Winter has come. we are now a long way from that languorous life of summer. with its hours by the sea shore, or in woods, and fields. Work presses, and we feel the need of some relaxation some change from the "facts and figures" and the friction of existence in furnace heated houses. The winter pleasures are of necessity more artificial, than are those of summer. the shorter days prevent the exercise in the open air and one cannot sit out of doors in a winter evening and keep the measure of health, which we hope for, by relaxation from cares, and variety of scene and food. One wearies of ordering what to eat every day, even though the food is most carefully prepared and daintily served. So our wise one realizing all this so well, proposes that we meet at a little French Restaurant that we know very well. ~~which we~~ The pictures around the room, of woods and fields, in foreign climes delight us. We have for neighbors Artists, Physicians Literary men and women, Professors and Bankers, all in pleasant quiet chat together. the little child comes to sell us flowers The musicians play in the little hall way, the fragrant odor of a cigar or cigarette, have already enabled us to forget the cares of the day, and we can easily imagine ourselves many miles away from Boston - from our cares - and perplexities. The French

waiter has already brought us the delicious rolls and butter. that help make the fame of this little refectory. the orders are called out in French. each course is brought in turn. with our any thought or decision on our part. everything delights us. and we have begun to wonder why all this is so much better than our regulation dinner of the last week. It is in the novelty of our surroundings. the flowers. music. good company. and the being cared for in a way with out thought on our part. this great pleasure and help. costs only fifty cents. and the benefit of all cannot be counted. Again later in the season. storms and work and cares have accumulated. and the Chinese Restaurant is visited. here you must think what to order from that menu of unpronounceable words. and unknown viands. chop suey of course for every one who has eaten there tells you to be sure and try this delectable compound. of everything apparently. then the perfectly cooked rice. After having given your order you wait some time for the food to be prepared. and you are interested not in music and flowers. like France. but in Oriental splendor and magnificence. The wonderful chairs and seats of various kinds of heavy carved ebony inlaid with pearl. The massive polished tables around which are heavy black stools or benches. on which you sit. the wonderful lanterns hanging from the ceiling. the little

office separated from the large hall by beautiful carvings of gilt birds and foliage. You are brought back suddenly however by seeing, and hearing the click of the American Register. as some early diner has paid for his meal. one is much in doubt whether to call this dinner, or supper. The waiter brings dainty little cups from which you drink tea, without cream or sugar of course. and indeed no condiment of any kind is brought you. but the flavor of the food is perfect. you think nor of salt or pepper. or the sauces with which you add to the daily food. neither do they bring you bread and butter. your ~~desert~~ preserves and sweet meats which you order. after the more substantial part of the meal. are brought on in one not very large dish. a fork is given each of the guests. and each helps one self. eating from the fork. no extra plates having been brought. You see a solitary China man in one corner. eating his bowl of rice with chop sticks. A party of gentlemen who have been in China. ask for chop sticks. and eat their rice and chop suey as if to the "Manner born" In the Danish kitchen where we once dined. one set of knives and forks. was supposed to serve for everything. Later on an hour at Keiths. to see Papinta with her fascinating grace. is a great diversion An occasional evening with Sothern. Mansfield John Drew. Maude Adams and the Castle Square. all. by their genius and art. give that much needed variety

that helps us in this "strenuous life" of winter. Music is the great healer as well as helper. and in the great number of concerts and operas one can gratify any taste which the pocket book can afford. This is a very important lesson to learn. that rest is not alone in sleep. but in variety of scene and thought that one can occasionaly find. I say occasionally for. abuse of opportunities of recreation annuls the good effect they are intended to produce. So always have some new diversion in mind for some time in the future. for a new inspiration and tonic to tired minds

Excursions.

Boston.

and

Vicinity.

1896. 97. 98. 99.

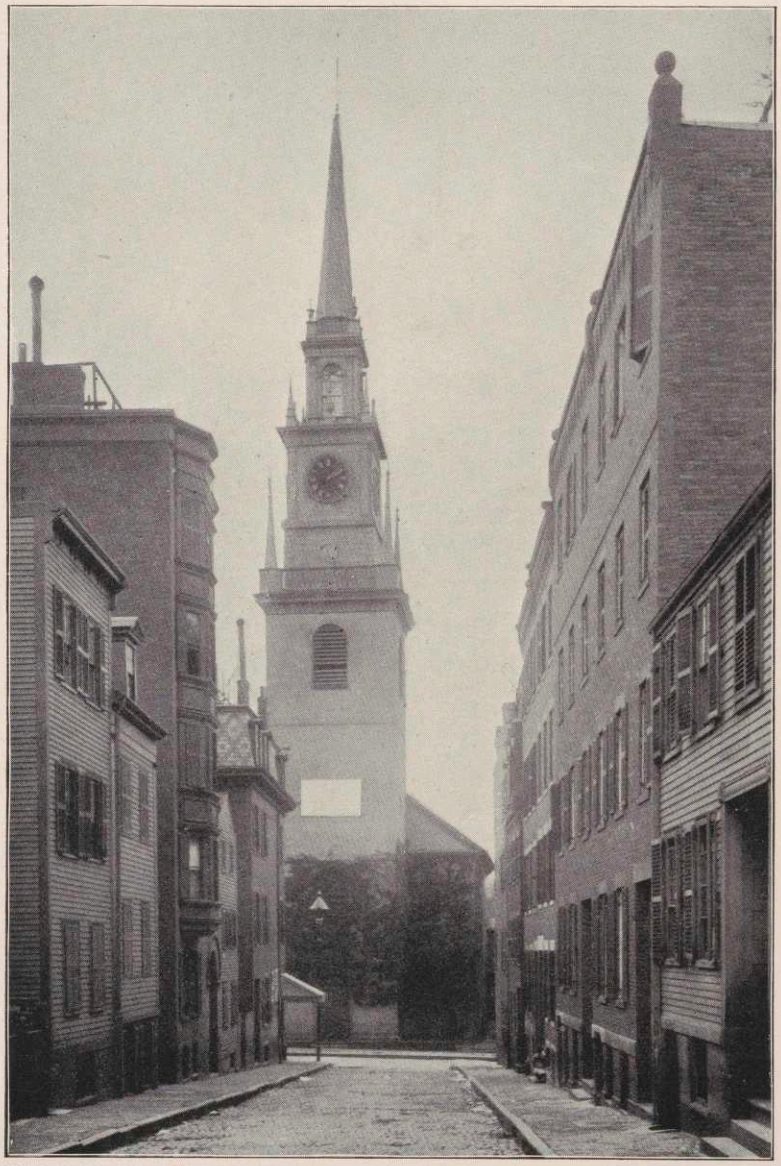
HAWTHORNE'S BIRTHPLACE, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

Sunday April 26th 1896. Salem

Mrs Richards and Miss Hewins. took train from the Union Station in Boston for Salem at 11.45. Arriving Salem. walked through Essex St. to Elm St. passing the house in which Hawthorne lived. on our way to the Custom House. took the walk from there to the wharf. where Hawthorne spent many happy hours. we then retraced our steps. back again to Washington street. where we found a Café connected with the Russell house we had a very good dinner. after which Mrs R. took a car for North Salem to visit some old friends. while Miss H. walked through some narrow streets by an old Chuch. with older grave stones in the door yard. by some good old houses to the beautiful Common. where some time was passed. then a walk by the East India Museum to the old witch house. where a car was taken to meet Mrs R. at North Salem After seeing the plants. and flowers. and many foreign curiosities back to Salem. by the 3.45 train to Boston.

Fare to Boston .05 Salem .35 dinner .50

PAUL REVERE'S HOME, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.



CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

(From its steeple the lanterns were hung as a signal to Paul Revere, April 18, 1775.)

Sunday May 3d 1896. Middlesex Fells
Took the 10 o'clock train from the Union Station for the Fells. a soft gray sky giving purple tints to the distant hills. cherry trees in blossom. also violets anemones. shad bush. blueberries were in flower We had a beautiful. quiet walk through the Fells to Malden over the great rocks for views of distant towns. after resting we went on to Alpine Street where Mrs Richards had friends. after our call. we proceeded to the Station. where we ate our luncheon. then took the 1.14 train to Boston walking through the lower part of the city. we visited the old Church. from which the signal lights were hung in 1776. then after a visit to Copps Hill Burying Ground we walked up Salem Street. which was swarming with children. although we had had light showers in the morning they were not severe enough. to interfere with our walks. (I think this trip gave us as great a variety in a few hours. as any we have had may 1899) for we took the street car for Jamaica Plain and were home at 3 o'clock

fare to the Fells .12 from Malden .10
Jamaica Plain 05 each way

Sunday May 10th 1896
Left Boston, by the 4 o'clock train for Wayland, and after a ride of half an hour found ourselves, in a very pretty old town, with the Inn quite near the Station, After interviewing the Landlady, and leaving our bags, we started out on a "voyage of discovery" to see the pretty roads and walks, which we had heard about. The road to the left of the house, called Boston road, looked so very attractive, that we took that and found we could take a cross road through a beautiful wooded path onto the old road to Worcester, on that road we passed many farms comfortable houses, and a little old cemetery, showing that the Church had once stood there. We did not have to retrace our steps, but another cross road brought us to the Inn in time for Supper. A large party had arrived while we were away, having come on their wheels, they remained over night
The next morning we were awakened early by the singing of birds, we took a short walk before breakfast, and went into the pretty old Church. Soon after breakfast, we started on our walk to Auburndale

Wayland. Apple blossom day.
for a train, in order to reach home that afternoon. the temperature increased as the day went on. (thermometer registered 96°) all the fruit trees were in full bloom. the air
[illegible] the blossoms. and we
[illegible]a. Bluet. Wood violet, Butter
[illegible]d Cowslips in full bloom.
[illegible] road side under shady trees.
[illegible] see the blossoms grow
the day was so warm. Our last stop was in the door yard of a house. The woman was very kind. and brought us milk. and cookies. her little boy bringing us peppermints. We met hardly any one on the road that day. so had the full enjoyment of all the beauty of the views. and the quiet. The heat was so great. that we begged the privilege of riding in a milk cart. the man took us both to the station at Auburndale. and with the true kindness of the country people. refused any pay for the favor he had done for us. We had not long to wait for the 1.22 train to Boston which we left at the Huntington Avenue station. and took street car for Jamaica Plain. in little over an hour from Auburndale In all our walks. we heard the beautiful songs of the Bobolinks. and Orioles

Car fare to Wayland 31 cents
bill at the Inn 1.75.
carfare from Auburndale, 19

Wayland. Apple blossom day.
for a train, in order to reach home that afternoon. the temperature increased as the day went on. (thermometer registered 96°) all the fruit trees were in full bloom. the air was fragrant with the blossoms. and we found Podentilla. Blue wood violet, Butter cup Celandine. and Cowslip in full bloom. We rested by the road side under shady trees. and could almost see the blossoms grow the day was so warm. Our last stop was in the door yard of a house. The woman was very kind. and brought us milk. and cookies. her little boy bringing us peppermints. We met hardly any one on the road that day. so had the full enjoyment of all the beauty of the views. and the quiet. The heat was so great. that we begged the privilege of riding in a milk cart. the man took us both to the station at Auburndale. and with the true kindness of the country people. refused any pay for the favor he had done for us. We had not long to wait for the 1.22 train to Boston which we left at the Huntington Avenue station. and took street car for Jamaica Plain. in little over an hour from Auburndale In all our walks. we heard the beautiful songs of the Bobolinks. and Orioles

Sunday May 17th 1896

A walk in the Arboretum to see the Lilacs that were in full blossom. also honeysuckles. again we heard the songs of the Bobolinks. and Orioles. after spending some time in looking at some curious foreign shrubs. and trees. we went to Forest Hill. and took a street car to Dedham. found the ride a very pleasant one. with a good view of Blue Hill after leaving Hyde Park. We left the car at the Old Stone Mill on Mother Brook. and walked down to the foot-bridge over the waterfall. and on through a path in the woods where we sat down for some time. we gathered wild Solomons Seal. and violets.

We returned to Forest Hills by the street car. and again walked through the Park way home. This was a very pleasant trip for a short one. we were only away about three hours. Prof. Richards went with us.

Car fare, 05 each way

Sunday May 24th. 1896

Car fares five cents from Jamaica Plain to R. B. R. R. twenty cents to Lynn. ten cents to Marblehead seven cents ferry to the Neck. returning five cents to Salem. thirty five to Boston five cents to Jamaica Plain

Sunday May 24th 1896. Marblehead.
Took the 8-30 street car via Atlantic Avenue for the the Revere Beach R.R. and at 9.35 we we crossing the ferry. for the train to Lynn. where we got the Electric car for Marblehead. We did not walk about the city at all. but went directly to the ferry. the ferry house is most interesting. filled with every thing. belonging to boats. and the corners filled with old iron. nets. and boat hooks with very mammoth boots. we took the tug across to Marblehead Neck. where we sat on the rocks for two hours. watching and listening to the surf. The sky was overhung with gray clouds. so the light was very pleasant. After eating our luncheon. we walked to the new lighthouse passing the little shop. where they advertise that they sell "all kinds of pastery. and ect" We returned to Marblehead by the little tug. The Purser. when asked his price for crossing. said "seven cents for one. fourteen for two. and four for a quarter."! as if he were selling fish. which he probably does in the winter We varied the trip back. by taking electric car to Salem. and steam train from Salem to Boston. This was Mr Wilmarth's first day with us

Saturday May 30th 1896 Wellesley

This being a holiday we took our excursion in company with Winifred Brooks. and Mr E. N. Hewins we left Jamaica Plain. at 8.45. changed cars at Northampton St for Cambridge. where we took another car for Newton via Watertown. we again changed for Newton Lower Falls where we waited on the bridge for the car which should leave us at the entrance of the Wellesley College grounds. Mr Hewins continuing on to Natick. The walk in the grounds was very restful after our many changes. and long car rides. We visited the Main building. with its fine Corridors. and fine view of the Lake. which adds so much to the beauty of the grounds. we were taken into the Browning room. Library. and Chapel. we again went out into the grounds. saw great masses of Rhododendrons. and Azaleas in bloom. and walked to the street pass the church. to the Wellesley Café which we had noticed in the morning. we found the Café. a neat and quiet place for a luncheon. in the afternoon we started for home through Newton Lower Falls, to Auburndale. where we took the new line of cars over. the Newton Boulevard

This road is not yet completed, so we transferred to a "barge" which carried us through the grounds of the Chestnut Hill Reservoir to the station for the Brookline street car through the village of Brookline to the Roxbury Crossing. This ride over the Boulevard added very much to the pleasure of the trip and the ride through the Reservoir grounds was delightful. by another year the Boulevard route will be finished, making one less change of car necessary.

Car fares Eight cents to Cambridge twenty cents (paying 5 cents four times) to Wellesley. luncheon for three people one dollar. return fares thirteen cents to Reservoir Eight cents to Jamaica Plain

Sunday June 14th 1896. Magnolia
Mrs Richards was at Vassar College. last week
so there was no pleasure trip about Boston.
but on Saturday the 13th we took a train
at 5 o'clock for Magnolia. One great pleasure
in the ride down. was the beauty of the Gorse
in full bloom on the hills about Salem
Our drive from the Station to the hotel was
very pleasant. through the woods about two
miles. so Early in the season. there were
very few guests. after dinner we sat on the
rocks. and watched the changing light of
a beautiful sunset. and the long after
glow. with the always beautiful new moon
We saw what would easily be mistaken
for the sea serpent. We do not know what
the moving whiteness was. without possibly
there were two sporting halibut Notwithstanding
the fine sunset. Sunday was cold and rainy
In the morning we sat in the hall. over the
cheerful wood fire. but in the afternoon
we had a wood fire in Mrs Richards room.
it sometimes failed to burn. but we burned the
Sunday Herald. and thought we had a very
comfortable room. We had plenty of reading
matter. Mrs Richards had some writing. and
altho. not a day for out of door life. it was
a very pleasant indoor day. After supper

we ran through rain and mud. to the piazza of a house. not yet opened. and listened to the roar of the surf. which was fine. after our return to the house. we had another pleasant hour over the fire. and retired early. As we had to make an early start in the morning. There were two small boys at the house. who shared our table, breakfast was at 7 o'clock. The waiter was to notify us but forgot it apparently. and the boys. left their own breakfast to tell us. our own was waiting. So we need not miss our train, It was raining when we left Magnolia Monday. reached Boston about 9 o'clock

Wednesday June 18th 1896 South Boston
Mrs Richards invited her two Cousins.
Miss Wilson. and Miss Winifred Brooks.
to go with us to South Boston. The evening
was beautiful. we left town about six
o'clock carrying our supper with us. The
trip was supposed to be a very easy one. as
the car ride was not very long. and
there would be but little walking. but
it proved to be a very "contrary" trip.
for the car we were in did not continue
on to the Pier. but went to the car house.
that gave us a long walk to the Pier or rather
to the boat for Castle Island. when we
got to the wharf. found the boat would
not leave until some of the men returned.
and thought the twenty minutes could be
well spent in eating part of our luncheon.
The men began to appear. but "Joe" who did not
come. seemed to be a very important boat
hand. he finally sauntered down to the
wharf. a veritable fat boy. and were off.
The walk on the Island was pleasant. but a
long one. in order to find a place that gave us a
good view of the harbor. and at the same
time would be a comfortable place to eat the rest
of our supper. we watched the many steamers
and vessells. on their way in. and out of the

bay. heard the distant sound of music from the steamers, watched the light houses. flash out their signals. and had a very pleasant evening. but the Fates were certainly against easy or rapid travelling that day. for we went down to the wharf and waited, and waited in vain. for Jve. and his boat to take us back to the street car. So there was nothing to be done but walk back the way we came and on to the long pier which connects the Island with the main land. but we enjoyed all the beauty of the evening in spite of the many surprises we had in not-having this special trip one without any walking

Monday June 23d 1896. Wellesley

No Excursion Sunday. but feeling that the trip to Wellesley was such a pleasant one we decided to try it again. Mrs Richards, asking Mr. Wilmarth to join us. We all met at the Reservoir station. about five o'clock in the afternoon. We found the ride over the Boulevard. even prettier, than when we took the same ride home on the 30th of May. The beautiful blue mist was over the distant hills. making a picture fair to see. After the many changes of cars. and waiting on the bridge. watching the setting sun. we went directly to the Café in Wellesley. where we had supper. The man (the husband of the proprietress) who waited upon us. in an airy costume of shirt. and trousers was most obsequious urged our coming again and his prolonged "thank you e v er so much" on receiving pay for our supper. was very amusing. After supper we found a man at the station. who drove us about the College grounds. The buildings were all well lighted. a concert was to be held in the College chapel. so the young ladies in light summer dresses. were hurrying from the cottages to the concert room. Many of the cottage piazzas were well lighted, and filled with guests. The whole place. had an air of festivity. We were driven

back to the Station, and took our street car for the homeward trip. The Motor man on the car from Wellesley to Newton Lower Falls, was very entertaining, by his singing appropriate songs, or hymns, as the lir of road we were passing over, would suggest to him. for instance on a level road well lighted, he would whistle a negro melody, or sing some popular song, but the steep decline so shaded by trees, that no light from street lamps could penetrate, he stood up very straight, and sang, "Nearer my God to thee." The conducton had a discussion with a woman as to changing cars, when, and where, which caused the Motor man to say that "women were sometimes very trying"

Supper at Wellesley $2 carriage to the College grounds $1 Car fares for three $1.32

Wednesday June 25th 1896. Bohemia
Mrs Richards went to a family gathering at Dunstable for the day and as she was to arrive in Boston at 7 o'clock in the evening, asked Mr. Wilmarth and myself to meet her in Boston and dine where we should prefer. Our meeting place was at the Rose Show in Horticultural Hall, which was so near to Marliaves, that we thought a "taste of Bohemia" might be very agreeable. and all agreeing, we had our first dinner there, which proved to be as pleasant as we had anticipated it would be. After dinner we went to the "Pop Concert" at the Music Hall, sitting in the upper balcony until about 9.30 when we finished our evening by a visit at "Kieths Theatre" to see the Vitascope We had a very merry evening. Our amusement was very great when Mrs Richards saw one of the family party at Keith's. As he said he was obliged to be home early

Dinner at Marliaves	2.40	for three
Kieths	1.50	" "
Concert	75	" "

Thursday June 26th 1896. Nahant
An hours pleasant sail on the 5 o'clock boat to Nahant, we decided to keep on to Bass-Point. It was very cool on the water. and the Clouds were magificent. we had a fish dinner at the hotel. We sat out doors for some good air. and move views of the moving clouds. About 8-30 took a little steam tug for Lynn. Saw the moon rise on the trip across. that trip across the bay was lovely. We had a short walk along the wharves of Lynn. to the station of the R. B. R. R we had about a half hour to wait which we spent in walking about Lynn. and seeing the crowds of people, out for fresh air. The ride up, all the way by the water. and the crossing the ferry was lovely. as we could watch the moon all the way.
Mr. Wilmarth went on this trip

Supper and fare on boat to Nahant	$3
Boat to Lynn for three	30
Lynn to Boston " "	60

Friday June 27th and 1896 South Boston.
Met Mrs Richards, Mrs Wilmarth at the Institute. and about 7 o'clock took Car for City Point. walked about the new Café which we found to be very neat. we had a very good dinner. the hour was a quiet one. for a little while we were the only patrons, so the waiters had plenty of time, to freshen themselves up for their labors of the evening They arranged their hair by the aid of the mirror in the soda fountain drank a great deal of soda water. when some lively young women came in they availed themselves of the privilege of the mirror in the fountain to comb out their crimps. rearrange their hats. We walked out to the end of the Pier. and waited for the moon to rise. as there were many clouds in the horizon. the moon. was good enough to rise many times. On our ride to Jamaica Plain. the clouds disappeared and the moon shone very brightly

Supper for three 2.40
Car fares " " 39

for one person

Car fare to Rockport	.85
Barge to hotel	25
Hotel	3.50

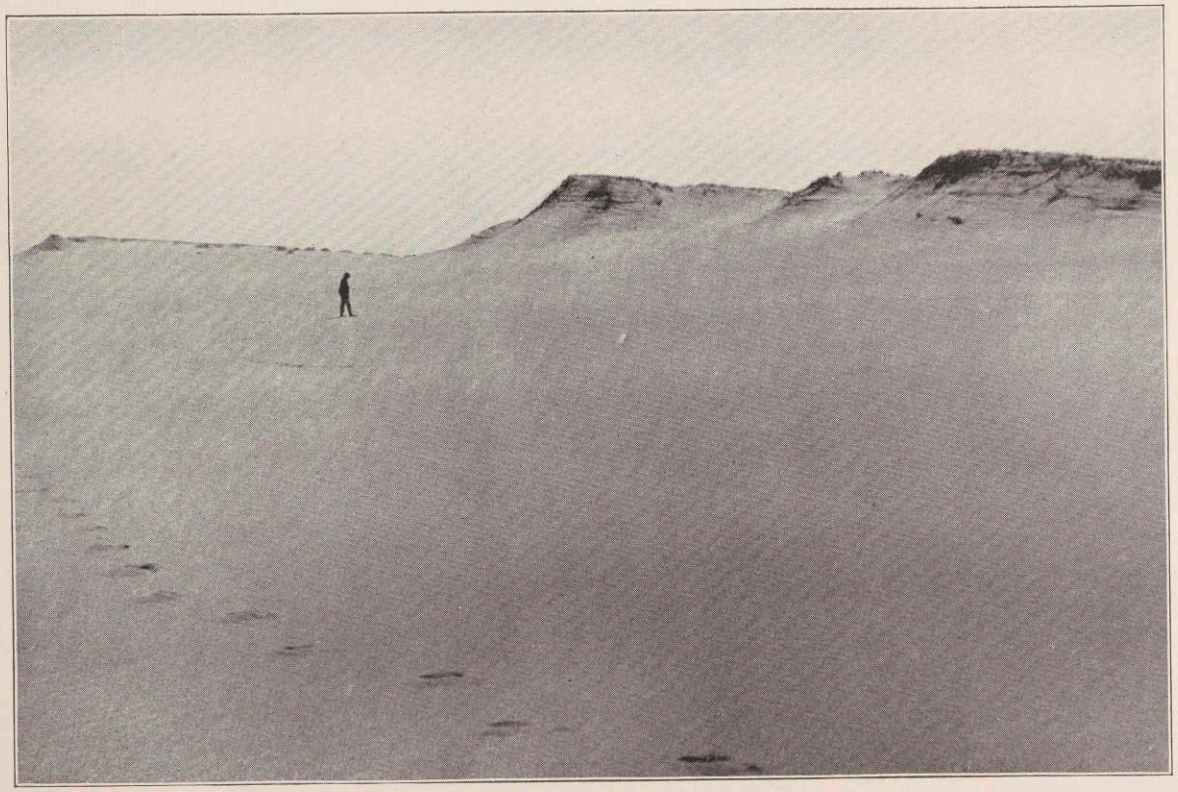
Saturday. June 28th 1896 Rockport
Mrs Richards proposed a trip to Cape Ann so we went by 4.30 train. the gorse was still in blossom on the hill sides. We found a very picturesque old ruin at Rockport. being all that is left of a large cotton mill which was burned about twelve years ago. We passed it on our drive from the Station to Turks Heads Inn. where we were to stay for the night there were seven guests besides our two selves. the house very modern. and very pretty, but kept by people who knew nothing of the surrounding country. on our walk to the rocks. and short after dinner, we saw many distant lights. from light houses. and far away shores but no one could tell us what they any of them were. The next morning we walked through the field. gathering wild strawberries. wild roses and the little pimpernel we found on the rocks Saturday night the moon was clear. and gave promise of a bright day Sunday. but the morning was gray. We saw some beautiful surf. and the water dashed onto some very high rocks It rained in the afternoon, and we decided to return to Boston by the 4.40 train. there were many bicyclists who took the same train for Boston. putting their wheels in the baggage car

THE PERRY PICTURES.

HARBOR AND TOWN, PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.

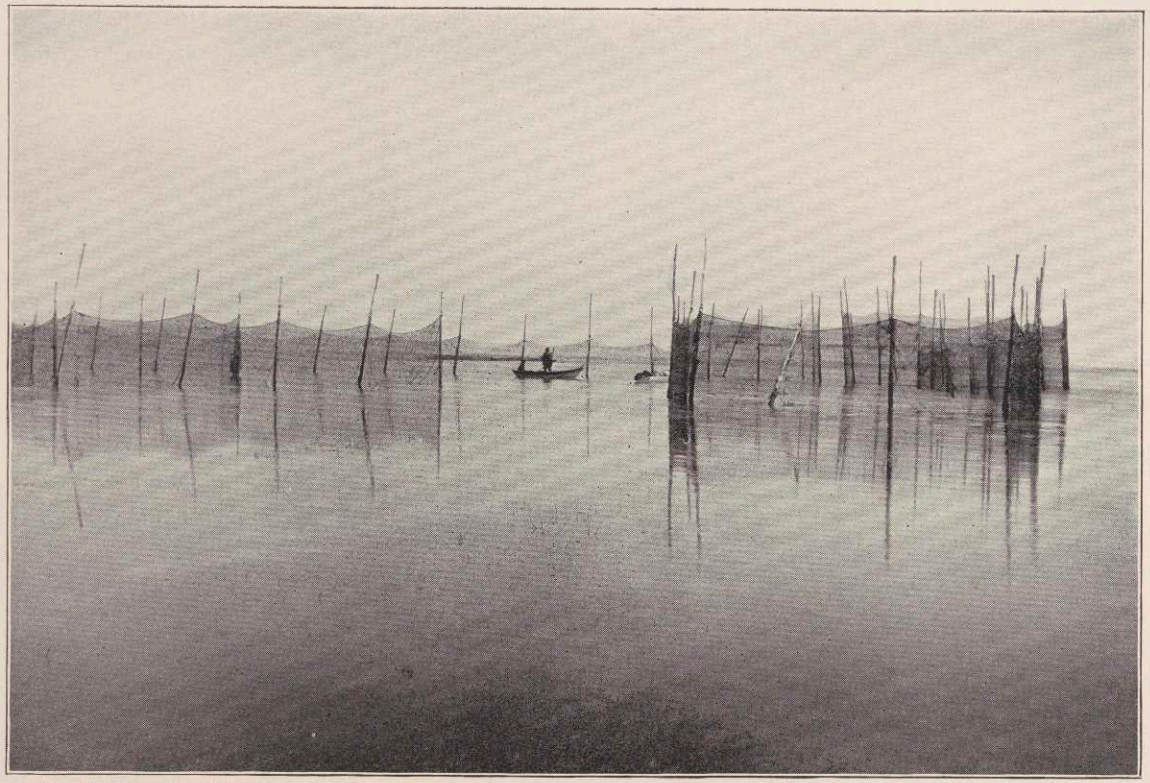
Friday July 3d 1896. Provincetown

The 4.38 train for Provincetown was crowded with people and baggage. We could not get seats together I sat in the seat with an old man who had a great deal of curiosity about our destination, and the reason for our going at that time. At Yarmouth we had to change cars which was done with great difficulty because of the crowd and confusion. We were obliged to stand in the new train while men had their baggage piled beside them. At many of the stations the citizens greeted us with the noise of horns and cow bells, possibly intended as the note of welcome to the sons and daughters who were returning for the holiday. Our train was very late we did not get to Provincetown until ten o'clock. We made the acquaintance in the cars of two elderly ladies who I think were not used to night travelling. They found out by questioning that we were going to Provincetown, and asked if they could go to the house we were going to. The Gifford house we found very comfortable, large double room, airy, and neat. We had a late supper on arriving. The most of our fellow passengers were chewing, perhaps! they had their suppers with them. We had to wait some time before our supper or our rooms were ready for us so the landlord came in to the parlor in order to entertain us while waiting He told us



SAND DUNES, CAPE COD, MASSACHUSETTS.

of the good supply of water the town now had. and said as they were a "wooden community." felt much safer from fire than in years before. One remarkable fact is, that altho the houses are so close together there have been but two houses burned in seventy years. Provincetown, proved to be an ideal place for a quiet holiday. no ringing of bells, and but few crackers, but no shop, or house too but had its flags in the door posts, or standing among the flowers in the garden many of the children had cotton dresses, printed with the stars and stripes. This quiet observance of the day, was entirely in keeping with the general appearance, and atmosphere of the place. Saturday morning a party of six, including the two elderly ladies who travelled with us, went for a drive to the pumping station, beyond the sand dunes. a better idea of a desert, than I ever expected to have, from actual observation. one interesting part of our drive, was over the State road, made in the sand by putting on turf, and covering

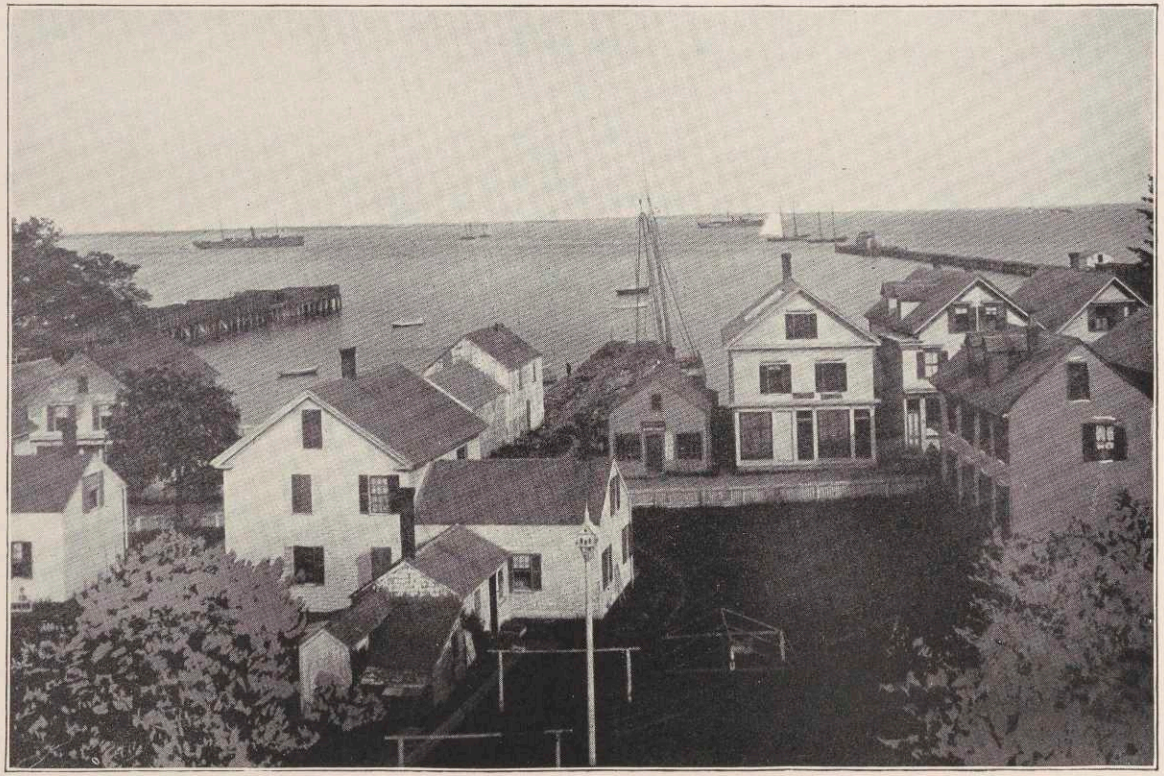


FISH WEIRS, PROVINCETOWN HARBOR, MASSACHUSETTS.

with clay. making a very good road for driving over. A great deal has been done by the State to keep the sand from blowing away. by planting trees. The tree known to us. as the silver poplar. was called in Provincetown silver oak.

There is a large Portugese population in the town. who get a living. by boating. and fishing. they live in a corner of the town quite by them selves. and have small but neat. and well kept homes. their door yards all gay with the yellow flower of the wild mustard. they are called good citizens

After our dinner Saturday. we went to Truro. or as the railroad conductors pronounce it "Teuro" We had a pleasant drive to Highland Light. but the fog came in so fast after we got there. that it was not as pleasant as we had hoped. the fog horn sounded. at intervals of forty seconds. the sound was heard for ten seconds. Mrs Richards went down the Cliff. and brought up specimens of clay and rock. Our view of the Cliffs soon being shut out by the fog. we took our way back. through the village of North



THE SAN FRANCISCO. THE PRAIRIE.

HARBOR, PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.

Truro. a pretty village. the houses. much more pretentious than those of Provincetown

Our driver should have a place in this narrative. for he was a type of prosperous Yankee. found in small towns. and villages in his younger days. and before the rail road he was a stage driver. perhaps he did not hold the office. but I am sure he could easily have been the town historian he had a great many facts. and stories to tell in a hard quaint voice that comes from an out of door life. and hard work. He was asked what was done with the original Gifford House, the present house of that name looked so new. "Wall – I'll tell you. they riz it right up in the air," he told us many stories. of the narrowness. and peculiarities of the natives. the town has good board side walks which our driver said. aroused a great deal of opposition. when they were first placed in the streets. some people. would not walk on them. and in going from one house to another would jump over the boards. rather than step on what they condemned.

Sunday morning we had a shower which did not continue very long. we spent the

THE PERRY PICTURES.

LONG POINT LIGHT, PROVINCETOWN HARBOR, MASSACHUSETTS.

Morning in reading, and writing. and Mrs Richards made some scientific investigations of water, and rock. which she got the day before. A slight thunder shower, in the afternoon, but about five o'clock it was pleasant enough to walk up onto the hill overlooking the town and harbor. the light house at Long Point seemed very near. from there we walked through the Portugese quarter of the town, to the Main street directly to the shore and watched the many fishing boats going about for fish. or bringing in the days "catch." The houses still had their holiday display of flags. We were attracted by a large bulletin in front of the Methodist Church. telling the subject of the Evening Meeting, to be "The Mother in law. and the Daughter in law" Our curiosity was aroused. as to the treatment of the subject. but not sufficiently strong enough to take us in. After our supper. we sat out of doors and watched the approach of the pretty white Yacht of the Light house inspector, who was to stay in the harbor over night. We retired early as we were to rise at 4.30 the next morning. have an

PEAKED HILL BAR LIFE-SAVING STATION, CAPE COD, MASSACHUSETTS.

early breakfast and take the 5.45 train for Boston The ride up in the early morning was very pretty. It was quite interesting to watch the change from the sand dunes to the smaller of trees. and finally abundant vegetation. as we got farther away from the ocean.
Wild roses. and the beautiful Orange milk weed grew more luxurious. as we turned inland. the water lily was seen in all the small ponds. Provincetown is a quaint and interesting place. we were sorry not to visit the life saving station but certainly had no occasion to regret any thing we did do. or see.

Car fare	9.60	for two
Carriage to hotel	50	"
Morning drive		
Afternoon "	4	
hotel bill	11	

Friday July 17th 1896. Wellesley Hills
Another pleasant ride over the Boulevard,
with Miss Bernard, and Miss Rogers.
Mrs Richards met us all at the Reservoir
car station, and proceeded as before through
the Reservoir grounds, changing for cars, until
we found the Wellesley Café. For some unknown
reason, our supper was served in a small
private room. The man (in his shirt-sleeves)
bringing us our supper, every thing at once
on a large tray, a platter of meat, fell to the
floor, and in his own inimitable way he said
"Well, ir got the advantage of me that time"
Nothing else unusual occurred. The ride home
in the moon light was fine.

Saturday July 18th 1896 Arlington Heights
Met Mrs Richards and took Cambridge car, at 4.15. at Harvard Square we transferred to the Arlington car. passed the Cooper Tavern. and saw many old houses, with tablets, showing that they were Historic houses. or had been the scene of some encounter about 1776. Our walk up the hill was through woods. without any distant view. until we reached the summit. then one hardly knew where to look first. such a bewildering panorama. After we had looked about us for some time. our attention was attracted to the ringing of a large bell. which very plainly said 'Come to supper'. which we obeyed. found a large pleasant boardinghouse. The landlady. (Mrs Perkins) bade us welcome after satisfying our hunger. we sat on the piazza for some time. (Mrs Richards, having as usual found friends staying at the house). we walked slowly down the hill in the fading daylight. The ride through Cambridge at night was unlike our usual car rides. for the streets were gay. with carts of flowering plants the drivers shouting their wares. Fruit stalls brightly lighted. and the crowded shops. and streets. made a strong contrast to the quiet and beauty of the hill which we had just been visiting. Dinner $1 Carfares .20 for two

Thursday. July 23d 1896

Wednesday July 22d 1896 Houghs Neck

About 5-30 we took a Fields Corner car in Franklin street, riding to the car house, where we got a transfer check for Neponset Bridge No preparation had been made for our dinner, we preferred to "run for luck" and as it was after six o'clock, when we got to the bridge, we went into a little shop, where we got a sandwich, and some hot coffee with some chocolates to eat on the way, we felt we had a very good meal costing for two forty cents, we then took the car for Quincy this is a beautiful ride over the bridge on the Neponset river, The color of the sky was reflected in the water, and the meadows were lighted in a wonderful glory of color.
At Quincy we changed cars, near the old stone church, from this point, we turned into a wooded road, where we got distant views of the water, the whole way was a wonderful display of color, the moon rose the sky was beautifully blue, as the day light faded away, the distant light houses shone out against the sky. we now rode on very near to the water, until we came to the end of the car line, we walked about a little, until the next car should return the cottages were simply constructed, but life seemed very enjoyable for those who were living there. There were many

outside attractions commonly found at the sea shore. Music, merry go round, and opportunities for being photographed, or tin-typed, but we turned our backs on all these minor pleasures! returning home we rode through a low hanging cloud, which helped give variety to view, and weather as we neared Jamaica Plain the moon came out from behind the clouds, looking pale and watery, but the clouds were very beautiful we reached home at 9-40, feeling much refreshed by our pleasant outing, and a breath of the sea air. the day had been a very hot and exhausting one. Car fares 70 cents luncheon .40 for two

Beverly to Rockport. Thursday July 23. 1896
4-10 train to Beverly was in time for us to take the 5 o'clock street car for Gloucester. a perfect day. the sun at our backs gave a most beautiful light to all the pretty country we went through. Hamilton with its round hills, and Valleys. Essex with its quaint houses. and hilly winding streets. and pretty West Gloucester, where we got our first water view. We had seen a bit of the lake at Hamilton, and the Ipswich River in Essex. but not the ocean. We some times went at breakneck speed, compared with our usual slow city travel. up and down hill we went. and around sharp curves as if the witches of old Essex County, were really guiding our "broom stick train." At 6.40 we left the car at the Surf side hotel in Gloucester we asked for dinner. and were told, they "served dinner at noon" but supper was then going on after our supper we sat on the piazza over looking the water. and saw the sun set on one side. and the moon rise on the other side The colors were fascinating in their variety
At 8.07 we took the Gloucester street car for Rock port. a ride of half an hour. This was another witch like ride. The cars go so rapidly and the track so near the side of the road. that the

Conductor. Called to the passengers. to "look out for the poles on the right. We notice in all small towns, and villages, the familiarity with which the employees of the railroads speak to the passengers. In this case where timid people would keep close to the fences until the car had stopped. The motor man would tell them to "Come out into the road here. I can't come to the side walk after you," We had a little while to wait before taking our steam train to Boston and passed the time in walking about the town, which was a veritable sleepy hollow. for altho' not yet nine o'clock the lights were out in the houses and peace and quiet reigned. The train left Rockport at 9.05. and in little more than two hours we were home in Jamaica Plain.

The Gloucester streets are filled with crowds of people in the evening. and the shops all open. a curious small wire broom which we had not seen before. attracted our attention on inquiry found it was a new kind of fly killer, so one was bought, and will I am sure prove useful

steam cars to Beverly .40 (for one)

Supper .75 street car to Rockport .05 to Boston by steam car .85 the fly killer .15

Saturday August 1st 1896 Gloucester.
Went to Gloucester. that Miss Bernard. might
have the pleasure of the trip. We took an
earlier train for Beverly than before. 3.20.
but did not make such close connection
as by the later train. However. the Church
steps. made a comfortable resting place,
and we were soon on our way to the
Surfside, where we had supper. We
left Gloucester at 7.15. for Beverly. The pretty
Essex Library was lighted. and looked very
pleasant with its rows of books. and
pictures. We had many delays in our
ride to Beverly. so missed the train we
had hoped to take for Boston. That how
ever enabled us to have a longer car ride by
going from Beverly to Salem. in the street
car. over the old bridge. and around the
Salem Common. to the Depot. The hour
was late 11-30. when at Jamaica Plain.
but so much fresh air. and sunshine
and good Companions, made sleep
sweeter when we did reach home

Wednesday August 26th 1896
Prof. Richards birth day, was celebrated with a dinner at Martianes, Miss Cushing was present. Mrs Richards carried pink roses, and sweet peas for table decoration. Dinner was very good every body was jolly, and the occasion was a very pleasant one. We parted from Miss Cushing about eight o'clock, when she expressed her pleasure, by saying "she was very glad Prof. Richards had been born" The rest of us went to the Museum, and saw Roland Reed, play The wrong Mr Wright

Dinner for four $3.87
Play. 3

Friday. August 28th 1896 Nantasket Electric car to Fields transferred to car for Neponset Bridge. another transfer to Quincy. where we had to wait 30 minutes for car to Nantasket through North Weymouth, and Hingham It was 5-20 when we got to Quincy so looked about to find something to eat. The only place we could find was a restaurant near the railroad station. for the accommodation of the men employed on the Cars. Everything seemed neat. So we mounted some stools in front of the Counter. and ate cookies. and drank milk. it was 7-30. when we got to Nantasket Beach. as we had not had sufficient supper. we went into the Rockland Café and had a good dinner. The Orchestra outside the Café played while we were dining. And after dinner. we went outside to listen. and look onto the Ocean, We took a leisurely stroll to the boat landing, but the gates were closed and we saw the last boat making its way to Boston. but. more blessings on Electricity. for by taking the Electric train to Pemberton. we were able to overtake the boat. and had a quiet pleasant sail. getting to Jamaica Plain at 10-30

Carfare .23 lunch .28 dinner $1. boat .25

Sunday. September 13th 1896. Black Rock House
Early morning boat to Pemberton. warm and
clear sky. at Pemberton. we went by the
Electric Cars to Nantasket. where we found
a street car for the Black Rock House.
After we had left orders for luncheon. we
went onto the rocks. the ocean was very
blue. We had our luncheon in the small
parlor of the house. there were eight other
people lunching at the same time.
The hostess waited upon us. the house
was to be closed the next day for the season
We spent some time after our lunch. on
the piazza of the house which is built on
the rocks over the water. returned to
Boston the same way as we went

Saturday Nov. 7th 1896

Mr. Wilmarth's birth day was celebrated with a dinner at Vercellis. Mr Sweetser was to have made one of the party, but through some misunderstanding did not find the restaurant. The dinner was very good and beside the red wine which is served with the dinner, we had some very good sparkling Chianti wine, with a flavor of Catawba Grapes. After dinner we went to Keiths and saw Biondi, an Italian, and a rival of Fregoli, whom we had seen some time before at the Park Theatre, both wonderful men, who by lightning like changes of costume, carried on whole plays, personating several people.

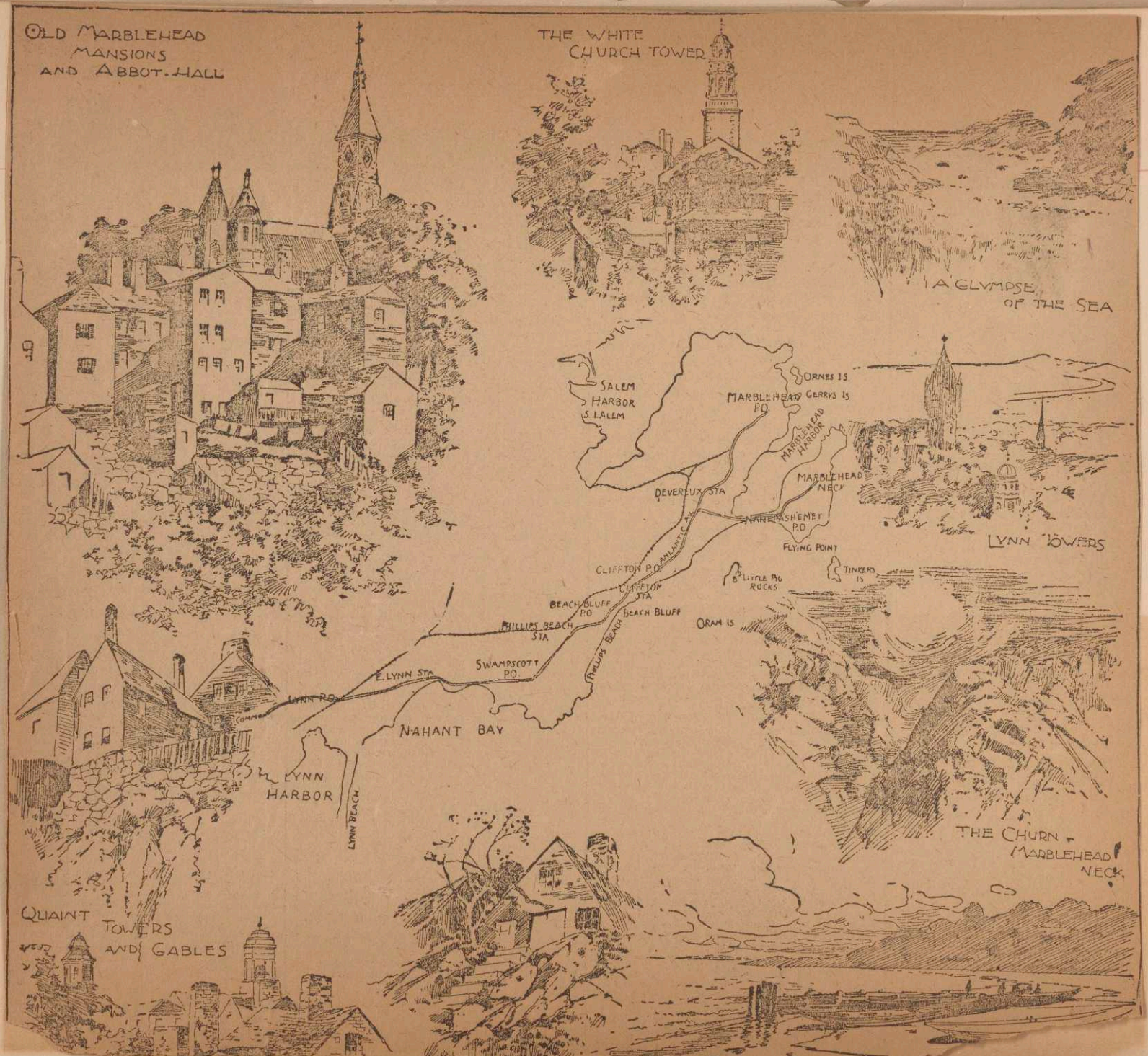
There were also trained Elephants, and some wonderful acrobatic performers.

Wednesday Dec. 3d 1896

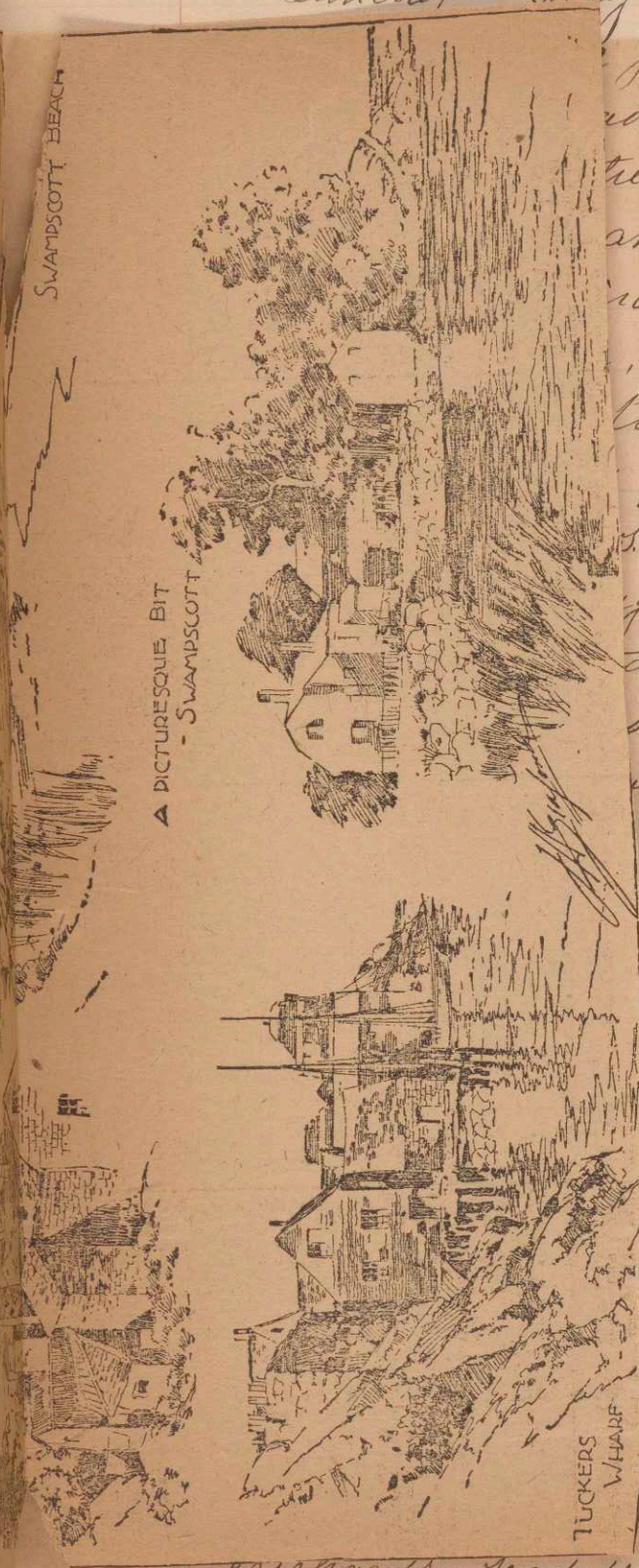
Mrs Richards birth day. Mr. Sweetser found Marliaves where we dined, with Mr. Wilmarth. we had flowers for the table and the customary good dinner. The Grand Opera had been advertised for that week, but that failing us. Mrs Richards thought we had better go to the Castle Square, which we did. and heard the Chimes of Normandy.

Wednesday Evening May 19th 1897
This season opened, with our favorite ride over the Boulevard to Newton Lower Falls. back to Boston through West Newton where we had a very long rough walk for the car through Brighton over Commonwealth Avenue, which we found very uninteresting. Mrs Richards thought the most we gained from this trip, was in learning what not to do. We had dinner at the Providence Station then met Prof. Richards, at the Hollis Street Theatre. and enjoyed the wonders and mysteries of Kellar the Magician.

Saturday May 22d 1897 Wellesley College
Mrs Richards had business that called her
to the College at Wellesley, at 4.50 we left
town by the steam cars from the Columbus
Avenue Station. at Wellesley we took the
College Omnibus for Hood Cottage. Mrs
Atkinson the matron of the Cottage invited us
to remain to dinner. we dined with about
forty of the students. and were entertained
by the lively chatter and nonsense of the girls
two young men were guests at one of the
tables. The cottage is very pretty and gives
one an idea of comfort and home-likeness
which must be very helpful to the students


OLD MARBLEHEAD MANSIONS AND ABBOT-HALL
THE WHITE CHURCH TOWER
A GLYMPSE OF THE SEA
SALEM HARBOR
S. SALEM
MARBLEHEAD P.O.
ORNES IS.
GERRYS IS.
MARBLEHEAD HARBOR
MARBLEHEAD NECK
DEVEREUX STA.
NANTASHENET P.O.
FLYING POINT
LITTLE PIG ROCKS
TINKERS IS.
CLIFFTON P.O.
ATLANTIC
CLIFFTON STA.
BEACH BLUFF P.O.
BEACH BLUFF
PHILLIPS BEACH STA.
PHILLIPS BEACH
ORAM IS.
SWAMPSCOTT P.O.
E. LYNN STA.
LYNN P.O.
NAHANT BAY
LYNN HARBOR
LYNN BEACH
LYNN TOWERS
THE CHURN, MARBLEHEAD NECK
QUAINT TOWERS AND GABLES
A PICTURESQUE BIT SWAMPSCOTT

Sunday May 30th 1897 Marblehead.



good friend who I told that
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the churches for you on Monday.
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, with the singing of birds,
tones of the grand old Ocean.
found in the rocks and
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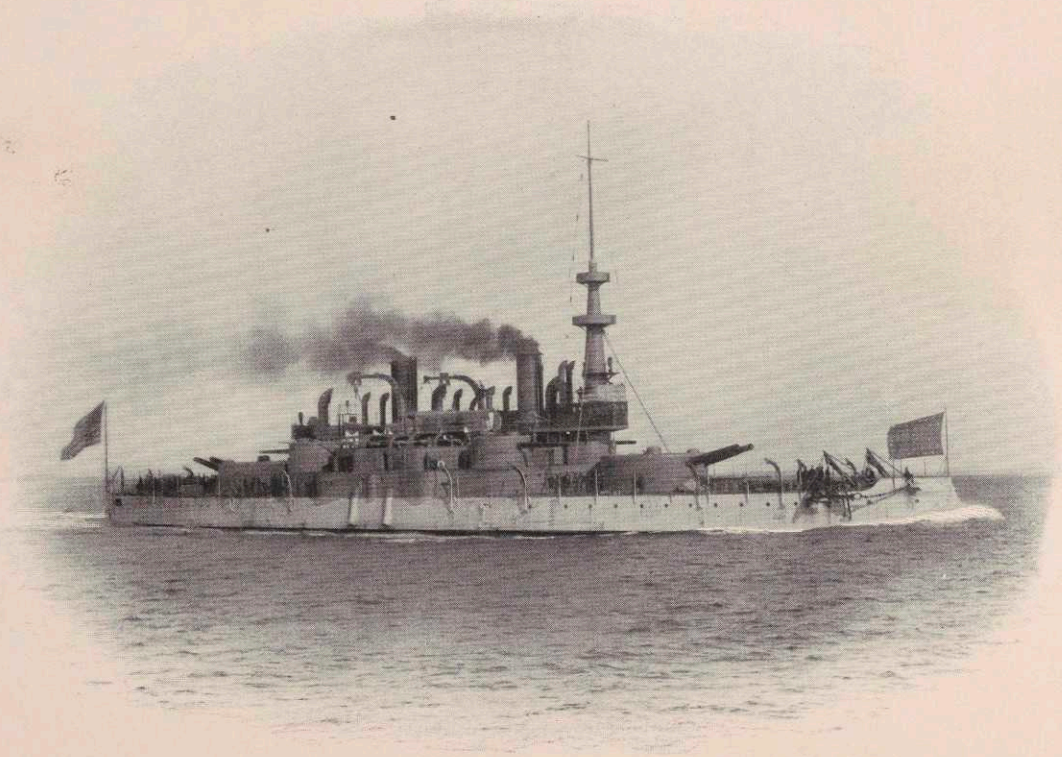
dancing water. Mr Wilmarth
ith him and took some
bor and Rocks. After Prof.
Richards had walked about the Fort this
being his first visit we walked along

Sunday May 30th 1897 Marblehead.
I was asked by a good friend who I told that Marblehead had great attractions for Sunday. "Will they open the churches for you on Monday if you go to Marblehead on Sunday.? No. I said but we shall find a larger and more beautiful place of worship, with the singing of birds, the organ like tones of the grand old Ocean. and the sermons found in the rocks and grass, and flowers. We were right in adopting the suggestion of the wise woman of our party, to take the first of the two holidays, if pleasant which Sunday most certainly was. while Monday was cold and rainy. Sunday was one of the most beautiful of the few pleasant days of this season. Breakfast with Mrs Richards at 7.30 and at 8-10 we were on our way to the Union Station in order to take the 9 o'clock train for Lynn. where we took Electric Cars for Marblehead The air was filled with the fragrance, from the lilacs, and apple blossoms. Our first walk was to Fort Sewall. we sat there watching the Yachts, and the dancing water. Mr Wilmarth had his Camera with him and took some views of the Harbor and Rocks. After Prof. Richards, had walked about the Fort. this being his first visit. we walked along



THE PERRY PICTURES. 191. FROM A COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY N. L. STEBBINS.

UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "MASSACHUSETTS."

Front street. to the Ferry. taking views on the way. of the many angles. of old houses and shops. On this street we met a woman. who warned our artist of the great danger he was in by taking pictures Sunday. and advised him not to let the policeman see him. as a young man. had been arrested. or at least reprimanded the week before. when taking some pictures. of the old town on Sunday. The Camera was packed up. and we crossed the Ferry. walked to the church. which we watched dashing for some time. The tide was high (11 a.m.) we walked along. to a shady place on the rocks. where we sat for some hours rested. and rejoiced in all the beauty. and goodness around us. After luncheon Mrs Richards read aloud a story from Littell. called a "Stranger at the Dolphin". When we got to the wharf for our return trip. there not being any policeman in sight. another picture was taken. showing Marblehead across the harbor. we went to Lynn by Electric cars from Lynn we took L. & R. R. R. R. hoping to get a good view of the water all the way. but improvements. do not always improve. and we found the car track moved so far inland that we did not get our water view. but in crossing from East Boston in the Ferry we had fine views of the battle ships Massachusetts. Texas. and New York

Sunday June 20. 1897. Norwood.
No season is just like the preceding one. and there have been so many stormy Sundays that we could not make our usual Sunday trips. This being a gray but pleasant morning, we went to Norwood by the way of West Roxbury and Germantown. beautiful views of the Blue Hills. and some more distant scenes. we returned in the same car to Dedham. where we varied our ride by taking a car through Hyde Park. to Mattapan intending to walk over Milton Hill. find a quiet place where we could eat our luncheon and proceed leisurely home. but dark clouds. cold winds and muttering thunder. interfered with our plans. our best shelter. was to ride to town. go into the Institute and make ourselves comfortable in the Laboratory. where we could have hot water. we ate our luncheon there. and when the rain had ceased took car for Jamaica Plain

Sunday July 4th 1897 Pigeon Cove.
Mrs Richards having returned from Cleveland, with her friend Miss Liggett, and Prof Richards we went by street car from Beverly to Gloucester stopping at the Surfside for dinner.
We were put into the alcove large enough for about a dozen people, and while congratulating ourselves on what the Prof. called "our dum luck," three people were brought in who interested us very much, and was an adventure, which illustrated the freedom, and independence of our country, which we were that day celebrating
The man and his wife were laborers, who did not know much about forks, and spoons, and were crushed by their present surroundings, the indifference of the waitresses to the comfort of these poor people. I think we would all have been glad to help them if we could have done so, but as one of the party remarked, "why do people who eat with their knives go where they have to pay so much for their dinner." Prof. Richards returned home that night, and the three ladies had a quiet uneventful, but restful day on Monday, returning to Boston early Tuesday morning

FRENCH, SCULPTOR.

THE MINUTE MAN, CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

Unveiled April 19, 1875.

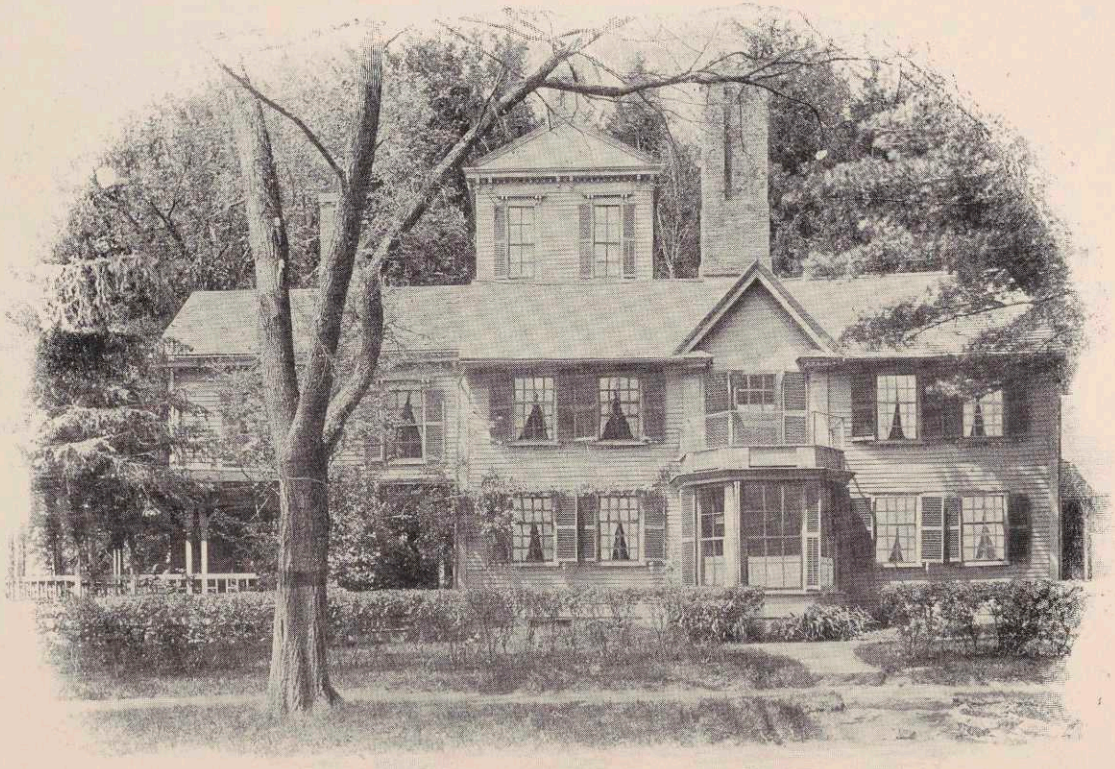
Saturday July 10th 1897 Concord
We wrote to Mrs Brooks of Concord. that intelligent. and interesting guide asking her to meet us at the station and drive us about the historic town. illustrating the drive with her reminiscences. and facts. Mrs Brooks having lived in Concord more than fifty years. had known personally many of the celebrated people. who had lived there. and many now living. have added information to what she had. in order. to make her excursions of interest. the first point of interest. was to to hill where the earliest settlement was made and near one of the many houses lived in by A. Bronson Alcott. we drove across the town to the hill which gives you a great view not only of Concord. but of hills and towns in every direction the Concord river. and the two smaller rivers which unite to make it, all make beautiful windings through the meadows. slowly returning down the hill. pausing occasionally. for a new view. or to hear of some incident connected with the place. we were driven along. the principal street of the town where lived the Hoars. Mr Wheildons. and Mr. F. B. Sanborn. by the Public Library the old historic church. and old cemetery

LOUISA M. ALCOTT'S HOME "THE ORCHARD HOUSE" CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

EMERSON'S HOME, CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

The old cemetery, we were told contains this quaint epitaph on one of the stones "Here lies Mrs Sara Brooks. wife of Wm. Brooks. she lived with her husband sixty three years. and died in the hope of a better life"

We drove by the pleasant house where lived Ralph Waldo Emerson. on our way to the home of Hawthorne. and to the house where were written the stories that brought Louisa Alcott fame. and fortune, in the yard of this house stiel stands the Apple tree. which by a favorable. bending of its branches. made a place for a side saddle. and Louisa Alcott. and her sisters had many a pleasant hour. on their wooden horse. The walk under the pine trees. where Hawthorne and Alcott. walked. and talked Philosophy was also visited. Merriams Corner. where the first battle was fought. on towards Lexington. was visited by us. but so much was yet to be seen in Concord that we decided to go to the old bridge and such other places of interest that could be seen in the drive of one afternoon. On the way our attention was called to the building of the School of Philosophy. and without intending any disrespect to the Philosophers. will say



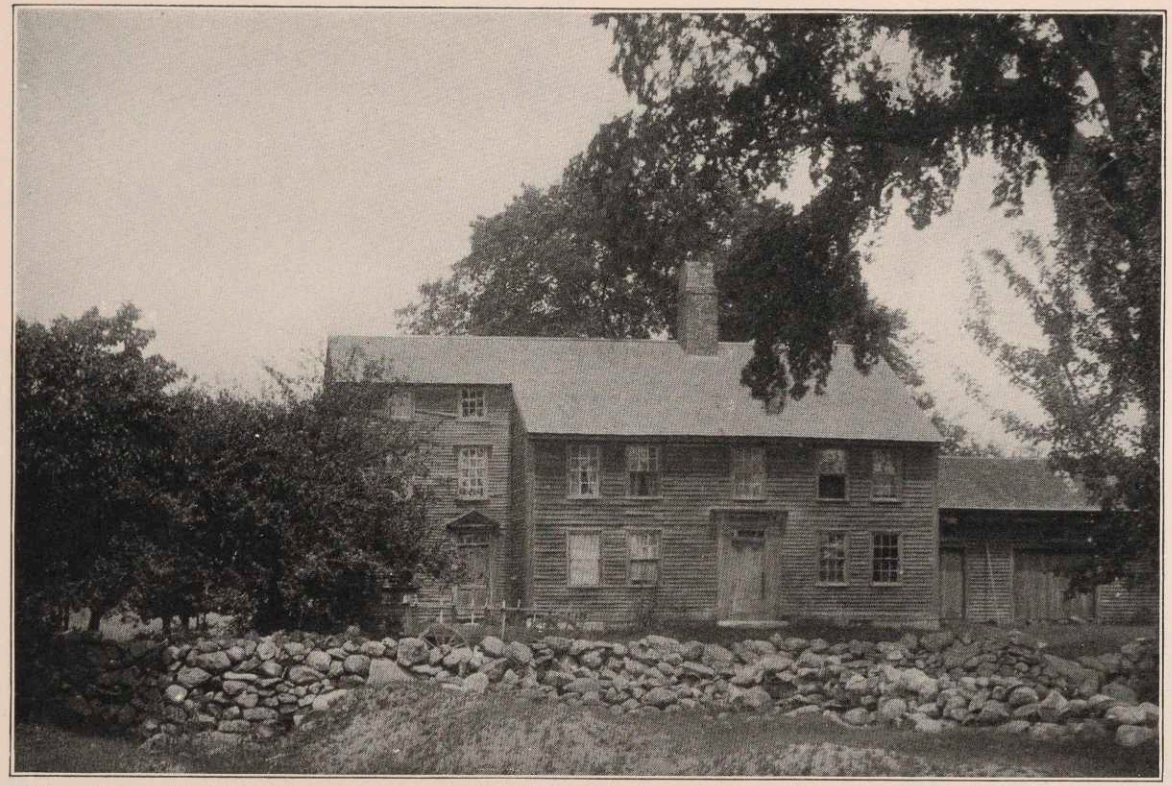
HAWTHORNE'S HOME, "THE WAYSIDE," CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

the building looks more like a large hen house, than a building for literary men, and women. Our next visit was to be at the Old Manse. the more famous of Hawthornes homes. a charming spot. the grounds of the estate are bounded on one side by the road to the old bridge. where stands the Minute man.. The Concord river lies at the back of the house. for the river is so quiet. you can not say it runs, the house and grounds are attractive. aside from any association of history. or romance.
The road side, on the way to the bridge. is marked by stones. showing where unknown British soldiers lie. men who fell in the "Concord fight." 1774. The minute man is the least obtrusive statue I have yet seen. it belongs where it stands. the approach to it is very charming. the river which lies at the base of the monument. and Battle Lawn directly opposite. all help in the impressive beauty of the picture.

Battle Lawn. the name given to the grounds of the Barrett homestead. which has its place in the history of the town as told on the picture seen on the next page. We spent a long time at the bridge. and left reluctantly. but the

THE PERRY PICTURES.

HAWTHORNE'S HOME, "OLD MANSE," CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.



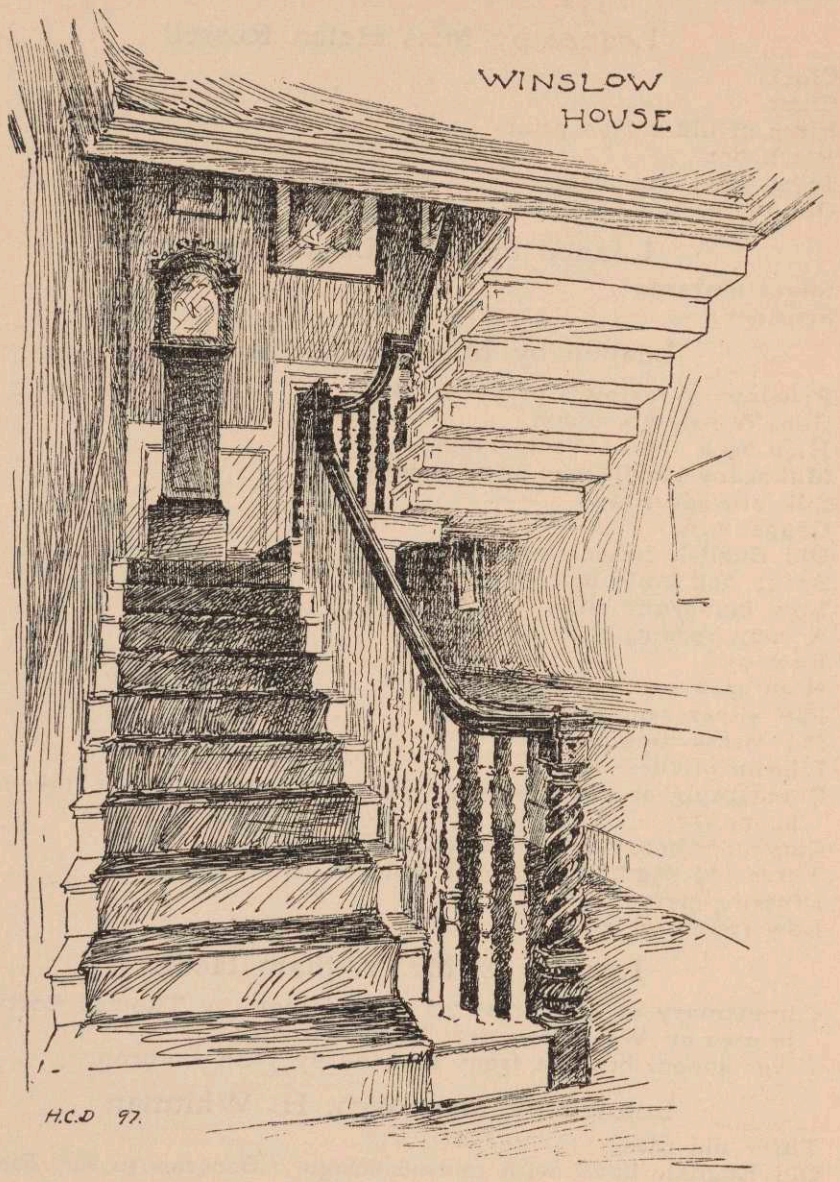
THE OLD BARRETT HOUSE, CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

(Built about 1660.)

"This house was invaded and searched by the British on April 19, 1775, in quest of the stores supposed to have been secreted here. Cannon and other stores were buried in the field behind the house at the time. This old house bears to-day the marks of vandalism committed there."

OLD NORTH BRIDGE AND MINUTE MAN CONCORD.

Afternoon was coming to an end. Our last visit was to "Sleepy Hollow" where all the men, and women who lived and worked in Concord, and who did so much to make the name of the town honored, now lie buried. Sleepy Hollow is a place of great natural beauty. The deep dell, by which it gets its name, is surrounded by a wooded hill, and on the brow of this hill, where the light of the setting sun falls, in close proximity to each other, like a little neighborhood of friends lie Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and the Alcotts,



see Plymouth

Thursday July 15th 1896. Marblehead
Miss Liggett. living at the West. rejoiced in the
Ocean trips. as those of us at the East.
Mrs Richards arranged a trip to Marblehead
for this afternoon. and evening. the first of
the week. had been cold. with high winds
and rain. So the surf was very fine. The
spray some times dashing higher than the
rocks. side of the Churn. We went to the
Boylston for dinner. then to the rocks again
where we staid until 8-30. The novelty of
this trip. was the view we had of Marblehead
by evening lights. every house looked as if some
festive occasion had called for a grand illumination

21 Teapot. Willow pattern.
22 Two cups and saucers. Revolutionary period.
23 Two lustre loving-cups.
24 Two Dutch plates.
25 Sampler. Grace Holmes, 9 years. 1802.
26 Tortoise-shell comb.
27 Painting on glass.
28 English pocketbook. Made in Liverpool, 1774.
29 Magazine, 1836. Arithmetic, 1833, by Peter Parley.
30 Bristol glass mug.
31 Silver lustre pitcher.
32 Sheltered peasant plate.

Loaned by Dr. James B. Brewster

33 Chair supposed to have come in the Ann, 1623.
34 Keystone taken from an arch of the archbishop's palace, Scrooby, England.
35 Bartlett coat-of-arms.

Loaned by Mrs. George Mabbett

36 Blue-and-white homespun valence.
37 Blue-and-white bedspread.
38 Fire set and warming-pan.

Loaned by Mrs. James W. Spooner

39 Portrait. Deacon Ephraim Spooner, born 1735.
40 Portrait. Capt. Nathl. Spooner, born 1748.
41 Homespun table cover and towels.
42 Deacon Ephraim Spooner's hat.
43 Two calashes.
44 Two silver-plated candlesticks.
45 Mahogany arm-chair.
46 Workbox.
47 Cup and saucer and spoon belonging to Deacon Ephraim Spooner.
48 English mug, 1788.
49 Pepper-box.
50 Platter. Boston Common.
51 Two colored prints.

Loaned by Miss Ruth H. Spooner

52 Tithingman's pole.
53 Sofa.
54 Teapot.

Loaned by Mr. Arthur Lord

55 Mahogany cabinet.
56 Carved-oak pew back taken from the Scrooby church.
57 Mahogany table. Presented to Dr. James Kendall by Rev. Chandler Robbins.
58 Porringer. Belonged to the Rev. Chandler Robbins.
59 Vegetable dish. Cauliflower ware.

HISTORICAL FESTIVAL PROGRAMME.

WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY AND MONDAY EVENINGS

1. Boston, England — Pilgrims in captivity.
2. Dutch scene — The Pilgrims on their way to embark.
   Dutch peasant dance.
3. The Embarkation.
4. a. Indian home life.
   b. The Landing.
5. The Treaty with the Indians.
6. Pilgrims going to meeting — A service in the Old Fort.
7. The Wedding of Gen. Warren and Mercy Otis.
8. A flag dance.

THURSDAY, SATURDAY AND TUESDAY EVENINGS.

1. The Embarkation.
2. Southampton, England — English merry-making — Pilgrims awaiting arrival of the Speedwell—The Mayflower at anchor.
3. The Compact in the cabin of the Mayflower.
4. a. Indian home life.
   b. The Landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock.
5. The Courtship of Myles Standish.
6. The Marriage of Francis LeBaron, the "Nameless Nobleman."
7. A Tea Party of the Olden Time.
8. The flag dance.

THURSDAY AND MONDAY EVENINGS.

"Early Candle-light" scene by Duxbury people.

THURSDAY MATINEE.

1. The wild flowers of Plymouth.
2. The Moon dance of Indian maidens.
3. The Courtship of Myles Standish.
4. The little sailors.

FRIDAY MATINEE.

1. The first Spring and Summer—Pilgrims finding the wild flowers of Plymouth.
2. Southampton, England—English festivities.
3. The Moon dance of Indian maidens.
4. The little sailors.

SATURDAY MATINEE.

1. Pilgrims in captivity.
2. The Pilgrims on their journey to Holland—Dutch dance.
3. The Embarkation.
4. The Landing of the Pilgrims.
5. The Treaty with the Indians.
6. The Warren wedding.
7. The little sailors.

MONDAY MATINEE.

1. The first Spring and Summer—Children finding the wild flowers of Plymouth.
2. The signing of the Compact in the cabin of the Mayflower.
3. Moon dance of Indian maidens.
4. The little sailors.

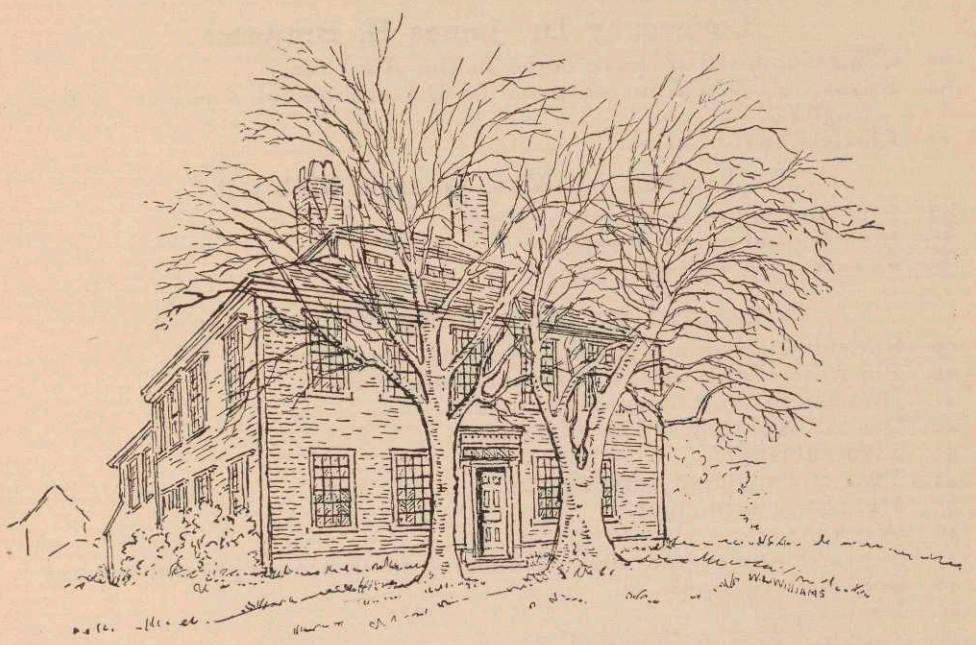
TUESDAY MATINEE.

1. The first Spring and Summer—Pilgrims finding the wild flowers of Plymouth.
2. Moon dance of Indian maidens.
3. The wedding of Francis LeBaron, the "Nameless Nobleman."
4. A tea party of ye olden time.
5. The little sailors.

Reserved seats, 75, 50 and 35 cts. Performances at 2.30 and 8.

RAIL EXCURSIONS

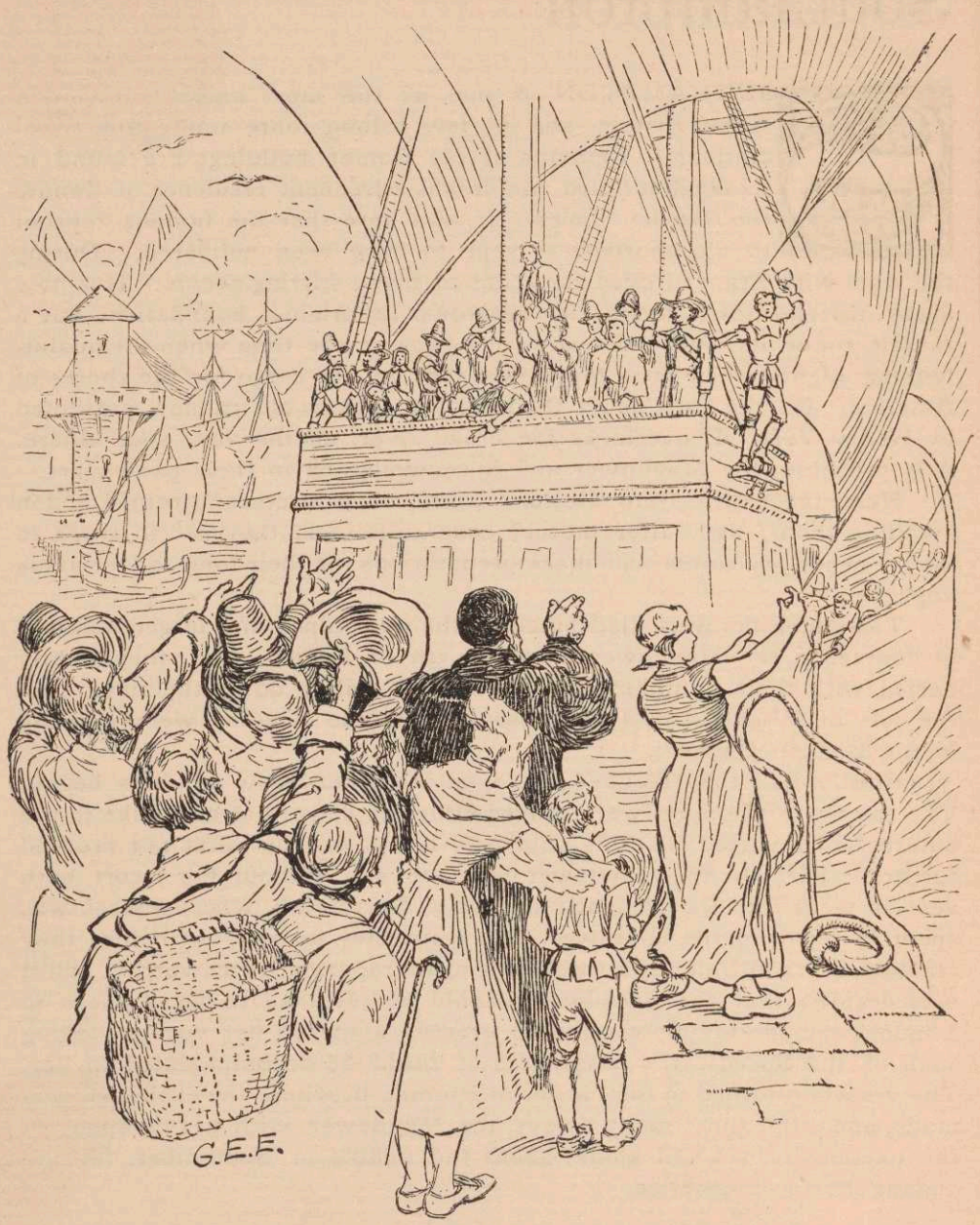
Thursday from New Bedford and Middleboro; Friday from Lowell and other places on the Northern division of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.; and Friday evening a train will leave Plymouth at 10.30 for Brockton, stopping at North Carver, Putnam's, Middleboro, Bridgewater and Campello; Monday, Aug 2, from Cohasset and the South Shore towns, returning at 10.30 P. M.; Tuesday, August 3, from Providence and Taunton; and Tuesday evening a train will leave Plymouth at 10 P. M. for Whitman and Boston, stopping at stations between Whitman and Boston.



Winslow House, 1754.

Tuesday August 3d 1897 Plymouth
Plymouth had been having a week's festival to get money for completing the church and for helping some town memorials, Mrs Adams met her friend Mrs Richards and myself when we arrived in Plymouth as we walked across the common we rubbed our eyes to be sure this was not a dream. The Plymouth ladies all in Puritan garb gray gowns white caps and kerchiefs were walking around as if this were indeed the simple Pilgrim times the week was celebrating. We were taken to the Winslow house for our luncheon afterward we walked through the different rooms of the house all filled with old furniture, quaint pictures pewter tankards artistic candle-sticks dainty old gowns Embroideries &c. the property of different families who had loaned their treasures for this festival. We next went to the Armory for an afternoon of tableaux and songs by the children Each child or group of children representing the flowers beginning with the Pussy-willow May flower &c. through the season of cardinal flower and golden rod a very unique and attractive performance over the stage were the words "Not one went back in the Mayflower"

As we were to be in the hall


G.E.E.

that evening for tableaux by the older people. Mrs Richards proposed a trip to the Ocean beach by ferry. The beach is made by the sand bar. which is increasing every year we had a restful hour. before returning to the main land where were met by Mrs Adams. and had supper at the hotel. after which we returned to the Armory. for the tableaux. and scenes of the evening. One of the most beautiful was the departure of the Pilgrims from Delft-Haven we took the special 10 o'clock train for Boston. arriving at Jamaica Plain at 12-15.

Sunday November 7th 1897

Mr. Wilmarth's birthday. got a double celebration for Saturday Prof. & Mrs Richards and myself dined at Meussers. then to the Hollis St Theatre to see Andy Mack. play the Irish Gentleman.

On Sunday we all went to Powder Horn Hill Chelsea. where Mr Hollis met us. and pointed out many interesting places. to be seen from this place The wind was very cold - but the sun was warm. and after spending some time on the hill top. where we saw some good pictures illustrative of Mr Hollis trip to Alaska. after which we had hot chocolate and cakes. then returned to Jamaica Plain in season for our own dinners.

Friday December 3d 1897.

Mrs Richards birthday was celebrated with an elaborate dinner at the Touraine, in the German room. With Mr Hewins as an extra guest. The Orchestra played during dinner afterward, we went to the Castle Square, and saw the play "Little Emily" a very teary play for a birth day fête but it was the regular Castle Square night. and Mrs Richards thought it best not to change for something else

May 15th 1898. East Walpole.

The Norwood Street Car Line, had been extended to East Walpole since the last season, so decided to open the season, by exploring the new country, to us, of East Walpole. which we found an uninteresting factory village of apparently one street. We sat for some time on a fence, and listened to the songs of birds, after we had got rested. we walked on till we came to a beautiful wooded road. the ground in many places. blue with the cranes bill violet. we found by keeping on this very attractive road we should come directly back to the cars. which was more interesting than returning by the village. on our ride home we took the seat at the back of the car. so facing outward. we had some beautiful receding pictures. Going out in the morning, we were much entertained by a Cat which sprang from the side of the road. and raced with our car. when apparently near her own home. Pussie increased her speed. dashed in front of the car. and into the yard of a house We saw Apple trees in blossom.

Sunday May 22d 1898

Early morning ride to Nantasket by Electric Cars through Quincy, and Hingham. We walked over the Jerusalem Road to the Black Rock House resting by the way on the steps of a vacant house. We went on to the piazza of the hotel, read our books. And ate our luncheon. We were surprised on our way across the country, to see the apple trees in full blossom, as they were so perfect the week before. This trip, was one we were afraid could not be taken this summer, as the harbor was mined, ready to blow up the Spanish gun boats, which might venture into our harbor. but we took the 3.45 boat for Boston and had a very pleasant trip which we cheerfully recommend to all nervous people, as there was no apparent anxiety on the part of any one, and certainly nothing that looked like Spanish gun boats, or exploding mines

May 28. 29. 30th 1898. Manchester by the Sea
From Saturday afternoon until Tuesday morning.
seemed the right time. for something more than
a days excursion. and in discussing various
plans it was decided that housekeeping or
housecamping would be a new experience for
us. The only available house was a cottage
in Manchester. which had been taken for the
season. by my sister Mrs Poor. but would
not be occupied by her. until June. she was very
glad for us to use it. and had the house cleaned
supplied with fuel. and opened that the sun
shine might warm and purify it for our use.
We left Boston by the 2.15 train. carrying as
baggage two sailor bags. filled with bedding
and clothing, two boxes of food. a dress suit
case bags. and baskets. umbrellas. and a camera -
When we got to Manchester. the baggage was
put into a carriage. and Mrs Richards rode up the
hill to the house. the others walking. from the
train, The house looked very bright. and had been
made gay with apple blossoms. Mr Poor. having
opened the house. We carried everything into the
dining room. and unpacked our three days
rations Mrs Richards had estimated that we
should require fifty pounds of food. The table
was soon loaded with two cans of soup. two
cans of milk. one can of baked beans. cold ham

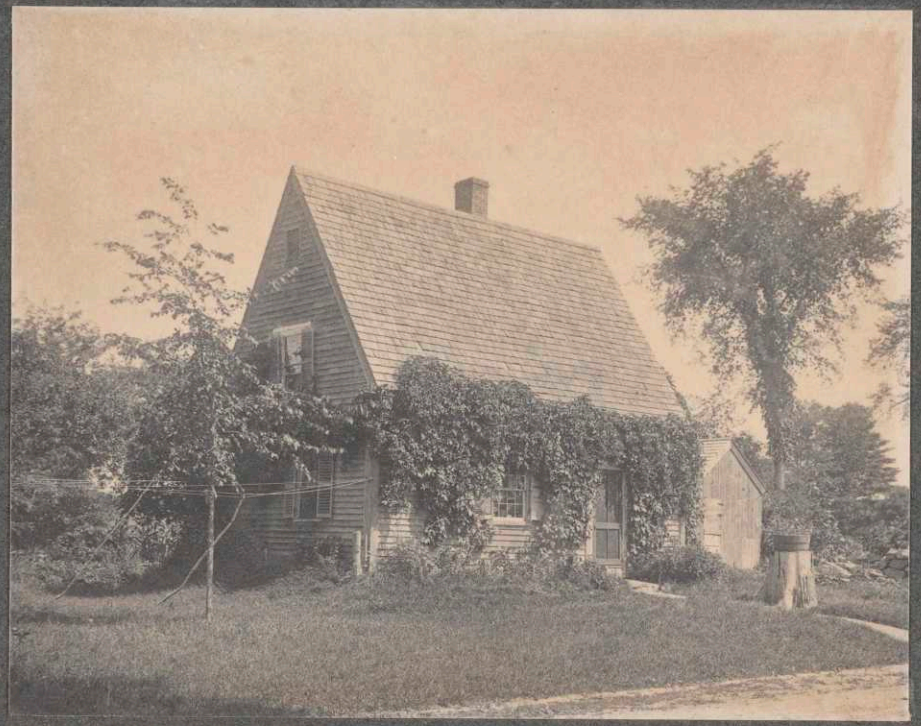
cold chicken four loaves of white bread. and one loaf of brown bread. corn cake. biscuits buns. and cookies breakfast bacon. one pine apple cheese. coffee. cocoa. a bottle of alcohol for the chafing dish. a bottle of sherry wine. and although we were a temperate party of four persons. each had brought a small bottle of whiskey or brandy. to prevent our getting cold We found ice in the refrigerator. so packed away the eggs. butter milk &c. Mr Wilmarth who was our Chef. made a coal fire in the kitchen. and Prof. Richards lighted the open fire in the parlor. We selected our rooms. and when the fires had reached a point where they could be safely left. we all went for a walk to the singing beach. The morning had been foggy. but the sun was shining and the fog lifting. so we had a good view of the water and saw a fog bow we sat on the rocks for an hour then returned to the house. and looked over our stores to see what we needed more to make us comfortable. We had provided candles. but found some lamps. and a can for oil. a hatchet was needed to split the wood. The Chef. said he needed flour. as an ingredient for the many good things he proposed to make for us. Mrs Richards remained at the house. while the rest of us. went to the village to make the

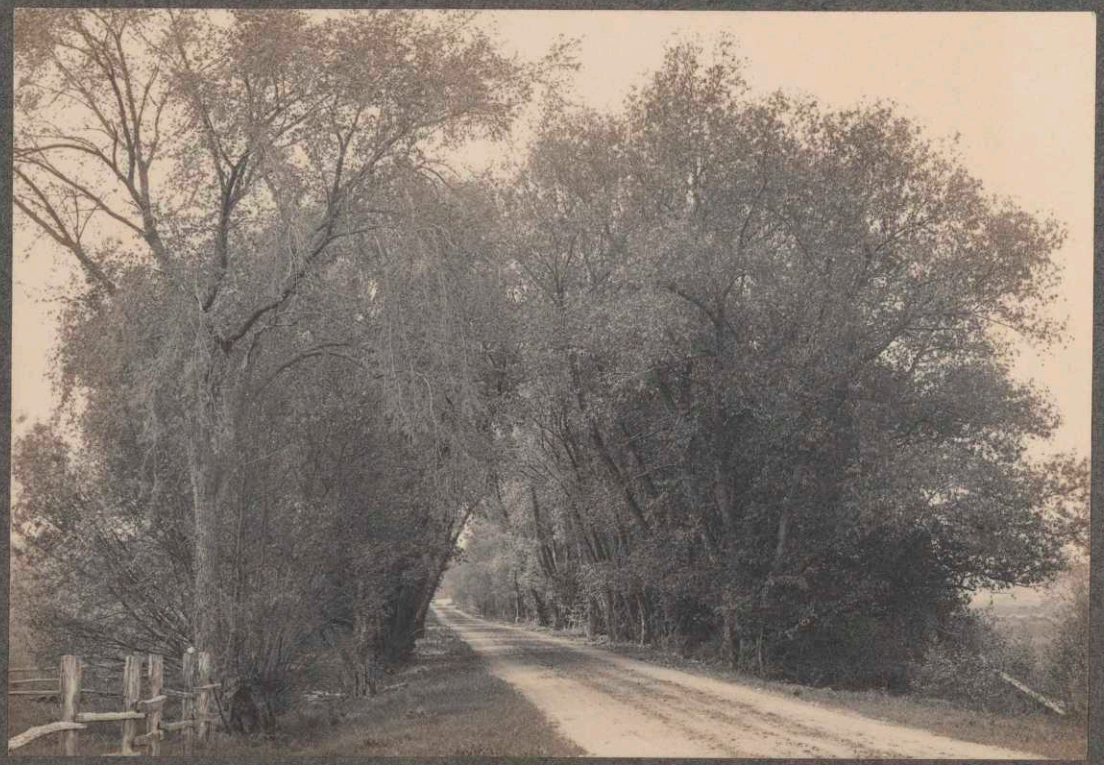
necessary purchases. We added a dozen of beer, to our supplies, which the grocer sent up to the house. The man saying to the Chef. "I shall be happy to take your orders sir. for the season."
By that time we all began to think of supper. our first meal was of white, and graham bread, hot-baked beans. cold ham. and chicken. cocoa. cookies and nut cakes. We all shared in the labor. of carrying in, and out. and the washing of dishes. The Professor had many jokes as to the proportion of the fifty pounds. we had consumed. and whether we had enough for the rest of our camping out.
In the evening we played numbers. until about ten o'clock. when we retired, feeling that the beginning of our house keeping, had been very satisfactory Sunday morning was gray. and foggy. but the sun shone out later. and the day was beautiful. We breakfasted. befor Eight We had baked Omelette. Bacon. cooked in the chafing dish. bread. biscuit corn cakes bread orange marmalade. and coffee. After the morning labors were over. we had our chairs on the piazza. and Mrs Richards read aloud from the morning paper. Later in the morning. the men took some pictures of the house. and in soon was time for our luncheon. which was of chicken. and mushrooms cooked in the chafing dish bread. and butter. beer. stuffed dates. and

salted almonds. We put our house in order and prepared for an afternoon out of doors. The sun was bright and warm. taking the camera we went to Eagle Head. a name given to the private grounds of Senator McMillan, as the bold high rocks. suggest the head of the Eagle. Every step of the way seemed to suggest a picture pretty winding lanes. apple trees in full blossom. and shrubs. and native plants all in great beauty After sitting on the rocks. and seeing Magnolia so near. we continued our walk along the carriage drive. which would take us to the road to Magnolia. but we were attracted by a path. which would take us directly to the beach. getting more pictures. and walking to Magnolia. but on such a clear day. distances are deceptive. and we followed a path up the hill from the shore. to find ourselves again in private grounds. We thought we were considered as trespassers. but walked quietly out of the grounds. to find the road to Manchester a longer walk. than the beach from that place. but time was no object. and the beauty of the afternoon. tempted us to stroll leisurely along. The road was ours. except for an occasional "wheel man," We were sure of a better view from the railroad. as it was elevated. and Sunday afternoon we should not be annoyed by

by passing trains. The walk was a very pretty one. we saw the sheep grazing in the golf links of the Essex Co. Club. got occasional glimpses of the ocean. and all enjoyed the variety in the walk. and the perfection of the day. We rested a while, then dressed for our dinner. The variety in our meals was a great surprise to us. as we had nothing but what we had brought with us. Our Sunday night dinner was Tomato soup. breakfast biscuit. Scrambled Eggs. in chafing dish. white, and graham bread. Cocoa. stuffed dates and almonds. We walked to the beach after dinner. saw the moonlight on the water, counted the flashes of the light houses. told stories and went home about nine o'clock. Mrs Richards read aloud. Monday morning was the usual sea shore morning gray - but our breakfast was an elaborate one. White. Brown. and Graham Bread. Omelette aux Champignons, glacé en cognac. cold ham, baked beans. coffee. and orange marmalade. Prof. & Mrs Richards. spent the most of the morning over the wood fire. with examination papers. and letters. Mr. Wilmarth went to the shore for more pictures of rocks. and of the apple blossom path. there were frequent dashes of rain. but the sun conquered. and the day was a warm ~~and~~ pleasant one. Dinner at noon

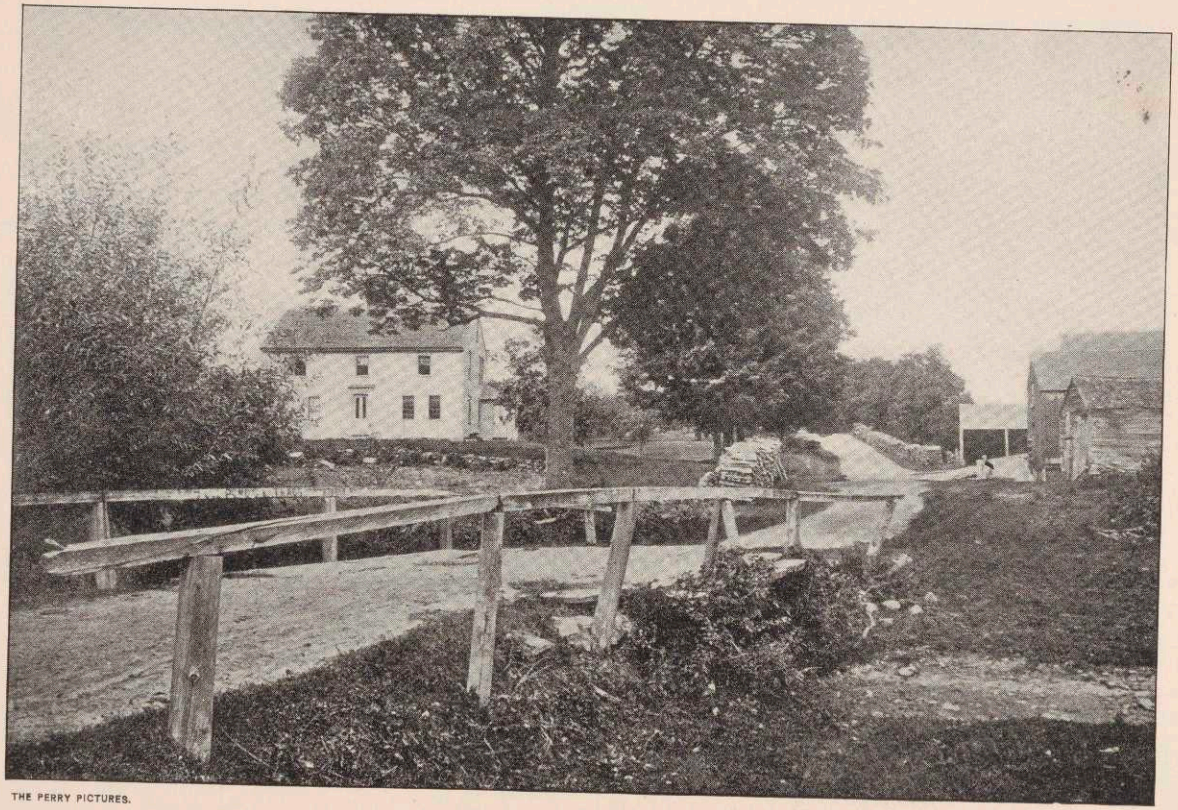
chicken and peas. cooked in chafing dish while. and graham bread. beer. buns cake. cookies cheese. dates figs. almonds Prof. Richards went back to Jamaica Plain in the early afternoon. and after some discussion we decided to go home that evening by the 9-36 train instead of leaving very early the next morning. So we made the most of the daylight. by walking to Smith's Point. a beautiful walk. and the view of the ocean very extensive. the water dashed onto the rocks. we had books. and read while getting the benefit of quiet. air and sunshine. on returning to the cottage we looked over our stock of provisions, to see what we should have for supper. that would use up the most of what we had on hand and decided that an egg nog. would dispose of milk. and eggs. with bread and butter. and buns. we made a very good meal. We then had 1 can soup. 2 loaves bread. some cookies cake 2 prints of butter the pine apple cheese. some of the cold meat. and breakfast biscuit. the most of which we left for a poor family in Manchester.





Sunday June 5th 1898 {in the Hewins garden
To West Roxbury. to see the Rhododendrons.

By Electric car. to Bellevue Hill. where we had a grand view in every direction. The flowers in the garden were not as numerous as we had hoped to see them owing to a cold rain storm the previous week. after our walk in the garden we were asked into the parlor and served with tea and cakes. on arriving at Forest Hills. we walked through the Arboretum. the lilacs had all faded. Saturday June 4th. was Prof. and Mrs Richards wedding anniversary. so this little visit served to us as a celebration. Mr. Wilmarth was of the party.



THE PERRY PICTURES.

WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE, HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS. (DESCRIBED IN "SNOW-BOUND.")

Friday June 17th 1898. Merrimac River
An ideal day for such a trip. as we had arranged for
Mrs Richards met me in Boston at the Union
Station. in time for the 7.30 train for Haverhill.
where we met Mr. Wilmarth. who walked about
the city with us. until time to take the 9.30 boat.
for Newburyport. and Salisbury beach. The boat
was a stern wheeler. unlike any other of the
excursion boats in Boston Harbor. The boat
moved very slowly. and made the trip, one
of great beauty. as the shore on either side of the river
is very attractive. The river is winding. and has
occasion bluffs. then for reaching meadows.
The river. and the towns about it have been
praised by Whittier. in his poems. one of the
few passengers. had a volume of Whittier. which
she read aloud to her companion. who sat so
near to us. that we had the benefit of her
information. Mr Wilmarth knew every bit
of land. and all the interesting historic facts
about the towns. and houses which we passed by.
Besides the many turns, and picturesque bits. the
river has four draw bridges. and one chain bridge
The home of Harriet Prescott Spofford is on the Island
that the chain bridge connects with the mainland.
we carried luncheon. which we ate on Salisbury Beach.
and took the electric cars. to Newburyport. here
we walked about the city. and rested in Brown

THE PERRY PICTURES.

WHITTIER'S HOME, AMESBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

Square. then returned to Haverhill by Street-Cars going through many of the beautiful spots. we had looked upon in the morning. and getting most charming glimpses of the river. we passed directly by the home of Harriet Prescott Spofford. our Car. going across the chain bridge which we had sailed under in the morning. besides the many beautiful views mentioned we saw Pretty Curzons Mills. a place where one could dream away the summer. Beside the natural beauties Art has done some thing for on the Newbury shore. stands Thornton Castle. a building without much ancient history but one that makes a very picturesque spot from river or shore. Amesbury is a very busy city. but the outskirts of the city are charming and here stands another of Whittiers homes. On our way through Amesbury and toward Haverhill the motorman suddenly stopped the Car. and our attention was called to an enormous turtle who was sunning himself in the road bed. when he moved away, we were allowed to go on our way. Two Castles in one day. and neither of them in the air. near Haverhill stands a Castle of gray stone. with ivied walls. and turrets the grounds, and trees well kept. and the great gates. suggestive of hospitality. we looked through to the beautiful winding paths. which were soon lost in the trees. At Haverhill we were tempted

by what we heard of the beauty of the ride to Lawrence to continue on. and see the road which had been made through the woods. for the use of the cars only. The glimpses of the Merrimac through the trees was delightful. and there was a sense of freedom in the knowledge that the road was our own. no wheels. or stray children to cross our path. Lawrence was very uninteresting. we took the steam train there for Boston. Mr. Wilmarth returning to Haverhill for his summer home at Bofford We got dinner at the Union Station. went to the Institute. to refresh our selves. and made our toilets as well as we could. to go to the Castle Square. and see all the "Comforts of Home."

Wednesday August 17th 1898. Ferncroft Miss H. had a birth day party. Mr. Wilmarth going from Boxford. and Mrs Richards and Miss H. leaving Boston. by the 7.56 train to find that were bound for a trip through the hitherto unknown wilderness of Saugus. We consulted the time table. and found that a much later train would have got us at Ferncroft. about as early. but we like new experiences. and with one of those would be friendly Conductors, the time slipped away. for we stopped at twenty different stations When the Conductor took up our tickets he said "if your courage holds out. I'll get you there at 9.19" he had a word for every one. knew who were the strangers in that region. and pointed out. what to him. were objects of interest. The walk from Ferncroft station. to the Inn. is delightful. through the woods. most of the way. Topsfield turnpike is before one. and looks like a road to the sky. so straight. so steep. and so long is it. The Inn is a very old structure. but does not seem to have the association of history or romance. like so many old houses. The grounds are well kept. and some fine old trees shade a very wide flight of white steps. where one might almost imagine oneself in an Italian garden. Two horsemen rode over from the Myopia Club. and were the only other guests. that day. The dining

room. has a great stone chimney. almost dividing the room into four small rooms. The house is filled with a great collection of old furniture, pictures candle sticks, and the many odd things. dear to the collector. and dear in another sense to the purchaser.

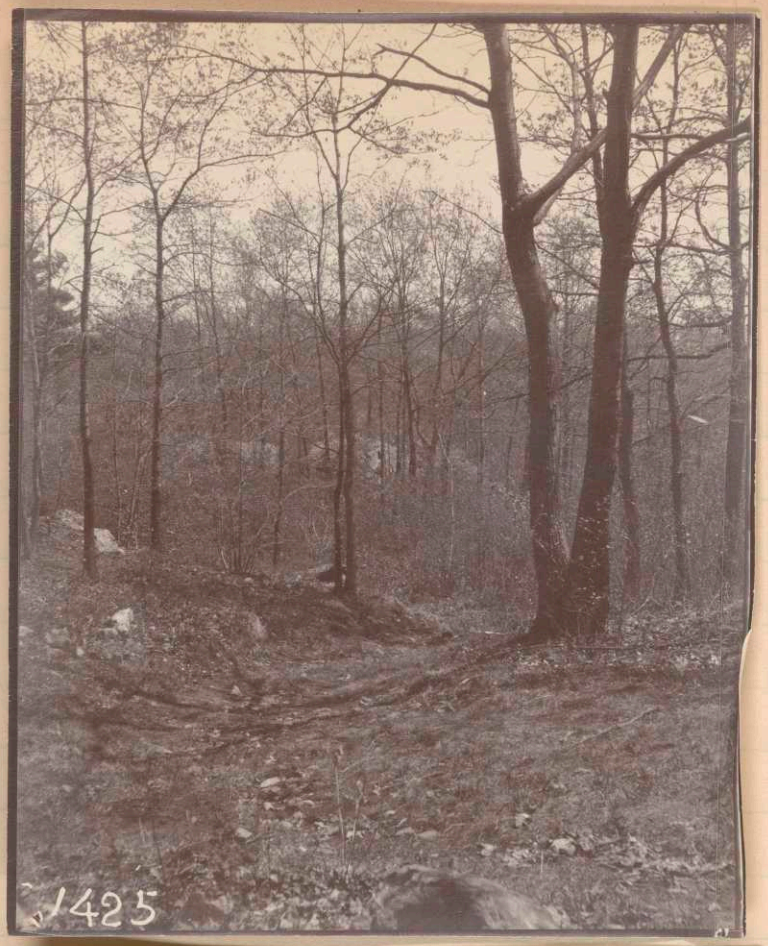
As Prof. Richards birth day. is the twenty ~~third~~ sixth of August. it was hoped we could go to Marblehead in the afternoon. and have an advance celebration for him with supper at Marblehead and again see the pretty effect of the old town lights. across the Harbor. but a violent thunderstorm disarranged all our plans. and after supper in Salem. returned to Boston and spent the evening at Keiths but the out of door life. had been so perfect. that we could not readily adapt ourselves to that form of entertainment. and after a short stay at the theatre returned home

Sunday April 22d 1899.

A warm bright day, our first excursion of the season, Prof. and Mrs Richards. by the R. & L. B. R. R. to Lynn. we walked to Lynn Beach. which has been much improved. had comfortable seats. with grass. and shade trees Mrs Richards read aloud from Alice Browns "Meadow Grass." we tried to find some conveyance to Nahant but so early in the season. there was no regular time for the barge. so after luncheon, (with ginger ale at the Car Station) had our first ride for the season. in an open Electric Car. to the railroad station. returning to Boston the same way. as we went down in the morning

Sunday April 30th 1899 Cohasset

By 12-58 train from the new South Union Station, we went to town in time for a walk about the place. and try have an idea of the size, and convenience of the place. as well as its beauty. We had so much time that we ate our luncheon in the large waiting room. and Mrs Richards read aloud to us from Mr. Dooley "In Peace, and War" when we out to the train house, which we found to be twenty eight tracks wide. and eleven cars long. We entered the car. and heard some more of Mr. Dooleys opinions. until time for our train. to move on towards Cohasset. the ride is a pretty one with views of the Ocean one side. and country views on the other, we found vegetation. farther advanced. than at Jamaica Plain. and on our ride from the Station to "Kimballs" saw violets in blossom. Minots Light house seemed very near and when in the afternoon we walked out farther on the rocks. saw the 'Glades'. There was but little shipping in sight. but two schooners. were flying rapidly towards Boston. No hotels. or houses. open as yet. but few people moving about The wagon came for us about four o'clock. to take us to the train. Of the two other passengers one was an acquaintance of Prof. Richards. We were delayed for some time on Atlantic Ave. owing to a large fire. in Dover Street —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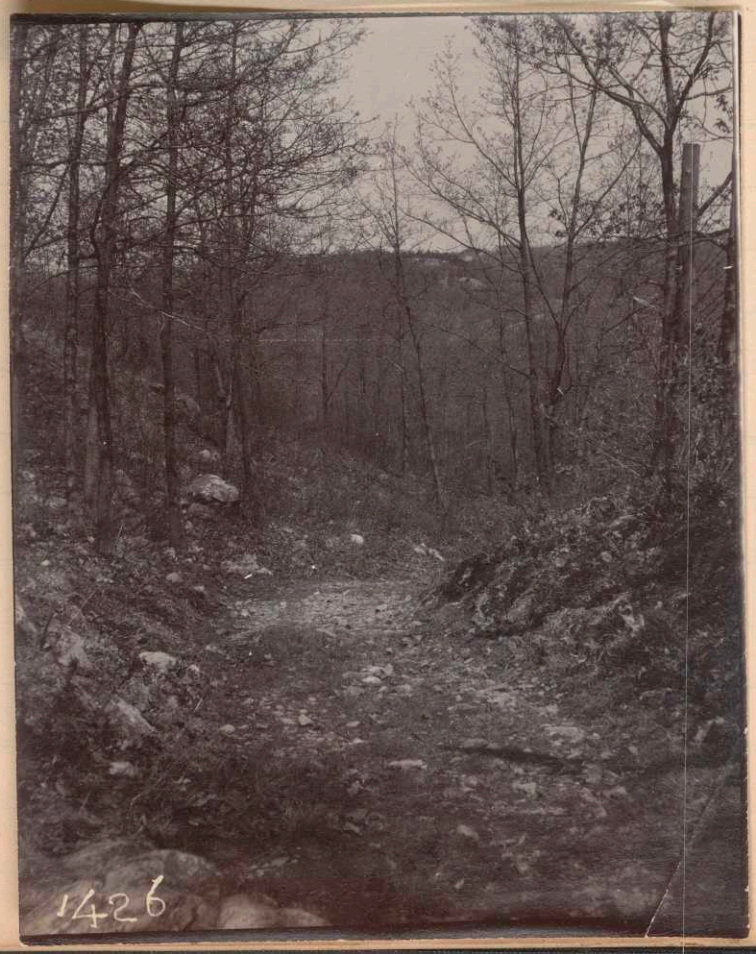
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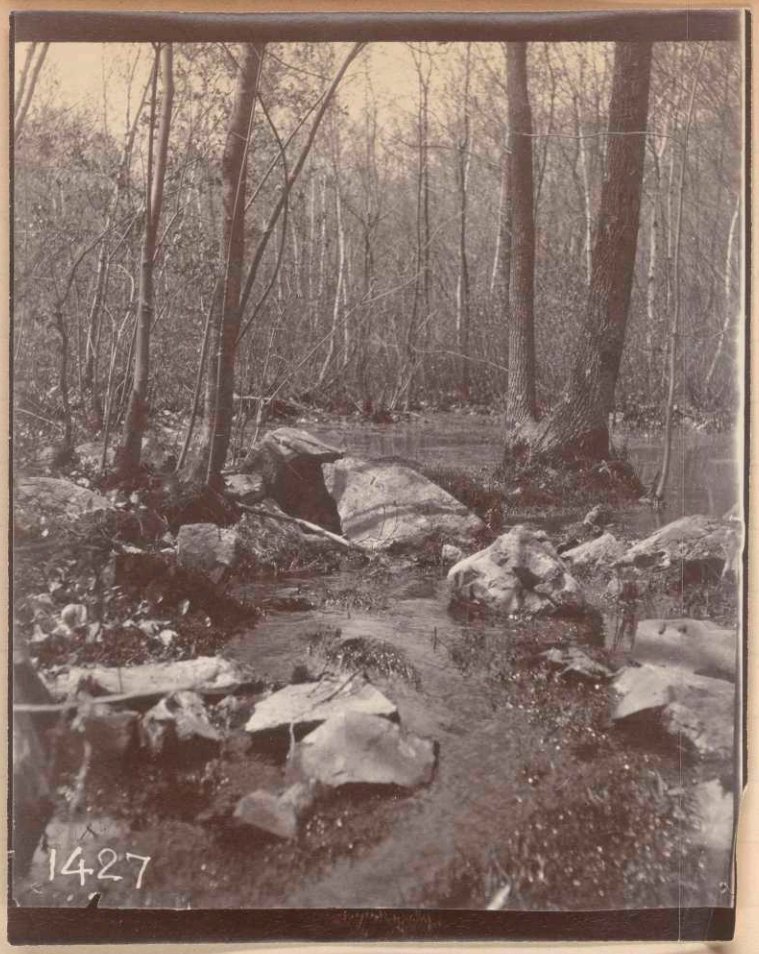
Sunday May 7th 1899 Middlesex Fells.
A very warm day. but we had a pleasant ride by the ten o'clock train. On arriving at the Fells. we tried to find a shady place to rest in but the trees were not fully leaved out. so we could not find any thing better than the rocks for our first resting place. The ground was in many places. bright with the blossoms of violets, anemone. strawberry. and blackberry. Our maps. and guide book. called attention to the Stone monument. which we hoped to find. we walked in the general direction. Prof Richards taking some pictures showing the wild and rocky character of this reservation, but the supposed monument would elude us. we made many turns. crossing a little brook. and the monument had disappeared from our sight. but we were not to be daunted. we again consulted the map. retraced our steps and rested by a very pretty pool of water. where a picture, showing the ladies of the party was taken,

Finally we walked up a beautiful old wood road. where we found our first shady spot. I can not record any heated discussion about the best way to reach the monument. the refrigerator came into the question,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But all our speculations were in vain, we however found our pretty road. the right one for us. to find. that our monument. was a derrick! and work was being done. in excavating. and blasting. for a great reservoir. With contented minds, we walked back to our shady spot. where we ate our luncheon. and taking the road which has been cut through the Fells. went out by the wooded road to the railroad track which we crossed and waited for the electric cars to Stoneham on our way to Woburn. for a visit to the birth place of Count Rumford which is in North Woburn, where Miss Hosmer. who lives in the house. received us most cordially, and prepared a hot luncheon for us. ~~Two~~ Views of the exterior of the house were taken and an interior view of one of the upper rooms in which is the cradle, in which Count Rumford. was rocked. This visit was very interesting, it is hoped that the house will be put in good order. that it may long be made a home like and interesting place for visitors. to the home of this remarkable man. Our visit of an hour was very pleasant. then Electric Cars home. There was a question of routes. one by the way of Medford. and one by Everett, the Ferry. said Medford. which gave us a pleasant


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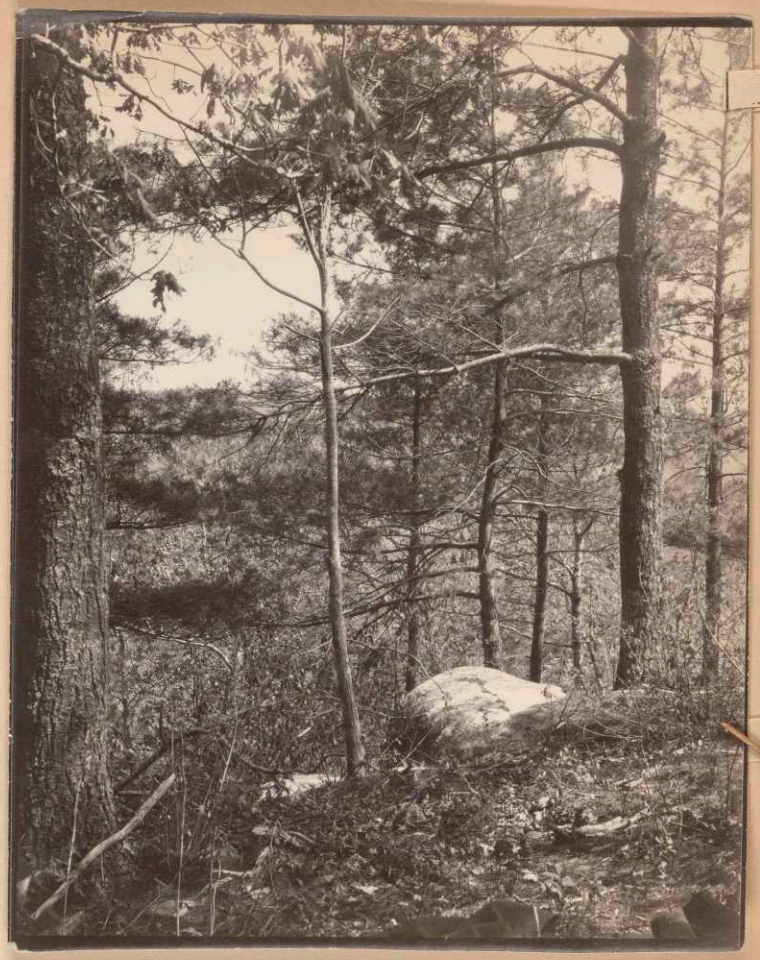
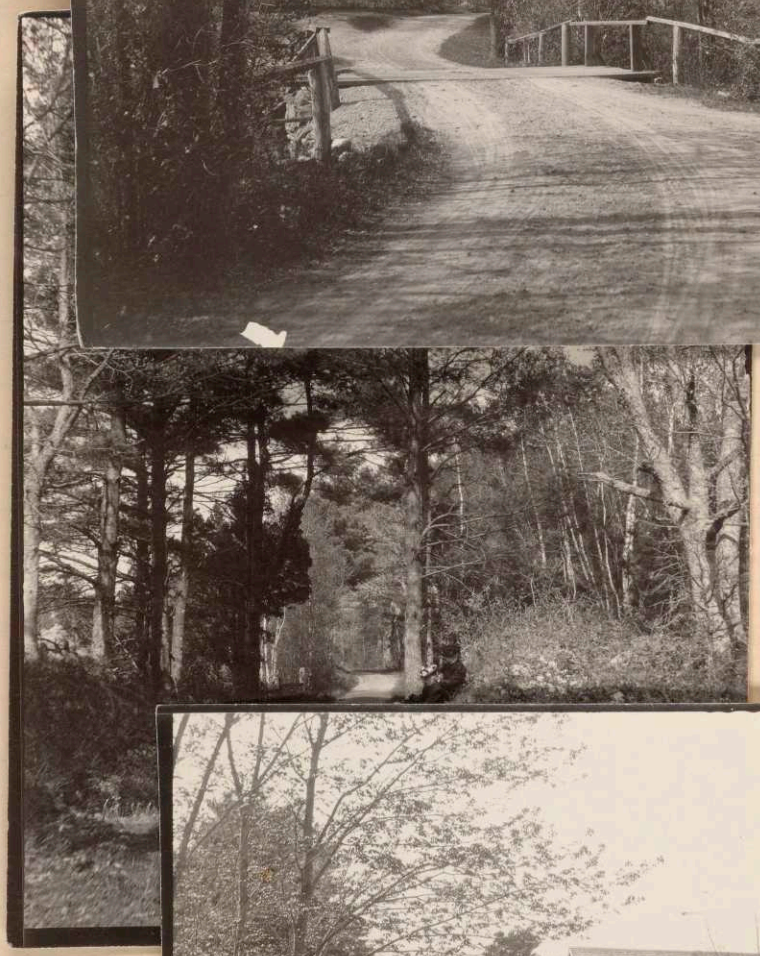
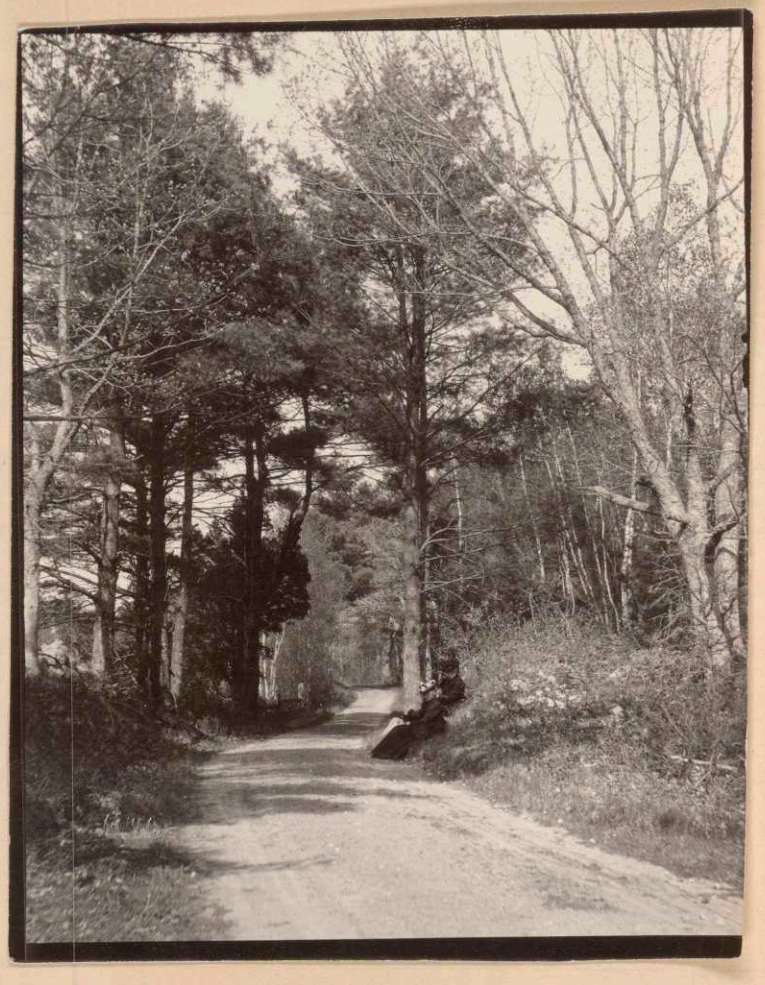
ride over Winter Hill in Somerville. we changed cars in Charlestown. and then home



Sunday May 14th 1899 Medfield. Mt Nebo.
We had been twice to the seacoast this season. and once inland. and this trip was to be decided by the temperature. As it was a cool morning. we thought a trip to Medfield. by the new line of street cars. (opened the previous week) would be the best trip for that day. a half hours ride to Dedham from Forest Hill. where we made close connection with the Medfield car. These new cars. are quite different from any we have seen here. they are built like the steam cars. with an aisle, through the centre, the windows can be removed, making the so called open cars which must be much safer than the present style of open car. The ride through Dedham. and Westwood, is very pretty. in Dedham the ride through High St. is by the churches, fine houses, and a river view. by the common. then a long ride, through the woods to Westwood a pretty farm village. on we go by Buckmaster pond through more woods, passing an old stone mill. These villages are not as yet connected by a continuous chain of houses. as we have seen in Weymouth. and Hingham. and many other places. but here each town child. is apparently independent of its neighbors on either side. but the electric cars. will very surely have its influence in making the

towns extend their cultivated lands in either direction. making one feel. what has been truly said. that our Franklin Park. and Bussey mountain. will soon be the only knowledge of woods and trees. that the coming generations can have. In Medfield. the cars leave you at the doors of the Public Library. with the churches. school houses. and other Public buildings close at hand. Mr. and Mrs Hunt, were in the same car with us. as they had arranged for a morning in Medfield. their friend Mr. Hatheway was with them. and for a few minutes while deliberating where to walk. we had a very merry time with them. Mrs Richards always looking out for something interesting. had seen the hill, which on the map was called Mt Nebo. we inquired the way there. and found the walk a very easy one. We parted from our friends. at the entrance to the field, under the bars we went. until we came to a seemingly impassable brook. but by placing stones in the water. and making very long jumps, we found the path up the mountain. Except for the path, one could fancy there had never been any one there before. such a tangle of all growing vines, and trees. one pretty tree of Cornell. attracted us. and we hoped to gather some of the blossoms. on our way down; but the hill was very





attractive. and when we had rested. and listened to Mrs Richards reading of another story from Meadow Grass. we went the rest of the way up Mt Nebo. where we had such very splendid views, of Sharon Hills. and Foxboro. on one side and Norwood on the other, here we rested some hours. Mrs. Richards writing an article to be published later. and Professor Richards taking some pictures, from the top of the hill. Then came the question of how to go down the mountain. should we go the way we came. secure some cornell. and cross that brook. or should we descend the mountain on the other side, by a farm house to the main road. The penny. again decided the question, and down to the Farm house we went. out onto the road. with pretty wild flowers in the fields. then and old house. across the brook. suggested a picture. we went through Mt Nebo then gathering the Rhodora. then into an old wood road. where one had some times to hold back the branches of trees. in order to make our way along. pretty shadows under the trees. and many birds, made this part of the way delightful. our road led us to the old mill, where we waited for our car. which was very crowded. but we got to Dedham. without incident or accident. when we got our car for home

Tuesday May 30th 1899. The Wayside Inn.
There have been two stormy Sundays. (the 21st was Whitsunday) so there were no excursions. We had arranged for a holiday trip the visit to Sudbury which we had hoped to do. in honor of Mrs Richards birthday last December.

The 30th of May was warm and pleasant. we left Boston by the 10-10 train, the ride is a very pretty one. through Belmont with its farms. by the side of the railroad, and a view of Arlington heights beyond. Waverly with its beautiful trees, Waltham. with glimpses of the Charles River. and broad well shaded streets. Wayland. and Sudbury with their broad meadows. and then Wayside. where we learned that the walk to the Inn. was one and one quarter miles. The road was a very dusty one. as no rain had fallen for some days. but in this part of the country. there are no warning signs. to keep off the grass. and when vines and trees did not prevent us. we kept to the grass.

We had taken Longfellows. Tales of the Wayside Inn. to refresh our memories of the history. and romance of this famous Inn. A shady nook side of the road was our first resting place. and while resting in the shade. Mrs Richards. read an historic accoun

of the Inn. which was interesting, not only to ourselves. but to the Bull frogs in a pool near by. for they proved themselves, literary as well as musical. by coming to the edge of the slope and with solos. and choruses. showed their appreciation of the reading and perhaps. as they were old residents there, verified the historic facts which they heard.
A few of our fellow passengers in the train, walked rapidly on. as if there one idea was "to get there" so missing the charm of a walk. Our next resting place. was a beautiful fragrant pine grove. so high from the road. that we had a good view of Nobscot. and the chain of hills before us. Mrs Richards read to us Longfellows description of the house. and his poetic version of the Landlords tale Paul Reveres ride, We had our luncheon in this grove. then continued our walk toward the Inn. a charming bit of road. with shadows, was what Prof. Richards chose for his first picture, We were now near the Inn. and but a short walk to the famous old trees across the road from the house, More pictures were taken here. views of the Inn. and the road which leads to Wayland with fine old trees. on either side of the way. The


RAIL ROAD CROSSING
LOOK OUT FOR ENGINE
WAYSIDE INN

grounds about the trees, were strewn with bicycles, and many people came in carriages and on wheels. While we were sitting under the fine old trees, showing that many others had availed themselves of the holiday, and were glad that our pleasant custom of a luncheon, under the trees, had not been given up for a dinner at the Inn. The house was full of people, many of whom were waiting for an entrance to the dining room. We went over the house unattended, as all the employés were too busy in the dining room, to give us any time. We rode to the station, and had some time there, before the arrival of the train. The grove opposite the station, was an attractive waiting room, and we listened to more of of Longfellow. The whole day was a delightful one to us, but there was at least one inward sigh, for the repose and quiet which we had expected to find at this Ancient hostelry. The penny had nothing to do that day as there was but one way home

Saturday evening June 3d 1899
Sunday the 4th of June. was the twenty fourth wedding Anniversary of Prof. & Mrs Richards so the celebration was an evening at the "Pop" Concert Mr. Wilmarth returned from Honolulu. the Monday previous so the event served as a re-union Mr Hemins was at the celebration, which we had at a table in the upper balcony near the stage which we found a very good place to see, and hear. The smoke was not as unpleasant. as it some times is. down stairs.

Wednesday June 7th. Prof. Richards went to Pittsburgh. Thursday Mrs Richards. Mr Wilmarth and self. went to the Tremont Theatre. to hear Erminie. given by Francis Wilson. Lillian Russell and Thomas L. Leabrooke for principals
Friday The next day Mr. Wilmarth went to Boyford, returning the 17th Sunday June 18th we had an early breakfast. with Mrs Richards. as we wished to take the 8-10 train from Boston for Dedham. where we were sure of a boat for a row on the Charles river, by 9 o'clock we were off. as the day before had been a holiday. almost all the boating people took that day for their pleasure. and we had more quiet enjoyment in consequence. we found a good landing place where Mrs Richards, read from the morning paper the comments, on the account

of the different opinions concerning the Alaskan boundary, we gathered a great variety of wild flowers. and some wild strawberries. We had an early luncheon. as Mrs Richards had an engagement at Longwood. the wind was against us coming down the river. and Mr Wilmarth had to work hard. to enable Mrs Richards to get her train, she left. as soon as we got to Dedham. but unfortunately missed her train by a few seconds. Mr. W. and my self. after putting the boat up. collected our belongings and took the 2.30 ~~Street~~ car to Forest Hills. Mrs Richards having taken an earlier car. than we could get.

Tuesday Evening June 20th Mr. Wilmarth. and Mrs Richards were to meet me at the corner of Boylston and Tremont sts, we were to then go to the Chinese restaurant. for supper. but a thunder storm. came up. and we thought it best to seek shelter in the Touraine. and have our supper. then go to Keiths to see Ching. Ling Foo. the wonderful Magician. his wonderful skill. rather than magic was most interesting. the balancing of the great bowl. by his assistant. and the marvellous flexibility of the little boy. were very interesting. then Kara. who kept many balls in the air at once. and drew the table cloth from the table. without disturbing any of the dishes

Wednesday the 21st of June. the longest day of the year. we had a novel celebration. by meeting at Mrs Richards house in the early hour of 5.30 in the morning. to have a cup of coffee. and some bread. and butter. previous to

a walk in the Arboretum. the rain of the evening before. had made everything fragrant, and sparkling in the early morning light. we opened the iron gate and entered the beautiful park, roses in full blossom. birds were singing, frogs were croaking all nature was up and making the world more beautiful. We walked up to the overlook and gazed upon the quiet world, nothing in view but the quiet world, as we were the only people apparently about. On our return we saw a few workmen starting out for their days labor. and two gentlemen taking an early horse back ride. we were home before seven o'clock. and made our selves ready for the duties of the day. Then at six o'clock in the evening we met at Dedham. for a car ride to Medfield with dinner at the Inn. a neat, and quiet place after our meal. we walked about the beautiful old town. admired the fine trees, and we were apparently objects of interest to all whom we saw. The car fare from Dedham to Medfield is ten cents, the dinner seventy five cents About Eight o'clock we took the car for Dedham. and it was more exciting than our rides to Gloucester. for there is no restraint on the motor man. and he being three minutes behind time, rushed the car along, with out thought of curves, or hills. but we reached the town of Dedham. without adventure. and took an electric car for Norwood. the moon was shining brightly by the time we were on our way to Norwood. and we rode

on past the Westwood Park. and beyond the Library to the former stopping place. opposite the book bindery. and printing office. We took the car backagain. and as it was bright moonlight. chose the back seat. in order to have the electric light back of us. and so enjoy the full beauty of the moon. on this ride we saw a new line of cars branching to the right in Norwood. and found them to be cars which go to Mansfield and so. on to Providence

Saturday July 1st Prof. Richards returned from Pittsburgh and the same day their friend Miss Ethel Patch. came from Detroit. for a short visit. so Saturday Evening we went again to Keiths to see the wonderful Ching Ling Foo this evening he did his wonderful fire eating trick. a young girl whistler, and gave some imitations of the Mocking bird. the Harry Woodruff Co. gave a clever sketch including a sample of modern Grand Opera. and good dancing by Rose Stewart after seeing the Biograph, we visited the engine room. The next morning we took the 9-25 boat for Nantasket boat. as Mrs Richards friend had not seen salt water. a few jelly fish were seen in the water. and when we reached Pemberton, took electric train for Nantasket. this ride gave us a good view of the Ocean. and a sight of the wreckage. which was thrown up by the storm of November last. We walked over to the beach, where Mrs Richards. and myself rested, and Prof. Richards with his guest walked out to the end of the beach. collecting stones, shells. and seaweeds

as well. as getting views
There was a strong bree
returned by the 11-40 b
taken of passing steam

as well. as getting views of the rocks. and ocean. There was a strong breeze on the water, when we returned by the 11-40 boat. but many pictures were taken of passing steames. sloops. and yachts.

Sunday July 9th Milford via Needham
Breakfast with Mrs Richards at 7.30. in order
to take the 8.45 car for West Roxbury where we were
given a transfer for the Needham car. the transfer
carried us to Vine Rock Bridge after that point
we paid another fare the ride is pretty in part.
following the river for some distance. then on to
Great Plain Avenue, into the village of Needham
we left the car at the R. R. Station, as far as that
car would take us, a great sign tells the different
points to be reached by different lines of cars.
that centre at that point. crossing the car track
we waited twenty minutes for a car to Wellesley
and Natick the street is a broad. and well
shaded one. churches. and houses on either side
of the way. at Wellesley. we were on familiar
ground. and changed cars where we have done
so many times before. but this time for Natick.
Natick is not an attractive ride. and at the end
of that line, we waited by a ragged looking
common. with its Soldiers Monument. Churches
stand either side of this common. and we listened
to the singing of familiar hymns. while waiting
for cars to South Framingham. We found the
number of fellow passengers much on the increase
as the day went on. and here there was no choice
of seats. a slight shower reconciled us to the
loss of the front seat. It was 11.40. when we

got to the South Framingham Station, we waited
there, and ate our luncheon. at 1 o'clock we took
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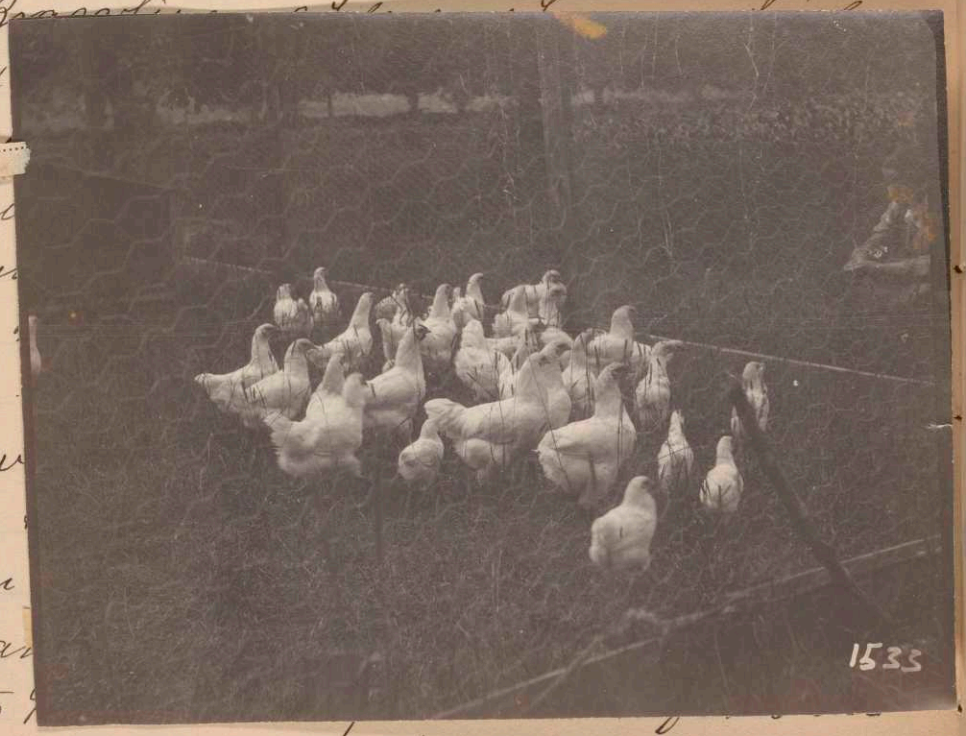

one fare back to So. Framingham. and fifty cents
to Boston by steam cars.

got to the South Framingham station, we waited there, and ate our luncheon. at 1 o'clock we took the car for Milford. this part of the ride is very pretty. we found ourselves on the back seat of the car facing outward and had a succession of very beautiful views. the Chestnut trees were in full blossom. on our ride we passed the Wanshawkam pond looking very peaceful and quiet, in the afternoon, the country folk were going to the grounds about the pond for a Sacred Concert, which was to be given there. We saw the abandoned farm which was purchased by Kate Sanborn, and the newer possession of hers, which had caused her to abandon her original purchase. The limit of our car ride was Braggville, where Mrs Richards friend Miss Bragg lives, a pleasant home on high ground. and after we had eaten some very good berry pie, we were taken into the garden, and to see some white Wyandotte hens, and chickens, the hens warranted to lay when eggs are forty cents a dozen. they made a pretty picture grouped about their owner, responding very quickly to her call an Italian woman who was raking hay, was another good subject for a picture We saw but one wheelman in Holliston. we took our car back to So. Framingham, and took steam cars from there to Boston. we paid seven fares one one fare back to So. Framingham, and fifty cents to Boston by steam cars.

Wednesday evening July 12th We went to Kieths. in order to see Ching Ling Foo. once more. and to our great pleasure. he performed the feat of rolling on the floor. and picking up a bowl of gold fish - apparently from the floor. but we could not see any trace of it until he lifted the Cloth,

Saturday July 15th Marblehead via Lynn. We had arranged to meet in time for the 2.35 train or the L. & R. B. R. R. but we were all so very early that we took the 2.20 boat to East Boston. and from there by train to Lynn. we walked from our station, to the corner. where we have spent so much time. waiting for Marblehead cars, we all got seats. though the car was quite full. This ride is always a pleasant one, and we enjoyed the sight of the ocean. and the ride by Kings beach. and Fishermans beach. as we entered the town of Marblehead. an alarm for fire was sounded, this brought all the people from their houses and shops to see the fire. and soon we saw the novel sight of the men drawing a hose carriage by a long rope. the carriage itself. seemed to be a great spindle. on two large wheels. The Professor. had his camera with him. and some pictures were taken of the harbor. with its many yachts. both steam. and sailing vessells with many smaller boats such as yawls. cat-boats &c. we crossed

the ferry to the Neck. and sat on the rocks, where
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before. We took a horse car to Salem. and
steam cars from Salem to Boston.

To Lynn .20 Electric to Marblehead .07 each way
Salem .05 a

the ferry to the Neck. and sat on the rocks. where some pictures were taken. we had our luncheon there. and enjoyed the ocean. and watched the larger steamers and sloops moving rapidly over the water. Our ride. and the sea air. had given us great appetites. and I do not think we had any fragments to carry home. about six o'clock we walked back to find our little boat. the Queen while waiting her approach. a picture of the Corinthian Yacht Club house was taken. many Yachts had come in. while we had been on the rocks. making the Harbor prettier if possible than ever before. We took a trolly car for Salem. and steam cars from Salem to Boston.

To Lynn. 20 Electric to Marblehead. 07 each way
Salem .05 and steam car to Boston, 35

Thursday July 20th 1899 Castle Island
Met Prof. and Mrs Richards for six o'clock
dinner at the P. R. R. station, and then took
street cars for City Point. we did not walk
on the Pier, but took the steam tug across to
Castle Island. The wind was blowing hard
so when reaching the Island we walked to
the left of the fort, and found seats on the
sheltered side, where protected from the wind, we
watched the western sky, but there was no color
in the sunset. the sky was a cold blue, like a
November day. The passing steamers at this hour
add to the pleasure of the scene. We saw the
'Myles Standish,' returning from Nantasket, and
the "Bay State" on its way to Portland, There were
some sailing vessells, large, and small, the
smaller ones, having a struggle with the tide
on their way out, while the incoming boats were
prevented from making much progress against the
wind. The moon had arisen before we went
to the Island, it soon began to make its 'path'
in the water, and we walked over the Pier
to the main land, we found a Cambridge Car
waiting, and returned to Jamaica Plain, by the
way of Washington, and Dudley streets, to the Roxbury
Crossing Car fare each way .05 ferry .05

We had not visited the Island, since our trip
of 1896. Last year the Fort was used for soldiers

in defense of the Harbor. against the feared attack by Spanish Soldiers, We notice improvements in street car service, and the increased opportunities of getting to, and from many places. hitherto, almost inaccessible. but a very marked change had been made in the ferry service. The boat is larger. propelled by a sixteen horse power engine, The time for leaving either wharf. was more definitely settled. and the boat was managed by two men. who seemed business like, if they did forget to collect the tickets from the four passengers

Saturday July 29th 1899

Mrs Richards called for me about two o'clock. when we went to the Union Station, for the two-fifteen train to Wakefield, a short ride, but it carried us far away from the noisy City, which we were glad to leave. We were to wait about twenty minutes for a car to Lowell. so walked about to see what kind of new country we were in, the town is low land and small houses. but on the ridge surrounding the town, were very attractive houses - and good fields - and wooded road ways. We rested by the side of the road. and took our car. as we supposed. but found we had to change for a Lowell car in Wakefield Square. a busy bustling place. as all car centres are. The ride from

this point is delightful, all the way, by a beautiful lake, on which were many dail boats, and a boat-house, a broad lawn, (on which were trees, and seats for the comfort of the public) slopes down to the water. The houses were large and handsome, and great taste and care was shown every where through the town. A pretty ride on to Reading, up and down steep inclines, through the main street of Reading, where roads from every where, meet around the green, with its great drinking trough, a house opposite this "meeting of the roads," advertised board, lodging, and care of transients, so that one wishing for rest, and refreshment, can find it there. after leaving the centre we passed the famous Reading nurseries, and more rural homes, and farms, to Wilmington here we had a great surprise, for after passing over the railroad bridge the track is through a wooded pasture, for perhaps a half mile then to the main road, but with so few houses, that it is almost like a continuation of the wood pasture, a curious ridge like a disused track, follows the road line, and suddenly ends by an old disused lock of the Shawsheen river, from Wilmington to North Billerica, and Billerica Centre, We had a continuous ride, as the car runs from Lynn to Lowell, At the Centre we thought it would be pleasanter to return, as we

had come. the ride had proved so interesting, The shower had passed over. so we took front seats. on the return ride, and enjoyed all the more, the charming country. through which we had been. It was about five o'clock. when "how to get home." was the question. We must either take a steam train from Reading. or continue on to Lynn. We decided to ride to Lynn. and found part of the way very pretty. for North Saugus is wild. and with few houses Lynn. was noisy and confusing. and from the minute we left Saugus our ride was a great contrast. to what the early afternoon had been. the turns. and curves of the roadway was most wonderful. and only to be explained. by thinking some one would have felt injured if the car had not passed their door. but there is an end to everything. even to that tortuous ride. and leaving the car at the Lynn depot. found we should very soon get a steam train for Boston. and our luck was still with us. for it was express to Boston where we got a cup of coffee. and a sandwich. then home. This is the longest ride without change of cars. we have yet found cost fare to Wakefield 20 cents each. to Billerica the conductor collected four fares. (20 cents). Billerica to Lynn. seven fares (35 cents) and Lynn to Boston 20 cents total 1.90. supper 20 cents,

Sunday July 30th 1899 Medfield
Miss Bernard had a college friend living in this pretty town so Mrs Richards proposed our going up about ten o'clock in the morning, as we stepped from our car at Medfield, a lady drove up in her carriage, and called Mrs Richards, and there was the friend who we supposed, it would take some time to find. That most certainly was Richards' luck. I went to the hotel as a kind of advance guard to engage the dinner, and give the friends an opportunity of seeing each other, after about an hour or more, they came to the hotel having had a delightful visit, and drive, they were shown many interesting points, among others the peak house so called because of the sharp point of the roof, and the interesting fact about the house is, that it is the only house, that was saved, when the Indians burned the town, The family had been very kind and humane in their treatment of the Indians, so their house was saved The motorman was very well pleased that his record for running his car was so good, he told a friend of his who was on the front seat with us, that he was the only man on the line, who had not killed anything, not even a hen, His wife he said was "missible" and his boy fat, and sassy, when asked if he ever had any disorderly passengers, he said not often, but once

he, and the Conductor put "four fellers off the car, as they wished to run the car, but he said, I did not think I wanted to have them", all his remarks were made in a quiet way, peculiar to people who live in the country towns.

Saturday August 12th 1899 Brockton
A little rain in the morning, and a promise of the tornado, which had brought so much ruin to Porto Rico, it hardly seemed probable, that a car ride would be very agreeable, but the sun drove all the rain clouds away, and the tornado did not arrive. Two o'clock found Mrs Richards, and myself in an Ashmont and Milton car, on our way to the Chocolate mill, where we were to find the car for the newer, and pleasanter part of the ride An altercation between two women, and the conductor delayed us, as the women wished to leave the car because of some misunderstanding about checks, transfers &c. and every time the car stopped for them, they screamed to have their money refunded, when we got to the car station, the women, and the conductor went to the office, another conductor took our car and we went our way, but the delay necessitated our waiting a half hour for the new ride. The cars go over the Randolph Avenue

to the road through the Park reservation. that insures a delightful ride always. through the woods with views of the Blue Hill range. we go up hills and in Randolph. we find another of the pretty old Mass. towns. with well shaded streets. good houses and a general air of thrift. and prosperity. a hotel the Howard house. with tall pillars upholding a balcony. filled with vines and plants. looked so attractive. that we decided to return there for our supper. but it was then about four o'clock so we continued our ride on through Avon. filled with admiration. for all the beauty of the country. and the day. Avon is a manufacturing town. and the signs of prosperity were apparent in large houses. with great stone walls about them, the same style of houses were noticed in Brockton, that seemed to say. see what a great house I can afford to live in. rather than expressing cultivation comfort. or a sense of the beauty of the world around, Brockton is a very busy place. as all shoe towns are. but all through this country there are unlimited opportunities for seeing the country by electricity. cars to Bridgewater. Braintree. and Weymouth on one side. with Taunton. Providence. and Fall River on the other. with all possible connections at these points. with other more remote places. we were nearly at the end of our ride in Campbells, when we took a returning car. at five o'clock. two

women in the car with us. decided to return at the same time. and the older woman asked us if we thought there could be any objection to their eating a sandwich. which we told her would be quite correct. She further showed her lack of independence by offering us part of her supper, a bit of old time courtesy. which we now seldom see. Another altercation between two men. because a woman stood up in front of one of them. made us wonder. what was in the atmosphere. Do individuals feel the disturbing influences in the natural world? here were two quarrells in one afternoon. and for the honor of the travelling public, let it be put on record. that this day was the first one of all our excursions. when the bad side of human nature came forward. and I am sure it was owing to the promised tornado. Our supper at the Howard house was very good the house scrupulously neat and clean. The front door was locked, and the parlor an unused room seven or eight men. came singly into supper. and we were told that a party was expected later. Every thing was comfortable and good A six thirty car. took us to Milton again. and we enjoyed the ride. with its view of the Blue Hills from the Randolph side, The clouds obscured the sun. so there was no

color on the hills. but the peace and quiet of the Country Saturday night was over everything. The pretty waiting room at Milton where cars can be had for Mattapan. and East Milton was again noticed in anticipation of future rides. and at seven o' clock. we came again to the Chocolate Mills. walked over the bridge for the car to Forest Hill. but were forced to wait another half hour. but were home at Eight. thirty. one fare from Boston to Milton four fares, to Brockton. and the supper fifty cents

——— End of Vol. 1. ———

1899.