add to what I said on my card. The committee concluded to reserve certain rooms for store-rooms, giving the largest room to the Embroidery school and giving you the S.E. room. This has a better light, and has the sun, which for modelling is an ad-

advantage. Prof. Loring remembered that we had found the North rooms too damp for working in clay. Adjoining his room is the entry leading to the back door which was not voted to you, but which he can give you on his responsibility. It is 10' x 22'. The back door you could use for clay and dirt, but not for students, who would have to enter up stairs. The end of the other entry he might also let you have, but it would have to be used so as not to cut off the light from the window. When you get home you will have to see how this will accommodate you.

As to the drawing room adjoining the Library that cannot be promised. I shall hope to secure it for those purposes some

future day. Meanwhile it is not impossible that the Library itself may be available for substantially that purpose. If it is fitted with tables for reading and for sketching from the books I see no reason why any pencil work anybody wants to do, whether individually or in small classes, should not be done there. I suggested that the Library might be increased by the contributions of whatever material the different schools were willing to deposit there, ~~for~~ to be used as the other books are used, & to be kept under the same general supervision, just as we propose to put our copy of Dr. Rimmer's book there. Prof. Loring did not see his way to assent to this at once, as was natural, but I think it can

are likely to be. I should
like that some how a corner
could be found, as before,
for Alice's class, and that
that would be every thing
in the way of pottery this
winter.

I am here at Mr Weedon's
for a few days and shall
go to New York before the end
of the week. I am out of
reach of letters, but ~~will~~ send you
my address in case you want to
write — Everett A. New York
I shall be there by Saturday if
not before. So mine at present
from yours affectionately

W. R. W.
Perryville R. D. July 16. 1876.

[16 July 1878]

to determine whether the limited ac-
commodation the Museum can
afford had best be occupied by
them or by you. For a year I
should think you might make
shift to get along.

But if the Pottery School is to
start at once, it might be bet-
ter to let them take the room
at the Museum and for you
to accept Mr Norcross's offer.
But this ~~is~~ seems to me that
things are hardly ripe for,
either in your own concerns
or in the school itself. Another
winter's work on a somewhat
restricted scale is needed
I fancy to discover just
where you are & where you

hose, of confidence that the day
will suffice for its work, and of
reliance on five or ten years to
come to do things in, with no
impatience anywhere to get them
done.

Though the autumn & early
winter I was not very well, a
little indigestion keeping me to
low par, and besides, I think
I was tired with the winter and
summer. But my journey did
me a great deal of good and
now I am all the time in quite
a vacation frame, with a sense
of health & elasticity. The sense
pleasure forms many little ef-
forts or reforms, and I think
I am habitually more present-
able in dress and attitude,
than usual. Not feeling tired

9 W. 35th Street, Feb. 17, 1882.

Dear Emma.

These names Santa Barbara
days make it seem as if the
winter was over already and
spring beginning. If this makes
a short winter it makes a
long spring, and after this warm-
ing much may yet be accom-
plished of what the winter was
devoted to. Though I work all
the time, and am in very good
condition for work, spending my
time to better satisfaction than
I remember ever to have done,
not being either lazy or tired,
wonderfully little is brought to
pass. But it is something to
lead a reasonable life and
keep in good care, without

hungry or noisy or the source of left-
handed performance, neglecting
most things and being behind-
hand with the rest. I am gradu-
ally learning that if one under-
takes to do things in good shape
as they ought to be done, he must
be content with a very small
potato patch. If one skips all the
difficult places and leaves what
he can know to find out about
some other day he can cover a
good deal of ground. Stepping
to get the rocks out makes a
very different journey over the
same ~~ground~~ road. I find it
hard to submit, with only two
lectures a week, to give up
the whole of my time to get-
ting ready for them, much less.
I'm going to try early I also
found to be a great consumer

of valuable time. So is a dutiful
attention to daily duties, calls, ac-
counts and letters. Today, for instance,
I have had nine letters, got to
be answered. I cannot get any
pile down to less than fifteen. Af-
ter I get home from my journey
I write right in four days,
the accumulation of a fortnight's
absence. This, and the Perspective
book, which keeps setting up
a telescope with additional ob-
jects — and my good ones, I think,
or of course I should not take
the trouble to write them, —
prevent my doing any of the things
I looked forward to, drawing, stu-
dying, arranging my papers, get-
ting acquainted with next year's
work, and all that. But I do
not mind much. I am getting
to have a great sense of re-

some it must have been a relief
to Mrs. Wheeler to have escaped from
her fame for three mortal years.
The joke of it was that I don't
think she knew who I was any
more than I knew who she was.
At any rate she kept her name
concealed if she did. So we didn't
talk shop at all, which would
otherwise have been in the air
not on our tongues, or if we did,
as accident had happened a little,
we talked as if we were not con-
siders the shopkeepers. But I lost
the opportunity of seeing the still
more celebrated Miss Sara Wheeler
who sat opposite and passed in
my mind, for an ingenue.

Thursday I went to the dinner
of the Architectural League, a
society got up by the Institute

[17 Feb 1882]
as usual intuitions always do,
with the freshness of a new dis-
covery. Altogether I have come
to see more & more how hur-
ry & worry not only defeat
the performance but mar the
design of life.

One thing I have arranged
with myself greatly to my
satisfaction. Though some peo-
ple have erroneously reflected
me, none of the trustees of the
college having taken the pains
to make my acquaintance,
even Mr. Sherman has pre-
sented himself only this week,
other people have been civil
enough and this present week,
for instance, I have been out
five times to dinner. There

is something unpleasant in the
economical aspect of these hospita-
lities, especially as I am not
in position to return them. The
habit of the habitual dinner-out,
though enforced, is something ig-
norant. So I have established
a fund out of these savings
on which I draw for the bene-
fit of mankind, thus repaying
to society the exact amount of
my indebtedness, so far as an
exactly balanced account will
do it. If I have in twenty weeks
been out to dine twenty eight times
I have on the other hand nine
times invited people to sit at the
table at my private charges,
and had two hours to spend
a week, and seven almost as
long, and send a couple of

days and introduced as
many more. The time has gone
out to begin again so that these
hospitalities are larger than would
otherwise be possible.

Last night I dined at Bill
Chaplin's and had a delightful time
sitting next to a very interesting
woman whose name I did not
quite catch. When afterwards I
asked Mrs. Chaplin also was my
neighbor I could have guessed.
It was Mrs. Wheeler, the head &
body of art-needlework in this
town. It made me laugh in my
bed when I woke up in the
night and remembered it. Al-
together I think it is nine and
sixty out of a hundred who people are
but in exactly as in magazines to
behave an inequity. I am

of news of the mischief done, to
the wrong. Does also is not try
my to find excuses but to see
where he really is one fault is
as bad as another. A permis-
sion to transgress is the essence
of immorality, the fault lying
in the permission not in
the transgression. Other people's
imperfections are as hard as
diamonds as you choose, but for
one's self I don't see that there
is any rational rule but per-
fection. Good enough is not good enough.

All this is elementary mo-
rality enough, but it is so
long since I have had an
hour really unoccupied that
these exceptions come to me

[17 Feb 1882]
all the time it is less of an ef-
fort to hold my head up. All
this, which every now and then
comes upon my notice quite fu-
cibly, makes me realize what
a dog's life I have been lead-
ing there last five or six
years. I noticed it very much
at the Institute, when I was
down at home, ~~rather~~ how diffe-
rent a motion I went up the
stairs. It was pleasant to be
back again for a moment, but
I did not want to stay.

My long rides by day and
by night, all by myself, be-
tween here & St Louis, gave me
time in the intervals of shun-
ner and vacuity, to turn
these things over in my mind,

bringing me face to face with man-
ny things that I had always re-
cognized but had never had leisure
family to contemplate. I had al-
ways known that the slip-slop
and superficial way I did things
"wasn't right"; but then what could
I do. How wrong it really was,
however, I could not afford to see,
what was the use of realizing
too distinctly evils for which there
was no remedy. All I could do
was to try, in vain, to mend the
situation, a situation which I
then felt and now see to have
been essentially dishonest. I
had no right, ~~simply~~ ^{when} because
things needed to be done, to
undertake mine when I could
properly do, simply because I
thought it would be great fun
to do them myself. It passed

for self-sacrifice + generosity but
was really self-indulgence, a sort
of living beyond my means. I
have always recognized this in a
way and have felt a certain loss
of tone, my conscience not being
quite easy, but the immortality
of it I have not till now looked
squarely in the face.

I do not blame myself over-
much, perhaps not enough, this
mild remorse ~~that I have~~ ^{being deprived} ~~of its sting~~
by the consciousness of a consid-
erable amount of virtue. But this
also permits the judgment from
being warped by feeling, and
I have found myself slipping
into the orthodox view that
good is good and bad is bad,
and that though there are de-
grees of crime from the point

Accablé.

"Goodness gracious!"
Oedipus.

The Afghan came on, like
a Lamb, in a fold;
Its wool was all gleaming
with crimson and gold;
Old gold was the hue that
permeated the fleece,
Like the one that the
Argonauts carried
to Greece.

From the Land of the Sunrise
their journey began

Not far from the borders of
Afghanistan,

A princess and sorceress gave
them the prize, —

And now that first Afghan il-
luminates the skies.

How manners and customs have
altered since then!

Yet still 'tis the women that give
things to men!

And 'twere vain for Medea in
charms to contend

With the Princess who reigns
in the house of my friends.

Her goodness and graciousness,
these are the arts
whose natural magic entrances
our hearts,

And the gifts of her bounty
we jealously hold
As the dragon defended
that Wonder of old.

New York.

Jan. 19. 1842.

Osgoods, took our four ornaments for
will to publish, & went on to Milton.

It is incredible that I should have
left it in the train & not missed it
when I got home. Moreover I have a
distinct impression of its being on the
table in my room. When it did not
come on with any things I expected
to find it at home at Thursday's.
Nobody can give any help if it since
I was at Osgoods. Harrier thought I
took it to town, but that proved to be
another parcel. Do you remember their
being at Milton. They were there in the
spring, but all summer in town. They
were in a heap, unperilled portfolios. I try
to think I lent them to somebody.
But to whom?

I wish you could stop here for a
day & impart on your way home. I
can offer you an elegant hospitality
— out of the bond. It would be a real
honour my best love all round to your
looks & sentiments. From your affec^{tion}

W. P. C.

Feb 1827
follows in New York, of whom there
are now twenty, with a choice se-
lection of outsiders. They made me
an honorary member when it was
started a year ago, so I naturally
was allowed to join their party.
Involvement of trustees present were
my own boys, and I enjoyed it
very much. Everything went off
excellently, Chamberlain and
Alidore, just from Paris, being full
of anecdote, Piley, who is the
son of Mrs. Peabody's Irish cook, pre-
sided with great grace & dignity,
& sing's delightfully, as did some
others. I was glad of a chance to
say several things partly on the
text of Charles Shute's sayings to Van
Buren the other day that he con-
sidered architecture the most
difficult calling known, —
this to enquire them for their

long pupillage, — and finally
on the last of my scheme of stu-
dies at the volume of mines, which
is about worked out. (By the way
they are beginning a new building
in which I am to have just
suit accommodations.) They they
woud me recite the verses I
sent from Cincinnati to the
Associative Dinner in Boston
last month, which were much
appreciated, especially the last
line about I changed to: —
"the men that you see." I en-
close a copy to Sarah for her
& your amusement. I enclose
also a copy of a proxy I sent
to Mrs. VanBuren who sent me
a beautiful offering for my
skeleton chair.

This reminds me that in the
upper wicket between Chicago and

Madison I made four verses for
Mary Ware's birthday, & this reminds
me that William Allen and Margaret
are very anxious that you should stop
there on your way home. It is a
delightful place & I hope you will
be able to do so, as there are
enough as well as your own — on
your account as well as on their's.
I stopped for an hour at Buffalo,
just to my surprise that
the Spragues were in Rome. But
I hope you will stop in Chicago
& go to Madison. It is an easy
run from Chicago, & if you should
go first to St Paul you would
take in so much.

I have been very unhappy over
the loss of Bowen's portfolio which
no search can find any trace
of. Just before I went to New
Hampshire in September I
took it from the Institute to

list of 32 people to whom I wrote sixteen
have sent me half what I want, so
am encouraged. I think there are
people whom I do not know personally
who would subscribe.

I wrote to Emma Martin asking
when she would prefer to see me, &
if her to summer both here and to
Kullar. I should prefer I think
to see her there from Sept. 1 in
July.

As to your own plans I hope you
take your way to go with Mary & Ellen
you suggest. As to home money, you will
have all my share of any rent that
in, & income.

Yours affectionately

W. A.

I enclose a correspondence I have
had with W. P. P. for your arrange-
ment. Love to Harriet & Helen.

March 27, 1883.

Dear Emma -

I was pleased enough
to be gone handwriting today.

As to going abroad, it has
suddenly assumed substantial aspect
that I am at last coming to be
here in it. Instead of seeing a great
adventure in now looks like a summer
ramble, and that I feel not unequalled
to. I don't mean to accomplish anything
nor to see or do anything but what comes
handy. To this I am helped by the inde-
fensible scheme of taking my regular tour,
for the improvement of my mind, in 1886.
So I can afford to let things go this time.
Besides, I have abandoned the ideas of
omniscience and omnipotence, of
going every where & knowing every thing
with which one sets out, not knowing
what is really behooves him to know.
I am content to perceive that most

things don't concern me, and never will,
that life isn't long enough to supply o-
missions and make up deficiencies,
that the only satisfactory, or wholesome,
part is to make the best of myself as I
am, no longer look's vaguely forward to
knowing another or different scene. Reform
within the party, the party in question
is, the particular party that's sing-
ing this song to you. What I do hope
to get is a little perkiness and elasticity,
if I am to run in a net I need all
the spring I can get. I am much
wiser this winter than I was last, but
I think I still feel the looseness of tone
that comes from so many years of mis-
erant strain, or rather hurry. Five
months vacation will at least put me
in as good case as I am capable
of, and it is something to be taken of one's
capacities in that direction.

I wish Will could go too. But the
time I get to Milton I shall I hope
know a little more certainly what my

course will be. If I find I can
spare ten days in Spain I shall be
tempted to urge him to take Exmouth,
as an objection point, or port, and if
he can do no more to do that. \$200.-
would do it.

Longfellow stayed till Wednesday, then
on Saturday Dr Frank Williams happened
along & spent Sunday. But I have wait-
ed for Needleleaf to come on Sunday & so
have with me on Thursday. My steam-
railer the 25th, and I hope you & Harriet
will both come & spend the week before
she sails.

I am just back from the third of
my magic lantern evenings. They
are very successful & so the slides are
all new to me & enjoy them very
much. My boys also are doing beautiful
work, some of which I will bring on
to show you.

I have had a little sore throat
this last week, but it is disappearing
in numbers, & has not made me
sick. My Milton subscription looks a little,

2 W. 35th St.

April 20. 1883.

Dear Emma -

I am much obliged
for your sympathetic note,
and if the notion of the
meditation alone had oc-
curred to me I might have
embraced it, as a safe pre-
caution. But I took it for
granted that it was the
whole lot that was in ques-
tion & assumed my tele-
graph in that sense. Alto-
gether it has been to some
extent a game of cross-pur-
poses, but I am very well

pleased with the result, and I
should have been sorry to dis-
cover at a later day that I
had had it in mind and not
ventured to mention it. Your
note stimulated me however to
write especially about France and
England, saying that I must be
perfectly free to go or come and to
leave the boy to himself all
day, and for days or a time
if convenient. But as solitary
confinement might be, to be
chained to one's fellow-prisoner, I
said, was far worse. So though
I do now a little expect I do
not dislike the prospect, though of
course a little anxious. But what
I do dislike, much more than I
used to, is hardly alone, hardly
for pleasure alone, certainly.

I may possibly have to come
to Boston on Monday, evening
at night. If so I will tele-
graph tomorrow, Saturday.

Please ask Hornet to
bring any summer blankets
or any shirts I may have
left at home. But I hope you
will be able to come into
her.

Yours affly, with love to Helen
Carrie & Arthur, ~~and~~ ~~John~~ ~~and~~ ~~John~~

If you can spare me a
couple of sheets and a full-
low case, in lieu of the
narrow sheets & bolster case
I bought the other day, it
will be well.

Monday. At Tangiers, all Moors
and Arabs, Camels, negroes, and
Algermians.

Tuesday. Back to Gibraltar, no letters. To
Algeciras, on the west side of the
bay for the night.

Wrote Mrs. Sedgwick, from Cazenovia in
N.Y. the nice looking people we saw
before the steamer started, and the
only convenient people on board asked
us to join their party for a few days.
They had been at Tangiers with us and
now we subsided together to ride to
Cádiz. But it proved that the diligence
was better than any carriage we
could get and after a stormy night
in a hotel, rustic but clean, we
rode about 70 miles under a cloudy
(^{morning} sky) to the Railway at San Fernando.

Then for the night to Jerez, (Xeres de
la Frontera) the birth place of Sherry.
Thursday, to Seville by train where we
spent Friday also going on at 10 on

Saturday to Granada where we arrived
just after sunset, during which the
scenery had been superb.

Sunday we spent in the Alhambra, &
in seeing about little to see in the
town. Here we left our friends & took
the diligence 60 miles, starting on

Monday, May 21, at 5 o'clock arriving
early in the afternoon at Jaen,
which they pronounce like the sin-
gular of Arins. The sky was merci-
fully clouded or we should have
died of heat, curled up in the Ban-
quette. As it was we did very well.
The mountains were fine & the
whole country very interesting.
From Jaen, where there is a modern cathed-
ral not without its good points, all
night to Madrid where we spent
Tuesday mainly in the Gallery & the
Archaeological Museum. The Army
was closed, owing to the visit of the
King of Portugal. But we saw the peo-

but walk down the Furka pass,
past the Rhone Glacier, over the
Grimsel, where there was much
snow, and down the Aar valley
as far as Hausdick. Yesterday,
Sunday, we kept on to Meiringen
where we dined, ⁺ to Brienz where
we dined again, another perfect
day, without a sensation of either
heat or of cold. Today has been
for rest. We got moved over from
Brienz to the Kriobach and then
took the steamer for this place.
This afternoon we have spent in
reading our letters, answering them
and taking a short walk. To-mor-
row to Simlenwald, Wednesday to
Meiringen. Thursday to Lucerne,
Friday to Zurich. Then to Baden
and Berlin. Yours A. W. R. W.

of
this my
have,
but
to
me
to
Carrie
&
please
send
this
to
Hannah
and
mine.

Interlaken - Monday
Aug 13 1883.

Dear Emma.

Your letter of last Monday
I find awaiting my arrival here
today. It tells me just what I
wanted to know about your
movements. Moreover what you
say is just what I had infer-
red already and already ar-
ranged my plans for. So I
will go first to Berlin, as I
on the whole prefer to do be-
fore going to Paris, and will
meet you there on the 27th or
28th, as near as may be.
I last wrote from St. Vito,
a week ago. I have only to

~~add~~ to what I said then that Jerry said that Mrs. John Lowell had written to her to ask about us all, and that she cared more about their American ancestry & relations than any body. So if you can see her I think you would be glad to.

My work has been very satisfactory, as follows.

Sunday night to Milan, where Wilder joined me Monday morning after a successful two days in Venice. Tuesday p.m. we left Milan for Como, getting out and walking the last six or seven miles, just at sunset, a delightful thing to do, and I was glad to get my walking fairly begun,

having been hungry & thirsty for exercise. Wednesday by boat to Menaggio, then on foot to Possezza and by boat to Lugano. Thursday by train to Airolo and then on foot over the St. Gotthard to Hospenthal, cold and foggy. Friday morning by diligence six miles down the valley to Söschenen and on foot back, meeting Mary & Harriet Putnam on the way, as I have very often heard. We stopped & lunched with them at Andermatt on our way back, all in the fog, celebrating the day & evening. Then in the afternoon over the Furka, as far as the inn on the summit of the pass, where we were almost petrified with cold and damp. But Saturday was a lovely day, and we had a long and delight-

Saturday, but came on here with
me Sunday night. Uncle turned
up Monday morning, all right.
This p.m. we go on to Como
and thence towards Lucerne,
but I do not yet know just
how. We shall send to Lane
our letters now writing at
Zurich forwarded to meet
us.

It is cool & pleasant and
I am anticipating a weeks
promenade with my
sister to Lucerne. Good night
W.M.

If I don't leave from you to the
country, I shall go first to Paris, on
the 17th, & thence to Berlin.

"Il Palazzo,"

San Vito.

Ponte St. Marco -

Brescia.

Brev Emma - Aug. 4. 1883

Not finding a line from
you in Munich as I had hoped
I fancied that you might have
written to me here instead. Not
hearing however I should not have
had anything special to write
about if Georgy had not been
saying that she hoped you might
manage to see Mrs. John Lovell
in Colchester (The Avenue, 13,
^{Chatterbox})
and as the youngest & prettiest
girl is still there, also, perhaps
— since they are about all the
people left to see — you may

be disposed to make the trip,
if warned in time.

I got here last night, ha-
ving sent Wilder to Venice
for a couple of days, and shall
join him in Dublin Monday
morning. Thence for a week
or ten days in Switzerland,
after all, getting letters at
Zurich, I hope, which will
tell me whether to come at once
to Paris in the hope of meeting
you, or to go first to Berlin.
If I get to either place
on the 1st, I shall still
have a week each for Paris
Berlin or London.

St. Vito is charming
and everybody very friendly

and hospitable. It is a sunny day
but so it is the first sun I
have seen since May 14, I do
not repine.

But I will write no more
George sends her love, and
very glad to get your letter,
and anxious to think of you
both so near and get out
in sight. That is very much
my own state of mind.

Yours Affly.

W.D.W.

Tuesday - Milan. Somehow this
didn't get into the mail bag

asked me to come and die. In the evening we went to the play. Irving is very artificial and works himself like a puppet. But if it is mechanical it is machinery very intelligently directed, and is very interesting. All the scenes at Belmont, and the trial scene, were beyond praise, and entirely delightful.

Tuesday I dined and then in the afternoon went out to Smyers, made a little call on Mrs. Williams, who has just moved from there from Irvington, and then met Walker, who had been to Tarrytown and we went to dine at Mr. Sudlow's, informally. Next day I went to call at Mr. Rept's and was kept to dinner, very informally. I am trying to arrange for Charles to give me the three lectures on Archaeological Methods, Avars, & the Lyrenaisca, that he is to give at Johns Hopkins in December.

It seems a long time since I was at home, but I like not to hear. It makes me think that you don't allow writing to me to be a burden. I would rather not hear for a month.

Yours affectionately
Edw. Davis

9 West 35th Street -

Nov. 11. 1883.

Dear Emma -

I find in my cheque-book, under the date of Apr. 20, just before I sailed, an entry that reads: "deposited Mrs. Jones, \$20." I can't recollect anything about it, and don't know what it means. Do you?

Also do you or Harriet remember anything about my latch-key when I went away. There were two, of which only one now turns up.

Vandermere writes me that nobody could hear my mumbled speech the other night, which fills me with awe, as I sounded in my own ears like the great bell of Baskau. That however accounts for the inexpressive attitude of the company, which was a little oppressive. Altogether it was an rather disagreeable experience. The best was I

I have written a long letter to you about the new paper. Do you want to send it to your friends?

had been driving about for two days
being with the committee had neglected
to, about the meeting, and was tired out.

Perhaps I should not have written to
you of Bacon's suggestion, or at least
should have made a more confident
and unequivocal communication, for though he
wrote of it to me without reservations
I find he told other people to keep
it under the robe. He is coming di-
rectly home, and I hope for a little
time from him on his arrival. Walker
was here for three or four days a week
ago and I am quite home-sick for
the next quarter.

I had a nice little note from
R. New Research at Stockbridge. I sup-
pose they are at work by this time.

I am trying to bring the Milton
Scholarship matter to an end, sending
for their money to the people who have
promised it, and writing to the few
people to whom I have not already
written, Mrs. Payson, Cousin Mary, &

Mrs. Jagan. Also Thomson Sottrup. The
Russell has not answered my note writ-
ten in the spring. Sixteen people did not
answer, among them Mr. H. A. Whitney, Mr.
Severing, Mr. Curtis, Mr. C. H. Parker, Mr. Andrews,
and, I think, Mrs. Sheldon. Miss Norton
said she would think of it, Mr. Fitcham
and Kinner said they would give something
if necessary, Mr. Jones what was necessary.

I am having an amusing time with
the destitute people in many ways. The
facts come out more favorable to me
than I expected and I am curious to
see how they will meet them. I have asked
Mr. Philbrick to attend to one matter, and
am curious to see what he will do about it.
As my committee refused to examine or justify
their position, or to hear what I had further
to say, or to leave it to third parties, I
had no choice but to decline the money they
had no choice but to decline the money they
offered me. Even the money the Corporation re-
fused me, ^{for the gymnasium matter} the committee have kept back, to
the extent of \$50. It is as good as a play.

This reminds me of the Merchant of Venice.

If you can possibly manage to see
Miss Ellen Terry in Portia, don't miss it.
It is perfect, and perfectly charming. Mr.
Ledyard turned up here this week, and

really any good in them. They
fair seem to conduce much to
dignity of character and self-
respect. I can easily understand
any body's turning monk or being
missionary, just for the satisfac-
tion of getting his feet upon the
lid ground. Perhaps such centers,
or schuergings, are equally sa-
tisfying, or a pea in the shoe.

All I can get up in the way of
a good evolution, however, is to get
rid of my chains, by hard slavery,
so as to secure a really happy sum-
mer. Then I may read some Science.
I commenced you to make a similar
evolution. Then perhaps you will do
it with me.

Always your affectionately
A. D. Waver

Feb. 12. 1864.

Dear Emma.

This is only to show
that I don't forget you,
not to say anything, for
what is there to say. The
only affirmative thing I
think of is to repeat what
I heard said at Mr. Folger's
the other night, how much
you ever you looked them
your contemporaries, which
I am glad to think
is so, and means I hope

I was very pleased to see you Monday. It was very pleasant.

Am in fifteen years yet before
your vigor begins to abate. I
hope so truly for it is not con-
sistently agreeable to feel less
capable of exertion than for-
merly without the expectation
of feeling more so here-and-
there. I sometimes have a
little suspicion of it, and cer-
tainly find myself very inef-
ficient. But that I always
was, and perhaps it is an
illusion that things used to
seem a little more inter-
esting and more substantial.
But these things really are

pretty unsubstantial, and I don't
know why they should be found
out. They are called the more
sincerely catch on to the reali-
ties. But then the realities are
pretty intangible, too. So it is
all a puzzle. But if nothing
seems exactly worth while, no-
thing is certainly worth lying
about, or compassing by any
other crookedness, so that virtue
is a game, not a very heroic
kind of virtue, indeed. Not still
virtue.

I find however that I am get-
ting rather tired of my virtues,
which are of the easy, self-in-
dulgent kind, and wondering
a good deal whether there is

was only for 3 years. So yesterday I had to be reappointed, and they were good enough to add \$1000.- to my salary, which was quite unexpected. So I am much pleased, the more that they seem to be.

As I said in my postcard and Lucia & Mary seemed quite ready to come to Milton, which confirmed me in my impression that they are much better than they have been for a long time. I am only sorry not to be at home when they are there.

In fact I like being at home very much. I haven't had so much of it for thirty years, and it is certainly longer than that since I have had so pleasant a summer, —
thank you.

I hope you found Mrs. Forks better.
Yours, affly, W. R. Ware.

Schedule of times —

Oct. 7. 1884

Dear Emma —

I let you intimate, that after all it was in a very wise plan to have you go with me if I wanted exercise, save as a renunciation of the scheme. It might have worked for a fortnight, but a week was certainly too short a time for a tide — and the sort of separation, half milk and half

it sound. The work I got proved
me too long without any vit.
at all, and though sorry to
be alone I was glad to be
constantly moving. The result
seems to be that I have mis-
sed you every way. I tried
to get down to the station
to meet you yesterday, but just
as I was ready to start Dr.
Lithman spotted another field
of usefulness, and I missed it.

I come back to warm
water still, but pleasant,
and every thing seems very
promising. It seems a little
forlorn without O'Connell or Mc-
^{Myer}Lean, Sherman or Little, but

there are ten very nice fellows co-
ming in now to take their place.
Haulin & Hamman are on
hand and make ready to begin
tomorrow.

I found at my boarding place
of last Spring an excellent room
on the quiet side of the house
and square, with large closets, and
not very expensive, as things
go. I was afraid it would be
\$20.- but it proved to be only
\$16.- with, I believe, luncheon
thrown in. What is good about
it is not only the food, but that
the people are all educated people
in the house.

You know, or perhaps you don't
know, that according to a system
they have here, my appointment

[29 Oct 1888]

as soon as I get home to
take Vincent Bourne as a
substitute + console myself with
reflecting that ^{his Satire} ~~the~~ was probably
quite as better than Domine May's.
But at the same time puzzled
to find an appropriate book
for my dear Bridegroom, I put
~~that & that~~ together, and looked up
a copy of the English poems "partim
Satiric reddita". ^[Pickers's edition.] But he asked
to return as a favor + so to seem
to recommend for personal an
author still a stranger to myself,
I went into the Athenaeum this
AM. and found V. B. his Poemata for

and how. You shall see them
some day, for they are very gray
& beautiful, among the most so
a vision of "Blue-eyed Susans"
& a little piece telling the story
of Androcles & the Lion that
might have been twin brothers
to Orinus & Mrs. the First.

I saw Mrs. Romney in Can-
bridge the other day & hope to see
Mrs. Kite tomorrow. Mrs. P. ask
for you affectionately & says she
loves to you when I should write.
Helen Ware is at the Parlor & hopes
to have you spend the day. I write

a little today — affectionately.
M. R. W. } The Annie that a new monument about the 50
if her exists / etc, but the page is diff
hers is represented as an English writing.
shall I send down two new ones?

Sir. The only thing to regret
was a Cantata by two fine
lads in the Organ loft, which
came in in the most awkward
possible place, if any place
could be more than another—
There was a moment's doubtful
hesitation when the ceremony in
air + I fancied I detected
a nervous oscillation in the
Protagonist's figure, then he turned
resolutely about + walked down
the aisle just as he had come in
neither fast nor slow. The company
smiled very much going out.

Woman's nurse showed me so
much by his left out, that
I returned

Mr. Benjamin's letter for you - Made to the
that gave an account of the absence. I have
said you had since had the organ
Friday. Oct. 29. 1886

Dear Emma—

Dr. Gade writes that they
will probably come to town by
Thursday, and that they will
have the house in a matter of
through renovation so far as
scrubbing is concerned. I shall
go out to rest on Tuesday, and
if you have any directions to
give send on Monday A.M. Early
mail.

Mrs. Peabody sent me an in-
vitation to the wedding, at the chapel,
at 4 o'clock. Wednesday P.M. The
chief seats were filled mostly with

Relatives & new friends, and
more remote connections, parishion-
ers I think, in the galleries in
considerable quantity. The
bridesmaids & brides to the number
of five were in a square pen
together. This form of pen gave
great advantage to half the em-
ployment in that they could witness
the approach of the bridal party
without the inconvenience of looking over
the shoulders. Which however those
all ~~eventually~~ did not refuse to
do, with the exception of one whom
I think it would be gossiping to
particularize further. The pro-

cession was headed by her Charles
Shir & Miss Shearwater. It looked
so queer to see them walking into
church together that I could hardly
believe my eyes. Two young ladies in
pink bonnets followed whose features
did not meet my eye, & the two Beau-
tiful boys last. The Bride had a veil
& white gown. & looked very pretty. Her
Groom was tall & stately & looked
like a prince. I never saw him
so straight & handsome, but the
~~expression~~ of his face had the same
sad look that it has now
for the last six months. The
ceremony was performed by
Uncle Putnam, and was full
length I think, & was very

I am glad that your family
members have taken so agree-
able and practical a turn.
Nothing is so satisfactory as
the discovery of agreeable
relations. I am sorry not
to have been at home, but
I supposed I should be buying
all sorts of things. Unfortunately
the loss in such cases always
increases about one magnifies it,
while the gain shrinks in the
hand. Still, I am very glad
I have taken the time for these
things now. I could not have
found it for them in October.

Your affectionate Wm. W.

July 7. 1885.

Dear Emma -

I do not remember
very exactly about the well
water except that we had
several times had the well
cleaned by —, the Miller
man, and that about the next
summer I had Robinson
clean it he brought up from
the bottom old sticks that
had been lying there thirty
years + coal that must
have dropped in when the

house was building, showing that it had never really been cleaned out at all. Mr Hayes, to whom I took the water, advised this thorough cleaning, but whether he found it very bad or only a little bad I do not remember. The girl there was came from the thro' in the well. There was no trace of sewage or any outside contamination.

Today it has been raining and the morning is hot

& damp. It is the first discomfort of the season. But I am glad to know that I am getting to the end of my tasks, & that another week will set me free. Mr Agnew, one of my trustees, wants me to go & see him on the east-end of Long Island, or I may perhaps stop there a day or two on my way home. Sunday I spent at Sirque Post's at Bernardsville, known to history as Vealton. It is near Beapack, Pinchout, Succasunna and Rock-sicians, a pleasant country. Kinsing Post's daughter, a girl of 19 or 20, was there, who seemed very queer.