

*The Letters of
Mary Bushnell Cheney
and
Frank Woodbridge Cheney*

Edited by
Eileen R. Learned

*and
Dedicated to
Horace Bushnell Learned*

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AND FRANK WOODBRIDGE CHENEY

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This letter was found in the desk of H. Barrett Learned after his death at Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, California.

Emily Cheney Learned to Barrett Learned who was enroute to California where he was planning to teach Russian History at Stanford University.

2123 Bancroft Place N.W.
Washington, D.C.

September 27, 1931

Dearest Barrett,

A most beautiful cool, clear autumn day - everything washed clean by heavy rains yesterday. You must be in the desert country today, the most interesting part of the journey to my mind, except of course its goal - meeting dear Frank & Frannie and reaching their home in Santa Barbara tonight. I wish I were going to be there too. I shall be thinking of you. I hope you have had a comfortable journey. Here there has been nothing to complain of in the way of heat since you left

Yesterday I felt I was accomplishing something in the way of getting things put away and in order, then I struck a broken box of old letters that needed sorting and then - well I got carried back into the past by a strong current of memories suddenly awakened and alive again. I shall have to keep out of such excursions in the future if I am going to get my work done. I am sending you the letter that moved me most of all from Ward. It is so distinct with generous warm feeling and the free expression of affection. It brings back his vital ardent nature with great vividness. There was a pile of other letters of congratulations on our engagement, some really interesting with individuality and many which are perhaps as sincere in feeling but lacking in the power of expression much more than the conventional good wishes. Some few I would like to show you and to keep. I wished we had been looking them over together. Then there were letters written when my father died. What a rare man. There were letters from him and from mother, letters of yours and mine written in 1908, 1910, 11, 12, 13 and touching little ones from the children, the shortest of all from Horace - "Dear Mother, I miss you." Well, I crammed them all or

mostly all into a new box, and came down again with a fresh sense of the bounding affection of family and friends that has surrounded me all my life. I have had a happy life. I really don't know how to account for the affection that has been poured out to me. I'm sure I don't deserve it. A good deal was given to me just because I was the child of Mother and Father by their loving friends. Many, many of those good friends have gone the way of all flesh long ago. "Time like an everflowing stream bears all its sons away." How much of the past is absorbed into us, I wonder. I don't believe we do enough remembering. I think it is right and natural that as we grow older we should turn back to cherished memories . . .

Letter of Condolence from Mr. Hamersley on the death of M.B.C.

180 Farmington Ave.
Hartford, June 24th, 1917

Dear Dolly

In writing you, I remind myself how closely my long life has been connected with your Mother and her family. It is a recollection enriched with the highest enjoyment. How vividly the beautiful Mary Bushnell of sixty years ago appears to me now, - the charm of beauty, of rare intellect, of high independent fearless spirit, expressing a great power for good, centered in a wonderful home. Such charm cannot change - it shines always through life and after.

Dear Dolly, I rejoice that you and your sisters and brothers have in your mother everything to be thankful for.

Affectionately,

Wm. Hamersley

Taken from The Hartford Courant, June 22, 1917

The death of Mrs. Frank W. Cheney closed the earthly career of one of the finest women who ever graced American life by her choice presence. She was the daughter of Rev. Horace Bushnell and possessed many of his remarkable intellectual gifts. As the wife of Col. Frank W. Cheney she maintained a beautiful home, known far and wide for its delightful hospitality. Her brilliant mind, her keen sense of humor, her broad and wide interest in affairs, her sweet sympathies, her public spirit were hers which she shared with her husband.

Edwin P. Parker wrote:

"For many years my thoughts of Mrs. Cheney have been associated with the familiar lines of Wordsworth: -

'The reason firm, the temperate will.
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill.
A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command.'

She combined with all that is most womanly, something of that which is bravest and best in manly character; and her husband combined with all that which is tenderest and gentlest in feminine character. So they found, each in the other, and exhibited a certain completeness of character, wonderful and beautiful to behold, and precious to remember.

Strength and beauty were in the sanctuary of their life."

CHENEY GENEALOGY

George Cheney, B. in Orford Parish, Conn., Dec. 20, 1771,
M. Oct. 18, 1798, Electa, daughter of Deodatus and Esther
Wells Woodbridge, b. Jan. 2, 1781, d. Oct. 12, 1853.

They had eight sons, all bearing monosyllabic names:

1. George Wells, b. Oct. 22, 1799; d. Dec. 20, 1841
2. John, b. Oct. 20, 1801. Unmarried, d. Aug. 20, 187_
3. Charles, b. Dec. 26, 1803; d. June 20, 1874
4. Ralph, b. Jan. 13, 1806; d. March 26, 1897
5. Seth Wells, b. Nov. 26, 1810; d. Sept. 10, 1856
6. Ward, b. Feb. 23, 1813; d. March 22, 1876
7. Rush, b. April 25, 1815; d. June 7, 1882
8. Frank, b. July 5, 1817; d. Feb. 4, 1904
and a daughter Electa Woodbridge, b. Sept. 8, 1821;
d. Jan. 27, 1900

Charles Cheney, the third of the eight brothers, married
Oct. 27, 1829, Waitstill Dexter, daughter of Mary Brown Howell
Shaw and Mason Shaw of Belchertowne, MA. Waitstill was a
beautiful sensitive and frail woman. She and Charles lived in
Providence where he engaged in the operation of a general
store with a partner Solomon Pitkin. Their first son Frank
Dexter was born in 1830 but lived only a year. Their second
son, Frank Woodbridge Cheney, was born June 5, 1832.

The store failed and the little family moved to an area
outside Cincinnatti called Mt. Healthy or The Mulberry Grove.
And it was here that four other children were born: Mary
Howell, 1834; Sarah Shaw, 1835; Knight Dexter, 1837; and Anna
Wells, 1840.

Sorrow became part of the family life. Writing to her mother-in-law, May 20, 1836, Electa said:

"Once again the hand of God has been laid heavily upon us...our sweet precious Mary died in Seth's arms." (webmaster's note: Mary Howell Cheney 1834-1836, 3rd child of Charles & Waitstill Cheney)

And a month later, June 22, 1836:

Once again the little lock of hair must tell its woeful tale...again we are bereft of our treasure, my nursling, my precious Babe has gone to join the cherub group. We laid her to rest beside our sweet Mary."

(1809-1841)

Waitstill, in failing health, wrote ~~a poem~~ to her husband, Charles, quoting this poem by - Neale. (webmaster's note)

"I have loved thee in sickness, I have loved thee
in health
And if want be our portion, why love be our
wealth.
Thy comfort in sorrow, thy stay when most meek,
The troth I have plighted, I never will break."

Writing to Waitstill's Father, Mason Shaw, April 10, 1841,
Charles said:

"'Tis not for myself alone that I grieve. Here is Frank with his head upon a cushion at my feet after a lapse of four days, yet inconsolable, and the other little ones, unconscious of their loss and who are never to know the experience of a Mother's care. On the evening before she died, she said: "Charles, you know my feeling." Yes, I did know and have known for twelve years the most ardent

attachment in prosperity and adversity, in joy and sorrow, always the same...Such a pattern of what a wife and Mother should be never before lived. Such a loss husband and children never suffered."

Again, sorrowfully, he wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Waitstill's parents, "Anna has died of Consumption, August 10, 1841."

Somehow or other the family struggled through the next several years. But by April 14, 1847, Charles wrote home reporting the sale of the farm. Although the West offered strong inducements for remaining, the little family returned to Manchester.

Following Waitstill's death, Harriet Bowen and Charles struck up a correspondence and after a courtship by letters they were married in 1847.

In 1850 Frank entered Brown University as a Freshman. Early in his Sophomore year he and a friend went to a Boston theater to hear Jennie Lind sing. It was on the Sabbath and strictly against the rules of the college. Actually Frank's expulsion from college was due to his refusal to name the friend who accompanied him.

Frank's father, hearing of the situation, wrote to Rev. Doctor Wayland in protest of the harsh punishment.

"Dear Sir:

I am deeply grieved and mortified that my son's conduct has been such as to incur so serious and disgraceful a penalty as that of expulsion from your University.

If Frank was aware of the rules forbidding his attendance upon public amusements, he was very wrong in his disobedience but I very much question the propriety of a law which dooms a young man of a sensitive nature and of generally unexceptional deportment to such a degrading punishment without the opportunity of apology or chance of forgiveness upon fair promise of subsequent obedience.

I am, Yours very respectfully,
Charles Cheney"

A few days later Charles wrote to Frank himself, in part:

"My dear Frank,

I ought perhaps to say a word now respecting this affair of your dismissal from college. Under the circumstances I have not one word of censure. But still I think the law forbidding students from attending such places is a good one. I do not think theatres are commendable places of resort, and I urgently recommend your keeping clear of their influence."

It is rather ironic that Jenny Lind wrote to Harriet Bowen, Frank's stepmother apparently in response to a letter Mrs. Cheney had written praising her for a concert she had attended in Boston about the time Frank was expelled:

"Dear Madam

Your truly beautiful lines have gladdened my heart, would that I could answer in a more Poetical manner.

I wish I could send you a little song, but even that is too imperfect language... When I am singing, I am very happy. I feel as if I could fly - God grant me two of the smallest wings to fly toward my heavenly home...

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt

There is almost no correspondence concerning Frank after his father's letter of Oct. 20, 1851, advising him to try to transfer to Harvard after he resigned under protest from Brown, but it must be assumed that at this time or very shortly thereafter, he came home and started work in the silk business.

The records of the Directors' Minutes show that he was made a director of the firm in 1855, only four years after he left college.

In 1859 while the business was growing there were endless difficulties with rising prices and quality variations in different shipments of raw silk coming from both China and Japan, but especially China where the grading of raw silk was not so advanced.

Frank spent a very fruitful and interesting two years in the Orient laying the groundwork for more accurate grading and inspection methods as well as establishing purchasing agreements directly with the filatures, chiefly those in Japan.

Returning from China and hearing of the firing on Fort Sumter, Frank enlisted and was appointed a Lieutenant Colonel of the 16th Conn. Regiment of Volunteers, August 15, 1863. His Commission was signed by William A. Buckingham, Commander-in-Chief.

On September 15, 1862, The Hartford Courant reported: "Glorious News! The whole Rebel Army has been captured or annihilated." Two days later came the news of the desperate fighting at Sharpsburg, Kentucky (Antietam), the battle lasting from five in the morning 'til seven at night. Poor communications first led to the belief that the 16th Regiment had not been in the fight but by the 22nd of September, casualty lists reported that Frank Woodbridge Cheney had been killed.

Writing September 19, 1862, F. W. Cheney gave a detailed account of the grizzly battle:

United States Hotel
Boonsboro, Md.
Sept. 19, 1862

My dear Father,

We were in the fight near Sharpsburg day before yesterday and our Regiment suffered severely. I have a bullet through my left arm. The wound is rather painful but by no means dangerous. I have been kindly cared for and am getting along very well, don't have any fears for me. My boy, Dan, is with me and in a few days I shall be able to go on to Baltimore, and if there is a prospect of my being laid up for some time to come, shall come home. Major Washburn is here with me, badly wounded in the hip. Fred Barber has his thigh bone shattered by a ball, too high up the Sergeant says for amputation. I am afraid it is all over with him. Bowen has a slight wound and has been detailed to take care of Barber, everything will be done for him that can be.

The Manchester Company did splendidly. I cannot tell what was their loss but think it was not large. You probably will get the particulars by telegraph before this comes to hand.

Capt. Manross of Bristol I found in the hospital by my side dead. Capt. Bragdon, Babcock, Drake, Lieuts. Beach, Waters, Gouge, are reported wounded, and many more of the line officers missing yesterday morning.

Today we shall be able to get at a reliable list of the killed, wounded and missing. Col. Beach came out of the fight with a whole skin but with several holes through his coat. Adjutant Burnham is safe. The 11th Regiment were in with us and lost heavily. Col. Kingsbury killed, Lieut. Col. Stedman and the Major both wounded in their legs, the Lieut. Col. of the 8th was also wounded, my horse twice, and finally got away from me and I fear was taken prisoner. The battle was being carried on all day and we were under fire a good many times, but one final tug came late in the afternoon. The Rebel loss must be very severe but what was the result of the battle it is hard to tell.

I will write again when I get to Baltimore. I wish I was able to help do something for our poor fellows all around me. Every house and barn is a hospital for miles about the battlefield.

Your Affectionate Son,

F. W. Cheney

He received a pass from the Provost Marshall General's office permitting him to return home and on December 19th received his discharge signed by Brig. Gen. Martindale, Military Governor of Washington.

Believing the erroneous report of the death of Frank, Mary Bushnell went to pay a call of condolence on his parents and was completely astounded to have Frank open the door to welcome her.

Ruth Cheney Goodwin wrote in her book that for the first time Mary Bushnell knew that Frank loved her.

Mary Bushnell's lineage was very distinguished. Her great grandfather was Charles Ward Apthorp, a prominent official of the Crown in Colonial Boston while on her Mother's side she was directly descended from the Reverend John Davenport, the fiery Evangelist and founder of the New Haven Colony. Her great grandfather, James Davenport, was a colonel in the Continental Army and a member of Congress early in Washington's administration.

Mary's grandparents, Elizabeth Davenport and Charles Ward Apthorp, were married in 1804, he being 28 and she 22. They resided in Boston where Mary Mehitable was born. And over the years four more daughters arrived. Perhaps the all-feminine household proved too oppressive and Charles Ward disappeared, leaving his wife to support herself and her five daughters by keeping a seminary in her home on Hillhouse Avenue in New Haven.

In Mary's handwriting, "The Grandfather I never knew and never loved" which accompanies his beautiful miniature tells poignantly of the sadness of his disappearance.

Mary Mehitable married Horace Bushnell September 13, 1833 and their first child, Francis Louise, arrived in 1834. Their second daughter, Elizabeth, affectionately called "Lily" was

born in 1836 but died in 1837. In 1838 the Bushnell's son, Horace Apthrop, was born in 1839 but died October 9, 1842. Mary was born in 1840 and Dottie in 1843.

Francis Louise Bushnell to her sister, Mary; concerning her coming marriage to Frank W. Cheney

New Preston
Sept. 9th (1863)

Dear Mary,

Frank's letter was, so to speak, a thunder clap. I was beginning to feel a growing sisterly affection for him, but it is all up now. I don't like him a bit, & yet I may as well, that's the worst of it. I always knew he would want to be married that next week after you were engaged, but I did not suppose you were going meekly to yield to him. Oh dear! I see how it is going to be - you are going to be hurried and dragged through life by this thunder and lightning individual - and, I daresay, you will read him every word I say. Well! I don't care if you do. I would like to provoke him - dreadful as it would be. I almost wish he were going to marry me - that he might see a proper spirit. Every one gives up to him. Every one bows before him. And you have also got under the spell - and you, poor child, you are never going to have a chance to "Sip the nectar of existence" - you have "to take it scalding hot," and poured down your throat beside. Oh me! I am out of breath. Mary, do you want to? Seriously, dearest, can you trust him well enough to rush into your new life with him thus? The idea is very painful to me - almost repellant - but if it pleases you, I'll try to like it - only I will never let Frank know, if I do. I thought I had been quite good to him already - but this is the drop too much. Let me know what you decide, for at any rate, I

shall come home if you will be wed; for I may as well take what little comfort in you I can. I suppose that will be little enough for that restless, craving being will always be around. Oh to think I was beginning to like him! I'm so sorry Dotty thinks it is awful, and in the next breath, says it is wise. If it comes to wisdom, I have nothing to say. I am very sorry Mr. Cheney is not better and I should like to have you please him in any other way.

Yours in great love and great wrath
Luty

Undated

Grandmother Apthorp to M. B. C.

My dear Granddaughter:

I do not know your friend Mr. Cheney, not even his personal appearance, therefore I take him on trust in your discrimination, judgment and requirement; but I am quite sure that where there is a true and loyal spirit in the soul, it will be carried into all the relations of life - I therefore congratulate you, my dear child, and rejoice most truly that you have been so happy as to win the love of an upright, "manly and courageous" heart.

God bless you my dear and give you wisdom to derive the highest happiness and usefulness from your new life.

The Hartford Courant, November 3, 1863, noted "Tuesday evening with the Rev. Bushnell officiating, Frank Woodbridge Cheney and Mary Bushnell were married."

Frank W. Cheney and Mary Bushnell had twelve children.

1. Emily, b. Oct. 15, 1864
2. Charles, b. June 7, 1866
3. Horace, b. May 19, 1868
4. John Davenport
January 1, 1870
5. Howell
6. Seth Leslie, b. Jan. 12, 1874
7. Ward, b. May 20, 1875
8. Austin, b. Dec. 13, 1876
9. Frank Dexter, b. Oct. 16, 1878
10. Marjory
b. July 12, 1880
11. Dorothy
12. Ruth, b. Nov. 23, 1884

Knight Dexter Cheney, Frank's brother, and Edna Dow Smith had eleven children.

1. Ellen Waitstill, b. 1863
2. Elizabeth, b. 1865
3. Harriet Owen, b. 1867
4. Helen, b. 1868
5. Knight Dexter, b. 1870
6. Ednah Parker, b. 1873
7. Theodora, b. 1874
8. Clifford Dudley, b. 1876
9. Philip, b. 1878
10. Thomas Langdon, b. 1880
11. Russell, b. 1881

Mary's and Frank's visit to England

May 24, 1864

M.B.C. to Luty (her sister)

Dearest Luty

Behold us in London, at Morley's on Trafalger Square, this 24th day of May, 1864. Frank asleep on the sofa. I am writing by the light of two very tall candles. And now to tell you how we got here and what befell us on the way. I wrote to Mother on the steamer last Saturday, hoping my letter would be in time for the Australasia at Queenstown, but we passed her before reaching here, so these two will reach you together. I will take up my tale where I left off and give you our history from that date. Sunday morning broke bright with sunshine and the sight of land. We found ourselves close upon the Irish coast, and a curious one it is, grey and stern with precipices of basaltic rock caverned by the Sea, inaccessible, sterile, with no room even to grow a "prater." Lonely beacon towers, lighthouses and even Druidical ruins top the heights and here and there dangerous ragged peaks crop out of the water, a warning to sailors. I had never seen anything like it or heard of it, and so it was very interesting to me and as we were all day close to shore, I sat on deck constantly with my opera glass and saw every stone. We began to resume connections with land too, by means of the telegraph dispatch boats, lively little tugs which put off from shore, and give chase to the steamer, picking up the dispatches which are thrown overboard in tin cannisters, and running in with them to the nearest telegraph station in Ireland. So the news of Grant's battle was flashed over to England. How we long to know the rest! At Queenstown another tug came out and took our mails and Irish passengers and there Frank telegraphed his Father through Brown & Shipley of our coming, and to discover his whereabouts. The next day, Monday, we woke in a regular English fog and drizzle, but it cleared as we entered the Mersey and the sun shone brightly on the beautiful green trees and grass on the shore. You can't imagine how perfectly Paradaisical the neat little homes looked to us shipbound people. I could hardly contain myself at the sight of the first trees. Heaven itself could hardly have seemed more

attractive. When the tender came off from shore to take us from the ship, the first man who stepped on to the Europa handed the purser a telgram for Frank from his Father dated that morning at Paris, saying, "Wait for you at the Louvre. No haste, much better." So by means of this wonderful telgraph system we had given and received most cheering news even before reaching land. So we landed at Liverpool very happy and grateful for a most prosperous voyage. We were on the water 12 days, 4 1/2 hours. It was not a short passage but a good one for the Europa. On the tug we bid goodbye quite regretfully to our fellow passengers and to our good kind Captain Hoakly. We went with the Griswolds to the Washington Hotel, a new one and called the best, but it is meant to be conducted on the American Plan, and failing of that is neither American nor English. We were rather sorry that we had not gone to some real old English inn, such as Prof. and Mrs. Cooke and Miss Talbot were established in when we went to call upon them in the evening. However, we were made extremely comfortable, and after ship which is the vilest imaginable place, the hot baths, and the real bed with sweet clean linen and the nice fresh land food seemed all inexpressibly delicious.

Altogether we were in clover and a blissful state of mind. In the evening we took our walks abroad, and saw a little of street life in the strange city. Nothing seemed very strange or uneventful to me except the vehicles which are constructed expressly with a view to queerness. We slept late this morning to rest out, and then determined to start immediately for London at 11 1/2 A.M. The history of today I just put off writing till tomorrow as I am getting too tired and sleepy to hold up my head.

Wednesday, May 25th. I am stupid again this morning for English daylight comes on at three o'clock and we slept very restlessly between that and these everlasting chimes which keep going furiously all night apparently. So I will tell you the rest of our story as briefly as possible, both for your sake and mine, for I see I am writing one of those tedious traveller's letters. Our journey through England yesterday was glorious. We had a sumptuous railway carriage which we occupied in company with some of our ship people. The seats were finely upholstered and our ride was extremely

comfortable. And then the day was a rare one for England, the sunshine brilliant and the sky really blue. And, oh Luty! such a lovely country! I don't wonder that Englishmen think their country perfection. I was perfectly transported with delight at the loveliness of the parks and farms which lay along our route. The hawthorn hedges, laburnums, horse chestnuts and apple trees are all in luxuriant bloom, the trees in their fullest and freshest foliage, the gardens bright with flowers, everything neat as a pin. The turf alone is delicious to the eyes - and then the sleek cattle of fine breeds, the enormous sheep, the stout plough horses, all looked so comfortable. It was the Queen's birthday and all had a gay and festive look. And so the five hours down to London seemed short and delightful. I wished you could have been with us, and thought too of Mary Skinner and how intensely she would have enjoyed it all. I am beginning to think she is justified in her enthusiasm for England. Arrived in this great smokey old London and knowing it to be the day before the "Darby," and the very height of the London season we felt some apprehensions as to finding a place in a good hotel. Time justified our fears for we went to ten hotels in succession before coming here. In our hackney cab with the trunks on top we made the tour of West End in a semi-comic state of mind. The process was this. We dash up in style to the door of a somber edifice with black door and knockers, the flowers in boxes in the windows being the only attractive feature. Our cabman jumps down and rings the bell or knocks. A solemn footman in buttons with lilies of the valley in his buttonhole (they appear to think that flower suited to their lowly condition) comes forth to the carriage. Frank inquires meekly if they can let us have rooms. The footman will inquire. Frank alights. The footman produces a fair stout lady in a cap. A consultation is held. Stout lady is sorry. Can't give us rooms. Frank returns sadly. We drive off again. It was amusing but fatiguing and growing late. But I felt proud and happy to be riding round in a cab, through the celebrated Regent Street, St. James, Hanover Square, Picadilly and the rest of the streets of familiar names, but very thankful when at 7 o'clock we sat down here to a comfortable dinner in our private parlor, the windows of which look out upon the well-known Trafalgar Square with its foundations and the great Nelson Monument. You

can't think how I am enjoying all this. It makes me hungry to see more, but I mean to forget all we can't see and enjoy to the full all that we can. Frank says the next time we come we must bring you. Won't we have good times?

This morning I have been down into the city in a Hansom cab, a most jolly little vehicle with Frank who first took the precaution of arraying himself in a beaver. Ask Howard Clark what he would think of a boy of his size in a full suit of black and a beaver hat. I saw many such today absurd little objects they are. This riding around through places whose names I have known from my youth up is very strange and interesting. We went down the Strand, Fleet St., Cheapside, through Temple Bar, past St. Paul's, the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, the Old Bailey, Throgmorton Lane and many other localities which I devoured with all my eyes. At Fearon's Frank found letters from Father Cheney saying that he is much better and beginning to walk out and that Frank's arrival is a great comfort and relief to him. He also expresses much pleasure at my coming and indeed it does seem now so altogether wisest and pleasantest and best that I almost wonder how I came so near not coming.

At one business house where Frank went he saw a paper with later news from America, most cheering in its character, but we have not yet been able to obtain the details.

I must not write such tedious long letters, and here is an end to this. When you write to Aunt Emily send my love to her and all the dear friends, and tell them what a good time we are having. Everything seems to smile upon us, weather and all. Today is fine. All London has gone to the Derby. Frank did not quite dare to have me go through the fatigue of the crowd and bustle or we might have seen the races. We shall be here but a few days and then go over to Paris. Give my love to Neddy and tell her I got her good letter and the dear baby's picture all right at Boston. Father and Mother and Dot and you must send good wishes and prayers after us, as we do back to you. Best love to all. Frank sends love to all. This letter will go by a steamer which left Liverpool this morning. Queer, isn't it?

Yours Always, Molly

Frank W. Cheney to his Uncle, Ward Cheney

October 15, 1864

Dear Uncle Ward,

Mary has got through her confinement in fine shape.

Last night and this morning she thought her time was drawing near - but she had but little pain of any kind and thought she had a day or two to spare.

When I left the house this morning she was up and walking about quite comfortable. I came back in about an hour and a half and found Sweeney dressing the baby and Mary in bed looking as if nothing remarkable had been taking place.

She had been in labor less than an hour and suffered but little. It was over almost before she knew it.

She looks now as if she would be about the house in a week or ten days.

Yours of today at hand - but business will have to rest till Monday.

Yours truly,

F. W. C.

New Haven Oct. 16th, 1864

My dear Frank,

Your telegram yesterday made us very glad. I wish it would have been, "Mary has a boy," but we must take God's gifts as they come to us with grateful hearts; and such as this only with joy and thanksgiving. For one, I rejoice heartily that a new life is given to the too narrow circle of our family love. I feel the richer for it, and take your little daughter to my heart. I shall love her truly if she brings back to me those past days when her dear Mother was one pet and the joy of our home. They seem so near in memory that it is most strange to me to think of Mary as a Mother. I rejoice that she is one - that for you both is opened this tenderest and sweetest of all human relations; their crowning glory and dignity. Give her my dear love and tell her so. Your hearts must be brimful with the rushing tide of new affections and hopes and drawn closer to each other and to God. It is a moment of supreme interest for you and for all who love you, rich in hope and promise, to which I trust no blight may come. We are anxious to hear more particularly of Mary, and trust that Luty or Dottie will write soon and tell us all we would know. The Great Grandmother sends her love to Mary and rejoices with you in your new happiness. . . .

I am quite proud of my great Auntship. This new tie seems to bind me more closely to you, my dear Frank, and in the strength of it I subscribe myself,

Your affectionate Aunt,

F. L. Apthorp

Dear Nephew,

Yours of Saturday read, telling me how well Mary has passed the trial. It is not often the fortune of a young Mother in giving birth to her first child.

I know how to appreciate the joy of a young Father and Mother on the first born, this life has no greater joy in store for us.

Kiss the little darling and its happy mother for me.

Your Affectionate Uncle,

Ward

Manchester Oct. 17, 1864

Emily Apthorpe Sampson (Mrs. Joseph Sampson) to Mary Bushnell Cheney on the birth of Emily Cheney, first child of Mary Bushnell and Frank Woodbridge Cheney

Oh, what a sweet creature is a little baby - born so long right under the heart and now as closely in it. I have no words to say how glad I am for you and how pleasant your future looks to me. You must keep me informed of our baby's growth and development. Your Aunt E. wrote so sweetly of her, just after you had written - the two together made me long to see her and when the Spring opens I may treat myself to this pleasure. I cannot lose sight of her for any long time - she will outgrow my acquaintance if I do and will not learn to regard me with her earliest fancy. I pray you, dear Mary, bring up your little child to love me and count me among her dearest friends. I regret beyond measure that Luty and Dottie are so disabled as to prevent the utmost enjoyment of the sweet baby. It would be such a happiness and good for them to watch it daily. What is to be done for those poor girls?

We are all very happy this winter, enjoying the brightness in the heavens that tell of a glad tomorrow for our dear country - and blessed with peace at our own fireside. Last week we had a visit of two days from our dear John Wheeler. Your father told you how well, you would never imagine, he had lived on corn meal, coarse and wormy, in a barbarous southern prison, for eight months. For his good health he is indebted, I suppose, to his excellent personal habits and good digestion and the fact that in Columbia he was able to borrow money and obtain better food, which his own ingenuity helped him to prepare properly. He appeared extremely well - much improved in spirit, more gentle, freer and more accessible to the humanities

Most lovingly yours,

E. A. Sampson

Emily Apthorpe Sampson (Mrs. Joseph Sampson) to Mary Bushnell Cheney on the birth of Emily Cheney, first child of Mary Bushnell and Frank Woodbridge Cheney

New York Jan. 3, 1865

Dearest Mary,

I write the new date always with a strange feeling of my own progress through life towards its end consciously nearer to that sublime finale to which every endeavor should tend and every attainment actually set us on.

But this time I write it with a peculiar exhilaration. In the blessed year of our Lord, 1865, my country seemed to me to be born again! - to be just beginning to live. I can hardly tell you how full of hope I am - how full of joy for the magnificent results that already lift themselves visibly out of our fearful struggle. It is not in military conquest that I rejoice, save as a means to an end, a great end - but in the victory of eternal truth over human wrong and falsehood. I am glad, dear Mary, (my dearly loved child as you are) that you sympathize enough with me to know how glad I am in these wonderful events. I have often wished that you went more deeply into these questions of the general weal and woe and now I hope the joy will attract you more than the suffering. At all events you have an object of delight within your own life, that I know has set your heart all aglow and furnished to you the hope and joy I find in public affairs. I can hardly tell the tender interest excited in me by what you say of our own baby. You will wonder that I have been so long in answering a letter that kindled me with such affection and still warms me. I can only say - "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle." I seem with your Uncle's indisposition and various calls about nothing, to have no time for anything and so this distant day find me with a thousand loving thoughts and sentiments in my heart, yet unexpressed. For our little Emily I have already a sincere love and an anxious interest. She is bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, and I desire her to be all that is strong and lovely, and of

good report. And for your sake, dear Mary, that she may be a true and sweet child, full of that intelligence which is essential to the perfecting of all other qualities. About the last I feel no anxiety. I know she will have good sense and intelligence. The right of inheritance is seldom defeated in this respect. I see that you are full of hope concerning the little creature and already see in her in the promise of much that will cheer and comfort you and Frank. You say she is a "strong little being!" I delight to think of her growing up in strength, aiding you in the care of the "other children" and consoling you in the thousand ways in which you, (my only child) have consoled me

April 14, 1865, five days after the surrender of the Confederate Army, John Wilkes Booth shot Abraham Lincoln. At 7:22 the next morning the President died.

M.B.C. to Luty

April 15, 1865

Dear Luty,

I cannot let these momentous days go by without sending you a few words of the sympathy we all need at such hours. We have passed so suddenly from a fever of joy to the deepest grief, that we may well be bewildered and look to each other to learn where we may find light in this darkness. A nation grows old fast in such days.

Hartford had the news of Lee's surrender earlier than any Northern city and the bells called together the citizens who from ten o'clock to almost daylight held carnival in the streets. Men and women alike gave free vent to their joy, and gathered in knots in the streets to sing and even dance their joy out. Glorious indeed it was and is to think that the end we have striven for so long and desperately is reached at last. Words cannot express what this great wonderful fact of treason crushed and rebellion crumbling away means to the American people. It is the joy, the glory of our country's lifetime.

But it seems that this dark tragedy of slavery, rebellion, war, and hideous cruelty was not to culminate thus sunnily and joyously. We were preparing in peace and forgiveness to smooth over and forget what never should be smoothed over or forgotten - a crime still living and unrepented of. We wanted peace and God has given us a sword again. In one moment the nation has been petrified from its mood of too easy forgiveness into one of stern, rigid, unrelenting, justice for the hateful treason still found within our doors.

As for our noble and beloved President, slain by those whom he would have befriended (for was not this actor with his dagger and "Sic Semper Tyrannis" the very impersonation of the guilty but theatrical Southern chivalry?)

How can we mourn him enough! I know you do not sympathize with my view of his character, but to me he seems to stand alone in history. The world has known many men of greater genius but hardly one so wise. Common sense in him seemed almost to amount to genius. And then he had such a big heart, such tender sympathies, such unaffected simplicity, such humility, such wonderful sublime patience, such a strong integrity that to love him and trust him absolutely seemed the natural instinct of the people. Even his homely looks, his kind awkward manners and his drollery, have come to be regarded with a sort of tenderness.

I look forward with the greatest imaginable pleasure to bringing small Babe to Aunt Emily's and am also very anxious to get down this week that I may hear Mr. Beecher next Sunday. I know his great soul is full to brimming over now.

With very warm love to all the dear friends,
I am, Luty dear, Your faithful

"Sunglus"

New York City
Mary Bushnell Cheney to Frank W. Cheney - 1865

My dear Frank,

I have just laid our Baby away for a comfortable snooze, looking your very ditto. She has not been feeling very happy for two or three days, owing perhaps to the heat or the excitement of new scenes and constant company, but this morning she seems sweet and serene.

I got your letter this morning, dear, and have a sense of inward warmth and comfort which I never fail to draw from contact with your tender love. How strong and sweet is this wonderful bond between husband and wife! It seems to me constantly more beautiful as it grows more intimate. I can feel your heart beat, dearest, though a hundred miles away.

I am sorry to hear that Nelly has the whooping cough to struggle through just now, for you know this second summer is the most trying time for her. However, we will not look for evil before it comes. If she gets well through with the whooping cough, it will be so much gain.

We had a delightful concert of the Philharmonic Society on Saturday morning. The selections of music were unusually fine. One from Beethoven was surely the music of the spheres. I cannot imagine that we shall hear anything sweeter in heaven.

Yesterday we had another great pleasure, or rather good higher than mere pleasure in hearing Mr. Beecher and uniting our voices with his great congregation. He spoke from the text "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say unto you rejoice." An eloquent plea for true happiness and an earnest protest against those wearying, wearying cares, which when they gain dominion in the soul are the most formidable enemies of its purest joy. There were lessons in the sermon which I took to myself, dear, and I hope may make of some practical use hereafter. I know that I have been letting little interests and cares absorb and worry me too much of late. I should like to live on a larger scale and higher key, not neglecting the little things and at the same time not treating them as if they were great.

New York City
Mary Bushnell Cheney to Frank W. Cheney - 1865

I am dismayed to find all my money gone and should like some more as soon as you can send it.

With warmest love I am, dear your own and always,

Mary

New York City
Mary Bushnell Cheney to Frank W. Cheney - April 28, 1865

Dear Frank,

If you are at home in the Edwards Street mansion, you are getting sleepy about this time and beginning to entertain longing but reluctant thoughts of bed. As for me I too am getting sleepy as you are doubtless prepared to hear, and have left the family in the parlor for two of three words with you, dear, before I go to bed. Don't you want to see Baby and "Mollaner"? I hope so for they would like to see you. At least Baby has been clamoring for something all day and I think it must be her Papa that she wants. We took her with us in the wagon to the Park today and she insisted on nursing all the way down Fifth Avenue on her way home, to my lasting horror and disgrace. It was lovely at the Park today. The flowering shrubs are all in bloom, and the air was full of fragrance. There is a new part of the Park which you have not seen and which is fine. When you come down you must go there.

Mary Platt came to see me today and asked me to go with her in a day or two to the new Academy of Design (23rd St. & 4th Ave.) - also to dine with them next week.

Luty and I are going to the Philharmonic Rehearsal tomorrow morning at 9 1/2 o'clock, provided we get thorough with our shad in time. Fanny Clark and Sophy Hammersley happened in this morning and sat with us some time. I have made Baby a little silk hood or bonnet in which she looks fascinating. The

dear little tot is very sweet but does not enjoy herself here as well as at home. However, all this society is bringing her forward fast. She misses you when she is undressing and when she wakes in the morning. Bridget went out last night to hunt up relations, but as she did not know where they lived quite naturally did not find them.

I have just eleven dollars left of the seventy-five you gave me. I have bought me a black silk basque of surpassing beauty and costliness! I am spending lots of money and having a very good time. I have a sumptuous lunch every day and am growing fat without having studied Savarin. A simple way of doing that, is to eat a good deal.

Are you glad or sorry that Booth was shot? I imagine that you think as I do that it was a great deal too good for him. Do you remember that I thought Virginia his natural place of concealment, and that Father and another respected gentleman disagreed with me? Forgive me for indulging myself in the wicked pleasure of saying "I told you so." Grant's despatch, just in, says Johnston has surrendered to Sherman. Isn't Grant a generous old fellow? Tell Mother that she will have to make two yards do for a silk dress for we can't find any silk under \$10 a yard. Would she like something else?

Mary Bushnell Cheney to Frank W. Cheney - April 18, 1865
New York City

Did you find the silver all safe or had somebody burgled it during our absence. Do lock things up tight when you go to Providence.

Give my love to Fathers and Mothers B and C and tell Mother that Grandmother is enjoying Baby very much and they are getting to be warm friends.

Dear Frank - I wish you were going up stairs with me tonight, for I do feel a little lonely in the night-watches in spite of Milly. Come down when you can my dearest husband. We are neither of us complete without our better half, and as for me I miss you more now than when you leave me behind.

With truest love,

Your Mary

New York
April 28th

(Written below)

Dear Frank,

I advise you to come before long. Mary was looking out of my window at a gentleman opposite for some time this evening and seemed very cheerful. Milly has been a dear cross little girl today. I know this all is bad news, but unlike the War Department, I must send a true bulletin.

Such is the faithfulness of yours affectionately.

(Frances Louisa Bushnell)

Aunt Emily sends love to you.

Mary Bushnell to F. W. Cheney - 1865

The time is going fast in this all-devouring city, dear Frank, and I am beginning to think of our coming home as an event near at hand.

I went with Mary Platt today to see the exhibition of pictures in the new Academy and enjoyed it very much. I want to go again with you when you come down.

There are two fine pictures by Bierstadt and one beauty by Church. Gray, the artist, showed us all the rooms in the building.

But I write tonight not to talk about the pictures but to tell you that Mary Platt invites us to dine with them on Saturday at six o'clock. If you cannot come before, will you come down by the noon express and come to the Platts directly from the cars? I will be there, and have a carriage to come home in so that you won't have any trouble with your bag. I say this only in case you cannot come sooner. Do come down to your wife and baby as soon as you can, dear. We want to see you.

I miss you night and day, and Milly is taking to scratching my face in the morning, as a substitute for yours.

Dear Frank, if I could put my head down upon your breast, and feel your arms close around me how very, very good it would be.

With truest love,

Your "Wifey"

New York
Tuesday evening

During the Civil War Cheney Bros. took an active part. A long-time employee, Christopher Spencer invented and perfected a repeating rifle which, without being reloaded, could fire seven shots.

This was patented and Cheney Bros. formed The Spencer Repeating Rifle Co. in Boston, with production in the Chickering Piano Factory.

A rifle was presented to President Lincoln, with Spencer taking the gun apart and re-assembling it using only a screwdriver. On August 19, 1863, the President test fired the gun with accuracy so fine that the government ordered delivery of as many weapons as available. Some 200,000 were produced and delivered.

(The Excellence of the rifle was reported in a letter received from G. W. Barber, Capt.)

Headquarters, 1st Battalion O.V.S.S.
Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 8, 1863

C. M. Spencer, Esq.
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

...I have just returned with my Command from one expedition in which we have had a good opportunity to test our rifles with the Rebel sharpshooters. About six miles below Chattanooga the main road over which supplies for the whole Army must be drawn lay along the bank of the Tennessee River, the south bank of which was held by the enemy, and their sharpshooters played havoc with our teams and drivers. The river is 500 yards wide. I was ordered to protect the road. The 18th Ky. armed with the Enfield rifle had been skirmishing with

them for two days had lost three men and had no effect on the enemy. The first day we opened on them we killed two, wounded several and drove them from every position along the river. We found by actual trial that our guns had longer range and greater accuracy. We seldom missed at 700 yards. I had 125 men with me and for two weeks kept 600 rebs at bay and as I afterward learned, killed and wounded over 30 with a loss of one man wounded. It was a genuine trial of arms and resulted in proving the superiority of the Spencer Repeating Rifle over every other arm in the service; Gen. Reynolds, Chief of Staff, said to me, "It is the best rifle on the face of the earth," and I am fully convinced that his remark is literally true.

What about the Manual?
Hoping to hear from you soon.

Very respectfully,
Your Obedient Servant
G. M. Barber, Capt.
Comd'g, 1st Chatt. O.V.S.S.

In the Spring of 1866 extensive plantings of trees and ornamental shrubs were placed in: "The Pleasure Grounds of Charles Cheney, Esq."

Numbering over 300 species, they were located "in the northeast corner along Verandah and Entrance Roads; for the east line a mass grouping along the fence." Many are still to be seen in the masses of Rhododendron, Forsythia, Deutzia, Spirea, Viburnum...with the remnants of the early "100 herbaceous plants of different kinds located in proper places and in the foreground of the above groupings."

And in 1866 construction on Cheney Hall began from plans drawn by Hammat Billings of Boston, the architect who designed the Pilgrim's Monument at Plymouth. It was dedicated in 1867, Horace Greeley giving the dedicatory address, "Self-Made Men" and the Hall became a Community Center for employees of Cheney Brothers and the townspeople through the years. Prominent speakers included Susan B. Anthony, Isabelle Beecher Hooker, Elizabeth Stanton Cady, Mary Livermore, Celia Burleigh and Abigail Scott Dunaway. Among the noted churchmen who conducted service were: the Rev. Phillips Brooks of Boston, composer of "A Little Town of Bethlehem," James Freeman Clarke, a close friend of Emerson and the Rev. William H. Channing as well as Wendell Phillips and Horace Bushnell.

Clara Louise Kellogg, singer, gave a performance of "Marguerite" by Faust.

And in 1872 the first town library started in the basement of the Hall. Books were supplied by Cheney Bros. and reading aloud was permitted to lessen the tedious work of the young women engaged in the separation and unsnarling of silk fibers.

One of the most notable pleasure events was the Firemen's Ball, held yearly on the eve of Thanksgiving, with the festivities culminating in "The Annual Raffle of a Turkey, Goose or Pig." This Ball continued annually until the start of World War II.

Mary Bushnell Cheney to Frank W. Cheney

1867

Lenox, Tuesday morning.

My dearest Frank,

I wonder if you are contrasting the heat of Hartford with the cold air of Lenox today, and wondering at the difference. There was a great change in the temperature here this morning and the day is really sultry. The sun rolled the clouds up over the mountains this morning grandly and dressed them in rose color and violet.

I looked at them at Sunrise holding Charley in my arms, and wondering that their beauty had not more power to move me. The view from this window is charming. There is a rich green meadow with elms in it for the foreground, then the lake, then the mountains all looking very dreamy through this September haze.

My husband, I miss you very sadly today. Never have I more needed the support of your love and tenderness. I am trying hard to face cheerfully the fact, which leaves me no longer in doubt, that we are going to add again to our little household, and take upon us still greater cares, anxieties and responsibilities. It is not now the dread of the nine months of burden before me, or of the few hours of suffering at their close which oppresses me. I do dread suffering again the intense anxiety which we have endured for Charley, and all the manifold cares which every new baby brings. But "sufficient for the day." I must not indulge in these selfish repinings over what comes in the order of Nature and Beauty and may bring us many blessings. Nor will I withdraw from that free bestowal of myself, upon you, our household, and God himself, made at the momentous hour which gave existence to our new hope.

We seem to be quite well off here. Mrs. Butler is all kindness and had twenty old nurses' nostrums to prescribe for Charley last night. Our rooms are airy, and last night I had a cheerful wood fire at which I toasted Charley's toes. I had a sumptuous supper, excellent bread and butter, baked apples, hot applesauce, blackberries, sponge cake, cookies and plenty of cream. You need not suppose I ate all these delicacies. Mrs. Butler was quite concerned because I could not drink her Japanese tea which tasted like boiled catnip, or something

of that species. This morning she sent up to Aunt Electa's and got some, so that I had for breakfast a cup of tea of your importing, and very refreshing it was after my dissipated night. The greatest discouragement I have met with was the discovery of a bed bug this morning. Mrs. Butler says I brought it from "Miss Goodman's," and I think very like, for I used to think I felt them in our bed there, but did not mention it to you thinking that perhaps my imagination had become morbid upon that point. Mrs. B. says that "Mrs. G is the only person round here who has them." We may not be troubled any more. The flies are a perfect pest. The room swarms with them. Bring up some fly paper when you come. I do hope the girls will come, though I hardly like to urge them to until Charles is better for he rouses the whole house at night.

The attractions here are just about what is usual in a country boarding house, and you know what the attractions are outside. Make the best of it to them. There could not be a more beautiful country, and with two or three of us together we should have a merry time, and be pretty comfortable too. As Mary philosophically remarked this morning, it will make us enjoy home more when we get back.

Mrs. Butler says I don't look old enough to be the Mother of two children. I don't look like anything more than a little girl. Her daughter looks twice as old as I do, and "she hasn't never had no children, though she's been married twice." I suggested that perhaps two husbands were worse than babies. She retorted feelingly, "That's so."

I had a letter last night from Aunt Emily, kindly telling me of Milly's welfare. I want my dear little chick here with me for company.

Dear Frank, I hadn't any idea of writing so much when I began but I want to talk with you and can't help it if I have the talk all to myself. Do write me a line or two every day. You don't know, darling, how I long for your sympathy. It is the first necessity of life to me.

Give my warm love to our two dear Fathers and Mothers and assure them of our welfare.

With truest love,

Your Wifey

M.B.C. to Chas. Cheney (father-in-law) at death of his 2nd wife Harriet A. Bowen

(Howell and John Davenport, twin sons are twelve days old.)

1-12-1870

Dear Father:

You and Mother are constantly with me as I lie here alone. I can think of her only as I saw her last, standing by the cradle of our new-born babies, full of life and happiness, but not more full of both than now. So we shall always think of her, passed from the fullness of life here to the fullness ineffable beyond, her bright spirit unclouded by mortal suffering.

I have longed to be with you and those who loved her during these past days, but am satisfied that it was not best. Some day I hope it may be my privilege to be of some use and comfort to you, dear Father.

Today you will lay Mother to rest under the soft covering of the new-fallen snow which she loved so much.

With true love

Your daughter, Mary

Saturday morning

1-12-1870

Dear Frank

Your note is very dear to me. You cannot think how I long to be with you all. I think I have hardly yet realized that Mother has passed from our sight and will not as Charley says "come back again."

I want you, dear, to stay in Manchester as long as Father wants you--at any rate over Sunday.

Yours ever

Mary

(Received at the Cheney Bros. Mill)

James G. Blaine Private & Confidential

Augusta, Maine
18th Aug. 1872

My dear Mr. Cheney

The Greelyites seem to have a special desire to beat me--and they are making a most desperate effort to that end. Greely himself is advertised to be here next week at the Democratic Convention called to emphasize the momentum of my competition.

They are using Tammany money with absolute recklessness and it is draining on my moderate resources most furiously.

I dislike exceedingly to call on my friends--and there are indeed very few on whom I would consent to make this draft--but I know my presence in Congress would be agreeable to you--and that of my competitors very much the reverse.

If among your friends in a quiet and confidential way you could raise \$1,000 or \$1,500 for me the favor would be very great.

But if the request embarrasses you pay no attention to it.

Would like to hear from you by the 17th.

Sincerely,

J. G. Blaine

Confidential

Augusta, ME
26 Aug., 1872

My dear Sir:

Did you receive a letter from me a short time since asking a political contribution of \$1500. It must have seemed to you a stunning demand. My intention to ask \$500 (five hundred) and it has since occurred to me that I made the same in writing you that I did to others--I set out to raise \$1500 in all from three friends--\$500 each--and in my hurry I wrote to one... for \$1500 and it occurred to me that I might in the great pressure of my haste have written you in the same blundering way. I beg your pardon for such a blunder and for taking such a liberty with your purse as this large demand would have implied.

I beg also that you will give no attention to the request at all unless in every sense convenient and agreeable--and especially that you will regard the whole matter as entirely confidential.

Very truly

J. g. Blaine

Ward Cheney, Esq.

6-1-1888 J. G. Blaine Health Habits

1. Careful to keep feet dry.
2. Never addicted to stimulants.
3. Never had a piece of tobacco in his mouth.
4. Does not know the taste of rum, whiskey or brandy.





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In memory
of

Charles Henry

deceased

South Manchester Conn.

June 20. 1874



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At a meeting of the
Silk Association of America held
on Wednesday, August 12, 1874 the
following Preamble and Resolution
were on motion, unanimously adopted

in respect of the death of

Mr. Charles Cheney

Whereas in the order of God's
Providence our friend and colleague
Mr. Charles Cheney has been taken
from us by the hand of Death, and

Whereas, Mr. Cheney was
one of the pioneers of the silk industry
in this country, and through his energy





and enterprise became one of the most successful of our silk manufacturers, he having done much to make the silk manufacture national in its character, and having withal left us the example of a pure and blameless life, therefore be it
Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with the family of the late Mr. Charles Cheney in the great bereavement they have sustained by his death, that we will cherish the memory of the departed, and that his name belongs to the silk trade of America, and will ever fittingly be a part of its history.



The following action was
thereupon taken.

Resolved, That the foregoing
Preamble and Resolution be entered
upon the minutes and an engrossed copy
bound in velvet and duly attested by the of-
ficers of the Association be transmit-
ted to the family of the deceased.

Thos. Baly 1st Vice President

Mablea Alice Secretary



Charles Cheney's respect for racial equality and the value of education for all is shown in the following letter:

August 2, 1873

Mr. Charles Cheney, sir

I was requested to write a line to you to know if you remembered the little colored girl that you gave a spelling book to and went yourself and got her in school in Toland (sic). If you do she would like to express her gratitude to you in person.

Following the death of Charles Cheney June 20, 1874, the Silk Association adopted the following Resolution:

"At a meeting of the Silk Association of America held August 12, 1874 the following Preamble and Resolution were on motion unanimously adopted in respect of the death of Mr. Charles Cheney.

Whereas in the order of God's Providence our friend and colleague, Mr. Charles Cheney, has been taken from us by the hand of Death and

Whereas Mr. Cheney was one of the pioneers of the silk industry in this country and through his energy and enterprise became one of the most successful of our silk manufacturers, he having done much to make the silk manufacture national in character and having withal left us the example of a pure and blameless life; therefore be it

Resolved, that we sincerely sympathize with the family of the late Mr. Charles Cheney in the great bereavement they have sustained by his death, that we will cherish the memory of the departed, and that his name belongs to the silk trade of America and will ever fittingly be a part of its history...

Thos. U. Dale, 1st Vice President
Franklin Allen, Secretary

Seth Wells Cheney married 1st Emily Woodbridge, b. Feb. 1, 1825; d. May 11, 1850. He married 2nd in Boston on May 19, 1853, Ednah Dow Littlehale, b. June 22, 1824. This letter was written by her to Mary B. Cheney on the birth of Austin, the seventh son of Mary and Frank W. Cheney.

Jamaica Plain, Dec. 26, 1876

Dear Mary

It must be sweet in this Christmas time to be quiet with the dear little baby beside you and rest from the many cares which this trying eventful year have brought to you.* For this new birth is the best solution of the questions, and the best comfort for the sorrows which time brings so surely - Death is - but so is Birth - the one as great a reality as the other as mysterious and as sacred.

The "seventh son" begin the sacred line which is to be gifted with miraculous powers of healing - and I am sure we shall not want to spare one of the future "Cheney Brothers" especially when we have such a dear good sister for them all to look up to and be blessed by.

I am glad to hear you are so well and happy and think you have good reason to be for when your cup runneth over with joy it is pretty sure to help fill somebody's else.

With a great deal of love to Frank and all the children - let me see - Milly, Charley, Horace, Davy, Howell, Seth Leslie, Ward - and baby and yourself.

I am,

Your affectionate

Aunt Ednah

*Mary's father, the Reverend Horace Bushnell, died 17 February 1876

Page 1 - Mary Bushnell Cheney

Frank Woodbridge Cheney

Page 1 - Emily

Charles

Horace

Austin

Page 2 - Marjory

Dorothy

Howell

John Davenport

Page 3 - Ward

Frank Dexter

Seth Leslie and Jenny

Page 4 - Emily and Ruth

Marjory and Dorothy



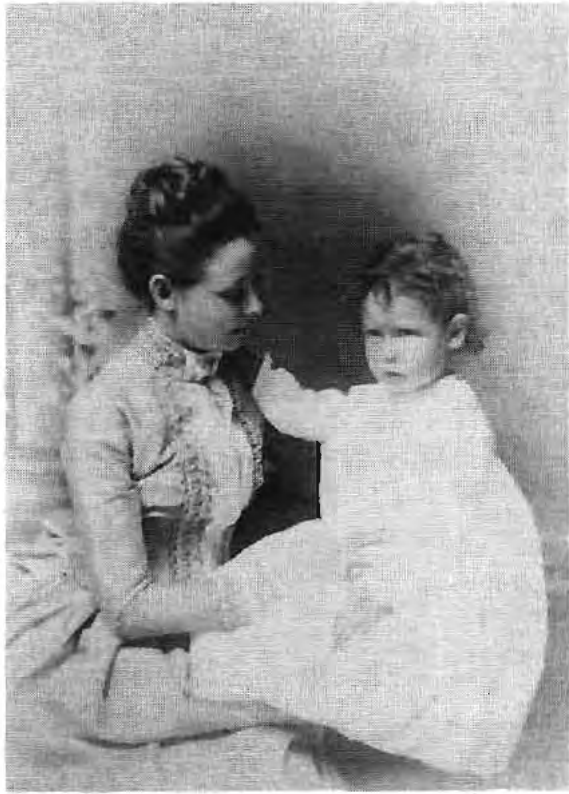














Excerpts from letters from M.B.C. to F.W.C. who has gone to England.

June 16, 1879

The children have just gone off to bed, - here Horace rolled a Wakefield chair down stairs and spoiled my sentence ... Howie started a letter to you this evening, but became involved in so many difficulties that he was obliged to relinquish it for bed You must credit him with having been the first to propose writing to you. The baby has seemed to wake up to the idea that he is being weaned today, and has been quite mournful about it. He has bunted like a little calf, and plead earnestly for his rations. How I wish I could give them! ... Remember to have your picture taken in Paris!

June 19, 1879

We had a pleasant afternoon yesterday at Diamond Pond looking at the laurel ... The flowers are abundant and in pink perfection. Among their banks of green leaves they look resplendent. There are also some lovely pink orchids in the swamp, which have a perfume like English violets. My dearest, I talk very poor chaff to you I am afraid, but I do not trust myself to say how much I miss you, and how dear the thought of you is. At night my comfort and companion is your remembered image, and the knowledge of the long-tried love which not even the Atlantic's stretch of waters can quench. Often I take Austin's round little form in my arms and press kisses which are meant for you upon his curly hair and on the soft little hands which hide in my neck. ... Your message from Queenstown sent this very morning reached us just as the children were starting for school. So we got it a little earlier than you sent it. Wonderful, wonderful! ... All are well today and you would rejoice could you see the bright faces of the children and the green lawns and roses about our home. Today is the last day of School....

June 23, 1879

The boys have brought in today the first fruits of their garden, some remarkably tough and bitter lettuce. They are much pleased and propose to

charge me ten cents a head for it. Their vacation has begun and they are over the house from garret to cellar continually. I find my labors somewhat interrupted by this invasion of the Goths, but it seems very merry and cheerful.... Austin was thrown down the tar walk by "Bubber." The little girls had their French play on Saturday evening at the Homestead. About seventy people crowded into the West rooms to see it. They had everything arranged picturesquely to give the impression of an old French Country Inn, and the costumes were extremely pretty and quaint. They rattled off their French with an excellent accent.... We had a provoking overflow again this morning in the little bathroom. Someone left both faucets running ... and we found the Museum literally inundated. The lately repaired ceiling will probably all come down again as the leaks followed the joints in the plaster.... Horace is under suspicion but looks and declares his innocence, so that I had not the comfort of scolding anybody.

June 24, 1879

Alone in the empty rooms I feel more near to you than I do among the rest of the household. I am keenly and lovingly conscious of you, loving you, with a love more perfect and devoted every day, and longing to be more worthy of this dear, pure, unselfish love you have been lavishing on me!

Yours

Mary

South Manchester

June 26, 1879

I have just come in from an evening's sitting on the West piazza. What would you give to have spent it with us? The air is like balm, and laden with fragrant odors of rose and honeysuckle, the moon is half full, and shines through the glistening boughs of the oaks, the fireflies flame hither and thither, and only one old bullfrog croaks away in the pond. It has been delicious. I have longed for a stroll up and down the path with your arm about me, and your kind voice murmuring once again the dear old story. Even the missing perfume of your cigar was

felt as a want! ... I did not see Appleton, but Dottie seemed to agree to my proposal to drive out and dine with us on Sunday and hear Phillips Brooks preach. He and Mr. Richardson will stay with me as they are not in circumstances to receive them at Knights, and I think I should be more likely to give them wine and cigars, etc. than Uncle Frank would be. Mr. Richardson will want a dozen or two of beer, and they say Mr. Brooks plays a very good knife and fork.... Another plan for the month of August has occurred to me, and seems to me unobjectionable but I have said and decided nothing till I can hear from you what you think of it. It is to send Charley and Horace off - say to New Preston Lake with Mr. Kruger as tutor ... and I could make sure that all expenses were paid by having all bills sent to me ... Would not a good long fishing time among the hills be the best thing for the boys. I am persuaded that they need it, Charley especially.... I have said nothing to you about myself, dear, because I did not wish to keep present in your mind any trying thoughts about me, but I believe it is foolish to avoid what I know you will think of. I was not mistaken about myself when you went away. But it is all right. I am feeling perfectly well, and everyone says I look so. With the exception of one chill I have been in the best of health, and should hardly know there way anything the matter. I really believe this is getting to be my normal condition.... I am strong and thus far, equal to every emergency. You need not worry about me in the least!

South Manchester
June 30, 1879

As Knight was away I had the great pleasure of receiving Phillips Brooks here. Mr. Richardson came with him and was of great assistance in making things pleasant for Mr. Brooks, but the latter took everything so delightfully that one would have had no fear about making him happy on a desert island. He was not only full of joyous and friendly talk with the elders, but he fraternized with the boys like a kind big brother and won every heart. He became quite intimate with Horace and it was planned that Horace and Charley should go to Hartford with the two gentlemen this morning, to show them a good place to buy peanuts. (They did not do so as Charley was not quite well.) Mr. Brooks is immense as Harry would say, only I mean it literally as well

as figuratively. He stands 6 ft. 4 in. and is so broad and massive that he does not look very tall. He is as simple as a boy, Frank, kind and honest, full of magnetic fire and impulse - a rich, great abundant generous nature, - such a man as you would rejoice to know. You cannot be with him many minutes without feeling how good and how deeply earnest he is. His sermon was exciting and inspiring in a way I cannot pretend to describe. Everyone was charmed and he left a solid feeling of earnest interest in life that was beyond all more transient excitement.... I took great pains to make everything pleasant and I hope it was. Mr. Richardson ate and drank immensely. He will certainly kill himself within a year. It is really alarming to see him ... I was interrupted here by Davy crying with an earache.... The plaster has fallen again in the "Museum" but fortunately no one was there. I am afraid it will all have to come down. Mr. Richardson thinks it favors building that chimney....

M.B.C. to F.W.C. who is in Lyons

South Manchester
July 4, 1879

This is a quieter Fourth than we have had for years. Last night there was but little voice, and today, save for an occasional fire cracker, it seems like Sunday.

South Manchester
July 9, 1879

O Bliss, O Rapture, unforeseen! How you will laugh at me, dear! Well, no matter, you will rejoice too. I have been mistaken about myself for six weeks, and the imaginary Number 10, whom I had already begun to love, is not a real entity as yet, and I hope will not be for a long time to come. I don't know that we are called on to mourn the loss of a child, but you will perhaps wonder at me that I found it at first hard to part with my trial - for trial it had been but one in which much sweetness had been hidden. ... how good it is to feel that our sweet baby will remain my baby, and not be crowded out of the way to make room in my arms for another

... The telephone is a great institution. This afternoon I signalled our office here to connect me with Hartford and in a moment said my message, and heard the melodious voice of Robert Griffing in reply. It never ceases to be a wonder.

South Manchester
July 10, 1879

So you have had three weeks among the mill chimneys of England. If it had been spent at the Lakes or in some lovely region, I should rejoice in the time spent among the John Bulls ... I will now give you ten days for Lyons and Marseilles, then a few days for places on the Rhine which I know you will visit and then - for Switzerland! That is to say from the 14th to the 24th of July for silk, the remainder of the month for skirmishing, then the whole of August for Switzerland and the Tyrol. I hope you will go into the Tyrol. It must be lovely beyond compare and it is not too difficult for stout people." (Clipping enclosed saying that the Regimental Reunion and the removal of the battle flags will be either the 17th (of Sept.) the Antietam anniversary of the 19th (Chickamauga, 1863, and Winchester, 1864.)

Frances Louisa Bushnell to F.W.C.

Sunday, July 13, 1879

We have been keeping Sunday in a very perfect way out at Hart Porter's Brook, or as Les calls, "Hot Water Brook."

July 13, 1879

It has been 'one of those heavenly days that cannot die,' as somebody says ... The children bathed in the brook, and it was like a picture I have seen somewhere of the fairies at their baths. The little glistening bodies, in the sunlight and shadow, the dropping of the water, the stirring of the sand, and then, what no picture could give, the shouts of gladness. After all that the appetites of the crowd became very demonstrative, especially Howie's. I never saw a boy eat more chicken and bread and

butter, and yet come up smiling for cake and bananas and huckleberries. Yes, huckleberries have come! What do you think of that after your gooseberry tarts? After lunch, we grown folks lay on our backs and pretended to read, but really looked at the sky and into the trees and listened to the brook and the children.

South Manchester
July 15, 1879

I have no letter from you since a week ago yesterday... This is very careless of you, dear, and if you knew how much harder it makes our separation to me you would not let it occur. Only two letters since you left me over a month ago! How do you account for it? I believe this is my ninth and I am very busy too. Well, a truce to scolding! ... Horace celebrated his return today by falling out of an oak tree onto an iron chair but got off with nothing worse than a scratch on his lip, - lucky, as usual.

(Enclosed a letter from Milly in Watch Hill)

I have been reading from Nicholas Nickleby aloud to Nell while she works. I think I enjoy it better the second time than I did the first.

John Davenport Cheney to his Father

South Manchester
July 22, 1879

The last time I went sailing, Uncle Knight let me fish with a trolling line for blue fish. Just beyond the folly I felt a bit and I had to lie down to hold him. The Captain had to haul him in and he was a big deep-sea flounder. The band is playing Pinafore music tonight. The moths and beetles bother me so that I can't write any more.

Your loving son John Davenport Cheney

South Manchester
July 24, 1879

My dear Frank, Davy has written this little letter tonight with infinite labor and pains-taking and I hope you will soon send an answer appreciative of what it has cost and also of the marvels of the deep-sea flounder which is really the triumph of the boy's life.

South Manchester
July 28, 1879

Dear father

The garden is getting along nicely. We have earned 92 cents and we will have \$1.00 tomorrow. The tomatoes are getting ripe... one day some cat got into the popcorn garden and ate off the heads but the flowers had not formed. I have got to pick some beans pretty soon.

Your loving son, Howell Cheney

Emily Cheney Learned to her father at Hotel Cavour, Milan

Lake George
July 21, 1879

Colonel Waring's son and his friend, Mr. LaFarge, the son of the artist, is here ... We had our lunch on Roger's Rock and I found some four-leaved clovers which I send to you."

South Manchester
August 1, 1879

Dear papa, the other day Charley, Willie, Warren and me went up to Willis Falls on a picnic and we used the old mine for a refrigerator for our lunch ... We had a water-melon and made some lemonade. We went in swimming and some big boys came along and pegged turf at us.

Your loving son, Horace B. Cheney

South Manchester
August 1, 1879

My dear Frank,

It is after dinner of a warm but pleasant afternoon. I have just had the baby with me, creeping about on the library floor, and pounding the fender with a shell, rolling the serap basket about and chewing bits of paper found in it. He is still sweet but is developing some force of will, and a great deal of activity. Ward, I regret to say has been fretful, complaining of stomach-ache, calling for ginger and dumping himself suddenly in my lap like a thousand of brick. A case of too much melon! Yes, melons have come, and sweet corn on the ear. Don't you wish you had some? Charley has gone to the mill to sharpen the steel. Leslie asked leave to go with him, which I refused, but as the old man Leslie disappeared shortly after I suspect he gave Charley an incorrect version of my verdict and went with him.

I have therefore sent Davy, as an available individual, to hunt him up and bring home the lost lamb. Horace is in demand but cannot be found. Howie has just finished a letter to his grandmother and is now with Dexter bent on important business. Austin is in the hammock, and Ward, having become unbearable, is now being dosed with ginger, which I hope will sweeten his temper ... I am dressed in a long and thin and flowing white gown - not a nightgown, dear - trimmed very prettily with lace and quite becoming to my style of beauty. I had a red and yellow bow in my neck and another in my hair. Howie says I am "getting proudt." You can judge from that remark how gorgeous I am. But if inclined that way I should be brought low by the howling which is now going on about me. Leslie having just returned from the mill and being convicted of story-telling and disobedience has been deprived as punishment of certain little blocks of wood he brought home with him, which has caused him to make of this peaceful place a howling wilderness. Ward caught the contagion and is now roaring to go to the store, while Austin is alternately climbing on and tumbling off my chair. The two peaceable ones may be silenced, but I think Ward will make an afternoon of it. Which parent does that cherub most resemble? Here the state of things became so outrageous that I took Ward in the house and spanked him. He feels so much relieved.

Leslie got into the blocks in my absence and they have now gone to be burned, and the agony is over - so much for discipline! And what a terrible dragon this grand lady in white has proved to be! I think that we shall be done (her biography of H.B., her father) before you get home. Then I will take it to Harpers and possess my soul in patience till we see what they will do.

Howell Cheney to his sister, Emily, who is in Lake George

South Manchester
August 6, 1879

Dear Emily, Sunday Cousin Emma's cow ran away, two tomatoes were pulled up by her, there were 40 green tomatoes on the plants, we yoused 24 of them and got 30 cents for them, now we have got \$2.30. I want you to answer my letters if I write you and then I will answer yours.

M.B.C. to F.W.C.

South Manchester
August 12, 1879

(about the book) I suffer many doubts and anxieties whether the book is as good as it ought to be, - as good as I can make it. I am willing now to do anything yet in the way of work to ensure its being the best and yet it seems to me nearly done. There is too much in it. That is its worst fault, perhaps. It has been a great and delightful thing to me, and yet I go back to it every morning with a recoil at the difficulties of it. It requires an effort to force myself up to it sometimes, and I long intensely to be through, but not till it is done, and well done.

August 14, 1879 (Home)

Dear Frank:

Yours of July 3rd reached me this morning and a cable from Milan two days ago, apprised us of the fact that you had carried out your plans to that point. These cables are a great comfort. It is so

good once in a while, when I have lost you for a little while, to find you again in this way. This week I am to think of you as visiting the silk districts of Italy under the guidance of Mr. Morel - and Bavier? I trust not the latter.

Well, as the boys say, haven't you got the cheek? You propose to go to Japan do you? Very well. As soon as I learn you have started or are going to, I shall at once begin on improving this house to such an extent that you won't know it when you get home ... But seriously, do you really want to think of it? And if so, what ought I to say? Can I stand it, and dare we risk so long a separation? What might not happen in the interval, and should we ever meet again this side of Jordan? ... 11 P.M. So far I wrote hastily this afternoon, under the first shock of your letter. Shortly after, Knight came by, also armed with a letter from you speaking of Japan. Till then I had not realized that you were seriously thinking of the matter. I find that Knight sees no objections and, in fact, many favoring reasons, in a business point of view, for your going. Uncle Frank is all agog to have you go, and nothing is to stand in your way - but a wife and nine children. And if your wife would get out of the way, there would still be nine other objectors to stand in her place. But after all, I see one or two reasons why it would be well for you to go. We have gone through the pain of separation, you have cut the Gordian Knot of business ties, and it would be a great thing for you - a great thing too for business, they say, but I am afraid I don't care so much about that ... I can't pretend to feel happy over it, but if you feel it is best, why I will try to submit, and having submitted to go on cheerfully with the cares and the loneliness till you come back ... Well, it is not best for me to write any more tonight, or I shall talk so dismally as to effectually scare away any plans of yours. God bless you, dear, wherever you are or wherever you go, and reunite us all safely again. The fact that the children too are scattered now, makes me more shaky. I must gather our scattered ranks and try to get more the feeling of a family ...

(In Boston) I went to the Brunswick and after I had taken a room there and eaten a late and solitary dinner, was so stricken by loneliness that I ordered a carriage and drove out in the dark to see the Dearborns at Dorchester. They were utterly astonished when at nine o'clock I succeeded in finding their house and rang at their door, standing

alone in the darkness, but they took me in hospitably and made me stay all night. I slept in the room which had been Mrs. Leonard's (Mrs. K.D.'s mother) and I had none but pleasant feelings in being there. How many times it has happened to me to occupy the room of the dead! In the place where the bed stood I had last looked on Mrs. Leonard sleeping the last long sleep. (The next day M.B.C. went to the studio of Rowse who was working on a portrait of Horace Bushnell, using a photograph.) We fussed and studied over it so long that I felt as if I hardly could see it, but on the whole came away feeling satisfied that we had as good a likeness as we shall ever be likely to get.

Just now while writing at the library table, having locked up the house, I was startled by a little noise on the piazza, and by seeing as I looked up a face and straw hat apparently peeping at me from the edge of the piazza close to the step. I glanced again but the figure had disappeared ... In a few minutes Charley came down from his room saying that Horace was crying outside the house on the other side. I too had begun to hear his cry, but could not make out where it came from. We opened the doors and found the child, blind and crazy with sleep crying to be let in. I supposed they had all gone to bed. He was cold and in a very piteous state of mind. We took him to the kitchen to warm him up and now he has gone to bed. At the time I was first alarmed by him, he must have half tumbled out of the lounging chair he was in and then strayed off round the house not knowing where he was. He is certainly a queer boy.

To return to last evening when I got home I was met by an escort of four cavaliers who carried my things and escorted me home from the station. Milly met me at the door with a welcome, having made all bright with flowers, and on the supper table nicely furnished with good things. I found your letter from London. So I had a cheerful coming home, and in one sense it seemed as if you were here to meet me after my wanderings. The day had been sultry and exceedingly fatiguing, but the love of husband and children made all fresh and comforting. O Frank, my dearest. I realize, more and more as the days go by, how much I have been living in you and how all-important you have become to me. Without you I am a machine, - a faithful one, steadily fulfilling its routine of work, - and nothing more. But yes, - a great deal more, or why these longings, and tender outreachings for you into that far-away distance

where you seem so shadowy - so almost unreal? ... But speaking of work, it seems to me that you not only accepted but courted the doom of Adam - the working creature. Is there not a lingering remnant of Puritan asceticism in the idolatry of work which possesses so many good men? Your Father had it, and it is strong in many of the family. Nature and playing sometimes. Now don't feel wicked when you look at the cunning spinning of an artist or an architect instead of that of the silk worm, or when you smell the perfume of flowers instead of that of cocoons. Perhaps a hundred years hence the balms of different things in life will seem to have a strangely different proportion from that which they now bear ... If you go through Europe like a mole I will have nothing to say to you when you come back. Don't waste this golden opportunity, saying to yourself that you will come again. That is all a delusion you will always carry with you, the same phantom which pursues you now, if you do not exorcise it. Be gone, foul fiend of Work and Gain, and give him his eyes and his own good dear seeing soul! You are good for something more than a cocoon-hunger ... I don't know whether to laugh or cry over the dear part of your letter where you speak of my being "at these times more sound than ever." I hope you will not think of me any the less soundly because it has turned out to be not one of 'those times.'

South Manchester
July 29, 1879

How reform spreads! It is as contagious as yellow fever, which, alas! is again epidemic in Memphis. From reading an article in this morning's Courant one would almost suppose that it might prevail in Hartford too. 'Preparing for Pestilence' and gave a most shocking account of the Scyllian meadows, full of standing deposits of filth, uncleaned sewers and open cesspools. It appears that the whole quarter lying below Winthrop Street is to all practical intents and purposes absolutely without drainage - a pestilent, fever-breeding hold, the miasma from which is sure to rise and poison the whole atmosphere of the high-flying lands above. Luty's cry of Malaria is apparently not without reason. And now with that goodnight - my own dear man - the owl is still crying in the dark, and the frog still

croaking in the pond. I hear a child's voice too, stirring in his sleep. It is grim and lonesome tonight. But there is the Baby giving a lusty cry to cheer me up.

With tenderest love,

Your wife, Mary.

There are 3,751,249 black bugs running round this room at the present moment, half of them are on me. And now dearest Frank, I will put out the lights and steal up stairs for you and for myself, and so Goodnight.

M.B.C.

New York - Brevoort
Sept. 2nd

I have just finished repacking my trunks, to send on full of New York clothes, home by express, while the other full of flannel dresses, wraps and boots is to go on with us to the Adirondacks ... This morning Luty and I went down to Franklin Square to call on Mr. Fair. To him we took a big mysterious bundle done up in brown paper, which he promised to take into his care and to let us hear about it in a fortnight or so. We had exactly time to finish everything on the manuscript, working at the finishing touches up to the last minute and we think it is now in pretty good shape. It comes to 950 pages of manuscript, and can be got into a one-volume book. You don't know, dearest, how deeply grateful I feel that we have reached at last this important stage in the journey. Whether one publisher or another takes the book does not greatly trouble me; we shall get it out somehow, and it is a great and delightful thing that we have been permitted to accomplish a task so great and so difficult.... Milly appeared last Friday with Lizzie and Willy Platt and Herbert Putnam, a boy of nineteen, a nice gentlemanly fellow who made a good escort ... On Saturday morning the boys with Mr. Kruger arrived by boat in Hartford and walked out to Manchester.... We had a joyful meeting on Spencer Hill and then we all walked home together, reaching Manchester at noon, where we immediately devoured a large watermelon. The boys had done a large week's work, walking 85 miles, climbing several mountains

and taking two railroad and two boat journeys. They walked straight through from New Preston to Lenox and from there home by Albany, Hudson River, New York, Coney Island and the Connecticut. Quite a sweep was it not?

Keene Valley
Sept. 7, 1879

We drove over from Westport in the evening coming through from New York in one day. Luty had written to James Estes to meet us, and he did so with his own horses, but our supposed safety came near being our destruction, for at the head of a long hill the other side of Elizabethtown, a bolt broke letting the wagon forward upon the horses. They began to kick and plunge and then started for a run down hill, but James Estes was quick enough to seize his one chance of escape and pulled them off into a narrow gully by the roadside, there the wagon after rocking to and fro for a time settled down, jammed down so tightly as to break a wheel and prevent a possibility of their running an inch further.

Mr. Twichell and Mr. Warner were off on a long three days tramp, which proved to be a very severe one without trail and in a new unknown region. Old Phelps was with them, and as he was sick when he started and is never very strong, they felt some concern about him. The second night out it rained all night, they did not know where they were exactly and Phelps was not only exhausted but sick and it seemed as if he might die there before morning. They had halted in pitch darkness and it was impossible in the rain to make a fire or get any supper. They were in such a thicket and among rocks so broken that it was difficult to find a place wide enough for two to lie down together. So they watched anxious hours away till morning. Phelps then came to life a little and was able to proceed slowly with frequent rests. At last they struck the trail, reached a boat and struck across a pond to a house where they found food, shelter from the rain and a day to rest. My last letter from you was from Venice, and I was glad to think of you there. If you could only stay there for a time how much you might enjoy. I wish I could see some of those glorious pictures with you. I have a kind of

hunger for art. You will contrive to see Mr. Tryon I presume when you return to Paris. I suppose he has decided to remain another year. There are artists here, William Hart and Wyant - among them, but our friends do not seem to know them and I can get no access to their work without intruding...

September 11th, 1879 M.B.C. "camped at the Upper Lake." Your letter from Florence, August 20th came to me here tonight, bringing cheer and delight with it.

Emily to her father in Lyons:

South Manchester
Sept. 14, 1879

I wish you might be here on the seventeenth (for the transfer of the regimental flags to the state capital). Tiffany has mounted the remnants of the Sixteenth Regiment flag on a white silk shield.... It has stopped raining now and the boys and Miss Watson are going to walk up to the cow barn. Howie and Davie are trying to find their rubber boots, and as usual have pulled all the others out of the box before they came to their own. Ward is sitting all alone on the sofa singing fiddle dee dee fiddle dee dee, the fly has married the bumble bee, and does not seem to tire of it ... He is singing it standing on his head in the armchair by way of variety now ... The things that Mr. Farley sent from Japan came yesterday ... There is a beautiful pair of vases, about two feet high. The box is marked '1 pair Kaga ware, and Kaga paint' on the outside.

New York, Brevoort House
Sept. 15, 12:10 A.M.

I am here alone tonight in this big city, having just come through from Keene Valley, which I left at half-past six this morning. That makes eighteen hours since breakfast ... I am too tired to write, but too lonely to go to bed without turning to reach my hand to you across the Atlantic ... Although I am longing to see you I would not have you hurry - go

to Rome, to Switzerland, to Constantinople or wherever you please and be a little of a vagabond for a while ... The children are well and all goes smoothly. I would not hurry you. I love you dearly and long for you greatly, but I want you to please yourself and have a bit of a good time. And now, goodnight, my own dearest. I can hardly hold my tired head up. O, for a dear kiss and embrace! When shall I rest in your arms again? Take all the tender love I shall send you.

Your own wife, Mary

South Manchester
Sept. 19, 1879

I hurried home from New York on Tuesday morning, found our carriage with Ellen and the babies, waiting for me at the Hartford station, and was glad at dinner time to find myself once more among the dear, noisy circle, who made such lively demonstrations over my arrival as to nearly take my head off. After a fortnight spent among grown-up people, I found that our family struck me as rather tumultuous ... I started yesterday for the great battle flag day in Hartford but missed it after all. The trains were so crowded as they came into the station at North Manchester that we waited for three hours, gave it up and came home exhausted. Finding that Neddie had given up her intention of using the carriage, I had John Hughes put the horses in and take the boys to Hartford ... The boys got home at six, hurrahing and waving as they came up the road in most jubilant spirits and high excitement. Horace said there will never be another day like it. Then he described the grand cheers of the Sixteenth as they received the old fragments of their flag, now fastened to a new banner, and the hearty hurrahs of the colored regiment ... I bethought me that you would wish if here to help your old Sixteenth to meet such expenses as they might incur for the occasion. Cheney Bros. had already subscribed \$100 to the general fund for the occasion but there were regimental expenses which were not provided for in that way. So I wrote a note to Colonel Burnham telling him to call upon your account for \$100 more. Mr. Kellogg tells me that it was timely, and needed, as the men felt poor and had a great many expenses to meet. He said this sum would be just enough to "carry them through."

THE HARTFORD COURANT, Thursday, Sept. 18, 1879

It was nobly done. The city looked handsome, the day was perfection. Blue sky, fleecy clouds and miles and miles of streets packed with people who had come to see their boys bring home their banners. It was a brilliant parade but that was the least of it. It was when the ten thousand veterans went by, regiment after regiment, bearing its colors, faded, shot, torn, fluttering in rags and tied to a staff, colors carried by the hands that had made them, the most honored possession of the state, that the cheers went up and tears dimmed the admiring eyes that looked.

The scene at the State House, the veterans massed in front of the splendid building before the Governor and his staff, the old staff, the War Governor Buckingham. Massed in front were the veterans with their colors; the cordons of escorts, the newly uniformed First and the old picturesque garb of the Foot Guard, the Putnam Phalanx and beyond a dense mass of spectators.

The regiments were called in turn and each stand of colors came to the platform, turned to the soldiers, was saluted with cannon and the roll of the drum corps and the storm of brazen bands, was dipped for the last time and cheered till the hill rang again and then was borne within the great hall to their cases.

(The 16th Connecticut Volunteers were captured after a three-day battle, April 17-19, 1864 at Plymouth, N.C., an outpost of the Roanoke River. The battle flag was torn into shreds and secreted during the imprisonment at Andersonville. Of the two members of the color guard who saved the flag, only one survives.) He is Mr. Ira E. Forbes who will carry the colors in the parade.

So let them march, their banners proud unfurled
Who bore them grandly when war's tempest hurled
The whizzing ball, the bursting shell's fierce screech
The bayonet charge that filled the deadly breach
Hung all around a pall of sulphurous smoke
While shrieks and groans but muffled echoes woke
Till Earth seemed Hell and mercy stood aghast
As man at man his deadliest missiles cast
Still bravely waved amidst wild war's alarms
Till born triumphant by their stalwart arms
They brought them back with peace and victory
For us to guard with proud humility.

South Manchester
October 15, 1879
(F.W.C. in Leeds)

My dear Frank

I am getting so horribly impatient to see you that I shall cross the ocean blue and come after you pretty soon. I am thoroughly homesick, and heartsick and lovesick, there! I must reach you and be near you and look at you and touch you, and rest in your arms and hug you and kiss you. I am perfectly unblushing about it, you see, and I shall be hungry and starving till you come. Today is Milly's birthday and tomorrow will be Baby's. A year ago since I brought him into the world. The day is vivid in my memory, and was a very significant and momentous one to both of us, to you of suffering and sympathy, to me of suffering and courage. I always felt that we learned in the last crowning experience something which drew us nearer together than we ever were before. It was very different from that first experience which today recalls ... Is it not evident that we began to go to school when we were married, and that the real and searching lessons of our domestic life are the source of all that is best and strongest in us now. They are lessons we could never have learned alone, and indeed without each other the whole of life would be barren nothingness ... I have no answer yet to my letter to Harpers but may have by tomorrow morning."

October, 1879
(F.W.C. in Paris)

I cabled you on Monday that Harpers had accepted the book, because I wanted you to know at once of what made me very happy. The terms offered are ordinarily good ... ten percent after the first thousand sold ..."

They will publish the book in one volume the size and general appearance of Macauley's Life and Letters which they got out, you remember, two years ago. The type will be handsome and uniform throughout. The paper a creamy tint but thinner, in order to accommodate more pages without too much

bulk ... The book will cost \$3.50 and will be published the first of March ... The readers of the manuscript had made no literary criticisms, and Mr. Fair seemed to be satisfied that it would do very well as it is, though he had not read it himself ... The rest of my week in New York was busily spent in fitting the whole family out with winter clothing and securing a cook and laundress ... I came home tired in body, though agreeably waked up by the stirring city life. I found the children all well, five of them at the station to meet me, the rest all snug in their beds except the baby who deemed to have kept awake on purpose to see me. The tender little thing clung to me and seemed unwilling to let go. Here I found also your pictures which gave me great delight. I had been longing for a look at your dear old phyz, they are good, the best you ever had decidedly, and though more resolute than tender in expression, they are not harsh and I know just the look the features would soften into a smile for wife and children ... You were enjoying the mountains then at the same time that I was, as I felt sure all the time that you were. It was half of my pleasure while in the Adirondacks to believe that you were in Switzerland. How much power even the sight of the mountains has to lift the thoughts and freshen and purify the springs of life ... And as for you dear, I have many thoughts of you, and hopes that you are going hereafter to take the freedom of the world's citizenship more than you have. You have certainly reached a time of life when you are entitled to some of the fruits of the harvest, to an enjoyment of the beautiful world we live in and the society of its best people, pleasures which no one can better appreciate than yourself but which cannot be had without giving some time to them ... I am sitting in our own quiet bedroom with your picture and that of your lovely Mother by my side, that I may enjoy the best of company. I have a sacred and peculiar pleasure in her exquisitely sweet and refined face, and real delight in the thought that you are her son. Would that our children might have some reverend and filial devotion associated with their parentage which it is so natural to feel for her. Last winter I read also all of your Mother's letters, and I hope you will have time to do it this winter, for you would feel with two-fold force the joy of nearness to her which the perusal of those simple, pathetic pages gave even to me who never even saw her face.

...Now that the work of the book is done, and I came back to family and household duties, I do not feel satisfied with such a performance of them as I have been accustomed to, and I do honestly hope I shall do a little better by husband and children, and servants, and house, to say nothing of friends, than I used to do ... I am happy to report that our new cook's first dinner was most excellent, the roast beef done to a turn, the partridges juicy and delicately browned to a warm, rich color with a good sauce, the soup well flavored ... Mrs. Hall who has done our washing for so long has been kept at home this summer by the illness of a daughter...

My dear Mr. Cheney,

I want to tell you - for your joy - how excellently your good wife has accomplished the work of writing Dr. Bushnell's memoirs. It is a calm, quiet, dignified, but powerful narration. The materials have been skillfully arranged and connected, and I have been no less astonished than delighted at the literary excellence of the story as she has told it. Dr. Burton has read it over, and agrees with me entirely in respect to its merits. I thought it might give you pleasure to know how highly we esteem her work - although, of course, you knew she would do well. But I mean to assure you that 'well' does not express it - it is uncommonly well! Hope to see your face again in due time.

Meanwhile God bless you - Your truly, E. P. Parker

October 20, 1879

It is again Sunday evening, and though early I have betaken myself to the studio. It is so lonely downstairs after the children go to bed that I have little comfort in sitting there, and when they come up I often come too and finish the evening here. They are good children, and I think they have all improved this summer. You will find a good deal of courage in Milly. Our little girl is beginning to blossom into a charming little woman. She has gained in strength and stature, and is more than ever socially piquante and lovely. She has been lately amusing herself in spare time with painting

a little, and I think will do something very good in that way by-and-by when she has leisure for it. She is wide awake over her school studies, and thinks as she learns. She is going to be more than usually gifted and attractive in many ways. This is her Mother's candid opinion, but not mine alone. Other people are beginning to notice the same things. Charley had a good deal of his nervous trouble a month ago, but is now appearing better, as he gets more broken in to school routine. He has been the best of boys all summer, and has not given me a moment's trouble or anxiety. On the contrary he has been a great help to me, and I enjoy seeing how understanding and sensible and affectionate he is. Horace has showed less progress and has not looked well for several weeks. He has been pale and seemed more lazy and indifferent than usual, but he has just emerged from that state, and now appears better or more promising in his life than he has today. I said to him last night, 'O, Horace, how I should love you if you would only be all thou might be,' he started up wonderstruck and seemed much impressed when he learned my meaning. Today he has been under the stimulus of that thought. Davy seems as strange as ever. We shall have to carry him along in loving patience for years to come, but I know he will come out right by-and-by. The little ones are coming on, Austin especially having improved greatly. I think you will now be able to enjoy him as you never have yet. His health and beauty are splendid. The darling little Nee is still the pale little snowdrop you left behind, but dear and loving still in his baby ways. As for your old wife she is the same woman, only a little older and more grizzled, and tired of waiting, John Anderson, my Joe ...

Mary Mehitable Aptherp to her daughter on the publication of
Horace Bushnell by Mary Bushnell Cheney.

Hartford, October 17, 1880

My dear Mary,

If you take as you say a "childish pleasure" in making me a present earned by yourself, you will readily believe that the receiving it was a Mother's pleasure to me; for you have the head of a Mother as well as of a child and know how dear are the loving thoughts and disinterested cares of those for whom we care with undying constancy. Yet I must express mingled feelings. You have expended so much strength and time and money too in your labor of love, it seems hardly right that the money debt should not be cancelled by the sale of the book, and my first impulse was to send the check back for that purpose. But when I had time to consider the generous pleasure you expressed in your gift, which I fully understood and shared I could not refuse you or myself the enjoyment of your generosity and affection - so much more precious than any money value. You speak of this as a tiny sum. It is not so to me who have all my life been obliged to count my dollars and spent them carefully.

Though I have the faculty of always keeping within my income, a little more liberty is, as you know, very agreeable. I am very much gratified that Louisa, too, has such a lift in the enforced limitations of ill health, it will give her more freedom of choice in the changes she needs.

You speak of a contribution to your Father's monument. That was long ago paid for without oppressing me, and I have always felt that you have raised a much nobler and more costly memorial than could be carved in stone. Let that satisfy you as your large part in the sacred honors we pay his memory. My own obligation to you for it is greater than I know how to express.

Charley has told you how I have been interrupted in writing by domestic confusion and distress. My letter has been delayed in consequence against my wish, as I had no strength left to spare and now can only with my trembling hand add my dearest love to you and yours.

Your Affectionate Mother,
M.A.B.

M.B.C. to Emily, age 19, in Keene Valley in the Adirondacks

South Manchester, Conn.
Sept. 8, 1883

Dear Milly,

I have forwarded you a letter from Laura Dunham inviting you to the Pier. I answered at once for you that you were far away and likely to be so for some time. You can make further answer for yourself. Nelly was invited too and goes down today. You would have had a lovely time together there, but I think, attractive as the invitation is, that nothing would tempt you away from the Adirondacks yet. You must be leading a very pleasant life, and I am sure nothing could be better for your health. You can stay till October 1st if you think best. The girls will begin their studies with Miss Watson on the 17th, the same day that our school opens.

I have just received a cheerful note from Charley saying that they arrived safely. Charley is given a room to himself in the "School" and Horace has his, C's alcove.

. . . .

Yesterday we had a visit from the Senate Committee on Capital and Labor. There were two Southern Senators from Georgia and Alabama who looked like tramps, and pretty dirty ones at that. Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island was a sensible and good-looking man. They had a stenographer who was forbidden by your Father to make any public report, and a Secretary who had with him his wife, a pretty and stylish woman of the Washington lobbyist pattern. They were altogether a queer party for us to entertain and consumed large quantities of champagne, with the exception of Senator Aldrich who honors cold water principles.

Always devotedly,

Your Mother

Albert (Earl) Grey to F. W. C.

October 31, 1887

Dear Mr. Cheney,

You are really the kindest as well as the most hospitable of hosts. I have just laid with great reverence and much admiration a lovely fold of beautiful blue crepe at the bottom of my portmanteau, and I am already feasting in anticipation on the delight with which my wife will receive it at my hands, on my arrival in England - I will have much to tell her of what I have seen in America, but what will interest her most will be my account of the little bit of Arcadia I visited at South Manchester.

I trust your sick twin may be now getting as well as the jolly twin I sat opposite at breakfast. - & with my kindest regards to Mrs. Cheney & your daughter and with many thanks for your great kindness to me, one of the "tramps."

I remain
y. very sincerely
Albert Grey

To The Little Cheneys
in the care of Mrs. Cheney
South Manchester
Connecticut
U. S. America

from R. L. Stevenson

1886 (?)

S. Perrymore
Bournemouth

My dear Cheneys

I beg to thank you all for your good opinion; and I hope you will not forget to thank Mamma for the kind way in which she expressed it. With every sort of good wish for your recovery, believe me,

My dear Cheneys,

your obedient servant

Robert Louis Stevenson

To
all
the
Little Cheneys

Mary Mehitabel Apthrop Bushnell to Mary B. Cheney before the latter sailed from Boston April 21, 1888 for Europe.

Hartford April 18th

Dear Mary

I do not want to say good-bye. It is not a pleasant word, nor does it express much of what is in my heart. But I cannot let you put the great ocean between us without a few words of deeper meaning. I should feel all I can say of my love if you were to be here close at hand but as the cord lengthens it brings to the surface what was hidden. How commonly we walk side by side all our days and never speak one word of what is most precious in our lives, till as now, we are made more conscious of our love by some strain upon it, and so I am constrained to tell you how much your sunny childhood gave me to lighten the cares and trials of my busy life and how bright it looks as I remember it. Someone asked me once if I had read "A Trap to Catch A Sunbeam." I answered no, but I had one. I need not say how much has been added to my life by the unfolding of that sweet childhood into the true wife and Mother and noble woman. I have never expressed as fully as I should my appreciation of your successful tribute to your father's memory, the persevering toil in obstructing circumstances and the perfect portraiture you gave to the public. I cannot express my gratitude to you for this, which increases every time I take up the book, always with fresh interest, but I want to say this and now. My hold of life is uncertain and I would not let you go without saying what you would remember with pleasure. You have made me all along happier and richer in heart. I am so very glad that you are now to have this free enjoyment, with our Charley to share it. You need the refreshment and have fairly earned it. I believe you will be prospered on your way, and the dear ones at home will be kept safely under "the shadow of the great Rock."

Most lovingly your Mother
M. A. Bushnell

M. B. C. Letters from Europe 1888

Monday, April 23d, 1888

The tug Emily took us out, omen of a happy voyage, which has certainly this far been fulfilled. We had a splendid day yesterday, sunny with a fair wind, sails set on the fore and the mizzen and making 13 knots an hour. Nell was a little sick and though she got on deck had to go below again. Helen did bravely all day till bedtime when she was suddenly surprised by the enemy to her great wrath and disgust. Laura keeps up most cheerful spirits and whether she feels well or not manages to keep about. As for myself I am quite surprised that I am doing so well When I first got on deck today there were whales spouting and showing occasionally a long shiny black back. Sam is our mainstay, Mr. Enders is invisible and has a proclivity for tea and toast. . . . Mr. Lowell shined up to Laura at once and seems to be socially inclined. He says the wind is the devil, the prince of the powers of the air. He has a peculiar acquaintance, a girl, genus Boston, species blue, family eccentric. She stands with her feet a yard apart, walks with a lunge and has a tail to her long brown coat which Laura fancies makes her resemble a seal. . .

April 24

In the Gulf Stream, muggy and horrid. Considerable motion. . . Laura feels dyspeptic she says and sent for champagne which Helen and I helped her to drink to a moderate extent. We set down the bottle well stoppered as I thought, but a lurch sent it over and all the champagne is gone, alas! I have been reading The Tales of New England Life by C. H. W. and find it very harmonious - so inconclusive, just like the sea. Mr. Lowell does not know the C. H. W. of these stories but recommends the Humble Romance by Miss Wilkins. . . . Fog all the afternoon, thick fog, fog-horn going, five officers and two men on the lookout. . . . I wonder why the intermediates are so much more cheerful than the cabin passengers. They sing and play their accordian all the time and 1st night they were dancing on the quarter deck in the fog and wet. . . . I have just had a talk with Mr. Lowell. He remembers Uncle John very well and I find that he, as well as the Cheney Brothers, traces descent thru Mabel Russell to Mabel

Harlakunden. He says that that is the odd branch of the Russells, that the Duke of Bedford's is the mushroom branch. So much for my genealogy. We all went down to supper together and I took a hot scotch for my cold by Mr. Lowell's advice and with good results, at least I slept like a top till breakfast.

M. B. C. enroute to Europe April 1888

April 27

Mr. Lowell turns up every little while with a good story and when he comes in sight we all sharpen our wits. He told us a good story of Bob Bailey, a western scout which I must try and remember for you when I get home. . . . There is a young English father who tends a cunning baby constantly with the greatest cheerfulness. Last night he whistled her to sleep just outside my stateroom door. The baby is most alluring, the jolliest sailor on board. We have a pretty Irish girl, with rosy cheeks and big/soft hazel eyes and a beaming smile. The Captain says she is going home to England leaving her heart behind her with a lover in the United States. . . . Helen and I love to sit at the very stern and watch the changing colors in our wake, the turquoise, blue and green and the deep purple when a cloud shadow rests. Home seems far away and tomorrow we shall see a foreign shore. . . . I have borrowed from Miss Chase a copy of Lowell's poems which read quite differently now. I seem to hear them as if he spoke them and recognize in them many pleasant little idiosyncracies. There are rare bits of perfection in them, feeling for beauty, wit, sentiment and the deeper emotions are all there. After all, he is a noble and chivalrous gentleman, a true poet, and I am quite ashamed of my little flings at his vanity. It is amiable in him to care for what other people think of him for he is strong enough to do without us. And there was never anybody so entertaining as "Cousin James" so Laura has dubbed him because of the remote ancestral connection. He is making rash promises of what he will do for us "if he has time" but we don't count on these too much.

Cunard Royal Mail Steamship Cephalonia

April 28, 1888

Dear Milly,

We enjoy the Captain too. He is as jolly as a grig and full of his nonsense and his enjoyment of the girls is very apparent. Mr. Lowell is a great resource in a dull time, and most friendly in his dispositions to our party. He too knows a pretty girl when he sees her and confides his family affairs and private life to Laura. We enjoy him and yet he is something of a disappointment too. Authors who are admired and honored and who spend their time in literary matters are apt to get a little weak in their grasp of practical matters, and a little too confident in the weight and finality of their own dicta. I think it is not unfair to conclude that Mr. Lowell is a good deal Anglicized. His ideas about our own country are quite similar to Matthew Arnold's, I should think. Nell thinks it is difficult to talk with him in a natural manner - that you have to be always on the lookout for pitfalls and snares in his conversation. But after all he is very frank and has an affectionate nature, and you willingly put down his little vanity to the natural desire for the good will of others. On the whole I think you would love him if you lived with him. He just came out and asked for the loan of this pen to sign his name to something so you may consider this writing as in a measure autographic.

April 29

Dear Frank

. . . . For two or three days I have hardly sat in my steamer chair at all. It is too monotonous. We perch on a big spar or watch the wake from the stern or play games, or talk, talk, talk. Mr. Lowell is always turning up when other things get tiresome and we feel we have found a friend and a delightful one. Last night he spoke of Leslie Stephen and I said inadvertently that I should like so much to meet him. "Well," said Mr. Lowell, "I cannot tell yet how long I am going to stay in London, but if I have time after you get there I would like to ask you to dinner to meet Mr. Stephen and Mrs. Stephen." To this very uncertain promise we do not pin too much hope, but of course it is nice to think of.

There is now a very big ocean between us, dear, and I tremble at night when I think of all those children and wonder how I ever dared to leave them, and how I ever ventured so far away without you. But here I am and there you are, and I am going to make the best of it and try to get enough out of this trip to pay for the separation and the loss of so much of the home-life. When I sit at the stern and see that taffrail-log which they are towing today, measuring out the miles between us, I can tell you it makes me serious. . . . But what is the use of repenting now. The thing has been dared and done. . .

April 29, 1888

My dear Horace

Sending a big budget of letters home, I can hardly realize you will not be there to share them. They may send them to you but all the same I want you to know that I thought of you too when on the high seas. . . . The principal characters on board this ship are the Captain, Mr. Lowell, Miss Chase and the Baby. The Captain is a fine square built Englishman with rosy cheeks and crisp light curls and merry blue eyes. He loves to joke with the girls and has a weather eye for a pretty face. And moreover he minds the ship and when there is a fog does not leave the bridge even for his dinner. Mr. Lowell is even a greater amusement though not greater comfort to us. He talks delightfully in season and out of season but never stays too long, never lets himself or you be bored. Miss Chase is an odd and awkward little Bostonian, very uncouth in her looks but kind and merry and of a good spirit. . . . The Baby is least and last but the ship's baby and we are all proud of her and her cunning ways. She is homeward bound from Mexico to Merrie England and takes her travels like an old stager. She has fat rosy cheeks and legs and soft-dimpled hands which are sweet to clasp. . . . We have enjoyed Mr. Lowell very much and the last day or two has been making Laura his confidante in what we all consider rather a remarkable way. He is a very pleasant talker, witty and genial and full of good hits. Perhaps he has good reason to consider himself somewhat infallible but then we don't mind that for he does really know a great deal. . . . It is obvious that Mr. Lowell is to be made Minister again in place of Mr. Phelps. He evidently loves life in England very

much better now than in the United States, and I don't wonder he does. A student, a scholar, a poet, a diplomatist, a man fitted above all things for society and public occasions, he must certainly find himself more at ease in England than in our country where practical knowledge and acquaintance with affairs discount all other powers.

Charles came out on the tender to meet the Manchester travelers and they stayed at the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool going on to Chester the next day.

Chester, May 4, 1888

When the train began to move rapidly through green fields - so green and velvety that there was nothing to liken them to - then we all broke out into exultation and wild delight. . . . Today has been delightful. As soon as Lunch was over we walked all round the old walls about three miles. . . . And then about five we went into the cathedral. Sunlight was streaming in mellow floods through the great western window, the organ was following the lights with floods of mellow sound, the pure voices of the choir boys adding their sweet amens to the rich intoning of a priest whose voice was music itself, and we sat there and rested and rejoiced in the Lord greatly as the anthem called on us to do. And then when the white procession of boys and clergy had streamed away we paced softly the great spaces of the empty floor and wandered into the half-ruined cloisters and wondered at the airy lace-work of the carved screen across the choir and the curious heavier carving of the stalls, while the organ for a while continued to roll its soft thunders. It was little short of heaven till an old verger nabbed us and trolled us round and profaned it all with his gabble . . . this is a rare old town. The buildings are a marvel of crookedness and antiquity. We were shown today the little hovel which a Saxon king, Egbert, once made his palace. It would do credit to Pigville . . . We all went to St. John's. It is but an end remaining of a Norman church of the time of the Conqueror, with great massive round columns and arches. The ruins are mouldering away, with wall-flowers and ivy waving from their tops and fallen angels of many queer and grotesque types slumbering in the English turf below. There must have been a Saxon church there before the Norman, as certain Saxon crosses dating

to 830 attest. The transepts, the tower, the choir and the lady-chapel are gone, save for these beautiful fragments, and Time has been busy at it with his gnawing tooth and tinkering repairs for ages. I wish you could see it as we did in the soft misty haze of a sunburst that followed a shower. . . This afternoon we drove to Eaton Hall, the Duke of Westminster's place and to Howarden where Gladstone's place is. Eaton Hall is within and without a monument of bad taste, if I except the library and one or two pictures, especially a fine Gainsborough portrait of the Marquis of Belgrave, who, if I mistake not the cast of his features, was a gay and deceiving lovelace Kiss all my dear children for me and tell the boys that a little fellow who showed me the stables at Eaton Hall had such a sweet voice and soft gentle manner that I wished I could send him home for a model. Good voices and good manners are the rule here. I am going to try to improve my own while here.

Chester, May 4, 1888

My dear Howell

The news of your triumph was the first thing to greet us on this side of the big pond. I am glad indeed that Cicero proved so satisfactory to the authorities of H.P.H.S. and that you are going off with flying colors. . . . Tell your father that his letter written on Sunday after I left, reached me this morning and was the greatest comfort. I started on my day as happy as a lark and have carried a consciousness of home with me all day. In the cathedral service this afternoon we missed the organ but those choir boys sang like larks, their voices ringing and soaring up to the arches. Such thrilling sopranos I never heard, and the music of the anthem was glorious. . .

2, Radnor Place,
Hyde Park, W.
7th May, 1888

Dear Mrs. Cheney

I should have written (had I not supposed you would not be here till the 19th) to say that Mr. Albert Grey is just come to town and is at Dorchester House, Park Lane.

I have luckily a day open on Wednesday, 9th May, and will dine chez vous with great pleasure.

Faithfully yours

J. R. Lowell

Mrs. Cheney

(Invitation from Albert Henry George Grey, 4th Eart, Liberal M. P. Administrator of Rhodesia and Governor General of Canada, written to Mary Bushnell Cheney while she was in London.)

May 9, 1888
Dorchester House,
Park Lane, W.

Dear Mrs. Cheney

I hope to reach you about 1 1/2 P.M. this afternoon on the chance of your caring to come to St. James Palace to see the Prince of Wales and cortege pass on their way to the Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace.

It is a gay and pretty sight and I think your party will be interested.

I am exceedingly glad to think I shall have an opportunity of thanking you on this side of the Atlantic for the charming hospitality I enjoyed with you five years ago.

I remain

Very truly

Albert Grey

M. B. C. letters from Eruope 1888

Sunday May 6

Dearest Emily

We reached Half Moon St. and Mrs. Searles' august presence last evening about half past six. Why did you never tell me about her? She is just like a Dickens old landlady, all monumental flesh and brandy-and-water.

London, May 11, 1888

(To Dave)

And now I must tell you of an interesting afternoon we spent in the city with Mr. Pierce yesterday. He is the father of Joe Pierce who is something like his son, only on a larger and grander scale, and not so funny. We drove down in Hansomes first to the new law courts, where we saw barristers in wigs and looked into several small courts of the Queen's Bench. It is all just as different from our ways of doing things as anything can be. Their buildings are large and elaborate and solid to an extreme point, but the rooms actually in use seem small. All goes by old methods and there is a uniform and a rule for everything. It saves worry, no doubt, in the long run. Thence we went to the Temple, the Temple Church and the Inns of Court. In these winding alleys and square courts and in and among these old buildings has come and gone the most distinguished life of England, real and fictitious. It is not to be imagined by one who has not seen it. The grey and somber surroundings in the hazy softened atmosphere of London, and the association with such men as Lamb and Goldsmith to say nothing of the equally celebrated characters in the books of Thackeray and Dickens, all are profoundly interesting. The Temple Church built by the Knights Templar in the eleventh century is entirely unique and the old crusaders' tombs, with their bronze knights sleeping over them arouses our modern imagination more powerfully than anything we have seen. Then we went to St. John's Gate, the only remaining gate in the city, once the entrance of a monastery, a picturesque bit in a dirty quarter. Thence we passed through Smithfield where John Rogers burned at the stake and then to old St. Bartholomew's Church - only a fragment but an

exquisite one of pure Norman architecture. . . We went to Charter house, once a Carthusian Monastery and school, later a home for venerable pensioners. This is the queerest old place we have been to, old, old, old, and shadowed by sadness and decay. Thacheray went to school there and sent his dear Old Col. Newcome there to die as a pensioner. There is a blight on this place.

London, May 11, 1888

My dear Milly,

. . . Today has been a beautiful day, sunny and pleasant but not warm. The golden light of London is charming. We went to Covent Garden too and got some roses, and then to the Dore Gallery, - a disappointment to me, and to the Grosvenor where there were a half-dozen good pictures, no more. After lunch we went to St. James Palace and saw the Prince of Wales and retinue drive up the front of the Palace and innumerable officers in every description of brilliant uniform drive in and alight below us, going to His Royal Highness' levee - a reception for officers and gentlemen of the court. We saw the Prince's knees and stomach and one of his fat hands in his clumsy closed coach. The Life Guards and their mounted band were formed in the open square below us, a brilliant scene in a somber setting. Thence we drove to call on Mrs. Pierce and Miss Watson. . . . Then we went by Mrs. Grey's invitation to tea at Dorchester House, a magnificent modern palace on Park Lane, built by her father, Mr. Holford. We arrived at the front door which flew open on both sides as if by magic, an enormous footman in gold lace at each side. Another flunkey led us up a great marble staircase to a drawing room where tea was ready. Mrs. Grey is very pretty and they have four nice children. They showed us through a grand suite of stately rooms where they have a quantity of very fine pictures by great names, such as Vandyck and Velasquez. The establishment is not the Grey's but Mrs. G's parents. They were very kind and Mrs. Grey quite cordial after a little stiffness wore off. We felt a trifle ill at ease and left as soon as we had been through the apartments. We shall probably see no more of them. . . . My darling, there are a thousand things I want to say to you but it is late and I must just send you a fond loving embrace and Hie me to my downy bed. Goodnight, child.

Lovingly yours Mother

London, May 11, 1888

My dear Frank

Since coming to the Babylon we have been so on the go and have been so tired in the evenings that I have really found it impossible to write. . . We started out on Monday morning and made our first visit to the National Gallery and went first to the early Italian Masters and found many rich and tender bits among their rather severe and conventional mannerisms. We lingered among the Titians and DaVinci's and the others of that period with exultation in the rich colors and stayed too long, since in the afternoon we were to take a drive through the city and by the Thames embankment. That we did with very great interest and ended up at Westminster Abbey. Once lost among those chapels and wonderful old tombs, we walked and looked and studied till we were ready to drop and then went home across St. James & Green Parks and that night I was too tired to sleep. . . . We used Tuesday by going again to the National, taking the Dutch room, the wonderful Rembrandt's & Rubens and the rest and enjoying them thoroughly. In the afternoon we went to hear Sullivan's Cantata of the Golden Legend at Albert Hall, the Queen present. The auditorium is an enormous and very pleasant hall, an amphitheatre with oval center. Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted the orchestra & chorus of about 400 singers himself. Henschel sang and there was a very pure & beautiful soprano voice. We enjoyed the music extremely and it was a fine opportunity to see the people, who impressed me very favorably on the whole. . . . After the concert we walked home across Hyde Park and saw the grandees in their carriages. I am surprised to see so many of them small and pale looking very like Americans, though the women have a marked likeness to each other, - a commonplace Philistinism shall we call it? or the stamp of noble birth? . . . Wednesday Mr. Grey called twice and sent a note, asking us to go with him to St. James' Palace to see the Prince of Wales go from Marlborough House to the Queen's Drawing Room. When he called for us after lunch, however, he had found out that the Prince was not in town, but took us over there and out onto the leads of the old Palace where he introduced us to his sister, Lady Antrim, who lives there. We had a look at the life of the Street below and the strange old courts with guards in the archways. Then he offered to go with us to the Houses of Parliament and we took two hansoms and drove over there. He is not now a member himself,

but he found a peer, Lord Jersey, who looked rather dissipated with his red nose and said 'aint it' like any Yankee, but who appeared to be the most good natured and friendly of men and trotted about with us amiably taking an immense deal of unnecessary trouble. When we had seen the Peers side, Dr. Grey handed us over to a commoner, Sir Henry Havelock Allan, an old soldier of the most brisk and military bearing, evidently on the other side from Mr. Grey in politics, for they cut and thrust at each other in a very unsparing fashion. He took Helen and me to the ladies' gallery and got a permit for Charles to go into the men's gallery opposite. There was a debate going on upon a Sunday-closing bill for Ireland. It brought out Parnell and the Irish party generally and Mr. Balfour spoke on the other side, so that we had a very good chance to hear some of the leading commoners. The bill was brought to a vote while we were there and we saw the division of the House and the counting of the votes. It was extremely interesting. That evening we had Mr. Lowell to dine. He came as 'a personage' with crush hat under his arm and during the first part of the dinner was what the girls call "stodgy." After a while however he became agreeable and ended by staying till after ten o'clock though he said he had an engagement at nine. We had a very pretty dinner table and Mr. Lowell deigned to admire our menage as better than any of the sort he had seen in London. We did not tell him that we had done a good deal to beautify it ourselves.

Writing to the Twins, Marjory and Dorothy, aged 8

London, May 12, 1888

Mr. Joe Pierce, who told us the mouflon story, took us last Sunday to the Zoo and we had a very amusing time. We went to a great house where the reptiles live, great big alligators were swimming about in a pond in the centre and all around the sides of the room were large glass-faced cases in which were serpents great and little, enormous anacondas, and boa constrictors and deadly cobras and rattle-snakes and harmless lizards and other queer "critters," and in the midst a large American bull-frog just as if he had come out of our pond. And, by the way, ask your Father every day to have that pond filled up. Then we went to see the lions fed exactly at four.

As the clock struck every beast roared. Then the meat was sent down a little railroad in front of their cages and one by one they were waited on. It was quite terrible to see the great lions roaring and lashing their tails and crunching the bones after they got them. One enormous tiger waltzed round and round like a kitten after her tail, until her portion came. Then we saw the elephants well-mannered old fellows who received graciously whatever was given them. . . Now darlings, I must stop. . . Give my love to Frank and Ward. I shall answer their letters soon. And love to Les & Austin. Love also to the dear baby, Kiss her for me a great many times. . . .

Your Loving Mother

My dear Frank and Ward

This morning we went to the National Gallery and there met Miss Watson small as life, in front of a picture you know, a portrait by Sir Edwin Landseer of "Distinguished Members of the Human Society," the noble dog who saved so many lives. Close by was the Smith "Shoeing the Bay Mare" with her quick eye and glossy coat and "Dignity and Impudence" and a number of other fine ones which you will find poorly copied in the Landseer Book. Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" was also near. You must get Milly to tell you about it. These collections of noble pictures make one look with reverence upon the thorough and masterly work which was done in past times. The one thing which strikes me most and oftenest here is the amount of painstaking thoroughness which is put into all kinds of work. It is a good lesson for a boy to learn if he can, that it is worthwhile to do what he has to do patiently and not be too much in a hurry about it. I went today to Christ's Hospital or the Blue Coat School as the cabby called it and I think he was right, for it is a school and not a hospital. Unfortunately, all the boys were cooped up in school in buildings black with smoke and age. We went into their dining-hall which had a close and greasy smell and saw them sweeping up chop-bones and apple-cores from the slippery floors. It was some consolation to see the white-washed walls and ceilings of the cloisters round the court all covered with the round dusty prints of the football and to look into the swimming bath, big enough for seventy boys to bathe in at once, and showing by the

well splattered floor around it that it had been used quite recently. But I wanted to hear some boys shout and was disappointed. But I have heard some boys and girls sing at the Foundling Hospital and was touched to see so many homeless and friendless children together singing in the service of God with the accompaniment of the fine old Handel Organ. . . Tell Austin I received his letter tonight and was very glad to hear all about the misfortunes of the family. . . Goodnight, my dear, dear boys. Be good as pie to Milly.

London, May 15, 1888

My dear Milly

Your letter to Charles spoke of Hampton Court and made me feel we must make sure of going there, so we made an early start by rail this morning. . . It is not time yet for the horse-chestnuts to flower but they are in full tender green foliage and the misty green of spring spreads a halo over everything. I have seen no grander landscape garden effect than that from the Queen's Audience chamber looking down the three radiating avenues, shadowed at first by the black-green cedars and then emerging into the delicate shimmer of the tender hardwood green, over the long pond where swans were floating. The effects that are got here by the strong contrast in foliage are incomparably richer than any garden effects we can get at home. From Hampton we drove on to Richmond by Teddington and Twickenham, and took a Whitebait lunch at the Star & Garter. You know how lovely the view is from Richmond Hill. . . Then we drove through Richmond Park to London and ended the afternoon in Westminster Abbey, where, unluckily, they are continually tuning the organ and making most hideous noises. The chapel of Henry VII is the most beautiful thing architecturally we have seen but its beauty is interrupted and almost spoiled by those ugly tombs. Indeed they are, all over Westminster, a sad blot upon the glory of the noble building, and make Mortality an unpleasant and ever-present fact, instead of a sentiment softened and hallowed by a belief in immortality. The very stones seem unctuous with decay, and a dust of bones settles all over everything like a blight. Altogether, I do not find myself happy there as in dear old Chester cathedral. Yesterday we went down to St. Paul's which stands a grim and silent witness

to religion in the midst of the din and uproar of this wicked city. But within, it is without soul, perhaps because without color, and no feeling of the spiritual lurks anywhere unless, in the blue mist of the dome... After attending service at St. Margaret's under the eaves of Westminster where we hoped to hear Canon Farrar and heard somebody else, or nobody else, we went over to "Sunday Park" as they call it, or the gathering of the elite in Hyde Park. It was a great assemblage of handsome, sleek and proud-looking people, handsome men almost the rule, and handsome women more numerous than pretty or beautiful women. It was quite a proud display. Sam Dunham and Mr. Enders went with us and we all enjoyed it. Mr. Grey has sent lovely flowers, Mrs. Grey novels for Laura and Mr. Enders and Sam Dunham some costly fruit. Mr. Hamilton has invited us to go with him to Faust tomorrow night and altogether we are overwhelmed with attention. Joe Pierce came up from Southampton to spend Sunday and has completed all the plans to accompany us to Cambridge of June 8th to spend several days there at the time of the races. . . . Give much love to Aunt Neddie and Uncle Knight and all the dear friends and to my own dear chicks many hugs and kisses.

Your loving Mother

I need hardly say "love to your father"!

Canterbury, Sunday, May 20, 1888

My dear Frank and Milly

. . . We went to the Cathedral this morning and are charmed with its beauty. The close about it with great old trees and ivy-grown walls and little retired houses of the clergy opening out of it, is in itself exquisite and permits you to walk all about the building and study its various styles of architecture and make out the positions of the side chapels and the two great transepts. The choir has a unique feature, in the walls rounding inward as they retreat toward the altar and into the lady chapel at the end, giving an effect of perspective which enhances the apparent size. . . . The towers are very beautiful, one high square tower and two smaller square ones being in the same style of architecture, while an odd tower in an angle has an almost Byzantine look entirely different in

character from the rest of the building. . . We went in to service in the choir and were seated at length by a cross and fussy vergers. The clergy came in preceded by Kings School boys, half in surplices and the other half not. The clergy wear on their surplices hoods with black or blue or red bands crossing them, showing whether they came from Oxford, or Cambridge, etc. The Lord's Prayer is said five times, the Litany and the Commandments are read or sung and the Athanasian Creed three pages long is chanted. The Dean had little time for his sermon but it was enough for his ideas, Whitsunday commemorated the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the disciples after our Lord Christ had left them, the coming of the promised comforter, then the great emotional scene when they spoke the gospel to the gentiles in their own tongues, so that all the multitude might hear and understand. This complexity of languages happily obviated in this instance was deprecated by the Dean as the cause of great difficulties in missionary work and led him to consider the great advantages of the English language for the heathen and the men of all nations. One language, said he, is spoken in Australia and in America and other colonies with a tendency at times toward corrupt the language is kept in check by the fact that all read the English Bible and a common literature. This appeared to be the moral of the discourse, so far as I could understand it. Did you ever hear anything so completely English? The influence of the Holy Spirit becomes linguistically unnecessary if we can sufficiently spread the English language! English preaching is "perfect torture" except so far as the music goes. They have forgotten that the author of the Lord's Prayer said that we are not heard for our much speaking and forbid us to needless repetitions as the heathens do. . . This afternoon, being perfectly clear and of a most delicious temperature, we took a drive which we shall never, never forget. It took in the old Saxon church of St. Martins on the Hill, with its square ivy-grown tower and ancient yews and quiet graves on a sunny slope. We did not enter but walked about it listening to the music and looking off over Canterbury & the Cathedral. Then we drove on the Dover Road through fine estates and charming little villages, not scattered like ours, but huddled together with every variety of quaint building with roofs of tile or thatch and gargoyles beneath the eaves, each village with its old church, -- one of rare beauty with Norman doors, clockface and window. We wound

through lanes deep-set in green, and with masses of wild blue hyacinths in the thickets. Now we were in fine tilled farmlands, now in a village, now in a wild-wood, now among sheep-pastures. It was all charming and the day simply perfection. . . England is a beautiful land, and I don't wonder Englishmen love it. But it seems to belong to the past rather than to the future. This morning seeing a large number of boys before me I was struck with the want of boyish spring and hope in their faces. They look suppressed and if the elastic enthusiasm of true boyhood were wanting. But then those boys were in Church! and have to pray for the Queen from four to six times a day!

May 23, 1888

My dear Milly

. . . There is a Mr. Hall who lives in Canterbury who is a devotee of the cathedral and makes it his chief business in life to show it to strangers. We spent four hours on our feet, going over every part of the great building, including the crypt with its curious chapels, where for a long while the Huguenot refugees lived and worshipped and supported themselves by silk weaving and the cloisters, chapter house and usually inaccessible parts of the courts and closes. In the afternoon we drove to Harbledown, Chaucer's village of Bob-up-and-down where there is a remnant of the old lepers' hospital, a quaint church. . . In the evening Mr. Hall took us into the Cathedral by moonlight, a weird impressive scene we shall never forget.

We groped around the aisles, unlocking gates and locking them after us, half expecting to meet a ghost at every turn. It was strange & beautiful. On the floor of the nave the moonlight lay in floods, throwing across it the long shadow of the immense columns.

Salisbury, May 25

My dear Frank

We went to the Cathedral with hopes of great interest but were disappointed there. There is great antiquity in some of its monuments, but the

building is awkward and inharmonious and looks unfinished in spite of its age. . . . Then we set out to see the old Church of St. Cross with its ancient hospital or home as we should call it for some old men or "Brethren of the Order of St. John." We found this a most attractive old place. The church began Norman and, delayed in building, merged into early English. The architecture is exquisite, the decoration the saw-tooth and zigzag with one remarkable window with beak moulding, a pattern made from birds. A nice rosy old brother, very pleasant and gentlemanly and looking like Uncle Sam, showed us the church and banquet hall. . . . Then we went back to the George and had an excellent plain dinner, beef and beer, and a "tart for sweets" and then left by the half past seven train arriving at this excellent White Hart Inn at nine o'clock with daylight still lingering. After getting our baggage settled we strolled out to look at the cathedral by moonlight and an exquisite perfect ideal night and sight it was. The spire of Salisbury deserves all they say of it and its surroundings are perfect. The soft grey of the stone seemed to melt into the moonlit sky. As we came out of the close the porter was just locking the gate for the night and bade us goodnight in a pleasant refined voice. Today we are going to walk about and drive to Stonehenge.

Clovelly, May 28, 1888

My dear Milly,

Before I go to sleep tonight I must write you just a line from this queer, bewitching little place. There are no streets properly speaking and nothing on a level, and crowds of children and no dirt, and nice orderly looking women and sturdy looking fishermen who are actually clean too. And the houses - it is a mystery how they got here, but I think some giant in fun must have tumbled them off the cliff above. And there they lie just as they happened to fall, and it makes no difference whether they are right side up or not for they are perfectly satisfactory just as they are. And then the cliffs and the sea, nothing could be more beautiful. The sea has as many tints as the inside of a pearl shell, and shimmers and gleams with a hundred transparent colors, while the red rock of the cliffs gives strength and firmness to the picture. I have some beautiful photographs and they will help you to

realize it, but the scene needs color and I am constantly longing to try water colors for it. The place is full of color everywhere, in the rocks, the rich foliage, the white houses, the flowers which fill every available cranny, the blue jerseys of the fishermen, the bright cheeks of the children, and a red hood or sunbonnet occasionally. The children are remarkably pretty and natural looking - far sweeter than those you see in Hyde Park. This morning I came on three laughing little boys in a back alley who played hide & seek with me and were irresistibly funny & attractive. One picture was an old sailor in blue with a strong Roman nose & fine sunburned color leading by the hand a little flaxen-haired granddaughter in a red cap and with glowing cheeks, seen up a crooked lane with wall flowers for a frame and a white wall for a background. It was a most brilliant color study and full of character too.

May 29

We have just come back from a long drive to Morwenstow, 12 miles away and have had some very comforting tea and bread and butter in our inn. The road to Morwenstow is over a rather bleak and barren country, chiefly moorland, with high dykes or earth banks instead of fences along each side and in fact everywhere for the division of the fields. The yellow furze is in brilliant bloom just now. It is a thorny growth, something like juniper in the foliage, growing like bushes and thick set with yellow blooms. There were almost no trees and we were constantly going up and down hills. Had the day been clear we should have had fine distant views of the ocean, but the clouds hung low and we could see little but the white road, the rolling fields divided by black lines of dyke and now and then a stone cottage, whitewashed and with a picturesque irregular thatched roof. So we rolled along in our wagonette drawn by two stout horses, with little but conversation to cheer us. At last we felt we had come to the end and stopped near a grey old church, which is approached through a churchyard which looked lonely and forlorn. We walked along a cow path at the edge of a steep hillside. The opposite hill, with a deep narrow valley between, was bare of all but furze, rugged and traced here and there by winding sheep paths. At last we came to an abrupt precipice, with the sea below us and a jagged cruel

black headland on either hand. The sealine as far as we could see was first the sharpest of black saw-tooth rock, standing out of the water, then shingle and their frowning precipices projecting and receding and again projecting. Close to the edge of the abyss below us grew the most exquisite and delicate wild flowers. There is a pink flower which grows in tiny clusters on an upright short stem out of a little mossey trift or turf of a grayish green color. A white wind-flower as large as an anemone but very different lies languidly toward the rock. Then there is a tiny blue thing (like bird in the bush) and a beautiful little yellow pea blossom with red buds - All are as close to Mother rock as they can get and make a soft and beautiful carpet which suggests all that is tender & feminine allied to what is most savage. . . We returned to the church, hoping to find there all that Hawkes had so much loved. But alas! the savage restorer has been there. The choir screen has gone, the vine no longer grows from near the altar, staring whitewash is on the walls and a spic and span new, shining tile pavement is laid in the chancel. There is no monument to Hawkes in the Church nor could we find anything connected with him except the memorial stone set in the pavement, to his wife, with his own beautiful inscription. We went to the Vicarage for the key and that too has been put in good order and has nothing poetic about it but its position on the lonely hillside below the church looking seaward. The verse above the door remains as he I believe placed it.

'A house, a glebe, a pound a day,
A quiet place to watch and pray
Be true to church, be kind to poor,
O Minister, forever more.'

The church however still retains some remarkable features. The Saxon Shrine is desecrated and shorn of its antiquity, but is still a shrine and a remarkable one.

Bideford, Devon, May 31, 1888

My dear Frank

I cannot begin to tell you, dear, how delightful we found Clovelly. It is very improving to legs and wind to climb those long hills and if it were in

warm weather I think it would make you mop your forehead a good deal. This morning we thought we would visit the school, being very much interested in the Clovelly children and we walked three quarters of a mile straight up the steepest hill you ever saw without a breathing spot anywhere. There are 140 children in this school and children are really the striking element in the place. They are handsome, rosy cheeked and bright, with the sort of quickness we see in Yankee children and with gentler and more attractive manners. . . . There are not many men in town at this season as they are all off on cruises and fishing trips, but those you see have fine expressive faces, less heavy-moulded than the English usually have and with an American ready wit and self respect. . . . For sea you have an open shore, no harbor, only a breakwater to shelter the boats from their pitiless storms. For shore you have a succession of bold headlands coming sheer down to the shingle, the rock, slate mingled with iron stone. At some points these headlands send out spurs of jagged saw-tooth rock made expressly for goring the bottoms of ships. Between these headlands small brooks find their way to the sea, wearing out the deep and narrow combes, in one of which lies Clovelly. The headlands are crowned with beautiful forest alternating with moorland and gorse or green farms. Then when they came to build in this most unsuitable place they had to set in the houses edgeways or endways just as it happened and as the special cranny would permit. They climb apparently on each other's roofs and chimneys and never stop climbing till you get to the top. The narrow roads admit of no driving, not because they are narrow but because they are so steep and everything needed for the town is carried down on donkey's backs. Every bit of lime & gravel, every stone, every brick has to be brought in a donkey's cradle and consequently these poor little beasts are always tugging something up hill. Tell Leslie that I thought of him and Jenny all the time I was there. These donkeys have shoes on their hind legs and their shoes are made with points to keep them from slipping on the stone pavements. They are poor scrubby little beasts and they go to sleep the minute they are allowed to stop. We drove to Hartland Quay and Hartland Point where the lighthouse is and were filled with horror at the savage cruelty of the coast . . . one is led to pray that he may never be cast away on such a pitiless shore.

Leamington, Sunday, June 3, 1888

My dear Frank

I hope you are not letting Olcott loose to clean out trees and brush in our woods. I don't think you ought to take a base advantage of my absence in this way. You know I wouldn't let them cut the bushes if I was at home. There are two things you may do and that speedily - Fill up the pond and build a new bridge. If you need a radical vent for your energies in the place, those are the two modes of action which really will do us all good. The pond especially is just the thing to tackle and you ought not to let it go for it is important to the health of the family. As to Dave, I should think some out-door work would suit him very well just now and do his health good too. But we must not lose sight of the fact that he needs more education and must have it in some shape. He ought to have at least two years more of study at some first-rate practical school, or with some good man who could teach him individually and help him make up his deficiencies. I think he is now at a point, however, where a large school would be the best thing for him. Tell him to look up Andover & Cornell & Amherst and to do it now before vacation begins. He can thus form some idea of the advantages or disadvantages of each and find what he needs. I think he ought to look forward far enough to see what he wants to fit himself for, then proceed to do it. It is absurd for him to think of making himself an electrician. Besides the incongruity of it, which we see if he does not, there is to be considered the very difficult, long and expensive education which must be gone through with. Charley says he would require a very thorough course in the higher mathematics, a complete course in mechanical engineering and a further separate electric course. . . I trust all the children are out of the woods by this time. It seems to me it was hardest on Milly than on the children, for she was cut off from all the Society she enjoys so much. Dear child, she is a good little Mother to the children.

Leamington, June 4, 1888

My dear Dave

We went today to the quiet little town of Stratford on Avon, and saw the room in which Shakespeare was

born . . . and I asked myself many times what it was that made genius sprout and grow in that particular spot and what combination of circumstances or influences, hereditary or present, could have united to form a man so extraordinary. He seems to have been just Will Shakespeare to the neighborhood, the fellow who went poaching in Charlcote Park, where we walked past herds of deer today, and was caught at a peculiar style we saw which has the trick of falling to pieces when you climb upon it, and so threw him with the deer upon his back. The same fellow who went up to Charlcote House and was tried by his Justice Shallow, a man named Lucy whose descendant of the same name lives in Charlcote House today, the fellow who tried conclusions over some sack at Bideford Inn with some boon companions and had to sleep that night under a crab tree. Just an ordinary man as they saw him and today, the greatest of human minds! What was it which made him what he was? . . . Don't you wonder where the next Shakespeare will grow? It may be in the middle of some Western prairie or in some Southern pineland or in a California fruit orchard or in some commonplace village like East Hartford.

Leamington, June 4, 88

My dear Leslie

I think your feelings as a farmer would suffer very much if you could travel through rural England and study the system of nonproduction which prevails here. . . . Some rich nobleman, who never earned the value of an acre, may own a park twenty miles across in the middle of this little island, and yet the men who would like to till the land and get their living off it can't get a piece as big as a pocket handkerchief for their own. You may hire land but you don't own it. And so there is almost no farming done - less and less - and if England were to be cut off by war from commerce with other countries the people would starve in a month or two. It is very strange to see so little farming done in such a fine and fertile country. They do raise a great many sheep; and cows and horses and goats & deer & rabbits are more numerous perhaps than with us. And then they do have a great many donkeys. . . . The poor little donks are very tiny, about half as big as Jenny, and their hair is usually all worn off, and they carry big loads up

and down hill, not fast perhaps but patiently. I hope you and Dave and Mr. Olcott are not going to make any great changes in our grounds. I don't want to see the brushwood cut away up on the woods and don't you let them do it. You might build a new bridge down by the road, which is badly needed and see to filling up the pond right away. . . I suppose School will be closing in a few days after you get this letter and then you will wear two things and go barefoot. But don't you get your heads shaved or clipped tight and don't eat green apples - "Be good children, say the Lord's Prayer and remain so" as Calvin said.

Leamington, June 7, 1888

My dear Horace and Howell

I went out to Oxford alone to spend the day, joining the girls there. We spent the whole morning in wandering from college to college and I must confess that though I have in my head a very good composite photograph of Oxford, yet I find it difficult to separate the parts and put them where they belong. The old buildings which make up the bulk of the 24 colleges were built of a rather soft stone and the surface of it peels and crumbles and looks black with age, which heightens very much the venerable effect of this city. We went first to the Sheldonian Theatre, where public orations and debates and graduating exercises are held and where degrees have been conferred upon many distinguished Americans like Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Brooks, etc. The building was by Sir Christopher Wren in the Roman manner and not beautiful. Next we strayed or rather climbed into the famous Bodleian Library and saw many wonderful old manuscripts and books, as for instance the first copy of the Gospels which was sent into England by Pope Gregory to Augustine, way back in 600 or something. What impressed me most with the vast extent of the literary resources of this library was the fact that the printed catalogues of the Manuscripts merely occupied one arch of seven or eight shelves. . . Afterward from New College to Magdalen (pronounced Maudlen) and this is one of the loveliest. This too has its tall and beautiful chapel and the ins and the outs of its courts and walks are indescribable. Here you find the beautiful Addison's walk which leads around a lovely meadow with a river on one side and a

complete arch of shade over its whole length and to the left glimpses of a park with grand trees and deer, the special perquisite of the "fellows" which means here the professors and instructors. Such places to study or to think in, or to make love in, for that matter! Each of these colleges, you understand, is distinct, each has its own gate and enclosures which are locked at ten at night and in each the course of study and requisites for a degree would vary a little. . . . After lunch we went off to Christ's College which seemed to us the greatest and rarest of all. The Quads vary, one deliciously green, another with an esplanade or stone walk all around it, originally intended to have been the foundation of a beautiful cloister. Another without turf was made gay by the beautiful little hanging gardens at the windows. In fact these grim old courts are usually brightened by quantities of flower boxes in this way. We went into the great kitchens and saw a dozen joints on the spit at once, slowly revolving before a great fire, and quantities of modern contrivances beside for cooking large quantities of food expeditiously. The cook was a big man in white cap & apron, very intelligent and capable, with numerous white-capped satellites about him. Then we went to the Hall where those good things are consumed and where there are long rows of fine portraits of distinguished men educated at this college. And so wandering through courts and halls we came at last to the Cathedral which is an integral part of this great institution, small for a cathedral but exquisite in architecture beyond anything we have seen. It is really perfect in the harmony and variety of its noble aisles, pillars and arches. You have not studied these matters so I shall not bewilder you with accounts of the Norman, early English and the decorated features of this lovely interior. . . . At the river we found boats and boating men and boys, and lots of fun going on. We got into a boat ourselves and Joe Pierce pulled us round a little and we got in the way of the shells and mixed things up generally. And then we got on a barge and watched some scrub races in round boats, two fellows on a seat to each boat and no one to steer, three boats started at once. Of course they ran into each other and everybody else and the fellows who got down the river first waited at a float and upset all the others as they came along.

Leamington, June 8

My dear little Dorothy

. . . It is too bad Schneider is such a naughty boy. I am afraid that if he cannot be cured of barking and biting at people he will have to go away from his happy home and never come back any more and O, how sad that would be! Would you not mourn for him as for a brother? . . . Now that John is laying out parks and gardens you must ask him to make a little garden for you & Peggy and next winter he can make a rusty-work fence to put around it and you must have a white rose bush and Peggy a red one . .

Cambridge, June 9, 1888

My dear Emily

In all our travels we have not been anywhere I have so longed for you to be with us as here. We are having such a time as you have had in New Haven or at Harvard, and yet with such a great difference. All the settings, people and ways are as different as different can be, and with Joe Pierce as Master of Ceremonies you can imagine that things go in a jolly, helter-skelter, happy-go-lucky sort of way which gives us constant surprises and a great deal of fun. We are in a funny little place over a bake shop and Charley with Joe Pierce in Emmanuel College where J. P. belonged when he was here. He told us at once that we must be ready immediately for lunch in college and that we should find Harry, Rob, Annie & Louise there as they had just come up to spend the day with us. The girls knew they were coming and went to meet them as they came on a special train with the Prince & Princess of Wales and their family. We found a fine lunch spread for ten in "Barnard's rooms," Barnard being a fine young undergraduate who is rowing in the races and is making himself agreeable to the girls. He is strong and rosy cheeked and goodtempered and Nell says she has lost her heart to him but then she says that quite often . . . After a fine lunch and a short rest, the young gentlemen appeared with a big wagonette and an extra young man, McCarthy, and we drove out to the bend on the river whence there is a fine view up and down for the race. Our high carriage enabled us to see everything. First the boats, about a dozen of them, from the different

colleges, each with their own colors, the men wearing flannel jackets and straw hats go down the river in regular order. As they pass the crowd at the bend they row in regular form and respond to cheers by raising their hats at a given moment. Those who have "bumped" the day before wear in their hats flowers of their own colors. Each boat is accompanied by a squad of men of the same college, also wearing the colors and running by their side on the river. This makes the opposite bank a constantly changing kalaidoscope of color. About twenty minutes after they have all gone down, a starting gun is heard and soon they appear round a lower bend in the river. They are started 175 feet apart and they come down the river with widening or lessening gaps between them. As it happened Emmanuel got bumped so that Joe Pierce and Barnard and all the young men we knew were much depressed. . . . Joe told McCarthy we would take supper in his rooms. He did not object and so we went up and he lighted his fire and we had a charming time and a good supper in his old, wainscotted room looking on one side upon the college gardens and on the other on the Dean's through lovely old casement windows. He behaved like a good fellow and showed us his nice things and offered the girls cigarettes after supper. Tell your father we had a delicious claret cup made in an old silver loving cup which held about two quarts and which was passed from mouth to mouth round the table. It was flavored with liquers and lemon peel and we suspected it of being rather potent. At lunch we had also a delicious beverage made of fine Moselle wine and seltzer served in a glass pitcher with a hollow in its side to hold ice. The college ale is considered excellent and all these good things Harry did justice to and so did the rest of the party according to their ability. At nine o'clock the Cheneys started back for London, having invited us and Joe Pierce to join them in taking a coach from London to the Ascot on Thursday. The evening before Charles & I came, the girls were invited to a large supper in what is called the Combination Room in Emmanuel to which ladies have never before been admitted. Their party was given the seats of honor at the head table by Mr. & Mrs. Shaw who are important people in the college and received attentions from the "fellows" (meaning professors), and the dons, (meaning tutors). Therefore in order to return the civilities we (meaning J. P.) invited them all to Sunday-breakfast in Hale's rooms this morning having acquired possession last evening in time for some

singing there after leaving McCarthy's. Well to breakfast they all come. I did not know a soul of them and Joe had not arrived to introduce them when they first came in. There were Mr. & Mrs. & Miss Shaw, Mr. & Mrs. Harland, the Dean, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Cook (a young London curate), and the Lord knows who. I had to receive them and scrape acquaintances the best way I could having not the vaguest idea who they were. Then Pattison, with a list, and Joe, without any, struggled to arrange them at table and placed all the husbands and wives together and had no seat for the Dean and made a hopeless mix of it. We sat down somehow. The English guests had to be thawed out by degrees. I struggled as I never did before, to be agreeable, to talk and wake people up and say the right thing. At last a semblance of sociability was gotten up and our two young harum-scarums were so bright and pleasant that sunlight finally appeared. After breakfast we went out into the beautiful gardens strolling from one to another and at last found some seats in a delightful spot and sat there for an hour or two talking. Some of the college officials who had left us to go to chapel came back again and we had a pleasant time. Then Mr. Chapman and the Dean took us to see the chapel, the Hall, the Library and his own private gardens and wound up by asking us to lunch with him tomorrow which invitation we have accepted. He is an old bachelor who looks, as Laura says, "as if he kept a book store." The Dean is refined and pleasant but has a high falsetto giggle which strikes strangely on our ears. We came home from the Library (where we saw Wyckliffe's Bible and King Edward VI's) and after lunch we took a prolonged walk through all the colleges and over the wonderfully beautiful "Backs" and bridges on the river. Many of the colleges have lovely grounds stretching to or across the river and bridges connecting the two parts. From these bridges lead long walks arches with grand trees, and along the river bank also is an exquisite walk. . . . When I finally honestly declared that I liked Cambridge better than Oxford, Mr. Pattison took off his hat to me. There is a great variety in the college buildings here, and many a picturesque little bit, though they are usually smaller and less stately than those in Oxford. But there is more open space, more river and grass and trees and bridge, more refreshing arcadian glimpses hither & yon. It is thoroughly and deliciously lovely. . . . Now the girls and I must get ready for dinner. A goose is to be sent us from the college kitchen!

Cambridge, June 12

My dear Frank

We had a good budget of letters this morning . . . one from you and Olcott's voluminous letter & plan. I have written to Olcott in reply stating my views and where they differ from those of the rest of you. You will have to fight it out among you. I hope to make a convert of Olcott to my general view in regard to private grounds, that they should be private and so treated as to ensure a good degree of peaceful seclusion. A man's house is his castle and his grounds are its enclosure. These English people are greedy, grasping Gradgrinds about their parks, and want too much for themselves. They want to own the earth and they think they do. All the same they are perfectly and everlastingly right in appreciating the sanctity of that seclusion which belongs to a home and its surroundings. They contrive the most delicious little nooks and retreats even in an ordinary garden, where you can breathe long draughts of peace and repose. The world is shut out and home is shut in. There is a place to be still and to think and where you will neither see nor be seen. This is not incompatible with wide open stretches which the world may see and enjoy. Now our woods have been in a measure such a quiet retreat, though they have been losing that character little by little. Far from making it open and parklike, I should try to seclude it more, and to contrive in every manner to heighten its sylvan character and preserve its privacy. The most beautiful bits of landscape gardening here are at the points of transition between the sequestered retreat and the open park. We have at home a great deal of open park and it will be for the general charm and beauty of the place to contrive shady nooks and corners where the tramp of a crowd will not be seen or heard. It will help to cultivate the bump of reverence in the people and preserve a little stronghold of the ideal which will hold out against the inroads of the commonplace. . . . The girls are having the most glorious time here and I am enjoying it too most heartily. Joe Pierce is the best of hosts and a lovely genial fellow. . . . Yesterday morning we went down to the "Backs" and the girls had boat trips under the many bridges, with magnificent trees arching over the river and tennis courts in lovely open spaces farther back, crowds of people in bright clothes, scarlet coats and gay banners, fine old buildings, gardens,

flowers - everything that is bright and lovely. We lunched with Mr. Chapman, senior fellow of Emmanuel, a bachelor and antiquarian & scholar, and though thin & slight-looking yet reputed an epicure. Certainly we had the most delicious lunch & wines and a pretty stroll in his gardens afterwards. Dean Murray said in his high falsetto voice and laugh, that he was doing "piles of work." We were so charmed with him that we went up and made him a call and he showed us his piles of examination papers. . . . That afternoon Nell & Helen and I went to Ely and saw the cathedral. We went all through the triforia and up into the clerestory of the choir - something we have not done elsewhere. . . . We had Chanor and Barnard, two of the dons, to lunch with us. Barnard is in the Emmanuel boat and sang yesterday in the "Golden Legend" given by local orchestra and chorus. . . . I have given you a bare outline of events and have omitted all the fillings-in of calls and chance meetings with numerous pleasant men. The female element is small and we have things all our own way. . . .

York, June 17, '88

My dear Milly

. . . It is now nearly ten o'clock, and the soft and beautiful twilight is just drawing to its close. I can see from the window the grey towers of the Minster, and the masses of foliage and buildings across the river are distinctly outlined on the sky. It is lovely, most lovely and poetic, a dream of a city and a church. And O, the music we heard today! Dear child, how I long to have you with me, sharing all this beauty which you would feel so keenly. Nell and Helen enjoy and appreciate it, but I long to have you too. They are my own girls but not in the same sense you are, quite. At any rate, I wish I had you too. The day at Ascot was most novel and striking. To begin with, driving 70 miles on top of a coach is quite an experience, especially when the horses kick and jump over the traces as ours did on leaving the race-grounds. We had a jolly party and a good lunch, and a fine old coachman. I sat by his side all day and as to the races, we did not see them. Once when they went round the whole long course, we saw some horses and jockey caps in the distance. . . . What we did see was the crowd - a fashionable crowd on tops of the

coaches and on the subscribers' stand and in the private boxes - a villainous, thievish crowd under foot all about us, men and women of the vilest and most wicked. There were singers of all ages and both sexes, colored minstrels, genuine darkey children, performers on the harp, the violin and the accordion, Italian women in costume, clowns and harlequins on stilts, men with trained cats, canaries, doves & guinea-pigs, photographers, news men, vendors of every description, Punch & Judy shows - a wild jumble of humanity, a Vanity Fair such as John Bunyan describes. The faces were coarse & evil, and there was a sense of danger as when gunpowder is recklessly piled up and exposed. . . . When our horses behaved badly a crowd of drunken fellows rushed at them and pulled & hauled them around and complicated matters for the coachman very much. . . . Harry and the girls were most kind and friendly and we had a pleasant time together at the Bath Hotel as well as on the Ascot Day. We have all agreed that the pleasure is one we should never try again as it proved frightfully expensive - over 6L apiece. . . .

Durham, June 20, 1888

My dear Frank

How eagerly you would be welcomed if you could only put your head into this stuffy room. Charley says it smells like a pet dog. . . . It is always when one's star is down that one thinks of absent friends. I do not mean that we are in adversity but simply that the "Three Fans" is what Baedeker calls old fashioned but comfortable which we now take to mean stuffy with plenty to eat off dirty plates. Durham is noted for its poor hotels, but no matter, we are only here for one night and we have seen the cathedral! How grand and rich and harmonious it is. . . . You will have to come and see this noble Norman building for yourself someday. York Minster is very imposing after a different manner, with its lofty vaulting and its treasures of rich old glass. We are glad that we came North and think this part of England is specially worth seeing. York is a peculiar city, full of the quaintest buildings and having the grand manner, just as some people have who are not specially important after all. The old walls and their Bars and barbicans give it all a military look and beguile you into forgetting how

useless they are. We went by rail to Ripon for the day, walked about that old town & church till lunch time, and then walked to Fountain's Abbey, and then took a long walk about the beautiful park called Studley Royal, belonging to the Marquis of Ripon. It is laid out in the most elaborate manner with ponds, fountains, statues, and points of view artfully contrived so that you come upon them suddenly. The view of the Abbey itself, from a high point, you will remember as most lovely and building in all its details is very interesting and a study in recalling the past. . . I am very much delighted with the turn things have taken for a library and an Art School in Hartford. How grand it will be to have it all fully endowed! Who are the men that have done it? Is Gen. Hillyer one? I see he has been giving \$30,000 to the Y. M. C. A. Why not five times as much to Hartford? . . . The Courant has had many interesting bits of late, and I am greatly entertained by Olcott's disquisitions on forestry and forest-parks, etc. He will probably publish my letter verbatim. . .

Edinburg, June 24, 1888
Sunday night

My dear Dave

We have been here now for several days and are to leave for London and Paris tomorrow morning early. Before the start I want to tell you about Edinburg while it is all fresh in my mind. We are in the Royal Hotel on Princes St. and though to your republican mind there may seem to be too strong a flavor of royalty about these titles, yet the sense of preeminence they give is really deserved by this most commanding position on the most picturesque street in the world I should suppose. This street is the great street of the new Edinburgh. It runs east and west with shops and hotels, etc. upon its north side and to the south extensive gardens which slope down to a deep cut in which is hidden the railroad, invisible. Beyond this cut the green hill rises again in terraces on the other side crowned by lofty buildings of grey stone in varied and picturesque architecture. Some are Greek and some severe perpendicular but all solid with very broken roof lines. This opposite hill rises farther west into a massive and extensive castle which crowns a crag of dark rock. The buildings of the castle are

very irregular and numerous. A zigzag wall encircles them and green foliage fills its angles and overhangs the crag. Princes St. ends to the West in a vista of three spires which show well against the sunset, and to the east in a hill adorned with Greek temples and ruins and another (modern) castle which is a prison. Nearly opposite our windows on the other side of the street is the monument to Walter Scott, an impressive Gothic structure about 150 ft. high with open arches and numerous pinnacles. . . There is not one element of what is grand and effective in a city which is not to be found on this remarkable street. Whichever way you look you see material for a noble picture. There is a good deal of sea-fog always drifting in from the Firth of Forth, and sometimes the opposite spire is lost in cloud for a moment, and the mistiness softens all the outlines and gives a blue or golden distance. The street itself is a busy thoroughfare always crowded with people & carriages. The lights from the buildings opposite are most attractive at night, but they do not appear till very late, as the twilight is hardly over at ten o'clock. This is new Edinburgh. Old Edinburgh is also picturesque but in a strangely different way. There you have lofty buildings which once held the nobility of Scotland, now swarming tenement houses, their fronts adorned with innumerable rags which are the family-washings of the tenants. From the Canongate, branch off narrow closes and wynds which penetrate the dark masses of buildings in the rear or zigzag off into some neighboring disreputable quarter, like the Cowgate or the Grassmarket. Here crowd degraded masses of men and women and children who never are clean, never eat a decent meal, never wear anything but rags or breathe pure air in all their lives. When I see them I wonder that I can go on living in luxury. I know I am no Christian to pamper myself so, while my fellow beings are deprived of even the chance to be good. Today we drove to Roslin and attended service in the exquisite chapel there, covered from end to end and from ceiling to floor with the most beautiful ornamentation. Rich, inconceivably so. But right for a church? Yes, as the alabaster box of precious ointment was right. . . Yesterday we went by rail to Melrose, saw the lovely ruined abbey and drove to Abbotsford, the beautiful home of Scott and to Drynurg, the most exquisite of ruins in its approaches and surroundings. We sketched there and enjoyed ourselves till some noisy vulgar Americans came and scrambled everywhere and screamed on ruined

stairways and shouted bad grammar from a lovely window. . . Blaine is in this house too with Andrew Carnegie, and the Chicago convention is sitting, and we imagine much excitement in the Blaine party, but we do not see them.

London, June 29, '88

My dear Emily

. . . I was afraid you were doing too much and now it is evident you have been. . . Don't try to teach the children any more or be too housekeeperly while the hot weather lasts. Make the boys big and little do your errands and help you out. I am sure you have been lonely while your whooping cough shuts you off from all your friends. Never mind. Get well as fast as you can and I will see you have some cheery days bye-and-bye. I hope you will get off to the Pier and get some of that fine bracing air. If it suits you as it did me it will make you a new creature. I had a day or two in Edinburgh not feeling well from catching cold, and without me to spur them on the others did not keep on the go. . . We improved the day today in getting passports, going to the Handel Festival to hear Israel in Egypt at the Crystal Palace and having Mr. & Mrs. Pierce to dinner. The oratorio was very grand given by four thousand voices and a great orchestra and organ.

Amiens, Sunday July 1, 1888

My dear Frank

. . . We left London yesterday morning and had a pleasant ride through the Kentish country where the hops have just covered their poles with the most exquisite verdure. . . Going from England to France, the Ships are much better than formerly and make the run in a little over an hour and yesterday so smoothly that any most weak-minded woman would have been ashamed to be sick. . . At Calais they waived the ceremony of examining our seven trunks and numerous bags and we started off in very easy carriages all together for Amiens. We got here about six and some lusty French facteurs put our trunks on the top of the omnibus. "Est-ce qu'il y

en a des autres?" asked one after the first installment. "Oui, il y en a toujours," replied the other, and so we heard our first French joke, and were much pleased with ourselves for understanding it. The Hotel Du Rhin received us in the person of numerous garcons in white aprons, femmes de chambre in white caps, a porter or clerk who spoke English and several other servants of various grades. And then we had our very good table d'hote dinner with a table prettily adorned with strawberries, cherries and fresh almonds and talked a little bad French with our neighbors and so found ourselves launched in French life, so different in every detail from the English. The next thing was the Cathedral of course. We found there was to be an evening service, as this week has been the fete of St. Jean le Baptiste, and this cathedral has his head, a fact not generally known to the world. We found the north transept, with a great crimson screen and altar across its end, lighted with great candelabra shedding a subdued light over a devout audience, and a priest preaching an eloquent sermon on St. John, in that peculiar voice of dramatic and emotional effect which is the art of oratory as known to the French, I suppose. There is a trick of changing the voice suddenly from chest notes to head tones, which produces the effect of a break in the voice due to emotion. The scene, however, was very beautiful and worthy of the noble spaces of the great church. The interior strikes you at first as very simple and less grand than some of the English churches. But this simplicity is the result of perfect harmony between the parts and of it, the more you realize this. There is a little wreath which runs all around the church at the base of the triforium, binding together the pediments of its arches, which gives a feeling as beautiful and natural as of trees growing out of grass. The apse is circular and pushes out into three great bays which are very satisfactory as an east end of a great church, better than the square apse of the English. The exterior is still grander, the west front, with its three great recessed portals full of carvings and all its wonderful multiplicity of detail indescribably so. From this scene we went to a great fair being held in the little shows of a theatrical kind mostly, with some gaming stands and sundry immoralities scattered among them. I think Anthony Comstock would find a good sphere of usefulness in France.

Paris, July 2

After lunch yesterday, Mr. Dunham proposed we should try what some of the girls had done before lunch, a walk through the triforium. So we toiled up spiral staircases till I was dizzy and went out on ledges without a parapet, and explored the forest of oak and chestnut which supports the roof. It was a wonderful view from the end of the nave 150 ft. in air to the opposite end of the apse. Meanwhile the organ was rolling us up music and the priests chanting in sonorous voices. O, Frank dear, why are you not here to enjoy all these things with me? I do miss you so. I sometimes regret I ever undertook a journey of pleasure without you. We are in The Continental Hotel, new and very large, occupying a square between the Rue de Rivoli and Rue Castiglione. . . This morning we gave orders for a dress for me and one for Helen and some lingerie and so cleared the way for better occupations. Charley had brought me some Point de Venise and so I had to have a dress made to put it on. Tonight we are going to the Opera. Last evening we drove up the Champs Elysses in the glare of a million lights and I could hardly realize it had been blazing away like that every night since we saw it together 25 years ago. . .

Paris, July 4, 1888

My dear Emily

Our flag is flying in a fine grouping with the French tricolor in the court of the hotel . . . but we don't feel very festive about it. These bursts of patriotism in a foreign land lack the true savor. I should like to hear our little boys firing off their "crackers" and see Company Y parade as they doubtless will this afternoon. Night before last we went to the grand opera and heard La Favorita magnificently sung. Our seats were of the best for hearing and seeing and being seen in the front row of the amphitheatre next to the parquet where only men sit and I think that the locality must be specially devoted to the demi-monde of Paris. . . We have not shopped yet, but Helen has ordered a ball dress at Doucet's and I have ordered one for dinner at Worth's. . . As far as Howie's escapade I will not express an opinion until I have a more definite report of it. Your father did not

mention it and what I know came from Aunt Neddle's letter. She did not mention Howie but I have no doubt he was in it. I fear it will prove prejudicial to him at Yale and that he will have to be extremely circumspect. It was certainly foolish to spoil his High School record at the very last when he might have gone off with colors flying. But I am expressing an opinion after all. Give him my love and tell him I am very sorry. That is all.

We have had letters from Mr. Morel and Mr. Chabrieres urgently inviting us to their houses. We will leave here next Monday, July 9th and go to Lyons. We may pass the night at Mr. Charbrieres' house in the country near Lyons and then go to L'Enclos. . . Give my special love to all our good girls, to Ellen & Annie & Mary Riley and Annie Keating and Caroline, Ida and Edna and also to John Hughes. Tell John I saw a rose garden in front of a French palace today, which was not as fine as his, though there were more varieties. Remember me to Montgomery. How glad I shall be to have him meet me at the station!"

Oullins, pret-de Lyons, July 10, 1888

My dear Frank

Behold us at the country seat of Mr. Chabrieres having arrived here from Paris last evening. Mr. Morel and M. Auguste Chabrieres met us at the train and Helen & I were immediately brought here in a fine private carriage. We were received by the charming ladies, Mme. Chabrieres and sa belle fille, A. C. They showed us at once to a luxurious suite of apartments, a bedroom with two beds, a dressing room with running water, charming boudoir, another bedroom for Helen and still another for Charley all fitted up with delicate papers, chintz curtains, fine engravings, French clocks, polished floors and every luxury, and opening on one side into a pretty square hall with shining marquetry and on the other upon a terrasse covered with wisteria in bloom and commanding a lovely mountain view. We went down to dinner and were presented to M. Chabrieres, a fine-looking, grey-haired man who received us with the greatest empressement. I plunged at once into French as I sat by Mr. Chabrieres who does not speak English and astonished Mr. Morel, Charley & myself

by understanding what was said and speaking at last so that I could be understood. There was a fine dinner not too fine, with beautiful fruits and a great glass basket of exquisite ferns in the centre of the table. . . . After dinner we walked in the grounds in the lingering twilight. It is quite a large place on a hill with fine views seen in glimpses through the shrubbery. . . . While we were out Charley won the regard of M. C. by being beaten at billiards. . . . Next morning after breakfast in our boudoir, we walked to the hospital for sick children from the city founded and cared for by Mdme. C. . . . The children, of whom there are now 16, looked well and happy. They come for a stay of a month or six weeks and apparently get well very rapidly and then have a good time. It is a simple establishment with two bedrooms, a room which is both schoolroom and dining room, and a kitchen, also a shed or stable containing three fine cows, all under the care of an energetic woman with an honest, kind face. We took our second dejeuner with Mdme. C., Junior. Afterward the children took us to see their own chalet, a very pretty little "cubby-house" where they cook and play with a terrasse in front supplied with little table and chairs, a bois behind and an honest heap of dirt for making mud pies. . . . The whole thing is a good model for us to copy for Peggy & Dolly.

L'Enclos, 14 July 1888

My dear Milly

We left Oullins on Wednesday morning and with Mr. Morel left Lyons at noon for Voiron. There was a carriage waiting and we started at once for the grandes Chartreuse stopping for dinner at a picturesque village, St. Laurent du Pont, and from there getting on in easy stages to the convent which we reached a little after nine and after the closing for the night. But 'Les Bonnes Soeurs' were merciful and opened their door and we each had a good bed. At twelve I heard the bells ringing for the midnight mass, and found the open window was giving us a little too much of a cloud in the room. I rose and looked out and marveled to find myself in so strange a place. The fountain in front was splashing and the mountains above were dimly visible over the Monastery, cold and lonely. All was silent

save the bells and the fountain. . . In the morning we started to walk to the chapels of St. Ruchere and St. Bruno, and to the top of the Col above which looks down to Chambery and Aix-les-Bains. . . We then drove over the beautiful road through two pretty passes to Grenoble. We walked a good deal up the steep ascents. You will remember Chamchaude, the mountain which constantly changes its form and around which the road seems to swing. Near Grenoble we stopped to visit a church where is a beautiful picture by Hebert - Madonna & Child. The views from the point above Grenoble commanding the whole valley of Cresivandau and the surrounding mountains are grand in every way. We dined at the Hotel Primat, went to the gare for our luggage, and started for L'Enclos on top of a high yellow diligence. We reached here at half-past eight and were soon glad to go to bed after a long exciting day. . . It is now Sunday noon. We have just returned from church for which we started at a quarter past eight, by a pretty wild path partly through woods and among fields of grain, with wild flowers under foot and whole ranges of mountains in full view. The church is that of LaTrouche, very simple but good and the interior decorated in rather brilliant style by a young lady whose father supplied the funds for the restoration and who was herself a good artist. She is now a Carmelite nun in London. The people were mostly the peasants of the neighborhood, the men in blouses and the women in handkerchiefs and caps. The singing was abominable and the service conducted in a rather slovenly manner, but the scene was characteristic and interesting. One ceremony was the passing of a basket of broken bread in memory of the days when the early Christians had everything in common. I enjoyed the feeling that one may worship in the company of people of many shades of belief and in sympathy with the feeling if not with the creed. Perhaps this is assisted by the worship in a foreign tongue which you do not fully understand!

Geneva, Switzerland, July 16, 1888

My dear Howie

When your letter was written you were still in doubt as to the outcome of your examinations, but we know how unnecessary your anxiety was and how well both you and Dexter came through. I congratulate you both very heartily on this successful entrance upon

your college course. . . Perhaps you have of late a rather wholesome warning that it is wise to respect the authority and discipline of a large establishment and that boyish pranks are rather foolish and unremunerative. If that is the result, I shall not be sorry for what happened at the close of your High School course. . . Among my letters was a crazy one from Olcott. I don't see how it happened that such a lunatic was let loose upon our premises. His letter is a veritable curiosity and ought to be preserved in a museum. . . We left L'Enclos about seven this morning in the midst of a pouring rain, driving five or six miles to the station in Grenoble and coming by a crawling train. . . . We mean to go up to the lake and by diligence to Chamonix & Martigny. Zermatt looms in the distance. . .

Chamonix, Friday, July 21, 1888

My dear Frank,

This had been a bad summer for Switzerland and since we entered it from France at Geneva this week we have had our share of bad weather. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday it rained and finally Wednesday afternoon it brightened and we went up the lake . . . We landed at Bonveret at the end of the Rhone Valley and found a train ready to take us on immediately to Martigny. . . Next morning we made an early start by carriage over the Col de Forclaz, walking most of the way to the top of the Col. The views backward of the Rhone Valley and the lower Alps with Swiss Chalets and noble chestnuts and pines and everything as picturesque as sunlight could make it were most delightful. . . We took lunch at Trient and then pushed on over the Tete Noire as it was too cloudy for the Col du Blame. The road is full of beauties and rather savagely near danger all the time but alas! the clouds shut in and soon the rain began to fall. It beat in our faces and the cretins and idiots all swarmed out and things looked black. Entering the valley of Chamonix we could see the glaciers with their mighty streams of ice descending, but the mountains were hidden in clouds and rain. . . As the sun came out we bespoke mules and guide and started by half past eight for the Montanvert. We went up quite rapidly and I rode a mule most of the way to the Hotel. We took our dejeuner there among clouds and mists,

crossed the Mer de Glace partly in rain and descended the Mauvais Pas. A German party was going down at the same time and a fat old beery Mein Herr got finely stuck at a steep place and clung to the railing in terror. . . Farther down we found our mules and mounted but I found the motion in descent too racking so I walked down to the valley where soon after our arrival we got a fine glimpse of the great mountain. After a short rest, we went out again and had a fine sight of a part of the range, and looked at the summit and at the caves and crevasses of the wonderful Glacier du Bossons. . . But the best was yet to come. After our dinner we went out to walk and make some little purchases and were jsut coming in when we caught sight of what made us catch our breath. I sent for Charles and we went up to the steps of the little church and from there watched peak after peak come out in the sharp light of the afterglow. The valley was dark but up there it was just after sunset. The clouds rolled over and up and gradually they all stood out in ghostly paleness, looking so high, so far, so inaccessible that it was really awful. A single planet shone over the summit.

Riffelberg, July 23, 1888

My dearest Emily

. . . We are not quite so good a party as yours for mountain work. Your father knows if you do not that I am not in my element on a mountain. I puff and blow terribly, my heart beats like a drum, and my lungs feel smothered, and my back and legs ache and I get very red in the face. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks I enjoy the results so much that it pays in the long run. . . It was a splendid morning and seemed a final clearing up after the long storms. We took a carriage as far as Argentieres at the head of the Chamonix Valley and sent it with our things to Trient by the Tete Noire. Our walk began in full blaze of the sun on a hot morning and went up first a narrow valley under the Glacier de la Tour. Soon we began the ascent of the Alp, a rough mule path among pastures, quite open and exposed to the sun, steep and fatiguing though not really climbing. We stopped constantly to look at the view behind us growing more and more varied and grand constantly as we mounted. The grass was full of the

most beautiful flowers, changing in character all the time with the altitude. I remember specially large purple violets like pansies and a gentian of the most intense and startling blue. Finally at the summit we could really see Mt. Blanc in all grandeur from head to foot, with its satellite mountains, white, black and green in dazzling slopes and with fantastic rocky peaks and lovely green Alps below. From there were the mighty ice rivers, the glacier du Bossons especially streaming down the whole side of Mt. Blanc and close by us that of La Tour with gigantic ice-cliffs and with masses of rock & ice constantly falling and filling the pass with their thunder. On the opposite side were the Aiguilles, Ronjer, Mt. Houb and other savage naked peaks with the white tops of the Oberland piercing through and between. It is in vain to try to describe such a scene, for a description gives not the slightest feeling of the reality. On both sides of the Col we looked down into deep valleys in blue and purple shadow. At the Chalet or auberge on top we found our German friend who got stuck in the Mauvais Pas, still in his blanket shawl. We met him again today coming down the Riffel as we came up. He seems to go everywhere in the most indefatigable manner and by dint of German perseverance manages to get ahead of us, slow as he is. . . From Trient we took our carriage again up to and down the Col de Forcloz to Martigny, a very steep drive. We were so tired that instead of a table d'hote dinner, we longed for a home supper and we ordered broiled chicken, fried potatoes, a salad and some fruit with a bottle of Johannesberg which the garcon assured us was "de cette vallee" which was good but strong. We took an easy start the next morning at eleven for Visp. It was intensely hot and the Rhone Valley was steaming so that we dreaded our afternoon walk. But when we started in for St. Niklaus at four o'clock we found our route already in the shadow of the mountains and, with the aid of a horse on which Helen & I took turns in occasional rides, came though comfortably in exactly four hours. We had a fine night's sleep and started at 7 1/2 A.M. for Zermatt by carriage. We found the hotel quite full of people so that it was hard to get served, and as every other place has been empty, it was quite remarkable. . . There is constant interest and entertainment in watching the people of the country and the queer travellers of every nationality. The hard light of the Swiss peasants impresses me very deeply and I shall have a good deal to tell the children about. We came up the Riffel this afternoon and I was rather worse at

climbing than usual. . . I think we shall stay over another day if it rains tomorrow, for having come this toilsome way I must and shall see the Matterhorn. . . But what a queer place this is for me to be. How did I ever happen to get here?

Riffel Alp, July 27

I passed a restless night on the Riffelberg, having got chilled in my wet clothing on the way up and brought on my pain in the side and indigestion in consequence, so that I had to take a little brandy in the night. Poor Helen was laid up and unable to walk up the Gornergrat this morning. I was very doubtful about it myself, feeling so poorly, and indisposed. But after coffee and an egg and seeing the clouds lift, I told Chas I would go with him half way, and turn back alone if unable to go on. Of course, that meant going to the top. About two-thirds up, like Caesar I got my secunden venturore and went on more easily than I have done since the Grande Chartreuse. There were only a few patches of snow to cross and lovely Alpine flowers were growing quite near them. A cold wind blew off Breithorn, but when at last we reached the top it was sunny and warm and the air most delicious and invigorating. The side toward Monte Rosa was clear and we could see those grand mountains perfectly. The Matterhorn side was still much obscured, but nevertheless there was so much to see that it was impossible to be disappointed. You know it all and so does your father, so I need not describe, but I enjoyed it with a sort of awful joy and with no attraction for those wilderness of snow except as a spectacle.

Luzerne, July 29, 1888

My dear Frank,

And now I must go back to Zermatt and take up the thread I dropped there, some time in the past ages as it now seems. When I wrote last we had not yet really seen the Matterhorn. We waited a night on the Riffel Alp, and went to bed looking at a cloudy sky and thinking that the man who had been told to call us at four if it was clear would not disturb

our morning slumbers. But the call came and we scrambled into our clothes and hurried out to find an absolutely cloudless sky and the great and only Mountain clothed in rose color. The other peaks had caught the light too and Dent Blanche tossed it to Gabelhorn and he to Rothhorn and Weisshorn and so on down the blue distances of the deep valley and its long ranges of peaks. Gradually the light descended and the mists began to rise and one little tender cloud climbed up and nestled in the lap of Matterhorn, but for a long time the outlines remained sharp and brilliant against a dazzling sky and when we had gone down into the valley and left Zermatt behind we could still see Matterhorn splendid and alone until another mountain hid it from view. We walked down Riffle Alp, drove rapidly to St. Niklaus which we reached at noon on a fearfully hot day and rode some old saddle horses down to Visp. A peasant woman led my horse all the way, trudging tirelessly up hill and down. Once or twice I urged her to rest but she said she was never tired, "jamais, jamais." The road is somewhat perilous as it winds around precipices, and a mule and his load went over that very day. But we had very quiet animals, and even I, who is so skittish in high places, was not afraid. Charles started ahead of us and walked the whole distance in three hours and we took four. He seems perfectly well now and I too am standing the fatigue well and gaining strength though I have lost twelve pounds. We reached Visp in time to collect baggage behind, rearrange things, wash off the dust and go on to Brig, only 15 minutes distant by rail, and a better place to spend the night and arrange for our start for the Turka Pass. This was made at six in the morning. At eight the next morning we were again in our carriage climbing the long, long sweeps of the wonderful Turka road, till we reached the side and nearly the top of the Rhone glacier. It is terrible and beautiful, full of yawning crevasses and ragged cliffs and tinted prismatically throughout. From the top of the pass down to Andermatt the road is among bare and wild jagged mountains, constantly descending but a fine road and a safe one all the way--a wonder of engineering. The peasants were making hay on hillsides at an angle of 45° and carrying whole haystacks on their heads for miles to their miserable little barns. From Andermatt to Goeschenen the road is at its wildest by the Devil's Bridge and the gorge below. There we struck the railroad as it emerges from the St. Gothard tunnel, and followed it in its subterranean loops and

windings as it seeks a lower level, enjoying views of the wildest loveliness and again disappearing into the bowels of the earth. And then at Fluellen we reached Lake Lucerne and you will remember its exquisite beauty, the romantic grandeur of its shores, wonderful green water, the picturesque villages which cluster on its green banks, the distant snow peaks and at last Lucerne itself, a city built for love, I am sure. We saw it all in sunset light on a perfect afternoon and were in raptures over it. I think we all agree that this was the finest day of our whole summer . . . Now we are getting ready to leave and starting for Germany. I am afraid you will be disappointed that we have not seen more of Switzerland but I for one am well satisfied to leave some things to see with you some day...

Munich, July 31, 1888

My dear Milly,

We came here yesterday having spent a night at Zurich. On reaching the city Charley said he thought there must be some public holiday as the Bavarian colors, blue and white were flying everywhere. And when we went out to the omnibus of the Veirjahrzeiten Hotel, they said they had no rooms for us then the Bayrischer Hof said the same, explaining that this was the centennial of King Ludwig I of Bavaria and we began to see that we had stumbled on something extraordinary. We were recommended to try the Detzer and were in luck again, finding a large double room on the first floor with three front windows looking on the principal street. They arranged for Charley also to take up his quarters with us and offered to put him a third bed. . . . But at last they found a box for him "am vierten" belonging he thinks to one of the waiters, and so we were settled, with the proviso that two of our windows were let and that people would come to occupy them at eight in the morning. We went to the "Lowenbrau" nearly empty as the people had gone out of the city to see some fireworks. Presently the people began to pour in, carrying paper lanterns, and suddenly all was life and gaiety. Three young fellows of most respectable appearance drew up to the empty seats at our table. They made each one a military stiff bow to us ladies before sitting down and soon were clinking their

mugs amicably and finding the "Bier ist gut." This morning about five o'clock the city blew up, or seemed to and the streets were soon full of people. The procession started and included a full representation of the pursuits, industries, and arts of Munich, and was therefore a sort of mirror of the life of the place. It was most elaborately and expensively planned and was entertaining and amusing and fine to a degree I cannot describe. Beer took unhesitatingly the leading place it deserves and the thirty beer breweries were represented in every imaginable way. Men drank on foot or on horseback, standing or marching. Kegs were broached and mugs were filled from the cars themselves. . . Then came the Arts, the Art industries, the schools of design and technique, the other schools of the city and their professors. It was all two hours in passing and every bit of it was thoroughly German and characteristic and interesting.

Heidelberg, August 5, 1888

My dear Horace,

. . . This is the most famous university town of Germany and the life of the place is largely student life and yet there is no central collection of university buildings. . . This evening from the terrace we saw a street in the town glowing with red lights which defined the buildings against the surrounding darkness and soon from this street a torchlight procession of students marched out with a band playing and proceeded to cross the Neckar by its beautiful arched bridge. As they went they dropped colored lights into the water, and their torches swayed and glimmered and the water returned their moving reflection. Presently a Green building on this side of the river on a commanding height shone out in red light and the "irsch-gasse" as it is called to which they were going answered with illuminations from the other bank. It seems that the prince-royal of Greece has been here as a student and is now just leaving Heidelberg. This festivity was in his honor, and I have no doubt that an immense quantity of beer was drunk, and that very likely several fights followed. You know, these German students make it a point of honor to fight several sword duels apiece and when a fellow has "fit" a certain number of times he gets a sort of badge or medal of honor and can then graduate from

his fighting corps if he wishes . . . each club has some cap or badge to mark it. The young men you meet are usually badly scarred and the more scars a fellow has the handsomer he looks I suppose to these German maidens. . . Yesterday afternoon we sketched the castle, and while we drew and studied the scene it grew more and more lovely. I think Turner drew and painted here a great deal, and I am longing to see some.

On August 10, 1888, the travelers found themselves in Holland, visiting Amsterdam, Dortrecht, the Hague, going on a boat up the canals which they found "pestiferous in hot weather," and longing for the trip home from Bremen. I am so glad I don't know what to do. It is a chance whether this reaches you before I do, but it is to take you my love and longing to see you and to tell you how much dearer and better you are than anybody else in the wide world, you my own dear husband and children."

On August 23, 1890, Frank W. Cheney sailed for Europe taking his second son, Horace, with him.

M.B.C. to F.W.C.

August 22, 1890

. . . I should really regret not having gone with you had not Neddie made the day so cheerful for me .
. . . Now I have just come home and the shadows are starting across the lawn breaking the brilliant sunlight in which the rest of it is bathed, and all looks its very sweetest as you love to see it look. We will think only of the sunshine and forget night-time and shadows. It was hard to let you go, but I feel so much happier about your going since you decided to take Horace, and I hope you are going to have a real good trip and come back with fresh life and vigor to home and work. . . A light heart ought to be in your bosom for you have left all in good shape here and there seems nothing in family or business to worry about. I feel so much better that I shall be ready in a day or two to clean our room, which is the first thing a member of this family does when friends go to Europe. . .

August 16, 1890

. . . I have thought of so many things that I wish we had talked over. For instance, Bessie's wedding present, which would doubtless have an additional charm if you should pick it out for her on the other side. I would not buy silver in Europe, I think, but glass from Venice or Frankfort, or china from Dresden would be very attractive as a wedding present . . . I hope you and Horace will take time to see something of gay and beautiful Paris. There are no dressmaking ladies in your party so there is nothing to prevent your having a good time. Tell Horace I want him to really see and know the Louvre and to go back and study the pictures he likes best again and again, so that he will be able to see them hereafter by an effort of memory. It is a great pleasure to me to be able to do so . . . Dave and Les went off the Marlborough yesterday with Dexter and Jack to spend two or three days. They think they have some important work on hand down there clearing out the lane and mending boats, etc. Horace will doubtless understand these Marlboro mysteries.

August 29, 1890

. . . Knight and Neddie took dinner with me yesterday . . . and I took them into a conspiracy for enlarging the china pantry and the re-ceiling of the dining room. . . Would you mind if I amused myself with a few repairs while you are away? You know there is nothing so consoling, and there is no time like your absence for getting through it comfortably, what is my meat, being your poison. Is it not strange that two people so united and so thoroughly in sympathy regarding essentials should be so very different in their minor tastes and habits? I am not sure but that is the best way to have it. I think you and I grow to think more alike all the time and our standards of action and life are the same. But you don't love house repairs any better or I any less, than formerly. . . I had a lovely letter from Milly who is enjoying Keene Valley and so are the boys. Howell & Ward had just started on foot for Adirondack Lodge with Mr. Twichell & Dave and Arthur Shipman. They were to meet Phil Stewart there and go up some mountains. A delightful trip for them and in the best of company. . . . Kitty has not been very well for the last week . . . but will be cheered up by the return of Polly, Alice and Paul from the White Mountains. . . Every Cheney is sensitive, only each one has a different way of being so, and rarely understands the manifestation of the feeling in his cousin, uncle, or brother. The sensitiveness which comprehends another's sensibilities is a highly cultivated thing . . .

September 2, 1890

. . . We have just had a visit from Mr. & Mrs. Moses Pierce. They came yesterday morning at ten and left this afternoon at five, and I have a feeling of having done my duty and given some pleasure and enjoyed myself into the bargain. Mrs. Pierce is by no means the forbidding person I thought her last year when we visited them in Norwich, but a kind and sensible woman who is easily scared and then puts her worst foot foremost. We have always Mr. Pierce to be a good benevolent old man, who has much sense and in a way has seen a good deal of the world. He keeps his Quaker simplicity, and if not a social star is better than some people who are. I really

enjoyed seeing something of people so different from most of our acquaintances. . . Your cable from Havre made us happy yesterday, Monday morning. . . This cable is the greatest comfort in the world, simply to know we can hear from you any minute is enough. I hope you will call often. On the whole I like your own words better than a code. They have a fresher ring.

Emily to M.B.C.

Keene Valley, August 19, 1890

I have just gotten home from a perfect day's excursion, a day to be remembered. Brilliant warm sunshine, fine clouds and a climb up Noonmark with Mr. Twichell, Julie and the children, Arthur & Mr. Stewart, our two boys and three German boys who stay at the Estes House, a jolly party and all good walkers. We had lunch eaten with gusto when we arrived on top and then sat in the sun and looked off at the view and drowsed and conversed and breathed in that delicious air for a long time before we started down. . . The boys got back here Tuesday night having come from the Lodge over Marcy and down the Lakes that day, about twenty-seven miles in all.

Ward to M.B.C.

Keene Valley, August 30, 1890

. . . On Monday, Howie, Mr. Twichell, Arthur Shipman, I and some other people from the house here walked over to the Lodge, a distance of twelve miles, and spent the night there, sleeping on mattresses on the floor as the house was very crowded. The next morning Howie, Mr. Twichell and I walked up Marcy and got a beautiful view there. The trail was in about the same condition as when we went on it with you, that is, mud over our shoes a great deal of the way. We were cold and shivering and after a stop of an hour we walked on to the Ausable Lakes, through which Mel Trumbell rowed us, and then we traced our weary way down to Esty's. That day we walked twenty-six miles in ten hours,

making a three day trip in one. . . The place here has changed a great deal, there is a fine road from Beede's to the lake now. Beede's burned down last spring and there is a fine new hotel there called "St. Hubert's Inn" and the Widow Beede's is now "St. Hubert's Cottage," the old boarding houses all have fancy names painted on them, and the place has become a good deal of a resort.

M.B.C. to F.W.C.

September 4, 1890

Milly's letter enclosed herewith is one of the most cheering things I have read for a good while. It is worth all it costs to know our children are getting this fresh enjoyment in those scenes of natural beauty, and if I can hear from you and Horace in tones of equally fresh enthusiasm, I shall feel well satisfied over the gap your absence makes in home and heart. I miss you very much indeed, and especially in the evenings when Charles and Dave are apt to be out, and all the children in bed. Reading cannot fill all the empty spaces, even though the book be the "Mill on the Floss" with all of George Eliot's penetrating wisdom and dramatic power in dealing with the intense emotions of common life. Nothing is left common because all is illumined with deep sympathy and homely insight. There is a true ring which never can be feigned, and these early books of his have it. Later, the lies of life made the wine bitter.

Emily to M.B.C.

Saranac Lake, N.Y., September 1, 1890

. . . We had a very easy buckboard and good horses and tho' the roads are deep in mud after the long rains we came along in good time. We dined excellently at Lake Placid and then spent half an hour or so out in a fine open field just looking off and watching the shadows over Whiteface. Howell has engaged our guide for tomorrow and he is to secure the other. Tomorrow night we shall sleep at the renowned Lem Coreys and reach Laura the following day.

M.B.C. to F.W.C.

September 9, 1890

Howell and Ward have had a delightful three weeks vacation, the final trip over to Laura's camp. They came out by the new railroad connecting the Saranac region with Ogdensburg and Rouses Point on Lake Champlain and thence across to St. Albans and home by the Vermont Central & C.R.R. You will be pleased to hear that the painting of our bedrooms is done and the new carpets down, and that everything looks deliciously fresh and clean, and the simple coloring very pleasant and tasteful. I expect to enjoy the rooms very much and use our room as more of a sanctum than I have been used to do. . . We went over to see Olcott's grass garden and I suppose you will think that enough to account for illness.

M.B.C. to F.W.C.

Little Tupper Lake, September 10, 1890

It is strange to think of you sojourning in Paris and Lyons, busy and travelling and full of affairs while we, Laura and Newton and I, sit here in this big airy tent with a gentle rain pattering on the roof and no more really pressing business on hand than to "chaw gum and look off" . . . I find what they call a rough camp really very luxurious. There are three good-sized tents set up on platforms and with double tents so that they are perfectly dry. We have bedsteads, made by one of the guides who is a good carpenter, and good mattresses laid on spruce boughs that take the place of springs. They are mighty comfortable and look very nice with the big soft red blankets. As for food we live on all the delicacies of the season and venison is the chief of our diet. . . What we get in the markets at home is a very different thing from this. Newton has had very good luck this year and they have killed five deer in all, one of them they gave away as they had more meat than they wanted. . . It seems like a story book to see the boats come in with dogs and guns and real deer. They are so pretty and gentle it seems almost wicked to kill them. . . I do hope you will have good weather in Switzerland and that you will be able to get into Zermatt.

Weatogue, September 12, 1890

. . . Of course your staying in Lyons longer than necessary, and especially that you would not choose some other place to be sick in if you had any choice about it, unless you want Chabrieres, Morel and Cie. to protect you from Bavier. . . It is a great disappointment to have you losing time in Lyons, pestered not only by rival business powers but by illness, which never suits you. If you have any fever and malarial symptoms do not stay in Lyons, but betake yourself either to the mountain regions near Grenoble or to the shore. Of course, if your illness should prove at all serious you will send for me at once. . . The fact is we are getting too old to do without each other and I will never let you go without me again. . . Alex Lambert is not far away at the Oberammergau just now.

September 16, 1890

. . . Well after our unsatisfactory cabling it was a comfort to know what was the matter with you. A boil is bad enough as I have reason to remember especially on a journey, but it is not fatal and on another person is occasionally a subject for mirth, though never when on yourself. . . And now I must confess what I have been doing since you went away. If you should walk up from the mill to the house now you might, or you might not, observe that the house is a little longer from North to South. It seems to spread over the ground with a wider base, and looks less in the air. This is not all seeming either, for we have now a little wing on the north side of the dining room, or an enlargement of the former one. The china pantry has reached the respectable dimensions of 16 x 13 feet and over it there is a pretty little bedroom, big enough for two boys and opening out of the nursery where the toy closet used to be. The roof fits in under the sill of Milly's north window and the whole is already nearly done and already looks like a part of the old house. It is even painted and the bedroom plastered. There is to be no plaster in the china pantry, which is going to a very invaluable and complete addition to our dining room comforts. There is a sink for washing dishes and the whole work is to be plain but very handsome and substantial. It will make a lot of

difference in the housekeeping conveniences. The only drawback on the structure is that it shades the kitchen west windows a good deal and makes rather a queer little pocket of a place at the back door, on the dining room hall. The dining room north window is not at all impaired. We have also made a little piazza for the kitchen on the east side, a neat and convenient little thing. . . Mr. Thompson estimates the cost of the addition of \$700 to \$800 and the piazza at \$50. New timbers in the stable floor will, I suppose, bring the bill up to about \$1,000. We should have shingled the barn now too but it was crammed full of hay and the men seemed to think they could not tear off the old shingles without getting the hay full of nails, which might be indigestible for cows and horses. . . Harry and Robert, Annie and Louise are now all at home and the boys in prime condition and have had a grand time in the Canada Woods catching six pound brook trout and shooting caribou.

Hotel Brunswick, N.Y., September 28, 1890

. . . We went out to drive by the Riverside and home by the Park. The sun shone bright and warm, while the air was very clear and bracing. The Park was crowded, not with swells but with the people, whole families with their babies and in all kinds of traps without pretence to style. There were lots of foreigners, especially Germans, who seemed to be enjoying themselves in an unambitious way. Perhaps there is no city in the world more cosmopolitan than New York. . . Your cable was sent me from home on Thursday, saying "Doctor gives me a clean bill of health. Marseilles and Avignon Monday. Come if you want to travel, Italy October and November." My heart jumped at the proposal. It came on my birthday and I took it for my birthday present. . . But I saw I could not reach you til mid October. . . and the consideration came up that Knight and Neddie are overcome with cares and preparations for the wedding and I remembered that we had a good many extra cares for their household then . . . and I should rather be on hand to help them . . . I did long to go, and it was pretty hard to give it up. Now, however, I feel perfectly satisfied. It is all right, dear, and I shall think no more about it.

September 30, 1890

Don't hurry to come home, for as soon as you set foot in this town all the cares out of Pandora's box will pounce on you. Mr. Thompson was fretting for me before breakfast and Tom Goulden was in tears when he found he could not have my society of a tete-a-tete. . . Milly and I went into the newest new mill this afternoon. It is a huge affair and looks as if it might hold two or three of the others. They are laying the first floor with great timbers 3 inches thick. The internal effect is really quite imposing, a sort of "palace of industry." In the Printing Department at the old mill they are just getting ready to put in the big new ten-color printing machine, a monster affair. They have concluded to keep the old machine which they expected to turn out, which involves making a new room for color mixing, the new machine to stand in the old color room alongside the other printers. James took us yesterday into the designing department and we saw them working out some of Gattikus' new designs, which are really beautiful. McCreery seems to have ordered about half of them besides a lot of his own. James says they are putting in over eighty new designs for next season. I sent you this morning the Tribune's copy of the tariff bill. The long agony is on pluses, I should think. Annie Hughes thinks we should put up a sign, "Meals served at all hours." She is very good natured about it and likes her new piazza and so does Bruce. The little porch looks very nice now John has trained a wisteria on it, and Leslie has contributed to the whole gorgeous effect by having a post with hooks made for the milk cans which now hang like votive offerings before a shrine.

October 4, 1890

If you go to Venice, you might increase our green set a little. The wine glasses are lasting well with the exception of the claret glasses. I would not get those we had before with the little heads on them but some less liable to break. To recapitulate we need 2 dozen clarets, 3 dozen tumblers--green, 3 dozen finger bowls, 3 dozen glass plates--green or other colors or gold.

October 7, 1890

. . . I have been studying up your present travel in Southern France with delight in believing that you are now really enjoying something. I have found an old French book of yours "De Paris a la Mediterranie" which gives a very full account of the ground you are going over and I have been reading about Avignon and Nimes and Arles and Montpellier and Sarascon, and imagining your seeing it all and well enough to enjoy it. This afternoon we were surprised by a call from your little friend, Mrs. Nelson from Chicago. She came to New York for milliners' styles and came here expecting to see you. She wanted to ask you, I think, to lend her \$500 more. She says she has had a good business, sales of \$6,000 to \$7,000 this year. . . She thought if she had a little more capital she could make her own payments more promptly and get a better discount from the merchants. I asked her if she wanted the money immediately and when she said, "No, she was in no haste." She said she could borrow the money in Chicago with her stock as security, but thought she ought not to do it whout consulting you, as you had first claim upon it. . . I then offered if she was in immediate need to lend her what she wanted for a month or two until she could hear from you. However, when Knight went to the train with her, he sounded her again and she admitted she would be glad to have the money now and he ended by lending her \$500 for 3 months. . . sly dog! You never told me she was so pretty. She looks like Christine Nilson.

October 10, 1890

. . . Our own family continues well and Ruth is quite rosy and happy as you would like to see her. You said in your last letter you wished the little girls were as well as the boys but if you could see them you would think they were better. I never saw a more flourishing person than Miss Peggy. The donkey has been a great boon to her of late and she spends hours in driving her about. Jenny has become a bone of contention among the children who all want to drive her. I enclose a letter from Howie which is quite affecting in its sense of incompetence for the work before him. He is a dear boy, but a child. In fact we have a dozen children who will not be grown up for some years to come.

Howell to M.B.C.

. . . The work this year is so different from the first two years as it was in coming to College from the High School. . . I for my part am sadly conscious of having missed the culture of the classics and that the work of thinking and reasoning is so difficult to me now shows that I must have also largely missed their training. I know that no one is to blame for it but myself and at the same time I can't help thinking a system is wrong by which a large number of students are doing their work, and supposed to be doing it creditably without using any real thought. . . I find Prof. Harper's course though interesting very hard work because he presupposes in the class an accurate knowledge of biblical history, tradition and geography in which you know I am sadly wanting. . .

October 12, 1890

. . . Besides his other worries, Gus' story about Fraser is stranger than all. It seems he has mingled a good deal in public affairs in Japan, and presided over a public meeting in Yokohama where the much talked of Treaty revision was discussed. Mr. Fraser was a supporter of English Law in Japan. After the meeting he received several notes signed by a "Japanese Patriot" and others, who were evidently native fanatics, warning him that he was to be assassinated if he persisted. His family was at Nikko and he alone in his house. The government took the matter up and have stationed a heavy guard around his house night and day and he is not allowed to walk even from his house to his office without an escort or police. He writes his nerves are shaken and he does not feel master of himself. Gus says these threats so often have been carried out in Japan that there is every reason to fear them. Is it not strange that such things should be now?

October 21, 1890

. . . I had a lovely time with Dotha and Appleton in New York and Appleton was most kind and brotherly and hospitable, even generously so. They had the

best of rooms and everything as Datha should have had it for comfort. I think that the Hillyer in him is being eliminated.

October 26, 1890

I told Neddie yesterday that I had had no time yet of comfort in thinking of you since you went away, and that I mean to devote today to thoughts and happy thoughts of you. And so I have been having perhaps that best day of all this strange autumn, and have really revelled in hours of undisturbed and peaceful moods. This morning before daylight a cold little girl asked to be taken into bed and after a period of wakefulness we woke in time for a late Sunday breakfast. I walked home from Church, stopped at Knight's for a minute. Neddie proposed we should make an exchange at dinner, letting their boys come down here, while Milly & Charley & I should dine with them. So I procured Clifford & Tom & Phil & Russell & Frankie Farley and inaugurated a juvenile dinner party down here while we went "to meet Mr. Cowles of Chicago" who was at Knight's. We had a very bright and cheery time and then at dusk we came home and joined our children and I read to them "Legends of Thomas Didymus" and a Bible chapter about the nomadic life of Abraham.

October 26, 1890

After tea I read some Tennyson's Round Table and we sang "My Country 'tis of Thee" for Leslie's benefit and some other hymns until they all went off happily to bed. Then Milly and Charley began trying some of the chorus music from Gounod's Redemption while I read Marcus Aurelius and thought of Uncle John and of you.

Albert (Earl) Grey to M.B.C.

Howick
Lesbury
Northumberland
January 18, 1891

Dear Mrs. Cheney,

Having been assured by Mr. Montgomery, a friend of yours, that pheasants, if started on the wing on the high seas, would fly straight to that little bit of Arcadia of which I obtained a privileged peek in 1891, I resolved to make the experiment - accordingly, 6 pheasants flushed from the Princely coverts of Sandringham, turned their heads over the Atlantic towards Arcadia on Saturday last, and I hope to hear some day that they have reached you safely, and have taken you some of the good wishes felt for you and all the happy inhabitants of Arcadia by friends in England. My wife joins with me in sending our united kind regards.

And believe me,
Ever yours very truly,
Albert Grey

Mary Bushnell Cheney to
the "dear little girls."
Station at San Diego
May 6, 1892

My dear Little girls,

While waiting half an hour for the train I must write you just a few words about this lovely land of California. We reached San Bernardino day before yesterday, coming down from the desert of which I wrote Austin to a beautiful blooming valley, stretching out from the feet of fine snow mountains, warm yet with a mountain freshness in the air. At the station there appeared Mr. Marshall with a huge bouquet of splendid Marchal Niel roses which he said were a few from a bush beside his door. Mr. Marshall looked so strong and well and handsome that it was a pleasure to look at him. We were feeling pretty seedy at the end of our long journey. We had only a half hour there and agreed to return today. Mr. Marshall promises to drive us about and show us not only his own place but Uncle John's old ranch and Redlands where Mr. Hart lives. Mr. Hart was away so your father had no chance at business and I was not sorry. Our train took us on to Riverside where we stayed from two till nine in the evening. We immediately took a carriage and started for the famous drive on Magnolia Avenue. As soon as we left the train we smelt orange blossoms and saw the golden fruit. Imagine a drive of eight miles with orange groves in full bloom and full of fruit on either hand growing in rich order, with glistening foliage, the road itself a double one with three rows of trees, one on each side and one in the middle. These are of three kinds, eucalyptus, pepper tree, and palms. Dotted along between are many plants of tropical growth, and in one place there were many magnificent century plants such as were never seen in the East. Flowers are also grown in the roads but especially in the door-yards and against the houses, masses of tearoses of choice varieties, geraniums of vivid colors. Every tiny common house was smothered in blossoms, and this gave them all a refined and elegant look. So we drove for miles on miles, everywhere the air loaded with perfume, everywhere the splendid trees and fruit. At last we grew anxious to walk in an orange grove and seeing a place "for sale," we stopped and went in. The man and his wife and their three little girls were most kind and hospitable to us and picked us oranges and flowers and we had a real good time.

Riverside is in a rich plain surrounded by mountains and there is one great mountain which seemed to me the biggest I ever saw. The air and sky were sparkling and the freshness and coolness were most welcome after our long journey. In the evening it was moonlight and we walked about among the streets of the town under bowers of foliage. La Marc roses were even growing in the streets in one place in the gutters, running up the trees and hanging down in garlands. Little cottages were almost hidden in them. In one place we saw Jacquemints growing like a vine against a house. The whole place seemed enchanted to us. But we had to take our train, and were all night on the way to San Diego, The sunrise gun sounded from the U.S. barracks just as we got into the omnibuses to go to the Coronado. Rosy morning lights were over the bay, but we were in a hurry for water and towels and breakfast. We found a letter from Mr. Barnes to Mr. Babcock, the proprietor of the hotel, had preceded us and though Mr. Babcock was away he had given orders that we should be well, even royally cared for. We had beautiful big corner rooms looking right out on the Pacific with its delicious breezes blowing in. In Aunt Molly's room was a bunch of LaFrance roses, each as big as a peony and in mine some superb Cloth of Gold and crimson roses. In both rooms the bureaus and mantel pieces were decorated with heavy garlands of smilax. In the Coronado there is a pretty sitting room for every half dozen bedrooms. Ours was a huge one. The hotel is built around a large court with a gallery running all around each story and forming the hallway. Stairs run down here and there into the court, which is a beautiful garden with grass, rare plants, and quantities of flowers. Trellises carry vines of rose and honeysuckle up to the galleries. Similar gardens with great masses of low-growing bloom surround the hotel on the outside and grow almost to the water's edge. There is a kind of rock pink, which is of a most vivid solferino (?) color and you can't think how brilliant it looks against the sea. The beach is wide and peaceful and the air that blows over it is sweet and soft and cool. We gave ourselves up to soaking it in. At noon we went to the bathing house where Aunt Molly and I got delicious hot salt baths in neat sunny rooms. Your father and the boys took to the swimming tank, full of salt water at temperature of eighty-four degrees. It is a great place for sport. Two slides from the top of the building to the water tempted to a very reckless looking amusement which Dave for one enjoyed

hugely. Then we had a fine lunch with some of our fellow travelers and some delicious California wines, Reisling and Schramunsberger Zinfandel. The table is excellent and the dining room the finest for hotel use I ever saw. The house is enormous and full of large delightful, comfortable-looking rooms. A place for everybody and for every taste, card room, writing room, drawing rooms, billiard and ball rooms, some with fires and some without. A small but fine orchestra plays unobtrusively at lunch and dinner time and during the evening. A thousand people could be so scattered about in this big house that everyone would have a nook to his liking and there would be no crowd anywhere.

After lunch we went to the Ostrich Farm. Thirteen ungainly birds with undulating motion and necks that curve and twist like snakes, cruel eyes and generally disgusting habits. Their legs look like a turkey's after it is picked, only more muscular and they have only two toes. Their feathers don't look very pretty while they are on them and they have a queer way of spreading their wings out in front of them.

Then we drove out to San Diego Oldtown and saw the little church where Ramona was married with its old Spanish bells. Also the deserted adobe houses of the village and two venerable big palm trees. Not much else but sea and sky and flowers, that was enough. We came back over a high hill where we looked out over the beautiful Bay of San Diego and the blue Pacific and the rocky islands and headlands, a grand view. And so we came back through the new and thriving modern town of San Diego, remarkable chiefly for its flowers. We kept wishing for all you dear children and also John Hughes to see them. Tell John to imagine great patches of Calla lilies in full bloom in the open garden, choice tea roses covering the front of a house, a fence entirely hidden by pink geraniums, ivy in such high bloom that the whole mass is pink, scarlet geranium bushes six feet high of a peculiar rich red, nasturtiums covering a whole arbor and little hedges of blossoms round every door yard. They use a great deal of that white daisy that grows in the green-house and which makes here solid snow-drifts of bloom.

Today we devoted to mending up and getting clean, repacking, etc. and now we are on our way back to San Bernardino probably not to rejoin the Raymond until we get to Santa Barbara.

We have had only one letter since leaving home, from Milly at Manitou. We think the letters are not mailed early enough. You must all write. We want home news. And we do so wish you could all see this lovely country. A thousand kisses and embraces for you all. Lovingly, Mother.

Mary Bushnell Cheney to Charles Cheney

Los Angeles, May 9, 1892

My dear Charley,

We have just reached here and while your Father has gone to make some business arrangements I have simply washed--and brushed up and am sitting at a high window of the Hotel Westminster, looking over this extensive city. All the cars and trolleys are whizzing around the corner at my feet and horses trotting down the long street with its concrete pavements, but I can look across the street into parklike enclosures round some simple houses, where are not only grass and flowers but trees from everywhere in the known globe, cedars, cypress, and a peculiar "Norfolk beach pine," as well as orange, fig, and palm trees of several varieties. Paved walks in blocks of color, an in-curved stone coping at the gateway, and two sentinel cypresses at each side to give a common house an appearance of state and circumstance. Add to this a white rose vine that wreathes the porch and climbs to the gable and you have besides an air of refinement and grace. Out of these simple materials is made an elegant California residence.

M.B.C. to Charles Cheney, her eldest son

May 9, 1892

This has been a long and busy day. This morning we left San Bernardino by rail for Redlands, an affair of a few minutes. There we found Mrs. Hart with two carriages and she took us all over Redlands, a very extensive and beautiful New England settlement in the southeast corner of the San Bernardino Valley,

covering many square miles of fine land sloping from the foothills toward the valley, a bright, sunny, cheerful place with many snug homes and beautiful though new orange groves. It is perhaps as attractive a place to live in as we have seen, and Mrs. Hart says there are many delightful people there. If Dave has a farm in California I could wish it might be at Redlands. We drove so rapidly over good roads that we could not believe we had gone so far as we were told we had, about 13 miles. At half past eleven we took the cars again returning on the other side of the Valley. We saw Pomona and the home of the Lordsburg Eagle. Evidently, the boom is dead. At about two we reached Pasadena, and after lunch we drove all over it and then down here to Los Angeles. Pasadena has about 10,000 people living among its orange groves and looks like a wealthy place. It is on high ground with beautiful outlooks here and there toward the Sierra Madre and toward some hills opposite, dotted with green and live oaks. Tell Olcott there is more grass in Pasadena than in any California town we have seen, and some very perfect lawns. The Governor of the State has a beautiful lawn, and this, like most of the rest, is of Kentucky Blue Grass. We saw one lawn all white clover, already spreading into the better turf of the next place. I got no samples. I will try to dig some at Nordhoff and Whittier.

Nordhoff, May 12, 1892

My dear Charley,

I kept this letter expecting to add to it, but cannot do so now. We have been travelling so fast that we all got tired and last night I was used up and had to keep still today. We have seen a good deal of the Thachers and today your Father and the boys went there to dinner. We feel it will be the right place to have Leslie, and that he will have an improving and happy life here among kind and good people. But for Dave it does not seem to be the right place. The agricultural outlook of the place does not seem to be very good, and there is little fruit farming here. So far from a railroad the business prospects do not seem encouraging. We shall try to find Dave a chance to learn something of olive and orange culture in the neighborhood of Santa Barbara, and the Thachers have told us of some

people there to apply to. Probably he and Leslie will spend the summer there. We start for there early tomorrow morning. Your Father finds here an old friend in James Howard.

The mountains here are most beautiful. We were delighted by finding a large mail from home here.

Most lovingly,

Your Mother

WITH THE RAYMOND WHITCOMB PARTY ON
PULLMAN PLACE - VESTIBULED TRAIN
EN ROUTE - ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Near Portland, Oregon
June 2, 1892

My dear Milly,

I wrote your Aunt Louisa Bushnell from Monterey a long letter about Yosemite, and asked her to pass it on to you. That was Sunday night and this is Thursday. Monday we went up to San Francisco stopping a few hours at San Jose and at Menlo Park. Then we went on reaching the Palace Hotel about 7 o'clock and had the whole of Tuesday and Wednesday morning there. I made some last purchases for Leslie and we arranged matters for him and Dave as far as it was possible to do so. Mr. Hart had his plans made to start south this afternoon and it seemed best for the boys to wait and go down with him. I suppose therefore they are now on their way, and we are travelling apart as fast as trains can carry us.

Leslie felt pretty homesick and it was hard for him to keep up. . . .

As to Dave I think he feels not only great regrets at the breaking up of college life and of home ties, but a good deal of uncertainty about his future and of responsibility for Leslie. But as we left him, there was a brave and hopeful look in his eyes which lingers in my memory and seems to augur well for the future. . . .

He will go to Nordhoff with Leslie . . . and will see whether he can get a chance to work with some ranchman there. He will try Mr. Eaton who is just developing a new ranch on a large scale for some wealthy San Francisco people, the Crocker family.

. . .
We have been all day in the most beautiful scenery. By ten o'clock we began to catch glimpses of Shasta and for hours we were skirting around and about this splendid snow mountain, which has many different aspects, sometimes showing as two peaks and sometimes, from this northern side as one cone like Fujiyama. The railroad winds round and up and makes some extraordinary loops on both sides of the

range we have to cross. Now we are down again, following the windings of the pretty Rogue River, but occasionally getting, as now at Sunset, grand extended views of near and distant mountains. We are among splendid forests of pine and manzanita, which here grows to a very large tree. We are now passing on a trestle. We crossed one this noon 180 feet high. The grades are very steep, in one place 192 feet to the mile. Altogether, a wonderful railroad and skittish enough to make weak heads swim. The scenery is distinctly northern and the air very sparkling and cool.

Enroute to Seattle, June 5, 1892

My dear Frank Dexter,

Here we are again in our car, the Berkshire, joggling along in the soothing manner to which we have become accustomed. . . . What I want to tell you of tonight is something quite different. The day we came up from Monterey to San Francisco we stopped at Menlo Park where Governor Stanford has built and endowed a University named for his dead son, and where he lives on the famous Palo Alto Ranch, a horse university which you would think much more interesting. You have heard of Sanol the great California racer. He was bred at Palo Alto and so have been many other noted trotters. We went there to see the horses. As you approach it you drive down a lane between long rows of roomy paddocks fenced off with high white fences. Each paddock is for one horse, has a quarter acre of clean turf, a hay rack and at least one good shade tree. The stables are very large and there is also a very large square enclosed by box stalls all full of horses. Each horse has his own room and his own attendant who spends all his time on him. We drove to the middle of the square and dismounted under some shade trees. A group of men was sitting there and we soon found that a complete exhibition of the best horses was being made there for the benefit of Mr. Claus Spreckles, the sugar man and millionaire, who was doubtless a prospective purchaser. Each horse was led up and halted, his name, age, and lineage given and special points alluded to. As one after another came up, we became perfectly bewildered among their varied attractions and could not tell which to like best. One was valued at \$150,000, a dark mottled bay with fine flowing mane

and tail, long rangy build and a most intelligent and beautiful head and face. The hair was fine and close and kept in a wonderful state of gloss. Every horse was a natural animal, no mutilated tails, but all were highbred and thoroughly trained. While we were standing there, a large stallion was brought out from a stable. He became excited and got away from his groom after a good deal of plunging and came charging down upon our group, which began to scatter in all directions. I got behind a tree of very insufficient size, and he seemed to be coming straight for me, but thought better of it and raced up the square and was presently caught. . . . They have a school for colts which is called the Kindergarten and there they are put through a drill and taught to obey the word of command. As we came away, we met a procession of brood mares, each with her own leggy little colt, a pretty sight. . . . Dave was immensely interested in all this horse business and I think felt that to own a Palo Alto was the highest of his earthly ambitions. He is going to buy a horse for Leslie at Nordhoff. . . . Just think we are going up to Chilcar, that place Mr. Glass talked about. Your father has set his affections upon a totem pole, but you need not hope to see one . . .

Lovingly, Your Mother

Your Father is 60 years old today.

M. B. C. to Ward.

Portland, Oregon
June 5, 1892

My dear Ward,*

Before leaving San Francisco I had a letter from you written on a Sunday, a dear, good letter which did your Mother's heart good and which I have kept by me ever since it came. It is very sweet to a mother to be told of her children's loving thoughts, and there is also a great pleasure to me in seeing you all as you grow older, taking what Dr. Harris used to call a "realizing sense" of things in general. I am glad you enjoy reading about your grandfather. Never mind the theology, but try to get hold of some of the thoughts and to realize how good a thing it is to put a sense of God and the great opportunities His service offers in place of a selfish ambition.

I was thinking today of Blain's latest step toward power, as a very good illustration of the petty and contemptible course which even a great man is obliged to follow when his sole object is self. And just as naturally does a devotion of life to high and unselfish ends free a man from ignoble bonds and make him nobly independent. I wish this moral freedom which comes from self-consecration may be yours, dear Ward.

(Rest of letter is missing.)

*Killed in the Philippines January 6, 1900.

Approaching Victoria
June 6, 1892

My dear Austin,

Perhaps you would like a letter written in British territory. I cannot say on British soil, for we are on no soil at all, but on the waters flying along the coast of British Columbia. We shall be in Victoria within an hour and your father proposes going to the theatre there. It remains to be seen whether there will be this one. We have had a lovely sail on the Queen since leaving Seattle this morning.

The cruiser Baltimore was lying in the harbor, the same over which there was trouble in Chile last winter. The citizens were going to give the officers of the B. a reception tonight and have dressed a large hall with great banks of their native wild rhododendron now in full bloom. We saw some and they were a beautiful shade of bright pink with light green leaves. A gentleman who lives there told us they are now in bloom in the greatest profusion in their woods.

This afternoon we landed at a place called Anacortes, which seems to be the extreme northwest jumping off place of the United States, if you leave out Alaska. You will find it (perhaps) in the map of Washington in the very northern corner of the coast. When we approached it I rubbed my eyes, thinking I must be dreaming. There were perhaps a dozen enormous buildings, of brick and stone and elaborate construction, (one six stories high with a tower, two stories higher), quite widely separated from each other and with the intervening spaces filled in with small shanties and the blackened stumps of what had been a forest of big trees. Big wharves faced the water front, but not a boat to be seen but our solitary steamer. A plank road led up to the city a little way but when we had followed it a few blocks we found they were just ploughing the remainder and taking out the big stones which grew there.

We are now in sight of a chain of fine snow mountains to the west of us. It is cold and blowy and your Father is just getting out his winter overcoat and finds it feels good. We have a good many warm things, but I fear not enough for Alaska. However, our first officer, Mr. Harrison, says it will be warmer in Alaska and we try to believe him. The grub is poor.

If we go to the theatre this evening I will try to write about it, after we get back. The ship spends the night at Victoria.

With love to all
your Mother

Peril Straits, Alaska
Sunday, June 13, 1892

This is our return trip through this channel from Sitka bound for Glacier Bay. Let me go back to Juneau of which I gave an imaginary description before landing which proved pretty accurate. But reality is usually more interesting than fiction. The Juneau people who have a Presbyterian Church and mission and minister were quite enthusiastic over the arrival of a whole shipload of Presbyterians and "tendered a reception" in their public hall, to which we were summoned by the exuberant music of a native brass band. The clergy went in force and were mostly invited to sit upon the platform, a solid phalanx of orthodox virtue which thought well of itself as belonging to the elect. The Juneau minister made a good speech welcoming the visitors and assuring them they need not be afraid of Alaskans who were good men and did not carry revolvers, all impressions of tourists to the contrary notwithstanding. He pointed with pride to the row of citizens who sat in the front row of the gallery as a set of men who had come out here from good Eastern homes resolved to make their fortunes and not to go back till they had done it - "Men with feelings just like ours" - he added. They were, he admitted, men with rough exteriors but with their hearts in the right places. I wish I could send you a photo of that front row. I don't know where they kept their hearts, - probably in the correct position, a little under the left ribs. But they did look determined to make their pile and not to stand any nonsense which might prevent their doing so, and I am firmly convinced that as sure as their hearts were to the left front, their revolvers were to the right back of every individual man. The band played "Nearer My God To Thee!" in a very slow and plaintive manner and then the Methodist, sole exception to the Presbytery, was by courtesy invited to speak first and did it well. He said that "there was never a Methodist who was backward to come forward," and then spoke in a cordial warm-hearted way to the Alaskans. Then Dr. Radcliffe of Detroit, (whom we heard preach in Keene Valley last summer about the garden of the Lord; text from the Solomon's song) made a bright but rather too jaunty address and we came away leaving our Presbyterian friends to sit out the afternoon. I trust they took the hint broadly conveyed in one of the placards of welcome adorning the Hall, "We furnish the opening, - You the capital."

We went up the board walk which led up the hill and found a school where some Indian boys and girls are boarded and trained going for their lessons to the Government school opposite. Some nice looking little Indian girls were baking bread and cookies, very busy getting ready for a free day on Saturday. We asked the way to the Auk village, the abode of an Indian tribe so named and an Indian boy was sent with us to show the way. He said his English name was Joseph but his Indian name was Chitacha, pronounced with a strong guttural. he was a Chileat, quite good-looking and intelligent and speaking English fairly well. We reached the village which lay upon a little beach by a round about route and surprised some half naked little Indian boys who scampered into the houses to get away.

The people generally had shut themselves up, though many had probably gone to the town to see to the tourists. All was dirt and forlornity, though some of the houses had pretensions to size and adornment even. One woman shook a basket at us through a window. The house of Kow-El, the chief, who died last year, had his name over the door, but the door and windows were boarded up. They burned his body when he died and we saw a picture of him lying dead in state in all his wampum and war paint.

One canoe was leaving the beach, an Indian in rubber boots holding it steady, a woman sitting in the bottom and another squaw loaded with bags and bundles wading out with bare legs and feet. She threw her things in the boat, stepped in herself out of the cold water, and immediately began to paddle. Just a little picture as I remember it. But I cannot make you see it. Joseph led the way back and we parted with some regret on my part. I like boys, Indian as well as white.

In the town again, we saw an Indian widow crouching on the pavement, her face painted purple, a nose ring in her nose and a black handkerchief tied around her head. She was not only hideous but conscious of the abasement of widow-hood and avoided our eyes. We found the shops full of Indians and the whole place a barbarous and crude scene. We started for a walk immediately in the direction of the mission, and found at the gate of the School enclosure a bright-looking Indian boy in neat blue uniform who undertook to guide us to the Indian River, which we had been told would be a

pretty walk. Roderick Davis stepped off in a soldierly way and some of us found it hard to keep up with him. The path wound along the shore, shaded by spruce and hemlock with their fresh green tips, and with occasional glimpses out to sea and toward the resplendent crater of Edgecombe. We soon reached the mouth of a clear stream emerging from the mountains and rippling into the sea, every pebble shining through the crystal water. It looked so tempting that we asked Roderick to lead us on some path along its bank, and we presently found ourselves taking a regular Adirondack walk, boggy in spots and corduroyed here and there, but among the finest trees with mossy trunks and ferns and wild flowers at their feet. Some enormous snails crawling in the path were the only unfamiliar feature unless I except the color of the water which, instead of being amber like the Ausable, was bluish, as snow-water is apt to be. We came to some cascades and then to a place where they take the water to the Mission and then the path led around again to the Mission itself where Roderick was in haste to take part in the flag drill, arranged to interest the visitors. This mission is sustained by the Presbyterian Church with some government aid, and seems to be an excellent one, doing a most salutary work among the Indians. These Indians in Sitka and of course especially at the school are the best we have seen, good natured and clean and prosperous looking. The children at the school interested us very much. They gave an entertainment in which each child spoke for one of the States. Roderick spoke for Indiana, and we applauded him heartily. We took a great fancy to this boy. There is one Eskimo child in the school about five years old who was sent around to shake hands with the visitors. He was dressed in a full suit of fur with a little white fur hood, and his rosy cheeks and fine black eyes made a pretty contrast. He had a gentle manner and whispered his name, "Little Wolf," in a way that inspired no terror. He looked so sweet and clean and rosy and had such cunning ways that I kissed him before I knew it. We went into their Indian Museum where there were many curious and interesting things. A quaint old organ of fine tone was a relic of Russian days. There were many Eskimo articles and these seemed to interest our Indian boys very much, while they passed by Indian curios with no attention whatever. I suppose we do just the same in similar circumstances. When we emerged from the buildings we found a brass band of

Indian boys of the school playing in the open air, and they afterwards gave us a serenade at the steamer. Whenever we saw them their bearing was soldierly and self-respecting, and their manners extremely courteous. In fact I don't know where I have seen a set of boys and young men whose manner conveyed an equally well-balanced sense of respect for others and for self.

The next morning we fell into the hands of the curio-dealers and wasted our substance so that we were glad when the ship sailed.

On our way north we went up as far as Chilcar, passing the Davidson Glacier, and without landing at Chilcar, which is only a muddy Indian village, we returned down the beautiful bay whose splendid mountains were low-veiled in mists and proceeded direct to Sitka. The Muir Glacier would naturally have come in our way down but the Captain thought we had better wait for finer weather and go to Sitka first. Accordingly we wound our way through the twistings and windings of Peril Straits and arrived at Sitka at about seven in the evening. The volcanic mountain of Edgecombe, which lies opposite the town across the Bay was peering out of a beautiful soft blanket of sea fog wrapped around its sides and base and shining in the Sunset light like the Golden Fleece. The bay is protected from the outer sea by a chain of beautiful little rocky islands, greenly wooded. The town stretches away on each side from the landing along the shore - to one side the Indian village with its rows of canoes and its chorus of howling dogs, to the other, the rows of neat homes ending in the Mission or Indian School. The business street of the town begins at a pretty green square with a government building just opposite the wharf, where the U.S. flag and the Russian were flying in proximity and on a hill to the right is the old Baranoff Castle where the Russians had a club house in the old days. The green spire and onion dome of the little Greek Church give a foreign touch to the picture. Behind is a circle of fine mountains, and in the harbor lay a number of Uncle Sam's ships with their jaunty crews. In the fine clear light it was a most charming scene.

June 14, 1892

Why did I waste time on poor, ugly Juneau? We saw lovely Sitka and yet I wrote of Juneau. And now we are just from the Muir Glacier and shall I write of Sitka? No, that must wait for another time. This morning we are returning through Frederick Sound, and as high tide is needed for the narrow channel ahead we are slowly creeping along, killing time. The engine is barely pulling. The sea is like glass, the air balmy and we are enjoying the peaceful stillness amid these mountains in their long snowy chains, while we approach the Baird and the Pattison Glaciers which we saw a few days ago in rain and mist. Will they be as impressive under the sunshine?

We had an exciting and intensely interesting evening while slowly making our way through the ice into Glacier Bay. The evening was cold and the sunset shed its glory from under the lid of heavy grey clouds. It was a strange effect, like a golden gate opened into another world of mountains and sea more glorious than ours, "the sea of glass," "the light that never was on sea or shore." We were permitted to gaze at this golden vision. Long after midnight the light lingered while we steered our way between the icebergs now "Port a bit" now "Starboard hard," while the voice of the man at the wheel answered cheerily to the order from the bridge, "Port a bit, Sir." the Captain and the Second officer each with a glass stood there together for a long time, scanning the doubtful way puzzled by strange reflections from the shore and by the moving, changing forms of ice ahead, while slowly, very slowly the twilight thickened. Behind the bridge, huddled together, were a crowd of half-frozen passengers, all too much excited to stir from the spot except to thaw out occasionally at the smoke stack. The wind was icy but there we stayed till nearly two. Many lingered an hour longer, and others rose again at four to see the sun rise over the glacier, in front of which we had anchored by that time. But the mists were thick and nothing rewarded their enthusiasm. We realized we were to be there all day and saved our strength for the glacier.

Now we are in front of the Pattison Glacier and barely moving. The element of mystery we had the other day is lacking but the beauty is perfect.

The mountains are exquisitely blue and white and softly mirrored in this glassy sea. Lovely green islands frame the foreground. The glacier has many great tributaries which fill the mountain basins and brim over in great rivers of ice, pouring down the slopes. There seems to be a great deal of snow lying in broad fleecy expanses. I speak of blue and green and white, but there is a haze on water and mountains which deepens all the tones and gives an indescribable tender sweetness to the lovely scene. It is a delight to be able to see it all so quietly. We are like a boat becalmed. And now I must return to the Muir.

At Glacier Bay the steamer anchors about two miles below the Glacier which forms a gigantic wall across the end of the bay, three miles wide and about two hundred feet high. The passengers are taken ashore in boats, five of which were plying to and from all day. Landing on a little beach flanked by a lateral moraine from which the glacier has receded, we decided to go first to the foot of the glacier on the beach, and found that view very impressive. It enables you to see that the face of the front wall is not a straight line but projects very much toward the middle and is deeply indented at several points which are doubtless constantly changing as the ice breaks off and falls into the sea. This is going on constantly, and the loud reports of plunging ice and spouting water are a constant excitement to the observer. The glacier fired a salute about the time we arrived, but we think from the reports we read from other travelers that there was less falling in than usual during the day we were there, though it was fortunately a warm and brilliant day. Probably the preceding closed and cold weather had affected it, as the bay itself was very free of ice, though we found so much outside, and all the ice we saw on our way proceeded from this and the neighboring Pacific glacier. There was one great projecting mass near the center whose downfall we hoped for all day, but it did not come. Looking across this ice-wall you see sharp peaks and minarets of fantastic form, blue caves beneath, and all the strange architecture and color which belong to the great city of the Ice-King. Wherever surface ice falls, glittering gems of turquoise and opal are revealed. The heart of the glacier is deep intense blue of a peculiar greenish shade. The surface is white as Carrara marble and full of bluish shadows, while in form it is jagged and deeply crevassed.

The surrounding mountains of solid, rich brown rock are scored to their summit by glacial action, while the long stretches of moraine, extending on each side of the Bay seaward, bear witness that the glacier is shrinking and receding. Someone estimates that it has already receded one hundred miles, - a rough guess of course - but it is evident that its present enormous extent is but a vestige of former grandeur. Having made its acquaintance by going close to the base and picking off a stone, where presently afterward a mass of ice fell, we retraced our steps along the beach and started up the moraine for a walk upon the glacier itself. As we ascended, mountain peaks began to peer at us over the glacier wall, growing higher and higher as we rose. A long walk over the cobble and gravel of the moraine and over the same still embedded in ice and at last we were upon the ice itself, quite good walking and an easy ascent. But presently the tiny crevasses spread into deep cuts and then we came to some clear canals or winding little lakes of glacial water, lying exquisitely blue in the hollows of the crevasses. There spread out the wide arena of the mountains, perhaps fifty peaks each turning a shining snow slope toward the glacier, and sending down its tributary to the mighty frozen torrent which spread for miles before us, sweeping in great curves round obstructing masses of rock and combining, like Niagara, its several streams before making the final plunge into the Bay. But Niagara is a mountain rill beside it. You can never imagine this sublime tremendous scene. Even sight is bewildered before it.

We returned to the ship for luncheon and devoured some tough and wholly indigestible Hamburg sausages, pronouncing them delicious and never being obliged to think of them again. The air was keenly stimulating and I could have eaten a stone. Then we went back to the shore and walked again to the foot of the glacier, which looked a warmer color under the afternoon light. Two canoes full of Indians had followed us into the bay and now the squaws were squatting on the beach, selling baskets and little canoes and eating bits of cracker and salt fish which had been given them at the ship. They had a nasty little dog who flew at my ankles and when my back was turned snapped at my hand. I bought a tiny basket and a stone medicine charm. Each was a "quattah." Everything else cost "one dollah." The steamer's whistle called all hands on board and at seven we weighed anchor, steamed close

up to the glacier, tooted our whistle impudently in the vain attempt to dislodge the big iceberg, then out again into Icy Straits. We put space between us and the ice wall, the mountains began to rise over its rim and soon the pageant of the mountain arena with its rough icy floor was seen again in new splendor under the rosy light of evening. We watched it over the steamer's stern slowly receding into shades and mists, convinced that never again on earth would our eyes behold anything so sublime and glorious.

This afternoon we are again winding through narrow straits. A little steamboat just hailed us to take on a missionary who is going to visit a mission on the outer sea. A naval officer, Mr. Emmons, who was on this boat chatted pleasantly with our captain. A canoe full of Indians followed this boat out and put some ten people on board of her. These little scenes are happening every day and give much novelty to the trip apart from its scenery.

And now June 15th, 5 P.M. We are speeding along down Johnstone Straits and expect to be at Victoria tomorrow night. Take the Alaska map I sent you a good while ago and trace our course. The only variation from the prescribed route was in going from Chilcat straight to Sitka, and then from Sitka back to the Muir Glacier. I fear my account of things, with several places out of their right connection may puzzle you a good deal. I mailed one letter at Juneau, and don't know whether it goes down by this steamer or earlier or later. Of course it precedes this which is a journal rather than a letter. We have gotten fairly rested and are feeling very well and cheerful, though I am extremely anxious for news from home. The possibility that Ward was exposed to Scarlet Fever has been on my mind all the time. How I want to see you all and embrace you all, my dear, dear children. God bless you and keep you safe and sound.

We have a good set of passengers and fine many people to enjoy among them. Aunt Molly is good as gold and the greatest comfort in life. She is very funny about the people and daily asks the names of some she has seen from the start. She has a swell acquaintance on board, Mr. Pierson Beebe, a great

stutterer. Her deferential manner of listening to him is perfectly killing. Your father is sleeping or he would send love. Take mine, in quantities.

Lovingly, Mother

Fountain Hotel
Yellowstone Park
June 28, 1892

My dear little Ruth,

We are getting near the end of our journey, and I am growing very impatient to be at home again and see all of my dear children, and nothing will seem sweeter or more homelike than to hug my baby. And talking of hugging, you would be very much surprised to find yourself boarding in the same hotel with a bear as we did last night; - not a tame bear at the end of a chain, we have seen plenty of those and the other day found two waltzing round the yard of an officer's house at the Hot Springs, of whom one ran nimbly up a tree and the other came to the fence and chewed the end of my parasol. No, one fellow boarded at the Paper Hotel was a real wild bear. About dusk he came walking out of the woods toward the house. A good many people gathered to see him, but he is accustomed to that, for he comes down every night, being a friend of the cook's and perfectly welcome and well aware what time dinner is over. So he walked along looking at us as we did at him - a good big brown bear, - and had almost reached the kitchen door, when some provoking person ran at him and frightened him, so that he turned and trotted off quite nimbly into the woods again. But the hotel keeper said that he would be sure to come back again by and by as he never failed to come every night for his supper.

They say there are several thousand elk and about 200 buffalo in this Park, but we have not yet been fortunate enough to see any of them, except three big elk and one cunning little fawn who had died of starvation this spring and fallen into the canyon. There was a great deal of snow last winter and it was hard for them to get any food. But they told us at the Canyon Hotel that the day before we were there a herd of two or three hundred elk came down grazing close to the hotel on a green slope. The

night we got there, one of the stage drivers went into the shed where he intended to sleep, but came out again pretty fast when he found a bear in his bed. The bear was polite and came out too, not wishing to intrude, I suppose, and so the man had his bed after all. It was a lovely sunny morning when we came away from that beautiful place, and we drove out through a fine gorge called the Golden Gate, where the rocks are made very rich in color by a gold-colored lichen which grows on them. Soon after we came out of this gorge, we were driving along through some fine park-like meadows, broken by clumps of bushes, when we saw a large tawny animal trotting gently along through an open place. He looked at us and did not seem alarmed at all, and we were for a moment puzzled as to what he could be. He was about as large as Bruce, perhaps rather taller but not so heavy in build, about the color of Brunhilda, but shaped like a big cat, with round head straight back and long tail. Our driver said it was a mountain lion and that there were plenty of them in the Park. Of course we told the people in the other stages what we had seen, but we could not get any of them to believe us. However, since we came into this Geyser region we have seen so many wonderful things that we are all ready to believe anything.

We have many kinds of lovely flowers here and spring and autumn flowers bloom at the same time. There are quantities of blue fringed gentians, painted cup anemones, dandelions, and other things we do not have at home. Mosquitos are also very abundant and we all wear nets over our heads, day and night and gloves on our hands. Goodnight my little darling. How your Mother is longing to see you!

Yellowstone National Park
Fountain Geyser Basin Hotel

June 28, 1892

My dear Marjory,

This letter ought to be dated "The Infernal Regions." The crust of the earth is so thin in these parts that you feel you are liable to break through anywhere and disappear into a boiling sea. What would you think of a waterfall of boiling

water tumbling down into a cool river, of a volcano with a great crater full of blue water violently boiling and agitated, or of a suddenly spouting, boiling fountain, rushing madly up into the air and throwing out hot rivers which speedily cover a great hillside. We have seen today not only all these wonders but also a hundred beautiful pools in the crust, whose colors vie with the rainbow in their exquisite colors. The Prismatic Lake is one of the most perfect of these. The rim is orange, bordered with Pompeian red, and this shades through pink and purple and green to the most exquisite azure blue. A soft vapor steals over the surface which veils but does not hide the dancing quivering lights and colors which play over and through the water under the sunshine. How I wish you could see some of these wonders!

We started early this morning to meet an appointment with the Riverside Geyser. Aunt Molly & I had hardly reached the spot when instead of the Riverside, several other little geysers, the Face and the Mortar, began to spout their fanciful jets, all full of rainbows. Riverside would not budge so we went on a walk to visit some of the beautiful colored lakes and pools. One is called the Emerald and deserves its name, and another the Sunshine which seems almost to radiate light. When we first reached the Upper Basin last night the Castle Geyser was constantly expected to play, and as it has a picturesque formation, we were anxious to see it. But though it bubbled and steamed, it postponed the expected eruption and kept us so long on the watch that we gave it up in disgust. But this morning as we emerged from the woods after our walk, lo and behold!, there was the old Castle just beginning to play, and we had a fine time watching its fountain and the following steam jets in the splendid sunshine. Later we saw Old Faithful and the Lion and this evening the Fountain which with a magnificent sunset behind it is the finest of all.

We stayed last night in a queer little hotel, built with a wooden frame and finished inside with paper. If it caught fire, it would go like a flash. But it didn't.

And now I must hurry up and go to bed, because we are to start early in the morning and stage forty-two miles back to the hot Springs, and the next day we leave this wonderful place and take the cars for home. I want to write dear Dolly about

the Sunday we had at the canyon. Every day has been bright and splendid, but that day was the most beautiful and inspiring one.

With warmest love to all
Ever your devoted Mother

We travel so fast and walk so much it is hard to write at all.

Northern Pacific R.R.
Stutsman County, Dakota
July 1, 1892

My dear Milly,

I believe this county was the one in which Dick Platt tried his experiment in ranching and I have been thinking of him a good deal all the way as we have travelled over these wide plains, so fruitful and so sparsely settled, with the rude cabins of the ranchers, the ruder homes of the miners and the nomadic life of campers to emphasize the rawness and the newness of this state. Poor Dick, he was a brave boy after all to stick to it as well as he did for two years. I should hate to try it for as long as he did.

We had a glorious week in Yellowstone Park, every day clear and resplendent and the mountain air constantly stimulating to exertion though it was so dry and alkaline that our lips and noses were most irritated. The Canyon was the beautiful part of it and our thoughts will often be busy with its beautiful pictures. The geysers are extraordinary and wonderful but they keep you so on the jump running from one to another to see them go off that there is no peace and quiet in their presence. Yesterday when we returned to the Hot Springs we were startled at first with the very wonderful and really exquisite coloring and forms in the deposit or formation as they call it.

Yesterday morning when about to leave the springs by stage to take the train at Cinnebar, we telegraphed Dan McCaw at Livingston to meet us at the train on our arrival there. Instead of that, however, he came up to Cinnabar and spent the two hours going down on the train with us. He told us many interesting things about the country and the scenery on the way down which is most impressive and interesting.

And now let me return to Livingston and tell you some more about our South Manchester boys. When we arrived Willy McCaw and Mr. Talcott were on hand. Talcott is a tall, thin fellow with dark eyes and a rather plaintive face and he also used to be in Cousin William's store 9 or 10 years ago. Mr. Talcott is Mayor of the town, twice elected and Dan McCaw is Cashier of the Park National Bank. William did not seem to have arrived at any honors and looked fatter and stodgier than ever. They brought round a nice three-seated carriage and drove us about the place, explaining its rapid growth and prosperity. It is a beautifully situated town with the mountain ranges in sight, always snow capped and the Yellowstone River with a canyon reaching up toward Paradise Valley and Emigrants' Peak, one of the prominent points of the Rockies. We saw a Rocky mountain sheep, a veritable "mouflon," tied to a fence in a matter of fact way, and a very cross and growly mountain lion now shut up in a cage because she once chewed up a little boy who became too familiar. There was a dealer in furs and Indian curios who had some superb skins and horns, among them the skin "of the largest grizzly ever shot in the Rockies," which was bought by a Mr. Burgess, one of our Raymonds for \$250. If it was really an unpieced skin it was a most astonishing one, large enough to cover the biggest ox you ever saw. There were also pairs of elk horns for which the man wanted \$1,000, with a spread of 7 or 8 feet. I kept thinking of your Uncle Knight and how keenly he would appreciate such things. At Mandan, Dakota, we also saw many fine animals, birds and horns superbly set up. This was the place Phil Stewart told us about, and where he proposes to send some moufflon heads and horns to be set up for your Father, if he succeeds in finding now a pair he saw on the Okanogan River. He persuaded F.W.C. to let him buy for us. I hope we may get them but feel doubtful of it.

Dakota's "Bad Lands" are more interesting to the tourist than her good lands. There is an immense stretch of country ridged with Buttes or abrupt rocky hill up in ledges. In once section the rock of these Buttes is vermilion red, and as the hills are clothed half way with green grass the contrast is most striking. Today we went to church at St. Mark's nearby because we were late. They had a progressive young rector with poor delivery whom your Father and Aunt Molly did not pretend to listen to. I found him earnest and helpful and liked his quoting Phillips Brooks, and his zeal for parish work.

After service we walked over to the Guaranty Building, an enormous structure 12 stories high with a restaurant on the top floor and a "hanging garden" on the roof. The view of this extensive city is inspiring and interesting. The grain industry speaks through the great stone flour mills and the enormous grain elevators. We walked afterwards to the Falls of St. Anthony, which are concealed by buildings and tracks, but we saw scores of these famous mills, built entirely of stone, with their railroad tracks at their very doors. It is not only a big industry but a good and dignified one. After lunch we took our Raymond drive and saw the fine streets with their cozy homes and their grander palaces, the curving boulevards winding out among three or four beautiful lakes, the crowds of quiet people enjoying a Sunday outing at Lake Harriet, where a hundred boats skim over the waters and where there is an enormous popular casino, with unlimited peanuts and lemonade but no beer and no music. This made the crowds seem rather purposeless and kept them constantly moving about in a restless way.

Lovingly, your Mother

Minneapolis
July 3, 1892

My dearest Dolly,

I promised to write you about the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone and I am afraid it will never be done if not tonight, so while premature crackers are banging and your Father is snoring an accompaniment I will try to tell you something of our last Sunday, which was very different from this, except in being a clear and brilliant day.

The Yellowstone is a swift river flowing over a bed of soft limestone rock. Year by year it has been cutting and wearing away this stone and working out for itself a deeper channel, till it is now some 800 or 1000 feet down, at the bottom of a narrow and winding gorge. The rocks under sun and weather have taken the most brilliant colors and are in some places yellow shading to rich brown or red softening to purple or here and there sulphur and orange tints streaked with pink. Their forms are

most irregular and jagged, and crags and pinnacles are left projecting on which the eagles build their nests. From above you can look down on these wild habitations and see an eaglet or two in the nest. After posing long upon the edge one young bird will at last try his pinions, sweeping in airy circles in the canyon, and calling to his more timid sister to follow. She too flies at length, but not over the dizzy height of the chasm. her circle is a small one and brings her back to the nest.

When we arrived at the canyon we jumped from the stage before reaching the hotel, and seeing a signboard "To the Lower Fall" we immediately took the path down the steep hill to the little platform at the head of the fall. Here you are close by the water as it takes its great leap down into the lower canyon. The water is clear green and looks very solid as it plunges. But a little above are dancing waves and circles where the waters madly press on and then try to turn back after it is too late. We found down there sitting quietly on the edge of the platform a man who did not speak or look up unless spoken to, and whom we saw afterwards in other beautiful spots equally absorbed and forgetful of all but the beauty of the scene. Afterwards we decided he was an English man, a plain working man in some mechanics profession perhaps, and indifferent to the notice or opinion of others. He told one of the men, after a time, that he had been four days at the Canyon and had spent every afternoon at the Falls. In marked contrast with this quiet love of nature was a Professor Jacobus of our party, who is one of these Kodak fiends. While we were there he came running down the path, adjusted his instrument, snapped it off at the chasm, never once turned to look at the Fall, but rushed away to "press the button" somewhere else. These photographers have no time to enjoy nature themselves. They are thinking only of their picture.

Well, we had a beautiful hour at the Fall with the sunlight full upon it, and were most glad we took it so.

When we went to the house we found it was so placed that the chasm was invisible. From the green hill on which it stands you look right across to a beautiful green park-like country, where sometimes herds of elk come to graze, but where, for the want of a bridge, no one ever goes. Those fields are

all dressed in living green and backed by hills clothed in rich green forest, beyond which again are the sharp tops of snowy mountains, these fields I say seem like the land of Canaan and those mountains like the Delectable Mountains.

On Sunday morning we took a beautiful walk from point to point along the brink of the Canyon. The air was clear and the sunlight resplendent. How it touched those brilliant rocks and made them glow and change, how rich, how gorgeous were those splendid shapes of water-hewn rock. I can never tell you, my little Dolly, but I shall dream of it many and many a time, and some day I hope you will see it.

I wished for you that day with your nimble feet, for we did a great deal of walking and climbing. In the afternoon we went to the charming Upper Fall with its rapids and rainbows, again to the Lower Fall, and again to Point Lookout. We stopped only when darkness fell and we crawled into bed.

Goodnight darling child. We shall hope to be with you a week from tonight and how good it will seem to hug you all and see your dear faces.

Most lovingly, Mother .

(Noah Porter, President of Yale University, to Mr. James Estes)

You will remember that I promised to let Mrs. Estes know in case my sister's lot should be offered for sale. I am now prepared to say that she will sell it for \$1500, it being understood that in accordance with your promise there goes with it the right of using the spring which empties into the brook in the rear of the same. You will also remember that the last time I conversed with you on the subject, you said that additional water could be supplied from the same source from which Mr. Warfield's lot is supplied.

I state these points that there may be a definite understanding about what was agreed upon by us.

Yours truly,

Noah Porter

Sarah Porter, Founder of The Porter School

Farmington, August 5

My dear Mary,

Although my place at Keene Valley is no less dear to me than ever and the thought of the lovely view brings rest and peace - I am quite sure now that I should never build a house there. The demands here from year to year forbid it - and I am now too old to make it reasonable (difficult as it is to believe this). But I should greatly dislike to give it up, unless to someone whom I love - and who would, as it were, but continue my ownership of it - and I have not considered the question of parting with it until 2 or 3 weeks ago. Sarah Dunham asked me for the refusal of it whenever I should wish to let it go. I cannot think of any other person to whom I should so like to know was enjoying it for summer rest as you - indeed it would be an abiding pleasure to think of it as yours - and the enjoyment and refreshment which your father and mother found there years ago seem to give you a claim to it. I will therefore sell it either to you or to Sarah at what shall be considered a reasonable price and shall be glad to have kept it for either of you - but I shall be especially happy

if you have it. I think Sarah is already in Keene Valley and I leave it to you to talk over the matter with her. I am quite ignorant as to its value - I suppose it is, on the whole as valuable as any place in the valley - but I do not know what has been lately given for house places. If you still wish to take this you will, I think, inquire and write to me.

I am delighted to know that your summer is so satisfactory and I am, dear Mary,

with unchanging love,
yours, Sarah Porter

Keene Valley, July 17, 1893

The family had two or three days of settled life and Mary "has been taking things easily and enjoying a great deal of repose, favored in part by two showery afternoons, Sunday and today." She "took to the hammock after dinner and never stirred till three hours had gone by. I read and dozed and watched the clouds with a most delicious sense that there were no demands upon me of any kind." ... in the evening there was a wonderful play of lightning succeeded by northern lights, a promise of clear weather.

Keene Valley, July 24, 1893

Some cold weather set in and induced all to hug the fireplace in the morning and evening. "The clouds hang low, veiling the mountains and though the wind has been northwest for two days and the air in the Valley extremely clear, yet this aqueous condition continues in the upper air strata. Last evening all the high tops were inky black while the lower hills were touched with brilliant lights, giving strange and weird effects. Mary Dunham came to tea this evening but Cornelius Dunham was obliged to leave on Saturday, called home on business. "I am afraid this business panic is keeping you on the qui-vive and perhaps more anxious than you would like to say. It seems to be extending gradually, but as there is no really good reason for it, no hollowness or want of real prosperity, I feel as if it would not run very far. Perhaps that is my ignorance."

The boys did two mountains and "I mean to begin this week getting in trim. When you are coming up I hope you will take your most comfortable pair of thick old shoes, have them made snug around the instep with some new elastic, and an extra slice of sole put on, then have some hobnails put in. You will be surprised what a difference it will make with your walking. You must buy some thick but soft woolen stockings, two or three nice flannel shirts, a sweater and a light felt hat and your outfit will be complete. I cannot attempt to keep up with the boys and Milly, and Ruth is often my only companion. She sends you some pennyroyal which she says is more fragrant dried than fresh. I hope you will find it so. The children are picking and arranging wild flowers, a pretty sight. There are quantities about us here and the rocky knolls are covered with ferns and mosses. This is a lovely spot. You and Horace had better desert the ship pretty soon. You want us and we want you."

Keene Valley, July 31, 1893

Our time slips away as usual in a very easygoing way. The boys to be sure did the Gothics last Friday, all returning over the same trail which starts near the Lower lake. All except Ward and Frank who returned over the slides on the north face of the mountain, striking down thru the forest till they came to John's Brook then taking the trail for home.

What do you think I had better do in this state of the money market about my intended purchase on Sunset Hill? You know I dropped it last winter, not being quite sure of the lines of the lot offered by James Estes. It is evident to us all, however, that what he offers is just what is needed to complete the property. It is nearly 8 acres and he wants \$2,000 for it, and may take \$1,800. He values all slightly spots in the Valley now at about \$250 and, being assessor, is taxing them at that value. The Lowrys have had a sad experience in having a friend tuck in a house under their very nose on an insignificant little lot. As to my means, I have \$1000 in the Mercantile Bank and I don't know what my balance is at Cheney Bros. I

want to settle the matter up before you come and not have you bothered about it after you get here.

With ever constant love, your wife,

Mary Bushnell Cheney

A lovely rainbow, with the pot of gold on Sunset Hill.

Keene Valley, August 6, 1893

Mary went up Cockscomb on Sunday, her first attempt at a mountain. The boys were cutting over the trail, and as they proceeded slowly, it was a favorable time to go. "We had a lovely view from the top, but I had only the younger children with me there and wished for someone with a soul above blueberries to enjoy it with me." The boys, Austin, Frank, Ward and Leslie climbed Dix camping on the Bouquet and building their own shelter, returning on foot all the way home in intense heat.

Dr. and Mrs Parker arrived and "I long for you to be here and hear the interesting and delightful conversations."

Keene Valley, August 11, 1893

Within two weeks F.W.C. had been to New York, Fenwick, Boston, New London twice, Watch Hill and home between times. How do you like the President's message? I suspect that clause about the tariff will keep all the manufacturers in a state of suspense; but the rest of the message reads well. (Mary needed money and asked for a check for \$500 in favor of Byron Estes.) I owe him about \$100 and he will give me cash for the rest. A Presbyterian clergyman named Taylor, a man with red hair and a pale face is wanting to buy a part of Sunset Hill, some of that which James Estes offers me. I suspect I have got to buy it to keep out the Presbyterian invasion. Mr. Estes allows me to suspend my decision until September. The land is valued by Mr. Estes and Dr. Lowry and Frank Parker and others at about \$250 an acre. I hate to bother you about this, but I have got to, or else lose the chance to own the hill in its entirety. Shall I wait for you to come or settle it now?

Keene Valley, August 16, 1893

The Parkers left yesterday and Mrs. Parker was a good deal benefitted by the visit. She is a very sweet, sunny and patient invalid, and bears her trying limitations with a cheerfulness which is worthy of all admiration. Dr. Parker gave us all much more than we could give him, in pleasant converse with young and old. I was glad to have the children join in some real conversation after all the rattle and clatter that goes on among the young folks. Last Sunday he gave us a very inspiring sermon about choosing high ground on which to fight the battles of life. I never heard him speak with so much real force and spirit and everyone was delighted with the sermon, especially our boys. The young people including Fanny and the two MacIntosh girls went up Cockscomb. At tea the whole crowd assembled at our tea table and we all had fine appetites. Mr. Dunham had come home with us and there was lots of wisdom to be imbibed. I read them what you said in your letter to Milly and they were immensely diverted thereby. The day taken altogether was a rare one. Austin and Frank spent three days at the Lakes with Mr. Louis Tiffany's family. They had a fine time and liked Mr. Tiffany very much. He has a good deal of quiet fun in him.

Keene Valley, August 22, 1893

I have not heard from you in reply to the letter from me asking for money. I have now got down to my last ten dollars and shall have to run in debt to the small tradesmen. Please send five checks for \$100 each. I may be able in that way to get currency from Estes, Eggesfield or Beede. This is getting serious when you can't get a little ready money for your bread and butter. I don't like having you so much alone with all these worries on your mind. As to the land, we must drop that until better times.

Keene Valley, August 22, 1893

On Friday we went to the Lakes with a party of nine and three guides and stayed three days. Today we went to East Hill in Harvey Washbond's four-seated

buckboard. The young men and Peggy and Dolly climbed Hurricane, while Nellie (Welch), Milly, Ruth and I took the walk along the ledges and a beautiful walk it is. I never saw the clouds more rich and magnificent than today. The sunlight streamed aslant them and the mountainsides and the range of peaks never were finer. We had the finest possible time and came home singing in the very best of spirits. Bruce went with us, all the way even to the top of Hurricane but was fain to ride part of the way home. Tomorrow we are going up Hopkins with quite a large party to spend the day taking our lunch as we did today.

Keene Valley, August 24, 1893

Your previous letter containing the check for \$500 was duly received and also the later one with the disagreeable news about Dick Platt. Your letter though so quiet in its way seems to me to savor of depression and I think it is high time you got off to the hills for your vacation. Try and come with Charley and Mary and Lucy and Horace. Then we could have our whole tribe together here and do some walking in the fine September weather.

Last evening while we were carrying on, Frank performing a brilliant trombone solo on a comb, and we all gaily marching around to the music of Schneider's Band which Archie plays so splendidly, the Rev. Mr. Taylor came in to see me about Sunset Hill. He has been very urgent that we should make our purchase together, but I have decided to let it alone for this year and he may possibly buy the whole, including what really belongs to the territory of Sunset Hill, in which case he would sell it again for a building site probably. But so long as you don't take an interest in the Hill it is not worthwhile for me, except that the value of what I have already bought would be less in case of another purchaser coming in. Byron is very good about letting me have what currency he has, and will doubtless let me have checks to cover some small bills, which with his own bill will soon amount to the \$500. Our family eats a lot here, and teams and guides are expensive though we have tried to be careful in those respects. Our life is as simple as it well could be and there is no frizzle frazzle about it. Ward gets a great deal out of life in the woods and he and Austin are as

tough and strong as pine knots. Even young Frank can swing an axe like a woodsman and Dave is especially proud of the size of the chips he can make fly. I don't know what is best to do for him about California, but it has been a good thing for him to be at home this summer. As to Leslie I wrote Mrs. Thacher about his going out with her about October 6th (to the Thacher School). We cannot do better than to let him go with her, and the two innocents will take care of each other.

In May, 1896 Mary Bushnell and Frank Woodbridge Cheney sailed for Europe on the Norddeutsche Lloyd liner, Kaiser Wilhelm, taking their son, Seth Leslie, with them. They planned to meet their sixth son, Ward, in Europe after his graduation from Yale.

Sunday Noon.

May 17th, 22 1/4 hours at sea, 40^o41 m.N., Lat. 66.33 W.
Long 334 Knots, Distance to Gibraltar 2966 m.

Waked by the band playing German Church Hymns outside our door. Day delicious, warm with gentle breeze. Dr. Parker had his prayer book on deck and read and talked a little in low tones to Mrs. Parker and me about the Whitsunday selections. They were beautiful and full of suggestion. The Spirit is spoken of as the Spirit of Truth, a Spirit which shall teach us all things, an informer, enlightening spirit.

Leslie has made many friends in the course of the day. He introduced his room-mate Signor Ortiza, an educated Italian gentleman, tall, fine looking, face a little like J. B. Olcott. Seems to be in the party of a little Princess who is treated with much respect on board but looks like any little woman. . . . We also talked with the Captain, the same Capt. Stoermer with whom I crossed on the Travet in '88. His skin is a rich crimson, all veined with currents and gulf-streams of purple blood, and though it never pales the color may deepen with passing choler or with a burst of jolly laughter. . . . We saw two pretty little flying fish, tossed aside by the prow of the ship and skimming off like devils darning needles over a pond, their fine wings looking gauzy and transparent. Mother Carey's chickens followed us all day, also a little swallow came aboard blown off shore and tired out. . . . The Captain came and talked with us a long time in the evening and proved highly intelligent and agreeable. The band played a fine march which he said was called the Storming March of the Prussian army. . . . He explained with a good deal of insight into his national character that if you wish to rouse a German to heroism you must make him weep. "If he cries first, he can fight." "Hurt his feelings and he can do anything."

Tuesday, May 19th -- Distance to Gibraltar 2216 knots.

This is Horace's birthday. Many happy ones may he have.

The ship rolls today, it is warm and overcast. Many including myself do not feel very well. P.M. Passed at noon a fine bark, holding the same course as ourselves, dipping and rolling splendidly. At the same time some whales between her and us blowing and sometimes showing their shiny black backs. This bark was the only vessel we have seen since the day we sailed. This afternoon it is blowing fresher and fresher from the S.E. and quite a sea is getting up. Our deck seats are on the north side, which has been dry and wind sheltered all the time. The ship is very steady, and has fine decks. None of our party have been sick yet, and the passengers generally have stood the rough weather pretty well today. There sits near us on deck the Rev. M. Bulkeley, a gentle old minister, born in Wethersfield, and descended from Rev. Gershon B. and the redoubted Peter, just as Mary is. We find him a very pleasant gentleman. I went out to the bow with your Father just now but was nearly blown to pieces and had to come back. Feelings fit this P.M. (Mrs. Parker had to succumb later).

Mitwock dec 20ten Mai 1896 - 40°7' n. Bricte und 42°11' W.
Lange - Zuruckgelegte Distanz 368 Seemeilen Distanz bis
Gibraltar 1848 Seemeilen 3 Tage

This proved a delightful clear day. Read the story called "Seats of the Mighty" by Gilbert Parker, a romantic, historical tale of Quebec, brilliantly written but with a little too much plot. Made the acquaintance of Mr. H. Siddons Mowbray, the New York artist, well-known in connection with the League, a man of the greatest refinement of face and manner and interesting in talk. His pretty wife is with him but sick so that I have not met her. They go to Rome to be connected there with a newly endowed school for American artists, established in a Villa Lucovici, and with instructors in sculpture, painting, etc. I must ask him more about it. Met some girls called VanBrunt who are going to Greece, one of them designs book covers, etc. Young Waring reminds me so much of Guy. He is full of innovative notions, writes about ways of measuring time, in connection with advertising the Waterbury watch.

There were porpoises about during the afternoon jumping out of the brilliant water, a lovely scene, and dancing on deck during the evening, the decks canvas covered at the sides and brilliantly lighted with electricity. Outside was moonlight, a rare evening, everybody feeling well. An Italian in the steerage played the clarinet well, and tone song from Travatore having just the sentiment for the scene. An Italian girl in costume playing a concertina, with a boy, came on the main deck in the afternoon and played while the boy sang and both danced. The Italian men and boys in the steerage have many simple games with which they amuse themselves like children, much after the Ginny O'Jones style. They are very cheerful and contented. The Captain says they are desirable passengers, more sober and good natured than the Germans, kind to their families, etc.

Thursday, May 21st 39°33' Lat. 34.00 Long Run 379 Knots.

This is a glorious morning. Played ring toss on the after deck and then sat a long time on the hurrican deck in the warm sunshine, while F.W.C. slept on a bench with his head on my knee. Now sitting in my stateroom alone for the first time. Porthole open - it has been closed three days, being well forward on the windy side. About 6 P.M. came in sight of the island of Flores lying dim on the horizon, its shape bold and mountainous, forms something like this, clouds hovering close around it and making it sometimes doubtful whether it were land or cloud.

We approached it slowly, but keeping a good deal to the south of it. There was a glorious sunset behind us, a fiery sun, clouds up-piled, green vistas through, a rift above the sun like a Japanese gold-fish. Between sunset and lovely island a heavy cloud and shower, blue and solemn. Dinner was going on but we could not stay at the table till the darkness fell. The Captain made a witty little speech at dinner and informed us that we should come in sight of the other islands about four in the morning and he should have us called.

Friday, May 22, Weather fine. Run 368 Knots $38^{\circ}25'N$. Lat $26^{\circ}29'W$. Long

He kept his word. The full band came around between four and five and gave us a merry start for the day. We hurried to the deck and found we were in the Fayal Channel between Fayal and Pico, the latter with a volcanic mountain 7513 ft. above the sea, and rising straight from it. The former has, at first glance, a bold projecting rock which looked like the head of Handsome Dan. Passing between these islands we had for three hours a succession of most enchanting views. The islands seem fertile and richly cultivated. They are of ragged outline with volcanic craters and fissures abounding. Now a cove with fisherman's boat in front of it, now a terraced slope, anon a deep purple ravine with waterfall dropping into the sea. They raise all they need for their own use but little to export as they have no good harbors. Cattle, sheep, fruits, wine, pineapples grow on these volcanic slopes. Pico had his nightcap on and would not take it off and being in cloud shadow looked surly. Next came San Jorge, long and narrow, and then the large and fertile island of Terceira (pronounced tare-see-rah), which is the residence of the Portuguese governor of all the islands. Its slopes are broader and its extent is greater than the others, with the exception of San Miguel which we do not see on this voyage. Its shore is less abrupt than some of the others until you come to some bold headlands behind which lies the fortified town. These headlands loomed up ahead of us for some time, one in the form I have sketched, the other looking like an enormous buffalo with heavy head supine upon the ground. These great masses of volcanic rock are on some surfaces deeply cut by caverns, and on others present plain block forms as if they had been sliced off. I can give no idea of the picturesqueness of that and of the pretty white town which hides behind them. They were beautiful to the very last moment when they remained visible. At least the panorama of varied form and color faded away behind us a noble mass of cumulus cloud hanging over it lovingly. Our good Captain invited us up on the lookout and told us what he knew, and seemed pleased with the hearty enjoyment of the passengers. This visit to the Azores adds some 200 miles to the length of the voyage but makes one of the greatest attractions. Certainly we never passed a more glorious and inspiring morning.

Look at the map of the Azores. There are some 4-500,000 people living on them but they lead an isolated life, commerce being poor because of want of good harbors. Note our course. Flores at evening (this is where the great British sea fight took place. See Tennyson and Fronde). Next Fayal Channel between Fayal and Pico, then St. Jorge, then Terceira. Now I want a nap.

Saturday, May 23 - $38^{\circ}10'$ N. Lat. $18^{\circ}52'$ W. Long. 369 Knots

Not much to chronicle today. It is overcast and there is a long roll and the ship pitches more than at any time. Colder, wind from the North, so that we have had to move our chairs to the South side, back to the rail. Many passengers sick. We all feel perfectly well with fine appetites. Long walk this morning which put us in a glow. Miss Arline Northan has been doing palmistry with much intelligence talking not only of natural traits but of the development and direction they have taken under the influence of life. I never heard anyone talk it so well. She made one big mistake though in saying F.W.C. was musical. I had a go at the Italian grammar - must do some more - at least recall what I learned with Miss Watson. It is good to see so many tired men sleeping and resting. Your Father happy as a clam. So glad that we came. Later found Mr. Waring taking an Italian lesson of a young fellow, a native of Sicily now returning from the U.S. I joined in the Italian lesson and was charmed to find that Mr. Custista pronounced just as Miss Watson did. He said my accent was good. He also talked a little of Sicily and of his home in Palermo, said we should not find it warmer than New York was when we left and the nights always fresh and cool. There are people on board with every kind of plan. The Whittier family from Milton near Boston will land at Gibraltar, go through Spain and France and then take the North Cape trip going from Bergen. At night growing rough, cold, windy.

Sunday, May 24

There was much motion during the night, the ship both pitching and rolling. This morning came the lovely church hymn again, the most moving and

religious music I ever heard. I had courage to get up and take my bath as usual. In the dining room there were ten ladies and seven men at breakfast. The decks too showed more women than men. It was rough, the waves striking us sideways and very blowy, but we walked and faced it and found it inspiring. I read Ruskin's "St. Mark's Rest." About eleven went out with F.W.C. to the bow where we found Mr. Carnegie and Leslie. We joined them and Mr. Carnegie made me sit in the little seat with him with feet on the stays, and there we all talked for hours till Mrs. Carnegie came to look for him, saying it was far past lunch time. He is a remarkable little man, a great talker, a man of Scotch shrewdness, force, humor, and feeling. His talk runs on about people and things in his own life but he takes you in his Scottish home and castle, and has already invited us to spend a week with him there. He has taken a sly at Dr. Parker because he has married again and Dr. P. who does not know the reason, told me yesterday that Mr. C. had unaccountably cut him, after being at first very pleasant to him. So one may find some genuine Scotch prejudice in the little man I should suppose. The sea which was running so high this morning has gone down and all is steady again, to the great relief of many. Tonight we are to sight Cape St. Vincent. In the afternoon we were sitting forward again on the deck with our own little circle drawn closely together, telling stories and having a cheerful time. In the evening had the inevitable concert given by the passengers. Will send the programme. The best feature was a recitation by Prof. Southwick of the Emerson School of Oratory. Count Ortigosa plays accompaniments beautifully. The evening was warm and the moonlight tempted us to stay late on deck. Land was in sight about 6 but amounted to little but a revolving light. We chatted with the Mowbrays whom we find very attractive. Mrs. M. is very pretty and graceful and he is most intelligent and gentlemanly.

Monday, May 25. Weather magnificent. Off Gibraltar.

At 5 A.M. stepped out of our stateroom and asked the Steward if Gibraltar was in sight. I could see land on the African Shore from our porthole. He said, No, not for an hour yet and added it was "hard blowing" outside. I understood after reflection

that he meant the wind was up. Went back to bed and slept till seven when the stewardess called me for my bath and there the rock was in sight. We scrambled through breakfast and were ready to see the entry to the harbor. The first impression of the great fortress was disappointing. It seemed less imposing than I expected, less of height and grandeur. But the longer one looks, the more grand it appears. We dropped anchor about nine and tugs took ashore the passengers who wished to go, about four boat loads in small open tugs. Small boats swarmed about the steamer bringing oranges and things for sale, for which the poor steerage people were eager. It was good also to see fine bunches of carnations and baskets of strawberries. We took some little carriages and drove through the narrow but picturesque streets of the town, full of Spanish people, English soldiers in scarlet, a few people in Oriental dress and a general polyglot appearance. The small traffic in provisions, water etc. is carried on by Spaniards with donkeys, their wide panniers full of all sorts of green things from ferns to garlic. The great features of the town are its little gardens, and their greatest glory is the morning-glory, of deep resplendent blue with large three-lobed leaves. Walls and trellises were gorgeous with them. Other growths recalled California, pepper trees, Eucalyptus, olive, poplar, oleander, pomegranate. In the Alameda, a sort of park high on the hillside, are magnificent spreading stone-pines, a noble tree. The air was sweet with heliotrope, jasmine, and roses, but everything was parched and dusty. Soldiers' barracks, parade grounds, transportation wagons, here and there a Highlander guard reminded one constantly that this was a fortress. After driving through the town in one direction and back in another we visited the galleries cut in the solid rock. To enter here one must interview the guard and put U.S.A. and the soldier who was in charge said he had lived there having been born in San Antonio, Texas. A soldier was detailed to go with us and we climbed up the narrow galleries, sometimes open overhead, sometimes in the darkness of the rock chambers, till we came to the highest point and looked out through the loop holes cut for big guns on the bay below, on the boundary line between Spanish and English possessions, marked by double rows of sentry boxes, and in another direction on the sheer precipice of the great rock just beyond us, the most imposing part of Gibraltar. Here Leslie wished to take a Kodak but the soldier warned him that all

"sketching" was forbidden and he might be held and court-martialed which effectively scared Les. This expedition in the galleries was quite warm and fatiguing, but we were glad we had made it, for in no other way could one get an idea of the scale on which this rock is honey combed with fortifications. Returning through the town we reached the markets and the boats. Bought only flowers and strawberries, which tasted mighty good. The ship seemed homelike on our return. We are now coasting, along the shore of Spain. A dream mountain is before us, faintly touched in blue and gold, a vision which must fade soon and we shall be again out of sight of land. But the range kept in sight longer than we expected, its foothills toward the sea, seamed with deep gorges, its first heights soft with a deceptive loveliness, its third tier cold, snow capped and lonely among the clouds. All seemed barren and void of habitation but never were mountains more alluring. An unearthly splendor seemed to clothe them. The sky was softly blue with thick storm dappled clouds, and as the sun sank new glories came out in the sky, a splendor of ruby and gold and all the tints of the opal. The call to dinner which usually meets a ready response found the people on deck quite unheeding. We lingered as long as we dared, but finally the suggestion that we should miss the fresh fish, vegetables and other things taken on at Gibraltar induced us to go. When we came up it was twilight and the lights of a great P & O Steamer returning from the East and bound for England was in view. Homeward bound! This made us pensive and put us in a mood for the moonlight on the other side. The evening continued most lovely.

Tuesday, May 26th 37°33' N. Lat. 1°56' East Long. Run 361
Knots. Distance to Naples 619 Knots.

Today is Ward's birthday, his 21st. I hope his coming of age is a happy one and means all manner of good things to my blessed boy. Blowing again. I refuse to see that the Mediterranean is bluer or warmer than the Atlantic. I spent the whole morning out at the stern reading Ruskin's "St. Mark's Rest," a remarkable and in some ways inspired book, with all the perfection of style for which he is noted and with a more than Ruskinian bitterness of irony and scorn for the modern in which we live. Leslie, we found near lunch time setting the Princess and

her suite into fits of laughter with his attempts at Spanish, and not a whit abashed thereby. The poor young banished Princess, daughter of Don Carlos, in incipient consumption, is a pathetic figure. She is of good height and slender, not beautiful but with large lustrous eyes, and an oval face, her dress simple and her bearing having a certain distinction. It is said we have another Princess on board, no other than the daughter of Queen Lill, a puny, unwholesome figure, who has been said to have been in her berth intoxicated the first half of the voyage. I think this may be malicious false gossip of her maid.

Wednesday, May 27th

This morning at eight off the coast of Sardinia. It surprised us by its extent. We were four hours or more in passing it. However, the more of it, the worse. It is a country 9/10 of which are barren rough, wild rocky mountains, of spiny ridges and jagged slopes, said to be Malarious and for the most part incapable of culture. However, all the nations have fought for it and owned it at one time or another. Forbidding as this coast is, with its old watch towers defending that which seems its own sufficient defense, it had yet an atmosphere which lies along its slopes which makes it seem something painted and dreamlike. We are due at Naples at 4 A.M. Shall probably not land and get through the customs house before eight. We are going to the Hotel Vesuve if we like it and find good rooms when we get there. The Parkers have decided to stop there too and we plan to have a few days together in that vicinity before we part, they to go Northward and we to the South - probably unless we get frightened by the heat. So ends our charming delightful voyage.

May 27, 1896

My dear Milly,

We shall be in the Bay of Naples tomorrow morning by four or five o'clock and will have to take an early start to see the glory of it. I wish we were coming to it this beautiful afternoon when it would be at its best in lights and shades and violet tints.

We have had a fine voyage. It has been like a summer picnic all the time. Everything is done to music on these German ships. We get up and breakfast, lunch and dine at the call of the bugle and have afternoon and evening concerts besides music at dinner and an occasional ball at night. We are sorry we did not bring the whole family. Leslie is having the time of his life. He has introduced us to a number of his new friends. His roommate is Count Miguel de Ortigosa who belongs to the party of the Princess de Bourbon, daughter of Don Carlos, formerly King of Spain, now exiled. As none of their party speak English, Leslie has to converse with them in Spanish which calls forth peals of laughter.

We have a good-natured lot of passengers and none who are notably disagreeable which is rather better than is usual.

The sight of the Azores was a vision of beauty which was worth the price of admission if we were to see nothing else. Our run ashore at Gibraltar was refreshing. The Tommy Atkins who was at the Guardhouse at the entrance to the Galleries where we had to register our names was a Hartford man though born in Texas and the one who was our guide served in India and Aden. He was very good natured but would not let Leslie take any pictures in the gallery. That is the long tunnel in the Rock of Gibraltar which is as full of holes as an old cheese. We have had occasion to remember Gibraltar gratefully ever since as we took on a supply of delicious oranges and fresh fish and flowers. This morning we ran along the southern end of Sardinia, a bleak rocky shore with barren mountains in the background and old Moorish watch towers on every headland to look out for pirates of all sorts.

We are having a real good time and just think of it, we'll be in the Bay of Naples long before we are adrift and won't come home till we have to, we may never have a chance again for such a spree and we will make the most of it.

Your Affectionate Father,

F. W. C.

M.B.C. to all her children

On Board S.S. Kaiser Wilhelm

May 27, 1896

My dear Emily and Mary and Charles and Horace, Dave, Howell, Ward, Ruth - all of you dear children who are at home.

I can assure you I am thinking of you today, longing to hear from you, as we hope to do by letter in a day or two and wishing you could know of our happiness and well-being. Never was such a perfect voyage, so sunny and mooney, so generally smooth and comfortable. Usually one thinks of an Atlantic voyage as a necessary evil endured for the sake of what is beyond, but this voyage is in itself a chief delight in the whole journey, an experience of rest and refreshment and most easily enjoyed variety. Your Father has enjoyed every minute of it. Business and home cares seem to have been laid aside like an old coat, and he looks so rested that I hate to have him land and begin the work of travel.

I cannot now in these last hours of the journey undertake to rehearse its experiences. I have jotted down the daily little happenings in pencil, writing on deck, so that I fear the words and the waves have often made it illegible, but such as it is I will send you this journal which you can read if you have the patience. You must read straight through on one side and back again on the other.

The pleasantest acquaintances we have made on the ship have been Mr. & Mrs. Mowbray, Mr. & Mrs. Carnegie, and Mr. & Mrs. Waring. Leslie has known more people but perhaps has been more promiscuous in his selections. However, I can see that already this trip is doing him good, and he is enjoying it extremely. Your Father says he is going to make him do the work of courier, but I fear it won't be a success. Everyone takes him kindly, but they might kindly take him in. Mr. Carnegie we have not seen much of but his conversation, which runs a pretty steady stream, is most interesting, original and forcible. His wife is bonnie and a true woman.

A ship with 230 passengers is a sample of the world, very mixed, often very good, sometimes bad, more often neutral than either.

I meant to write Peg and Doll today and perhaps will find time before night, but you can send them this with my love.

Now I must go and pack. Your Father has had possession of the stateroom.

God bless you, my dear ones.

Lovingly your Mother,

M.B.C.

Naples, May 29th, 1896

My dear Emily,

It seems hardly possible we have been here only one day. I am again alone in these large apartments, the others having gone to the Museum. I was not feeling very well last night and this morning, having I think got too tired yesterday and a little chilled toward evening so that I passed a rather restless night and woke feeling top heavy this morning. It is a trifle but was enough to prevent our going to Paestum today as we had planned.

Mr. Morel who remains only one Sunday was anxious to see as much as possible in our company, and we went into it with a little too much vigor considering we were just in from a long sea-voyage. To rehearse a little, we breakfasted rather poorly at six A.M. on the Steamer, having risen at three and spent the intervening time on deck, in dampness and bad smells, spell-bound by the beauty of the moonlit harbor and the sunrise. It was eight when we reached the hotel and about ten when our baggage having arrived safely, we went out to the Aquarium. We walked through the pretty public gardens along the Riviera, admiring the Lombardy nurses with their gay costumes, (which include a spreading gilt comb and a huge bow worn on the back of the head) and pursued by beggars of every description, whining and persistent, a terrible nuisance wherever you go. At the Aquarium I longed for Ruth. The show of fish life was similar to that at Chicago and the gardens of sea anemones even richer in color and variety. These mysterious under-sea habitations have a wonderful and fairy-like beauty. I will write Ruth about

it. We rode back by omnibus beginning to feel the fatigue of our early start, and too empty even to take a nap. Lunch was delicious, simple but served beautifully and most reviving to our spirits. Then we slept all of us for an hour or more, and at half past three started on a long and delightful drive to Camaldoli, a high place in the country where there is a superb view. All the way out we were seeing Naples. The people live and work on the pavement or in their tiny shops, which are also their dwellings, close upon it. These little habitations are the basements often of large buildings in whose upper stories live the more well-to-do people. There are no windows to them, but the double doors are wide open and in them sit large families at work usually cheerful and healthy in appearance, with the sewing machine or the shoemaker's bench and the tiny stove on which the little family cooking is done all right on the pavement. The double bed which must be made of elastic is in full sight within. A little of domestic necessaries are also in view. The work whether of sewing or carpentry or brasswork is scattered about. The children sit and play in the gutter, accompanied by an ill-conditioned cat or a mongrel dog, and very likely a large cow is tied in front munching a trifle of green grass tossed down before her, or a donkey inconceivably small, with a load of vegetable three times as big, waits patiently with nothing to eat, unless the vendor strips off a few outer withered leaves from a cabbage for its benefit. The air resounds, gaily quivers with voices, long vowel sounds which ring on the ear and seem the chief outlet of the people. No one hurries, but all, save the professional beggars, are industrious and happy, "mais tres violente." A slight difficulty is settled with an infinite excitement and an assorted variety of gesture, incomprehensible to our Anglo-Saxon minds. An old lady trots up hill holding on to the carriage, rehearsing her woes, but keeping her breath, and impossible to discourage. Pretty boys and girls offer nosegays with a sweetness of voice and a charm of face which they will lose in a few years, and if you order them off still press you take them "Senza Nienta" (for nothing). If you walk you are at their mercy. Dr. Parker took one little girl by the shoulders (without using tongs) and sat her down gently on a bank telling her to stay there, but she was after him again in a second, sweetly urging her flowers upon his attention. Your Father gives in

occasionally (Mr. Morel disapproving) and pays for a nosegay with Yankee pennies, which immediately bring the crowd at his heels again. One girl insisted that her flowers were "Molto belli," which your Father called an impolite description of his personal appearance. Camaldoli is on a high ridge whence the view is magnificent. The local guide took us first after a ten minute walk to an outlook a little way down, where ladies are allowed, and where we saw Naples, Vesuvius, the bay with its lovely islands, the wide spreading sea, and places whose names were historic in the days of Caesar and of St. Paul. Behind is a range of the Apennines, snow-capped. But the full view is seen only from the top at a monastery where women are not admitted, so said the guide. However, we went to the battered door and pulled a rusty bell. Soon the sound of feet upon the paved floor within told that a monk was coming, and after a moment he opened the door and admitted us all as far as the chapel. He was a tall man with a fine shaved head and grey beard, his color rather fair, his expression pleasant but sad. He wore a white flannel robe and cloak coming to his feet. He told the men he was but lately admitted. The court was deserted with tawdry white-washed looking paintings. He led us to the door of the chapel and Mrs. Parker and I were told we might sit there outside a railing while the men went into the monastery to see the view. Vesper service was going on within the choir, the participants, invisible, but booming away like a pond full of bull-frogs. We took chairs and listened quietly, after a while being able to distinguish voices. One was a tremendous heavy bass, the notes used only two or three, the tone of inconceivable monotony, a sort of helpless, hopeless bellowing. Another voice of lighter caliber had plaintive intervals, sadder and sadder as one listened. These men lead an entirely isolated life, even from each other, eating, sitting, working alone, meeting only in the chapel at service. No wonder they are melancholy. Two or three came before the altar after service, also a queer delapidated old man shuffling in slipshod style and wearing an overcoat, the tails of which he arranged with great care when kneeling in his devotions. Artificial flowers, candles, bad paintings, all unnatural and unreal, while God's world blossomed in beauty outside. Too bad. The drive home again was beautiful, flocks of goats trooping into the city to be milked, all alive yet peaceful. But I had got chilled to the

marrow in the church and the cool wind, after walking, and hence bad consequences. But it is now afternoon and I am feeling better and we are going to Sorrento to pass the night and make some excursions. All is packed up which had been spread through three rooms, and we shall start shortly. Love to all my dear ones.

Your loving Mother, M.B.C.

My dear, dear Children,

This is the first time I have had a moment for writing you since the day after we landed, a morning when unfortunately I was not feeling very well, and so had an opportunity to be alone for an hour or two. It seems as if we had been here months, and I can hardly believe the evidence of dates which seems to prove we landed only a week ago yesterday. We have seen such a world of strange and beautiful things already, and this is the third time of our coming to Naples. The Grand Hotel, to which we have constantly come back, occupying the same rooms fronting the sea and the Corso, begins to seem quite homelike to us and the people smile when they see us arriving. And now while it is fresh I must tell you about our trip to Capri from which we returned this afternoon. Oh, if I could only make you see it, if we could only have had everyone of you see it with us, then I should be perfectly happy. Always there is this little sadness at the bottom of every delight - that we have not brought you everyone to enjoy it. Well, we were pretty tired on Wednesday noon after doing the Museum with the Parkers and when we saw them off to Rome and hurried through our lunch and hurled into bags the things we wished to take, and into trunks the things we wished to leave behind, we were breathless and hot and apparently rather late for our boat, but we drove fast through the city and found the bell ringing and scrambled onto the boat and then sat down and waited over an hour for her to go. In the meantime refreshments were generally enjoyed by the Signori on the funny little coop of an upper deck and I watched them rather apprehensively, seeing there was a rather strong north wind ruffling the bay outside. At last we were off. The boat is a sort of accommodation market boat, which stops at the small places on the Bay. It never goes to a pier but lies to and small boats bring out passengers to her

and take them off with their very miscellaneous luggage. This was most entertaining, for the people were mostly simple peasants with bundles in handkerchiefs or in boxes or palls, and their chatter and excitement, their bargaining over transfers, and their sudden gusts of fury with each other which ended in smiles and gracious farewells, all these made scenes worthy of study. So we were hanging over the rail most of the time after our first stop. In this way we touched at Via Equeuse, Sorrento, Massa and another place and finally under the majestic cliffs of Capri. We too had to get into a boat and your Father had just taken a sudden seat in the stern when a handsome but solid Capri girl in a pink shawl plumped down beside him, and being alarmed by the wobbling of the boat immediately threw her arms around his neck and held on to him tightly till we reached the shore. A lurch proving still more alarming she grabbed my arm and held it in a vise. The other peasants in the boat began to laugh at her and soon we were all roaring together but she never let go. Thus we were adopted into Capri Society and recognized there afterwards. Landing on the stone jetty, old women who called themselves "Facchino" wanted to grab our bags, but we were quickly in the omnibus of Hotel Que'disans and rumbling up the windings of the tiny hill. It was getting dark and cloudy all the way, and we saw little till the next day. We went by rowboat to the Blue Grotto rather early in the morning, a perfect day with a nice old boatman to row us and a lot of boys to dive for our benefit, in another boat. The boat kept close under the wonderful cliffs of Anacapri and we could not weary of looking into the azure water, up to the rocks, and across the lovely bay, with its grand cairns and commanding shores. The Grotto was fine but our old man said after we came away that it would be better in the middle of the day. We had gone early because we found we had been so lucky as to happen on a festa in Capri, that of Corpus Domini, one of their special days, and we wanted to see what was going on in the village. So we went straight up again to the little Piazza in the middle of the town, and there we found the whole populace assembling. They wore no special costume, except universal earrings, black lace on their heads and colored handkerchiefs on their shoulders. Among the men were soldiers of whom there is a garrison and sailors attired like Ralph Rackstraw and with Pinafore faces. The people have quite Greek features, the eyes dark and clear, the

skin a rich olive, the hair abundant. But the little girls from ten to fourteen years old are the prettiest, real little beauties, and far more gentle and sweet than the Neapolitans. You hear no screaming voices in Capri. The Piazza is a picturesque little paved square, on one side steps leading up under an archway to the church, flanked by a house with long balconied stairways, on the next corner a square campanile or bell-tower, some studios and on the other two sides are Cafes and two streets running off at angles under archways. We took our stand on the steps and in a few minutes the procession began to arrive through the opposite arch. First came some men in black dress, carrying long lighted candles which did not show their flame in the bright sunlight, then some more, each two leading between them a very tiny girl dressed in white and flowers with a tinsel veil, the first child bawling at the top of her voice. Then boys with a great purple banner, then citizens in white gowns with black Moire silk capes, then priests in embroidered capes, black and gold, then a matron bearing a great blue banner, then a crowd of girls in white with blue mosquito netting veils, then the Bishop under a canopy, boys before him strewing flowers. The use of flowers was conspicuous. They were strewn on the procession from above as they passed the houses, petals of broom and of roses, and the dark heads of the men were dotted with them. (At every tiny wayside shrine we had seen bunches of white lilies and of roses. The people seem to love them even the wild flowers.) Up in the Campanile we could see a man ringing the big bell with strong pulls which needed all his muscle, while smaller bells chimed with its heavy tone. So the procession came, out of the dark archway, across the sunny square and down the hill to an altar and a shrine erected in the roadway and back by another path into the church, midst clanging of bells, blaring of brass band, and the shouts of the people, who seemed to be really happy over their festa. We followed them into the church and found them merely receiving a blessing and breaking up among happy and well-mannered congratulations. We then turned back to our inn and let your Father rest a little, and in the afternoon about four drove to the villages of Anacapri by a wonderful road which is cut out of the face of the precipice. We found it lovely up there in those sky lit places, with wide sweeps of view over the bay and the sea and the many islands. At the

little village of Caprile some children took us to see the "Bella Vista" from the platform roof on a house, and there these same boys and girls danced the tarantella in their bare feet on the rough concrete, your Father occasionally joining in. The woman of the house was a sweet and lovely woman who made me think of Nana, laughing at the children in a half apologetic, half proud way. After that against my sunset, we made a start for Monto Solaro, the highest point of the island, but had to give it up and return, your Father at last realizing he was not equal to it. But we did not mind, for everywhere were the grandest and loveliest views. Stern grey cliffs, masses of verdure, gardens, blue sea, sails, magic islands, all bewitched us. In the evening I tried to make them stay indoors but Les and your Father went to the square, and soon came back for me saying there were fireworks and so we spent the evening again among the lively but very pleasant crowd, sitting in front of a cafe and watching the fireworks and hearing the band. The night was superb, the air of Capri, visiting the ruined Villa of Tiberius. Two little boys were our guides, very nice ones. The sun was hot though we started at quarter before eight, and among the walled paths we felt the heat but your Father was feeling perfectly well again and we made it a festa for his birthday and were all very happy, dressing his hat with flowers - we all wore new white duck hats which cost a franc apiece and stopping for some wine at a house called the Salto di Tiberio, on the cliff from which he, Tiberius, used to drop his friends when he was tired of them. Oh, such a high, sweet place, with its ruins crowning that tremendous precipice, and its many wild flowers! The old hermit who lives up there helped Les throw stones and showed us where the lightning struck his shrine in the little church last Spring. There was another funny man up there spanked our boys with his stick because they told us about things and he wanted to earn a penny by doing the same. Well, we had to come down at last and when we reached the village we took a carriage and drove down to the Marina, and had some sea baths and cooled our hot heads in the delicious blue water. We returned then to the hotel, rested, lunched, put our things in our bags and unwillingly left Capri. Your Father had broken the crystal of his watch in the morning and left it with a watchmaker to repair which he said he could do in half an hour. When we stopped there to get it on the way to the boat, he had closed his shop and

gone home. He had to be waked from a nap to get it, and explained that business hours were over. This made some delay for the omnibus, but we reached the boats in time to be put on the steamer. This was a different boat, one which makes an excursion down every day. We had some pretty good music as we came over the bay, and the shores were more exquisite than ever. Here again we had to take small boats which bobbed up and down unexpectedly, but there was no pretty Capriote to hug us. We had a fine dinner tonight, your Father and Leslie went out this evening to the Galleria and had some more music, and so had ended his festal birthday. He has enjoyed it thoroughly and felt very well, and is now already asleep. I must make another letter or two to tell you about the rest of our trip around these shores of the Bay of Naples, but tonight I will spare you.

On Wednesday, June 3rd, before leaving town we were gladdened by receiving your letters, Emily's of the 19th and the 22nd and Ruth's of the 19th, and Mary's of the 21st and one from Uncle Knight with a cable code which we will use if needed. Thanks to you all my dear ones for these prompt and welcome news of you. I would like just a chance to hug you all around tonight. And now Goodnight from your most loving Mother.

M.B.C.

This evening.

It was scarcely less beautiful here. This Corso which lies under our windows draws its crescent around a mile of shore, and is the gay drive of the Neapolitans on these summer evenings. The style of dress and equipage will not quite equal Central Park, but it is the finest these poor gentry can afford and gay and splendid enough to be attractive. Capri and Sorrento at sunset lay like dreamland, all blue and rose, upon the swelling bosom of the Sea. Tonight fishing boats with flaming torches are under our very windows. The lights make a jeweled half circle around the Riviera.

Naples, June 7, 1896

My dear Ruth,

We were so glad to get your nice letter and I hope I shall have many more from you as good. I wish I could take you to the Aquarium here. They have made beautiful little homes for the fishes to live in with fresh sea-water flowing in and out all the time, the bottoms of the tanks paved with rocks and sand, the Sea lettuce and Sea Moss growing gracefully and making trees for the star-fish and the baby sea-urchins to roost in, and the lovely sea anemones blooming everywhere with their bright colors as if they were truly flowers, but gently moving their fringy tentacles so that you know they are alive. It made me think of a beautiful opera of Wagner's called Rheingold, where the lovely Rhine-daughters float under the waves, weaving enchanting music. These homes of the sea-creatures are more like fairy-land than anything on earth can be. There are also ugly dwarfs and gnomes in the shape of the octopus and the Scorpions and the queer Cynthia Papillosa, which look like dancing bears. Crabs and squids have a humorous look, in fact there are many jokes among these marine creatures which some of the others may appreciate, but not the solemn looking Chrysophrus, who made me think of a stout Englishman, going around in an exclusive way and pretending not to see the others. Then there are some animals whose habit is secretive and who have the art of hiding themselves by taking the look of objects around them, burrowing in the sand and humping their grey backs to look like rocks. The waters of this bay are very favorable to all kinds of Sea-life and the waters swarm with fishing boats by day and night. The fishermen are an important class and the most industrious people in this lazy land. When we went to the Blue Grotto at Capri some boys brought us some bright scarlet star-fish and we saw pretty little rose-colored fish swimming in the blue water of the grotto. It is a large cavern which is hollowed out by the sea under a great precipice, and the entrance is so low that you have to lie down in the boat to get in. But inside it is full of a flashing blue light and when a boy goes in swimming you can see his white body as if under a brilliant blue gem. These boys are great swimmers and divers but it must be bad for them to be going into the water so constantly in cool places like the grotto and I noticed that they had coughs and

seemed to shiver. The little girls in Capri, especially those of about your age, are very pretty, with clear dark eyes and Greek noses and tangled hair. They have sweet voices too and are merry and full of motion. But the streets of Naples swarm with children who are not so attractive. They are noisy and dirty and are allowed to ramble the streets and become little vagabonds. If I look out of my window immediately half a dozen tousle-headed girls try to attract my attention. They first say st. st. st. and hold out their dirty hands and show their rags and call "Da" with a long-long vowel sound or pretend to sing and dance. I am getting quite hardened to these beggars, though you do see misery which makes your heart ache. Especially I am sorry for the poor little donkeys, so tiny, drawing such big loads their backs all mangy and raw, and apparently never getting anything to eat. I am glad there is now a Society for the Protection of Animals in this city, where they are so much abused. The animals which are well cared for are the big fat cows and the goats. They drive them around from house to house and milk them at the front door. Imagine a man milking a large cow into a tumbler at the door of a palace! The cows are often tied up in the streets and fed there and usually the calf is tied to the cow and comes along as company. The goats are the color of a red setter-dog or a little lighter and have long hair. They are pastured in the country and driven to town in herds every day. Five or six men and boys come with each herd. In town they divide into smaller groups and are driven to different streets and quarters and milked there. Along the Riviera which is the Fifth Avenue of Naples, they are found in quantities every afternoon.

Now Goodby, my darling child for a while. I wish I could hug you this very minute.

Your most loving Mother

Palermo, June 15, 1896

We were so glad this morning to get your two nice letters, written the 28th and 30th of May. It is good to know what you are thinking and doing.

Naples, June 17, 1896

Stopped here, I have found no opportunity to write since. On that day we saw the sights of Palermo, a clean, healthy noisy city, prosperous now, but with a long history of ancient strifes and wars and changing nationalities. The people are of mixed race, Greek, Roman, Arab, French, Spanish, all had a hand in the making of it and they have left behind them some very splendid old buildings, rich with mosaics and sculpture and architecture, which, if not of the grandest order, are yet far better than anything Naples can show. The inhabitants of Sicily generally seem healthier than the Neapolitans, there is, in most places, but little begging and the men seem hardy and active. But the people are kept poor by the land being all in the hands of the nobles who let and sublet it till there is nothing left for the laborer.

Now I must tell you about our visit to Vesuvius yesterday. When we were in this region before, the mountain was all the time wreathed in clouds, while the base and the roads were in blazing light. We felt it unwise to undergo the heat and fatigue of seeing nothing when we reached the top. But yesterday morning when we arrived early (six o'clock) by steamer from Palermo, it was raining gently, the air was cool, and the mountain though dark and gloomy-looking, was clear to the summit. We came to the hotel, got breakfast and left our things, and sent a telegram to Cook's office to see if all was right for us to go. In half an hour the carriage was there with three strong horses, who took us swiftly through the cool air out to Resina. The rain ceased as we left our carriage. Your Father mounted a rather small white horse, Leslie a large brown one and I a stout discreet-looking donkey named Michele. We began the ascent of the rough paths which have been made across the streams of lava which came from the new crater ten months ago. There was a carriage road to the funicular Railway Station, but that has been nearly blotted out. The slopes are hideously black and rugged, but it is strange to see the yellow

broom already trying to hide the blackness with its brilliant yellow bloom. We went up thus in single file for an hour and a quarter and reached the little station which has been put available at the foot of the great cone.

Rome, June 19, 1896

We reached here last night and so this letter will have to be an epistle from the Palermans, the Neapolitans and the Romans. But I think in spite of the fascinations of this wonderful city that I must leave that for another letter and go back and finish telling about Vesuvius. Can it be that we were there day before yesterday? It already seems ages ago. Well - arrived at the station and we found ourselves at the foot of a very perpendicular-looking cable road. A shower was seen over the bay and we hesitated whether to take our lunch then and go up later or vice-versa. But they sort of hustled us on to the car and we began creeping up while the rain began pouring down. The wind whistled and the car creaked along and it was cold and wet and I thought we were going to perdition every minute. Especially toward the last the power seemed insufficient and you fancy it will slip back. But reaching the upper-station at length we waited in a cold place with about twenty guides whom our arrival had brought together. Travellers are scarce at this season and we were like meat thrown to hungry lions. One provided a blanket which was welcome. It poured for twenty minutes. Then we started up. The distance is short to the summit, but there were some men with a chaise a porteur and they all said I must ride and your Father said so too. So I was put in the machine and two little men began straining and jiggling along my weight and I thought every minute they would spill me. I kept telling them to put me down but they wouldn't and I nearly broke my back trying to be light and at last I screamed "Stop" and jumped off. In a minute one man was at each ear whispering in sinister tones, "See, Madame, you no ride you pay all se same." I said "all right" and gladly rushed up the short distance to the top. Men and boys were thick about each of us and if a stone rolled under your foot two men grabbed you and charged you a franc each. Arrived at the edge of the crater, we peered down into the bottomless pit, full of steam and sulphur fumes.

Great clouds roll up and veil the awful mystery below. Several explosions occurred and stones were thrown high in the air. We began to go around the crater. A shifty wind was blowing and presently it brought the sulphur clouds about us and almost stifled us. The guide wished to rush us up a narrow and high edge of the crater where it is steepest and deepest and where the clouds and fumes were thickest. A boy who had been carrying our umbrellas turned to run back by a lower path which seemed trodden but our guide yelled to him to come back and said, "You run to your death," (in Italian). I became stifled and paralyzed with fear and actually did not dare to go on. We returned to the clear side and none too soon, for the cloud which rolled over the side where we had been was now so dense that you could see nothing of the mountain. Another explosion occurred below and stones flew up 100 feet above our heads. All around us was blackness and darkness, I mean in the earth on which we stood and which made up the picture all about us. I can give you no idea of the spectacular character of the whole scene, and of the trembling and horror which seized upon me. Your Father says I cried, but I don't believe it. Leslie said, "Well, Father, I think we'd better be good." The return to the lower station by rail was even steeper than the ascent or looked so, but the view of the great Bay of Naples and the fair countries which lie around it was most beautiful and strange too, with all that blackness between. The water seemed lifted up above the land and the ships seemed to float in air. The whole English fleet was anchored in the bay, twelve men of war, a fine sight.

Well, we thankfully took some lunch and then started to see the new crater where hot streams of boiling lava are still slowly pouring down. It looked innocent and we thought we were extra prudent in taking one guide, but a lot more nearly tore us in pieces trying to get possession of us. I had to stamp my foot at two or three men and say, "Go away, I don't want you." But the wretches led us the worst way over the crumbly masses of lava, and when you find yourself teetering over a red-hot hole with two or three pieces of stone turning to ashes under your feet you are not too particular as to what you take hold of. However, we got there and back, though your Father came near a bad fall on a nice hot place. We had to pay out francs to the entire population of the mountain before we

were done. Again we mounted our steeds and wended our slow way over the black cinders for more than an hour to the carriage with another heavy shower the last mile. We were wet but we did not care, for the air was cool and the fatigue not too great. The heat was the only thing we had dreaded, and we counted the ascent a successful one because the views had been clear and the mountain itself was seen under the most striking effect in the gloom and shadow. Your Father says the mountain had totally changed since he was there in 1855, and is far wilder and more terrible-looking. Last year's eruption when the so-called new crater was formed has made great changes. It was accompanied by constant earthquakes and the observatory, where the people in charge remained throughout, became an isolated island of green, slightly raised above the lava streams which poured around it. So it now remains, a spot of verdure, all around it black as Cerberus.

I suppose Milly is in New Haven seeing Ward through his graduation. He probably gave his Class History today and is doubtless glad it is over. I hope the ending of his college life will be sweet and bright. We shall write to him in London in a few days. I am delighted that Cousin Emma has invited you two girls to York. What a lovely time you will have ... Someone sent a Connecticut Courant which gave an account of the Athletic games at Lakeville and Frank's success. Give him my loving congratulations.

Every Lovingly, Your Mother

This is the end of a long day of sightseeing in Rome. More of that anon.

Rome, June 20, 1896

My darling Ruth,

I wish you could see the rooms in which we are living here. We have three connecting bedrooms with small beds, but high painted ceilings, all divided up into little squares with pictures in them. There are several pairs of curtains to each door and window and in my room there is an unexpected closet in the recess of the window. Then we have a magnificent Sala, furnished in

crimson and gold. It has nine sets of crimson curtains for the different doors and windows. There are eight mirrors, large and small, twelve gold-backed chairs, two gilded etageres, one immense gilded sideboard or pier table, two sofas, several armchairs, two great tables, a large desk and three large landscapes. In one of these there is a high clock tower depicted, and in the tower is a real clock face with works behind to make it go. On the whole we have never lived in such absurd magnificence. Your Father calls himself Count Francini, having seen and been pleased by that name in the city.

Our only regret is that there is no one to witness our splendor except the chambermaid, who is used to it. Now if you could only look in, there would be some pleasure in it. How I wish you could. How I long to hold my little girl in my arms and kiss her fat cheeks and pull her long hair. All my dear boys and girls would only begin to fill this big room empty of everything except tables and chairs.

God bless you my little one. Be a good child.

Ever most lovingly yours,

Mother

Florence, July 1, 1896

My dear Austin,

I believe you are entitled to the next letter, and as our letters home have not been very frequent of late, at least for the last fortnight, I must divide up our events into separate little parcels and put them into different letters.

There was one thing which happened to us in Rome of which I have sent no account and that was the peculiar Roman observance of St. John's Day. The church sacred to San Giovanni is a long way from the center of the city and stands on high ground with a large piazza or open square all around it and streets leading into it from every direction. We were told we must go there so we took a cab and drove out, not knowing what to expect. We found the current of human life in the city all was moving in that direction, the sidewalks full of moving crowds from a mile or two away, with all sorts of conveyances from tramway to donkey cart moving along merrily. Many priests and monks were in the crowd. Soon we noticed many little booths where they were selling bells large and small made of rough earthen pottery, and all the people bought them and rang them. The sidewalks were taken up by tables with strings of bright lanterns making hundreds of little improvised restaurants where wine and other things were sold. Men, girls and boys were selling nosegays of pink carnations with sprigs of lavender and we were also urged to buy lavender done up with the stems forming an egg shape. Next we noticed people carrying large onions, root stem and blossom all in one, and perfuming the open air with them strongly. At last we reached the crowded piazza with the noise of moving thousands, changing and ringing bells and all bent on a good time, while the brilliantly lighted booths stretched away in long lines into the distance. We dismounted and walked among the people who were very orderly and good-natured and then we discovered that huge, roast pigs, snails and Frascati wine were the materials of the feast, just as roast turkey and cranberry sauce are the orthodox things for our Thanksgiving Day. And we saw afterwards a whole lot of roast pigs, apparently barbecued on fence rails and the people buying and eating, and to them it was a luxury because they so rarely have meat or any hearty food. We left about seven o'clock and at that hour

the boisterous fun was just beginning, the people of all ranks and conditions pouring into the Square in dense crowds, the lights flaring and smoking, the vendors shouting and the feasting to go on and last until morning.

We tried to find out the meaning of these customs and what roast pig, onions and lavender had to do with St. John but nobody could tell us any more than you can explain the connection between firecrackers and the Fourth of July. Probably they have been doing these things for centuries and the custom came down from pagan days before St. John the Baptist was heard of in Rome.

The next afternoon we went again to San Giovanni to attend the musical vespers in the church. The transept and apse of the church are magnificent, flaming with gold and color and mosaics and the organ and choirs rich and mellow in tone. The noble music rolled throughout the splendid spaces and over the heads of the moving crowds of people. You know in these great churches they seldom sit down for a service but move from altar to altar and from chapel to chapel offering their brief prayers and then cheerfully chatting and walking about. The noblest people of Rome and the poorest were there, the priest, the soldier, the monk and men and the little children.

You must all miss Ward after his flying visit home. I hope you find some ways to make the summer interesting.

With dear love to all my
darling children,
Your Mother, M.B.C.

Florence, July 4, 1896

My dear children, more especially Dave, Frank, Dorothy, Marjory and Ruth, to each of whom I owe a letter and would like to write a separate one for each, were that possible.

We have passed a very happy Fourth of July in this foreign land and have drunk the health of the President of the United States and of each of our own dear family, and brought out little flags to grace our table and timed as accurately as we could

the passing of the day at home from the ringing of the Methodist bell to Ruth's first torpedo and Peggy's last bath. We also had our late dinner made happy by the arrival of a "Telegramme" from Ward at Queenstown, brief but sufficient, saying "landed."

Oh, how I wish I could make you see and feel just what our day in Florence has been like. It did not promise very much for we found a B.B. under my pillow last night and indigested after some delicious raspberry fructa which we had last night, on the pavement in front of Bambinus Halle on the Piazza. None of us felt like leaving beautiful Florence which grows more beautiful, and better known and interesting every day we tarry here. So after breakfasted on tea and toast we dressed and and took out card cases and went to call on Professor Fiske, because Mrs. Warner asked us to do so. But, Professor Fiske had gone away to Turin, and so we looked at his lovely view of Florence and drove away. Then we stopped at the old church of San Domenico near Fiesole, where the "Blessed Fra Angelica" began living and working and where there is one of his pictures. Then we heard that we could get admission to the Villa Spence as it is now called, which is owned by an English artist who does not live there, but which centuries ago used to be a favorite resort of the gorgeous old Medicis. There it is said was hatched the famous conspiracy of the Pazzi which shook Florence. Nobody lives or conspires there now and there is none to enjoy the superb views from the terraces or gather the rich roses from the gardens. The road to it winds around the inside curve of a hill with cypresses making stately alleys and all built up with great walls where the hill falls away so steeply. And below Florence with its domes and towers and the hills all about it. In the empty house, and in a little oratory or chapel near by are some fine old pictures and in the house itself a little chapel where sleeps beneath her beautiful marble effigy the dead sister of the artist Spence. We had a lovely hour there and wished we could stay to breakfast. So we came home to the hotel for lunch. The nice Italian woman at the Villa Spence had given me some larkspur, white, blue and pink - almost red and so we made gay our table and chatted and rested and enjoyed our beefsteak and potatoes.

We attempted some shopping this afternoon and almost came to shipwreck over some faience, and gave it up and got down some other things instead and at sunset went to look at the pretty bambine by Della Robbia over the arcade of the Foundling Hospital and then stumbled by chance into the grand old church of Santa Annunciata which Leslie had happened on in his solitary rambles once or twice but never was able to take us to it. And there the sun, which had been grumpy all day, was sending level beams along the golden ceiling and making Jacob's ladders up into the dome and sending down such half lights into the painted chapels below. It all seemed to swim in an atmosphere of inspiration and your Father says he is going to say his prayers there.

First I must tell you of a pretty scene which we came upon after passing through the winding and dirty streets of old Fiesole. We saw before us a small crowd which filled the road. Coming nearer, it seemed to consist of women and children in bright colored clothes which stood out strongly on the white road under a grey sky. Why were they here? Ah, a soldier in the midst of them, in his drab linen uniform and red cap, holding a little child by each of his hands, scarcely more than a boy himself, but bronzed and roughened by a campaign and all the women swarming about him and caressing him, because poor fellow, he was just home from the war in Africa. Your Father waved and saluted him, and almost cried over the well-remembered pathos of the scene.

I wanted to write to Peg and Doll about our visit to the convent of San Marco where in their bare cells worked Angelico and Savonarola, the one so loving and sweet in spirit, the other so strong and harsh and heroic, the first leaving behind him beauty which lives today, the other a stern memory of Martyrdom for truth or what he believed so.

Venice, July 12, 1896

My dear Marjory,

We have within a few days had two good letters from you and two from Dorothy and today being your birthday is as good a time to answer at least one of them.

On our way here we stopped at Bologna intending simply to divide the journey and come on here the next morning, but we liked the queer old place so well that we stayed a day longer, and were well content at the old Hotel Brun, with its courtyard into which you drive on arrival and where you sit after dinner to read your three-day-old paper. The feature of the city, architecturally, is its arcades or colonnades under which you walk always in the shade, protected from sun or rain and in which are the shops. Another feature is the towers, all "at sixes and at sevens," none of them straight. Two in the old market place lean away from each other, one to the North, the other to the West, looking as if they might tumble any minute, but the trusting people have built queer little shops around their bases and live there serenely as the ages roll by. A general view of the high buildings of the city from a distance makes you quite dizzy because they are all so crooked. Strolling around one evening we came upon a Punch and Judy show back of the market place, with a large audience of poor people seated in chairs and a few guttering candles to illuminate the scene. But Mrs. Punch seemed to be quite as eloquent and just as witty in Italian as in English, if one might judge by the laughter of her hearers. We had two instructing drives. The first evening we were hot and tired from our journey and it was most grateful to our eyes and ears to get outside the city gates and into the green silence of the Villa Revedin, a private park whose owner, the Count of Furara, leaves it entirely to the enjoyment of strangers. The road winds uphill through thick woods and at the top is the house with its great stone esplanade commanding a view of the wide rich plain in which lies Bologna and which stretches unbroken to the Adriatic. There were magnificent cypresses hundreds years old on one side the house, and gardens and rich wheat fields and vineyards over the near slopes. The hills are near together and the valleys narrow and deep. A boy brought us some cape jasamines, not for love, but their perfume seemed an essence of all there was about us. Leslie went alone to see the factories where "Bolognas" are made but in the hot weather they were not running. However, we sampled the product and found it extremely good. The next day we went out to San Lucia, a great church on a commanding hill far above the city which is the first object observed on entering Bologna by rail. It is of a rich tawny color and another noticeable thing is

the long arcade of stone which is the approach to it for those who wish to make meritorious pilgrimage, zigzagging for two miles and a half up the face of the hill and connecting the Campo Santo at the base with the church at the top. We drove by another very long way, over and around several small mountains before we reached the church. San Lucia is still imposing when you approach it with its great curving covered stairways to the door commanding to the right a wide range of mountain scenery and to the left the great plain below. The interior is circular with imposing raised apse behind the high altar. And here is kept the portrait of the Madonna and Child by St. Luke which is carried in procession to the city and back again once every year by a great retinue of ecclesiastics and a crowd of the faithful. We asked the sacristin if we could see the picture and he assented rather mysteriously, led up by a back way to the shrine and left us there. We waited but finding he did not come back for us, went to find out what was the matter. He said we must go back and wait and we did so. Presently entered a tall old priest in black robe with white lace over it, stately of look and manner. He took no notice of us but went to the shrine, unlocked the doors leaving its picture dimly visible, knelt directly before it and began to pray aloud in a beautiful and reverent voice. Then he rose, closed and locked the shrine and disappeared as he had come without a word. We had not dared to go closer while he was there and so we do not know whether we saw that picture or not.

It was a strange scene and awakened very mixed feelings in us as I think it did in that old priest. Returning from San Lucia we drove down a fearfully steep road which follows the arcade to the Campo Santo or cemetery. We had for our guide there the Sexton or manager and a very excellent guide - he was speaking French very clearly and dealing out to us much curious and entertaining mortuary gossip. You must not imagine a place where the dead are buried in the ground but a series of endless buildings where the internments are in the walls and under the pavements. We were astonished to learn that there were 32,000 persons buried there. "And yet," said our guide, "Bologna is a very healthy city." There are in the city at present fourteen persons who are 100 years of age, and, (nudging my elbow), twelve of the fourteen are women; the tablet of a man who began life as a

blacksmith and ended by keeping his carriage. His tablet contained the outline of a forge and a landau, "So," as the guide said, "Pour aller a Ciel plus vite."

I hope this is a happy birthday for my two dear girls and that the beginning and ending of Sweet Sixteen may justify the name. I am pleased to see you lay out for yourself work in Latin Grammar and History. If you really want to study them Mr. Learned could put you through a course of sprouts when you go to Dublin. Voluntary study is fine but it is apt to fall through. We have had good letters from Ward and want to meet him in Geneva.

South
No, Not South Manchester
but Venice, July 13, 1896

There are so many things to tell you that I don't know where to begin.

Every time we go into the great Piazza of St. Marc we buy some little papers of corn for the pigeons. They seem to know as soon as you make the purchase and come toward you in the crowds and if you put a few grains in your hand they begin to fly up and perch on your wrist. Two or three or as many as there is room for and then they get on each others' backs or crowd each other off. A few grains on your sleeve will give you a row of five or six pigeons from fingers to shoulders and as grains are always dropping you have also a crowd of them about your feet. One day we gave some corn to some little boys to feed them, but the pigeons seem to have doubts about boys, perhaps from sad experience and they would not go near them, nor eat from their hands. I wonder if the boys know how they felt.

Your Father and I have each made a friend here. Mine is a girl who belongs to a singing company who call themselves Sirens and who go about in a large boat with a good little orchestra to the hotels on the Grand Canal every evening and give pleasant little serenades. They came here the evening of our arrival and we, sitting on the front balcony close to the water, enjoyed them very much. There are two girls, both very simple and sweet in the manners, and quite a lot of men beside the orchestra. They sing in perfect time and with a

grace and spirit rarely heard at home. My little friend has a pathetic contralto voice and she always gives me a sweet little smile and bow, very gracious and courteous.

These Italian people have very gentle and pleasant manners - when they are not excited. We went a good way on the splendid Grand Canal, almost as far as the Rialto, which is a high bridge with a single arch, very queer and picturesque, and with a lot of shops in it. Under the bridge was a wonderful illuminated float all ablaze with lamps, green, white, and red, the Italian colors, and towed by a steamboat running very slowly.

Yesterday the gondoliers told us with enthusiasm that in the evening there would be a Serenata and Illuminada on the Canal, Molto Bellow fini Cantti. We hardly knew what it meant, but found it a charming kind of fiesta they have here in Venice some times when there really is fine music and a procession of boats, etc. given by the City authorities for the pleasure of the people. So we got a gondola with a gondolier named Angelo Rossi and a very good gondolier he proved to be with a head on his shoulders.

On the float was a large and excellent band, a chorus of men's voices, and four or five very excellent solo singers, opera artists, men and women. The float would stop at some central place and then the musicians would give several fine songs. Meantime you must imagine the audience who listened to this concert to be seated in boats with which the Canal was almost solid from shore to shore, hundreds of gondolas gliding easily along together, each with its gondolier or two standing and moving rhythmically at their oars, and each with its lantern on.

When the steamboat pulling the float was to start a man at the bow with a hose would play on the boats to make them keep out of the way. This made a good deal of fun - what our gondolier called an "acqua festa." With every move of the steamer and the float all the boats would rush forward, bumping along together in a joyous pell-mell shouting and cheering. The instant the steamer stopped a backward movement would begin so as to keep near the float and the music. Our man was always in the right place, always near the music and never under the hose. The most wonderful thing was to see all

those men in motion at their oars together, their bodies swaying gracefully at their work. And the crowd was all cheerful, well mannered and orderly and not the slightest noise was made, or tolerated if made while the music was going on. Meanwhile as we moved along slowly, red and green lights were burned, bringing out into brilliant relief the fine faces of the palaces and the churches and revealing the great crowd gathered on the banks here and there, and everywhere filling the balconies of the houses. When we got back to the hotel we were surprised to find it was nearly one o'clock and though we were tired and sleepy we were in the best of spirits and slept finely all night.

And now good night my darling little girl. Thanks for your nice letters. They are a real comfort and pleasure to us. Ever most fondly and lovingly.

Your Mother, M.B.C.

Lucerne, July 26, 1896

My dear Dave,

While we were among cities and picture galleries I had a sense of your not being entirely simpatico.

Now that we are among lakes and mountains, I often wish for you and know how very heartily you would delight in and enjoy this wonderfully beautiful nature. Nature may be fine and full of meaning in a hay-field and happy are they who live in it and by it, rather than outside of it, enjoying its splendors, in a merely spectator's way. But the latter is what we are doing now, and it is as spectators, lazy and luxurious ones, that we are enjoying it. I used to say years ago that I knew I should never get to the Alps til I was too old and too fat to climb them. And that is what has happened. I envy these German tourists we see everywhere, red and dirty and unattractive, but indefatigable and appreciative in their pursuit of natural beauty. They are certainly, however, the homeliest and least charming people under the sun and we often of late have regretted that we have decided to have Ward spend a year of his education in Germany. Will he too become beery and red and talk in this thick and guttural way? Well, at least they are in earnest about things and live their lives in an honest and sincere way.

Now I wish you to look out of our window. Just in front of me is Mt. Pilatus, a mountain once believed to be possessed by demons and accordingly, feared and shunned by the people. Now there is a railroad to the hotel on the summit and electriclights burn there all night, shining down cheerfully on the valley. On another mountain last night was a search light, sweeping from peak to peak, now touching us and making a fiery pathway across the lake and again bringing distant snow fields into view. Mt. Pilatus, though not extremely high, is a fine and jagged mountain with a saw-tooth ridge, and it rises from the lake in an imposing way, showing its full height and not lost in a jumble of other peaks as some of the highest points are.

This hotel the Schweitzerhof, is on the edge of the lake, a little garden in front, then the busy street, then a shady walk under thick plane trees which are trimmed down flat so as not to obstruct the view, then the water, green and ever flowing, the moving boats, then the near shore just opposite where boats and trains come in, a green point, and then the mountains. There are chains of them and gleaming snow fields among them.

About six, returning from an errand, I met a party of peasant women, about as many as we have men in a Military Company, marching through the street singing a simple melody in parts, and wearing the costume, black velvet bodice, silver rosettes and white starched sleeves. The hats, however, were quite modern, chiefly leghorn straws, trimmed with yellow. They walked around the lake and seemed to take a steamboat on the other side - probably an excursion from some rural region nearby, perhaps with a religious significance.

We met some more of Leslie's steamer friends, the Countess of Lasuen who was the chaperone of the Princess Elvira de Bourbon, daughter of the Spanish Don Carlos. She was travelling for her health - consumption and Count Ortigosa, her escort who was Leslie's cabin mate. Now here, she met Don Carlos who is staying in this house with quite a retinue. They are a fallen royal house and quite careful of their dignity.

This house is full of titles and fashionable people and here for the first time we find ourselves in a crowd. In Italy the hotels were empty and we had everything our own way. Here we have to be more circumspect and wear our good clothes.

I have not written you what I meant to, but the rest must go to some other member of the family. I expect a good letter from you in reply.

You will be going to camp about the time you get this. We are wondering who is the new Captain of the Company.

With best love,
Your Mother, M.B.C.

Hotel & Pension, Jungfrau - Wengenalp
August 10, 1896

The travelers waited for several days because of very inclement weather.

My dear Peggy,

On Saturday, with some gleams of watery sunshine, we got into a sort of open excursion train and began working up the winding and ascending banks of the Grundelwald Valley. We felt like children let out of school after our long wait at Interlaken and rejoiced in the wild glimpses of the mountains and the swift rush of the grey river, the brilliant green of the pastures and the waterlogged brown chalets. Arriving we started at once for a walk to the lower glacier which is across the deep valley under Eiger. Your Father soon said his foot troubled him and returned. Les and I walked through the wet meadows among a multitude of rushing brooks of all sizes and of waterfalls dripping from every height. We found that the glacier had worn out a deep and narrow outlet through rocks two hundred feet high and that a path and some bridges have been built following the river through the gorge so that you can see it to the very foot of the glacier, while you tremble at the roar of the river and the extreme slenderness of the bridges. We returned by a very steep path to the hotel to find that your Father had not yet returned. Presently he appeared and said he had been to the top of the same gorge under the guidance of a very small boy whom he had provided with an excellent meal of bread and cheese and wine at a hut at the foot of the glacier. His foot surprisingly recovered and he was much pleased with his walk which he considered more difficult than and superior to ours.

(After attending church with Les). This church and the school and the old burying ground are beautifully situated opposite the glacier on a smiling hillside. The motto on the school says that the school and the church nearby are the two fingers of God's hand to guide and point the way upward. It also says that the children will become good Swiss men and women, and that this is the way to be fit for earth and heaven. There were also good inscriptions in the graveyard to an old teacher and to a brave guide. I wish I had written them down. Meeting your Father we walked on and up in the sunshine towards the upper glacier which comes out under Wetterhorn. Soon we met a nice boy who wanted to show us the way and your Father told him to come along and then I knew we should surely get there. And so we did, up and down green hills and past little old chalets and through slippery lanes and stony paths and at last we got to the foot of the glacier and the blue ice grotto and the rushing grey river and the little ice lake and peasants yodeling and men blowing on Alpine horns and all sweet sights and sounds. From Interlaken in answer to a letter and message from Ward, we telegraphed him to know if he wished to join us at Geneva or at Lyons. We have had no answer to our message so it must have missed him.

Don't you enjoy Mr. Learned and Mr. Burton?

M.B.C.

Interlaken, August 11, 1896

My dear Frank,

We arrived here and found a message from Ward which showed he had not received our telegram of last Friday to which we had been expecting an answer. He says he will be in Lyons on the 14th. This means that he will not meet us in Geneva as we had hoped he would do. We want to see him very much and up to today I had cherished the hope that we might get a trip together to Chamonix. Now I believe it is useless to hope and feel that our Swiss journey must be given up as a failure. We shall meet in Lyons on the 14th and make a visit of a few days at L'Enclos if it is pleasant and then start for Germany in hopes of getting some pleasant travel there with Ward before he settles down to

study. And speaking of study brings me round to you and your work. Milly has sent us Prof. Coy's letter. His practical advice is pretty good, and I feel that the right thing has been decided on in giving you a month under Mr. Learned. He is a fine man and a fine teacher and his judgment is good. He will not ask of you anything more than is necessary in order for you to take a good stand in college after you enter, and whatever he does ask of you I hope you will do in the most thorough way. I have felt that it was a great advantage for Austin to be with Mr. Learned and I shall feel the same about you.

You must have had a fine visit to McCormick at Bar Harbor, and I am glad you had so agreeable an episode in your vacation. You were a good boy to write from York Harbor to let us know of your safe progress. Your Marlborough party I have heard of as under way but not of its success. I doubt not however, you had the usual fine stuffing and mussy time, and enjoyed it all in boy fashion.

Leslie has enjoyed most heartily such mountain excursions as we have been able to take and he never seems so happy as when he is on a mountain or gathering the lovely Alpine flowers. Then he sings and whistles all off the tune and feels himself in his element. I don't think Italian art quite filled the bill for him. He did his best to take it in, and was quite independent in his selections but he was not happy over it, as he is on the mountains and the flowers. He is a dear, good boy and a great comfort to us, a perfect chevalier of dames wherever he goes and making acquaintances always with all the good-natured people and persistently "mashing old ladies" as an English lady said to him the other day. I hope you will also develop your gallantry, especially in the direction of taking care of your sisters who will enjoy having you with them I know.

We look to you to make the reputation for scholarship at Yale College.

With best love to my dear boy,
Your Mother, M.B.C.

Hotel Beau-Rivage
Geneva, August 13, 1896

My dear Dolly,

When we wrote our last letters on a stormy afternoon at Interlaken, we had a strong feeling of disappointment that all our plans for Switzerland had fallen so far short of fulfillment. We came away sadly. But as we left, the clouds began to break and peeps of blue to come through. The views on Lake Thun, though not clear, were beautiful. I began to reason with myself for being dissatisfied when there had been after all so much to enjoy.

So we came along by rail all the way to Geneva in a mood between regret and a chastened sense that we had had more happiness than we deserved. But we could not help feeling badly not to have Ward join us, and not to have him and Leslie see more of this beautiful mountain world. So we arrived soberly at Geneva and I stepped off the train almost into his arms. I could hardly believe my eyes. But there he was looking so big and strong and dear and good that it was a perfect joy to hold him. I can tell you he got a good hugging right then and there. He had Arthur Grey with him and Mrs. Grey was here at the hotel, and her party and ours have seats together at the table. She is very sweet and kind but very sad. Tonight some more of Ward's friends arrived here from Interlaken and all the young men have gone out together to the Kursaal.

Well today has been a fine, clear day, cheerfully warm, and we have been out almost all day at the Exposition. We got tired but we had a good time. And best of all at the end of the afternoon the glistening peak of Mt. Blanc came out splendidly, and at sunset was all rose color. The rest of the range of the Savoy Mountains also were in the Alpine-glow. So we hope the spell is broken, and if it holds clear tomorrow morning we shall start for Chamonix about noon. It is rail part of the way and then a long drive of four or five hours by diligence or carriage.

We have found it hard to decide whether to go there or to Zermatt but Chamonix seems nearer and then we have seen Mt. Blanc clearly and we don't know anything of the weather at the Matterhorn. If really fine weather holds we may do both. But that is too much to hope.

I hope you are all enjoying Dublin and that it is doing you all good.

My best love to you all. Ward sends his love and says he won't write this week because I am writing. I am afraid that will not quite satisfy you all.

With a heartfelt of love for my dear Dorothy,

Your loving Mother, M.B.C.

L'Enclos
August 21, 1896

My dear Emily,

When we left Geneva it was a question of coming first to L'Enclos or to Lyons and at the last moment your Father decided to do the latter, allowing the rest of us to come here direct by way of Grenoble. We heard from him by letter and from Mr. Morel by telegram saying that they would come here together today, arriving in about an hour from now, about three o'clock. It seems as if it were longer than yesterday morning since we parted, for the entourage is so different and for me the difficulty of keeping up attentive conversation with a roomful of French people all talking at once is quite a serious one.

You see that it is now a week later than the time we expected to arrive here. I have already explained in a letter from Geneva that we telegraphed for Ward to meet us there. From the moment he met us we had splendid weather and our trip to Chamonix was a glorious success. We took the train from Geneva to Cluses and then had a carriage which took us the rest of the way to Chamonix. The views going in, especially from Sallanchers are increasingly splendid all the way. The snow peaks were glittering in the sunshine and the parapets of rocky mountains were clothed with purple in the shadows and with mauve on the sunlit surfaces. The great gorges were full of green trees and of roaring water, and everything at its very best. It was a day to be remembered. Mont Blanc was continually appearing and disappearing with the windings of the road looking more lofty every time it came again in sight. The next day

the boys went up the Fligere which is opposite the great snow chasm. Your Father and I found the usual point where the cabin is some three thousand feet above the valley, high enough for us. But the two boys went on a good deal higher, first to a Pavillion, so called, and then on among some of the savage bare aiguilles till they could go no farther.

Sunday afternoon the boys took a guide and went up to the Montanvert to pass the night preparatory to a trip to the Jardin the next day. We started on a stroll til we found ourselves under the final precipices of the Mer de Glace. After proceeding on that path til it was crossed by a torrent we crossed a bridge and walked along the Moraine in front of the Glacier de Bois, or that part of the Mer de Glace which descends to the valley. Icy air followed the current of the stream as we returned along it to the valley and the Alpine Glow was on the great mountains and the cloud wreaths about them, while the valley lay in somber shadow. The next day we took two mules and rode up the Montanvert to meet the boys on their re-run from the Jardin. We watched the glacier with the telescope until we saw them coming very far away, zigzagging across the ice-ridges where they could find a way. We then started to meet them along the rocky formations which enclose the glacier, finding some Mauvais pas along the way, quite as bad as those on the other side and without a railing. The boys had had a fine trip, but their guide had not proved very experienced or competent. However, they had an experience of a glacier and returned to safety. They crossed the Mer de Glace and returned to Chamonix via the Mauvais Pas. While your Father and I returned by the mule path of the Montanvert quite ignominiously though. I could not bring myself to ride down. On Tuesday we took carriage reluctantly for Martigny. The boys walked from Tours at the end of the Valley over the Col de Baume to Trient. Meeting at Trient we cross the Col de la Lorday and reached Martigny. We found there the same mosquitoes and the same bed-bugs which I remembered from eight years ago. Your Father was put to great torture from which he had not recovered when we left him yesterday. We left there with great regret leaving Zermatt behind us. At the Castle of Chillon we left the train and went over this unusually comfortable Medieval prison and Chateau in which I was a good deal interested and

so were the boys, while your Father voted it a humbug but I think he meant another kind of bug.

We took the electric road as far as Vevey, had time there for a hasty lunch and then proceeded by boat to Geneva, four pleasant hours with Mount Blanc in sight occasionally, the latter part of the way. The boys went again to the Exposition and went up in a balloon (tied-ascent 1300 ft.). Your Father and I had to go to a bankers and a shop, and at twilight only found time to look at the Cathedral, John Calvin's old church, which was as chill and bare as his theology.

Ever devotedly, your Mother, M.B.C.

Paris, Sept. 4, 1896

My dear Emily,

We have been here three days. It seems much longer. I had entirely forgotten what a great and crowded and hurrying city Paris is. The boulevards seem at times really choked with traffic, and at all hours the stir and rush seem much greater than I recollect. Here as elsewhere cheap transportation, omnibuses, tramways, electric, even steam railroads are in the thoroughfares and between these and the cabbies who drive straight at you and those French bicyclists, male and female, who never seem to know where they are going, it is really quite difficult to know how to cross a street in safety.

We went on arrival to the Hotel L'Athenee, but it was crowded and our only choice of rooms was between some cubbies in the attic and some dungeons on the street. We chose the latter and after a poor night's rest set off in the morning to look for better lodgings. Your Father does everything thoroughly and we went up and down more winding stairs than I can count at the Westminster, Hotel Mirabeau, Hotel du Rhin, Meurice, Continental, Hotel de Lille & Albion, Metropole and finally to the Hotel Chatham where we decided to stay. It is on the Rue Daumon, only a few steps from the Rue de la Paix.

Our first drive was to the Bois and St. Cloud, and was very good indeed. The old chateau of St. Cloud has been torn down and only the Park remains. We went to the Cirque d'Ete in the evening but found it off season and not remarkably good. Yesterday we went of course through the Garden of the Tuilleries to the Louvre, and from there to the Faubourg St. Antoine, site of the Bastille and the old Palais Royal in the Place des Vosges, some of whose buildings were erected by Henri IV and one which was the birthplace of Mme. de Sevigne! We drove up the Beau Marchais, (where our horse tumbled down) and through quarters of the city fairly teeming with life to the corset makers on the Rue La Fayette, where I had an appointment. We are, at your Father's insistence, getting our winter's work done.

I think we shall go to Germany, to Crefeld and to Brunswick, and perhaps to Berlin and to Dresden. But we want to get started for home as early in October as we can get good accommodations.

My best love to all you dear ones. This is a poor, hurried letter. Much love to Aunt Nettie and Helen and all the dear family.

Lovingly, your Mother, M.B.C.

Ward Cheney to his sister, Emily, on her engagement to H. Barrett Learned

Markgrafurstrasse 39/40
Berlin, December 9, 1896

My dearest Sister,

Your letter arrived this morning and I have spent most of the time since reading it over and over, for it contained one of the greatest surprises I have ever had. I must acknowledge that at first the idea that my sister Emily was engaged, was going to marry a man I have never even seen, was going to leave us, just made me feel kind of sick all over. But now that I have read your letter many times and have come to realize the great happiness which has come into your life and what a blessing this is to you now, and will be through your life, then I see that it was only selfishness which prevented me from rejoicing with you at first. But you can't blame us, Milly, if we are a little selfish over it, for you are so dear to all of us, more so than you yourself realize, of course, and then your position in our family is such a central one, in every way, that I could hardly bear to think of you going away. But really the tiniest love we can bear toward you is that which leads us in this matter to think only of you and your happiness, and which in the end, will make us rejoice when we know that you are happy. I feel it through and through from your letter that you love the man from the bottom of your heart, and that, I can accept implicitly as a proof that he is a good, strong, noble fellow, for I do not believe that your heart could go to any other than such a one. If he deserves what you have given him, then he is a splendid man and I feel from what you and Mother say of him, that that is what he is. . . .

I am sorry I can say nothing about Barrett, for that is what I will call him henceforth. But I know from what you say about him, that all of us will like him very, very much as the younger ones who know him, do already. If the family, at first, Milly, do not seem to enter into your full joy in your engagement, remember that it is not on

his account but because it comes hard to think of your going away. Your place as oldest in the family has always been a very responsible one, but at the same time you have made it a very lovable one, so that your absence will make a great change.

When you wrote to Mother and Father in Paris, they must indeed have been excited over it and of course they had to get home just as soon as they possibly could. It would not have been right at all if they had given up time to come up to Braunschweig to see me and I do not begrudge you a bit the two weeks earlier that they came home, instead of seeing me.

I can imagine what a day Thanksgiving was for you, who had so much in your heart for which you felt thankful and for Barrett too, though I should think that he might have felt a little trepidation, before that great assemblage. I should imagine that those who did not know could not help wondering why one not in the family should be at Thanksgiving dinner and I do not believe that their guesses were far out of the way. Won't it be great for you that he will be so near this winter, so that you will be able to see him often. . . . God bless you, my dearest sister, and may you ever be as happy as you are now.

Your most loving brother, Ward Cheney

(This letter was sent by Emily Cheney Learned to H. Barrett Learned who was at Stanford University, California on 9-27-1931. It was found in his desk and returned by a member of the family after his death.)

Berlin, December 12, 1896

My dear Barrett,

It seems very strange to address a man whom I have never seen by his first name, but as the man who is to marry my dear sister, Emily, you come so close to me that I could not be formal and treat you as if you were a stranger. From now on you are one of us. You have won a prize, and I want to congratulate you from the bottom of my heart. You are, beyond a doubt, one of the luckiest persons in this world, to have won the heart of such a girl as Emily. The very thing that makes you so lucky is the thing which makes it a little hard for me to have only unmixed joy in this. For we all love Milly so, and she is and always has been such a center in our family life, that it is not easy now to let her go with a light heart. But she is so happy, and has such a strong love toward you, (that I felt through and through after reading her letter) and I can trust her so perfectly that I feel you must be a man deserving of her love, though that is saying a good deal, and a man who will care most tenderly for her, and make her happy all her life. And when I think of all this, then I can rejoice truly with her and with you.

I am glad, after all, that Milly is engaged to somebody whom I do not know, for I do not know anybody who is quite good enough for her, and I do not think I could be pleased over it, but as it is knowing you only through Milly and Mother, I have an exceedingly high opinion of you and can take you on faith, as it were. I am sorry it will be so long before I will meet you and know you but I feel sure that we will be right good friends, as you and my two younger brothers are already, when we do meet.

The day when you receive this, Christmas Day, when your engagement is announced, will be a happy day for you. I would give anything to be there to grasp your hand, and add one to your many congratulations.

The most joyful and merry of all Christmas Days to you and to Emily.

Most sincerely yours,

Ward Cheney

F.W. Cheney to General Joseph R. Hawley, Washington, D.C.

My dear General,

The war of 1898 has begun. I am very sorry that I cannot enter into the spirit of it, as my boys do. It seems to me that it could have been averted without loss of our national or individual honor, but all this is past history. Now we are in for a war; we must put it through just as earnestly as if it were a pious and justifiable one. I am sorry to have my boys go, but unwilling to hold them back if they are bent on going. Two of them belong to our Manchester Company, and they will go with the Company when it is ordered out. My son Ward graduated at Yale two years ago and then went to Germany to study. He is now in the COURANT office and Charley Clark can tell you all about him. He has the war fever on, and is all ready to go out in the same Company if I will let him. I hesitate about putting so many valuable eggs in one basket. Can you suggest any better way of his going into the service of his country than as a common soldier? That is a straightforward and honorable way I know. I would not if I could, have him put into any position he could not fill. I know all about the trials of a young officer without previous training being forced to assume too heavy responsibilities all at once. Ward is a good, sound healthy boy, full of enthusiasm, and I want him to have the best chances there are to develop into a useful man and a good soldier, if that is to be his lot. Can you suggest anything better for him than to go in as an enlisted man? That is a question probably being put to you every day by anxious fathers and mothers.

I met Bailey this morning up in the COURANT office trying to work out the problem as to what to do with his boy, who was Captain of the Yale Crew last year, and just the right make up for a soldier or a sailor. There are thousands more of the same kind waiting to go with, and even without, the consent and approval of their elders.

It will be a pity to have them wasted as they were often needlessly in our last great war. What can be done with them to use them for all they are worth is the anxious question.

I remain,

Yours respectfully,

F. W. Cheney

Excerpt from a paper read by the father of Ward Cheney at a meeting of the Monday Evening Club at the beginning of the Spanish American War, 1898.

We meet tonight for the first time since the war of the rebellion with another war on our hands, which we are thankful is with a foreign nation and not a civil one. Our own sons are now as eager to go to the front as we were ourselves in 1861. It causes us many a pang and strain on our heart strings to have them go, but we are glad they feel as they do about doing their whole duty to our country under the old flag now a fresh call to arms has come. It is glorious to be young and strong and brave and ready to be a soldier of the Union.

While the war cloud was hanging over us, many of us, and I among them, held back all we could, having no heart in going into this fight if we could honorably keep out of it. When the pressures became irresistible and we were forced into it, we had to accept the situation as inevitable, and that our manifest destiny or the will of God, called us to assume the protection of our helpless and oppressed neighbors who had suffered so long under Spanish misrule.

We have developed into a great nation, and must take our place among the great powers and assert our right to protect our interests and those of humanity wherever they are and to extend them in all directions it is best to. We cannot keep our position of isolation from the other great powers and freedom from cares in the world outside of our own boundaries. We have outgrown the limits wisely placed by the

framers of our government, and which are too narrow for the changed conditions of the present time. We know that it will be very expensive for us to hold a first class position among the great powers of the world, and that we have much to learn and endure to make it permanent and secure. It is worth trying for though. We are young and rich, and must be strong to protect our country and our growing interests out of it.

Olivia Langdon Clemens to M.B.C. in reply to a note of
condolence at the time of Susy Clemens' death of Meningitis.

Kaltenleutgeben bei Mein
Oct. 7th, 1898

Dear dear Mrs. Cheney:

Your letter was a great comfort to me and I did not intend that it should lie so long unanswered. I was glad you felt as you did about the poem and touched by your son's appreciation of it.

One cannot write: I sometimes feel that if I looked into the eyes of a friend I might talk - one so longs for expression sometimes - yet I know that I could not, that there is something in the very sense of an other's presence that makes one speechless. In reading and rereading your letter I said so many things to you, yet I know they will always remain unwritten & unsaid. Yes as you write, it is "Something to live for & something to die for" the revelations to be made in such a life as Susy's.

Shall I tell you a secret? It has yet been told to no one not even my children, I have not had the courage to speak of it or show it.

Mr. Clemens wrote me an other poem on the 18th of August last. It gives, in a most beautiful way I think, three or four pictures of Susy's life from her young childhood until the day of her death. I found the Memorial lines on my chair in my room on the preceding 18th of August, when I returned from having been away all day.

I rejoice with you dear Mrs. Cheney in the happy marriages of your sons: and I realize what a very hard matter it will be for you to let Milly marry & go away from you but I wonder that some one has not insisted long before this that you give her up. When Clara is away from me for a day the sense of loneliness is so great that it makes me hope that it will be many a long day before any one succeeds in persuading her to leave home.

We are all usually well & I have not known Mr. Clemens for years to write with so much pleasure & energy as he has done during this last summer. Sometimes I have felt almost frightened that it be his swan song but it continues & he seems well so I take great comfort in it.

Mr. Clemens & I were deeply pleased by what you said of "Following the Equator." It was difficult for us to be sure about the merit of the work because of its being written at a time when everything about us seemed hopelessly black: so, that you found it good is a fact particularly grateful to us. Mr. Clemens has been working on no big thing this summer - that is no book - but he has done several magazine articles that I think are very good.

There has been a great change in the work of one member of the family: Clara has left the piano and is taking singing lessons! Her father & I are both glad & sorry. It did not seem to us that Clara's strength could hold out to work as she was working, naturally like a young girl she felt that she could work on indefinitely day & night. When one day a lady who was a competent judge heard her sing & said "Why do you go on with the piano when you have a voice: the piano is so much less recompensing than singing & the work so very much heavier." After having a professional hear her sing we all decided that it was wise for her to at least try the training of the voice. Clara has worked at the piano so long & faithfully & seemed so nearly to have reached her goal (Herr Prof. Leschetizky having said last spring that in an other year she would have become nearly or quite independent in her piano work) that we felt many pangs in seeing her give it up. However, it seemed wise to make the change.

It was a great pleasure to us to see Dr. Parker & Mr. Dunham. Doubtless you will have heard them recount some of Mr. Clemens' new and exasperating philosophies. I sent Dr. Parker the other day a postal card from Mr. Clemens with some of his vagaries on it.

Poor dear Mrs. Knight Cheney with her great troubles; please give her my deep love. I am going to write her.

We now think if all goes well with us that we shall be a year from now in America.

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Please give my love and a warm congratulatory
kiss to Milly.

With love "von Haus zu Haus" believe me.

Affectionately your friend

Olivia L. Clemens

May 10, 1899
South Manchester, CT

My own dear blessed Ward,

How can I have let so much time slip away without writing to you, and you so far away, so lonely and so uncomfortable in your trenches. Well, this is how it was. Last week after some worrying days about May, we went to New York, Milly, Barrett, Leslie and I and walked around shopping and dressmaking for some days, and when we came home there were so many people coming in and out even on Sunday that I could not find a quiet minute. The days go by with alarming rapidity. They seem full yet, looked back upon, nothing seems to have been done.

We had three good letters from you, one to Howell, March 19th, one to your Father, March 22nd, and one to me April 2nd, all received on May 6th. Strangely enough one to Emily, March 26th, came in nearly a week earlier. These four letters told us of your first experiences as a soldier in the field, and they were intensely interesting to us, and the whole family. Charles, Mary, Horace, Howell, Anne and all of us were gathered together to the reading. Every word was full of meaning and stimulating to our imaginations. Our hearts are with you in all these strange and at times trying scenes. We rejoiced with Captain Lowring and you over that watermelon and shared your defiance of stomach-ache, to say nothing of health. But how were you the next day, and how could you be so rash as to wade into a brook when so heated? I shall be surprised if you have not had diarrhea or dysentary before now, and that, dear child, is much more what I fear for my little boy than a Filipino bullet. Try and take a little care of your commissariat the next time you go on a raid. These letters were asked for by Mr. Clark when he was here with the Monday Evening Club on Monday night, and he carried them off for Mr. Adams to read. He had been asking about you. Today I was at the Courant office for a little while and Mr. Clark asked Mr. Adams to come in and see me. He had written me a nice letter to go back to me with the letters, a loving letter about you, young sir, such as would please a fond mother. So when he came in looking rusty and with a very red nose, I was glad to shake his stout hand and tell him I believed you were a boy of his, and he admitted that you were and added that the most interesting event of the late

war to him was when you went marching away with your regiment, the First Connecticut, last spring. And he said some kind things of you and sent you his love, and murmured something about your coming back soon. Mr. Clark was chiefly wrought up over the fact that a division should be marched so far in one day, and with so little gain. But Mr. Clark must grumble you know. As I said, the Monday Evening Club dined with your Father on Monday of this week, and General Hawley just up from Washington gave the essay or talk on the State of our Country, meaning the Philippine problem of course. He and Judge Shipman and all the solid men of Hartford seemed to be of one mind in regard to the absolute necessity of our going on and finishing up what we had begun. The General thought we had done only what Fate had cornered us into doing, and that the hand of God rather than of blind destiny was in it. He spoke forcefully and with generous praise of the President and of his strength and unexpected greatness. Prof. Williston Walker meekly hinted that it was a bad piece of business and that he wished we were out of it, but how he was unable to explain. Only he seemed to think the Administration ought to have a ready-made policy ready for every emergency. This is the general talk of college professors. They seem to believe that wisdom consists in fitting concrete circumstance to abstract theory. This last week Edward Atkinson has raised a great pow-wow by sending some of his statistical pamphlets to the Philippines and by notifying the Post-Office Department, getting them taken out of the mails as treasonable matter. If he had kept quiet they would have been perfectly protected by their statistical dullness and probably nobody would have read them enough to find out that they were treasonable. Every day I thank the Lord for the common people, with their plain sense and their loyalty, and their magnificent simplicity of purpose. I am thinking of writing a magazine article on the Disloyalty of Culture.

Well, the news is that Milly is to be married on June 14th and will sail with Barrett for England on June 27th by the Maria Theresa, a new ship of the Nord-Deutsche line. How I wish you could be with us! Think of us and breathe a blessing on your dear sister on her marriage day. We are just beginning work on the wedding cards. We are also full of their cares and Milly is having from loving friends a lot of the most beautiful and delightful presents. The days are flying. Barrett has been

here and gone again to Cambridge. He is beginning to recover from the shock and disappointment of missing his doctorate. He is anxious about their future of course and hesitates about taking a full year abroad for fear of losing chances at positions. But we want him to reap the full benefit of this golden opportunity for a year in Europe, one that may never come again, and is just what he needs in this era of expansion, while for Milly it will be the greatest delight.

My dear Boy, I love you dearly, and you are never absent from my thoughts or my heart for a single hour. The good Father bless you and keep you. Ever devotedly,

Your Mother, M. B. C.

South Manchester, CT
June 25, 1899

My dearly loved Ward,

Since my last letter to you so much has happened that I hardly know where to begin. It was too bad that none of us found time to write you immediately a full account of the wedding. Dolly wrote, she says, a short letter. Peggy began a letter on a larger scale and did not finish it. Shall I tell you of the wedding first and then of all that came after? No, I must first tell you what you already know that the serious fighting in which the Fourth has been engaged within the last ten days has occasioned, of course, much anxiety about our beloved boy, and returns were so slow in coming in that we were kept several days on tender-hooks. At last the list of casualties arrived, four killed and twenty wounded of the Fourth alone, but no mention of you, to our immense relief. I think they might just have mentioned that you were alive and well! .

Well, Ward, the wedding was by common consent the most lovely and ideal wedding that was ever seen, just as our Milly is an ideal woman, perfect in all that makes the most noble womanhood. It was on the lawn just in front of the house, in the outdoor spot that seems most entirely homelike. We had a high screen stretched from oak to oak, dressed with evergreen and laurel and with a platform in the

middle which was large enough to hold the wedding party, and raised only one low step above the grass on its front edge. Over the platform was a green canopy of the hemlock with a laurel-trimmed arch over its front. The screens were not too dense to admit air and sunlight. The effect was of the interlacing of boughs in the woods. At that hour the spot was shaded by the trees. Little improvised pine groves circled the lawn so as to make a large sheltered parlor of the whole. From the front door to the platform was an aisle or pathway, covered with two beautiful rugs, and with little small, white posts to mark the path on either side with ribbon festoons from post to post. Immediately after the ceremony the posts were pulled up and taken away and all was left open. We had a band of music on the west piazza and Frank Cheney gave them the signals so that all went exactly as planned. At very near the appointed hour, not more than five minutes late, the wedding procession was ready and moved down the little aisle to the platform. First went Mr. Biddle and Dr. Parker who took their places in the middle. Then went Barrett and his best man, Mr. Fenn. He is a Unitarian clergyman, father of several children, fat and jolly and red in the face. Then Mrs. Learned on Charles' arm and I on Austin's went down and took our places on Mr. Biddle's right. Charles and Austin (ushers) returned and joined the rest of the procession which then moved forward to the Lohengrin March, leaving some open spaces between the couples. Charles and Dr. Moore, Austin and Mr. Bullard, Agnes and Harriet Learned, Marjory and Dorothy, Ruth alone as maid of honor and then Milly on your Father's arm. Barrett came forward to the edge of the platform and taking her hand led her forward, your Father dropping in behind them. Mr. Biddle began the ceremony in a very low voice. Dr. Parker then read the address to the couple, to which he added the beautiful benediction which your Grandfather wrote for the wedding ceremony. During the ceremony the clouds which had been gathering a little became quite dark and threatening and we heard the distant thunder. It seemed as if a storm were imminent. But sunlight broke through, a gleam falling on Milly's head and shimmering down her veil over the creamy white satin train in the most beautiful way. A breeze sprang up and the clouds drifted away to the southward leaving a blue sky. All around us were heavy showers, but we were spared. The most lovely part of the wedding was the expression of Milly's face, so radiant and loving and full of intense feeling. Barrett was

very white during the ceremony, but recovered himself and looked very happy afterwards. We all went to the front of the platform and there received those who came to give their congratulations. I stood between your Father and Mrs. Learned and introduced the people to both, and then they passed on to the bride and groom and the bridesmaids. I am told that Isabella Beecher Hooker was on the platform helping us receive, but I was too busy to notice her. I think there were about three hundred people present, which was not too many for the large outdoor spaces. It was very warm but not intolerably so. Milly wore a very lovely and elegant dress, a rich cream-white satin with train and trimmed with the most exquisite old point lace which used to belong to Aunt Emily and which Aunt Kate gave Milly. It was simply arranged in a fichu on the waist and was in festoons on the skirt. I never saw lace so airy and beautiful in effect. She also wore Aunt Emily's diamond pin, which Aunt Louisa gave her and which is a spray of flowers in diamonds mounted on silver, and containing a number of large and brilliant stones. Barrett also gave her a circle of diamonds with small green stones, olivines between; which was a present on which he had expended much thought and probably more money than he could afford. This Milly wore at her throat as a pendant to the pearl necklace. She also had on a beautiful pin which the Barneys gave her, a large opal set with pearls and diamonds. So she was arrayed in the love gifts of those who are near and dear to her. But there was nothing showy or elaborate in the effect. She was just our own dear simple Milly, sunny and yet emotional and thinking of others more than of herself. The five bridesmaids were in white muslins made with trains, very pretty and effective but with no pretense at elegance. Ruthy made quite a sensation by blossoming out all at once into a tall and stately woman, with her hair done up and a long dress on. She was extremely dignified and I thought her beautiful. Some of the family did not know her, asked who she was. Agnes Learned has a good deal of beauty. Harriet is plain but sweet and full of fun. I like her the best of them all. Dr. Percy Dawson was here, staying at Howell's. He is engaged to Agnes you know and does not impress you as promising much as a husband, though he is a bright fellow and enthusiastic in his profession. I cannot believe Mrs. Learned is satisfied with him for Agnes. My wedding dress was a violet colored satin, with the beautiful lace Charley gave me, and a long

train. I will put in a bit of the satin, for the color which you will see is quite deep. We had the supper served in the library making it much more accessible than it would have been in the dining room through the little back hall. People said the supper was good. Your father had champagne and John Hughes kept watch over it and when he thought the men were as he said "getting kind of wild for it," he took it down cellar and put it away to the great diversion of those who knew. The present room was much frequented and well it might be, for Milly's friends had shown their appreciation of her in the most beautiful presents. Now they are mostly packed away, the silver, glass, china and books. They have a fine library or choice books. There were five sets of Browning, but they have changed all but one for something else. At five o'clock Milly and Barrett left in a carriage for Hartford and went that evening to Dalton, near Pittsfield, a nice hotel in a charming hill country, the edge of the Berkshire Hills, and the same place where Horace & May spent their honeymoon - was it only one little year ago? O, how much has happened to make this year seem a long one! Well, they thought no one ever had a happier honeymoon. The scenery of the Berkshires seems to have most remarkable charm, and I doubt if the Alpine scenery can hold a candle to it. They spent a week, mostly in driving and then went to Boston for a day or two and came home beaming on Thursday evening. Since then we have been packing up and packing away their things and tomorrow we go to New York with them and Tuesday they sail on the Teave for Southampton, and then our Emily will be gone from us and will belong to us for our very own no more. If you should ever have a daughter, Ward, one who like Milly is the life and light of the home, you will remember when it comes to her wedding the departure of our dear Milly and will be able to know what your father and mother are feeling now. Nor that I wish the future to store up for you anything so hard. . . .

Ward, dear, I do want to see you very much. I think of you and pray for you without ceasing.

Ever most lovingly,

Your Mother, M.B.C.

South Manchester, CT
August 12, 1899

My dear Ward,

It is long since I wrote you, and even then I wrote just after Aunt Luty's death in so much depression, so gloomily in fact, that I fear it would be more pain than pleasure to receive the letter. I am feeling better now and though still rather weary, I can see things in a better light. Much has come to me to throw a different light upon my dear sister's past life. I felt at first the fearful waste of her unusual talents, and the great disappointment of all her own ideal in life, the want of earthly satisfactions which she had longed for. I realized the physical suffering she had known for many years, and the weariness and darkness in which her life went out. But much that has been written both in the Courant and in private letters has proved that her abilities had not only been recognized but had borne fruit, and of her literary work one may say that though the quantity was small, the workmanship was thorough and the thought strong and original. She has of late years given much time to business matters for herself and Grandmother, and has practically been obliged to reinvest most of their little property. This was work new to her and which she mastered with great perseverance, intelligence and attention to details. It cost her much effort but I believe it was on the whole well done. All her affairs even to the smallest item were in perfect order, and in the house and its closets and drawers she could probably have put her hand in the dark on anything she wanted. She had widened her circle of friends, and had a number of humble friends who loved her and to whom she was an overseeing Providence. All her own little property she has left to Milly, the income being for Grandmother's use so long as she lives. It amounts to some 6 or 7 thousand dollars - not a fortune, but managed and saved with prudence. On the whole her life has been of as much value to others as most good lives. It was only for herself that it was disappointing. She devoted herself with complete self sacrifice to the care of Mother and to her interests. Her duty was done to the uttermost. But to her eager, active, striving and aspiring nature, life must have fallen far short of the fulfillment of her longings. This is what I most regret, this and the great regret that I did not help her more. Alas! When shall we learn to use the moment as it

flies for love and helpfulness to others? There are so many ways in which we can help the cramped people if we only try. The history is closed and the beautiful blessed opportunity gone before we know it.

And now, my dear Son, I must turn from this subject and tell you how we have been moved by the account of the engagement at Das Marinas and by your share in it. The peril was fearful and the rescue at the last critical moment a wonder. It is one of the dramatic stories of history, but to me the chief thing is that my own dear boy was in it and came out unscathed. Other accounts have come to us from Chicago papers, where correspondence had come in from Armstrong and from someone writing to Fort Sheridan. They speak of your courage and gallantry in action, and that is also a blessed thought to your parents and all your family. It is no surprise. We accept it as being the natural concomitant of your being in a fight at all. Now you can equally escape the assassin and "the pestilence that walketh at noonday," we shall again and again praise the Lord for your safety. It seems, when I come to reason about it, a strange thing that one of our peaceful households should be away off on the other side of the world fighting to make a race of ignorant semi-barbarians take their dose of liberty in an orderly way under the direction of the United States. They don't want us, nor we them, but Destiny has a finger in this pie. We are driven on by a force of circumstance, by last year's swift-moving events to take a place we never contemplated and act a part in the results of which we see little benefit for ourselves. It is a part of the great providential scheme of evolution in the world that the Great Republic should be sent to establish her flag, with all it signifies, in the very Orient itself, and so draw a cordon of law and liberty around the earth. It is going to be slow work, accomplished at great cost, and with many failures and mistakes. Slowly and surely order will come out of chaos and our country will recognize her destiny as a Mother of Nations. No longer satisfied with living to herself and for herself, she will know it to be her mission to care for the child-Nations and to show them the way to self care. I wish our own people saw and felt this. The most educated and thoughtful seem to be the last to understand it. There is a wholesome instinct in "the people" which draws them that way without much thought.

We are trying now to think what we can send you for Christmas and it is indeed a puzzle. A man who goes off campaigning at half an hour's notice and leaves even his toothbrush behind, does not want many of the prerequisites of civilized life. You don't want a Kodak, because it would be a bother and you would take your pictures, if at all, upside down. You have probably more than enough clothes. They say the ants eat everything you leave in your trunk. The ordinary necessities of life can be procured. Perhaps you would like current literature, the late books and magazines that you can read when in camp and throw away? A saddle, a pair of shoes, some photographs?

We are having very happy letters from Emily and Barrett. They are upon this time in England, the last letters dated July 27th written in London. They have just received the cable telling of Aunt Luty's death and wrote, of course, much of that in love and sadness. But they have been enjoying the Isle of Wight, Winchester, Salisbury, Devon, Exeter, Bristol Tintern Abbey and have just reached London. All they had seen had been to them a revelation of England's history and her loveliness. The past was colored doubtless by the romance of the present. They seemed like people walking in a beautiful dream. You know how it all bursts upon you when you see it first.

Austin writes since his return to Chicago in some loneliness and discouragement. He has had a cold and a cough almost ever since he first went out there to live. When he returned in July, the firm, Fraser & Chalmers, had just moved their works to a point far on the west side of the big city. The moulders went on strike and had stayed so. The department for crating machinery was running and after some delay Austin went into that and works at hard manual labor from 7 in the morning to 6 at night, with an hour out for dinner. It means rising at 5:45, as for the present he continues to lodge in the pleasant part of the city. In winter, if he stays, he will have to move over near the works. He has been to a dentist who has pulled out all of Dr. Keep's fillings and put in 15 new gold ones, to the tune of about \$200. Early in July Leslie went as Ruth's escort as far as Peace Dale, where she spent a week with the Hazards, and then to Newport. He took his wheel with him. His first call there was on Captain Albro, who directed him to the place next to our old quarters at Dr. Childs, now kept as a

boarding house and on the whole had a very pleasant time. He went to see all the old Washington Street friends and rode all over the island on his wheel and often to Fort Adams, and went sailing occasionally. Marjory, Dorothy, Ruth and Frank and perhaps Frank Farley, with two servants, will start on Monday, the 14th, for Keene Valley, where I hope to join them and to persuade your Father to come about the first of September. Marjory and Ruth will have to come home about September 10th in order to be ready for college and school, so they have only about three weeks for the Valley. They will have to come home probably under Frank's care, interview Dr. Keep and the dressmaker and leave home September 21st. Peggy as you know is going to Bryn Mawr and I think will be able to make a good start there. We have decided to send Ruth to Dana Hall, a School of about 95 pupils, in Wellesley, Mass. It prepares girls for college or gives an independent course as desired, but aims to begin with girls at about 14 years of age and to cover a course of study parallel to that of a good High School. Your Father and Ruth and I went there a week ago and saw the principal and the buildings and liked what we saw and heard very much. It seems a great venture to send our baby away from home alone, but she is perishing for the want of young companions and the stimulus that they alone can give. So I am reconciling myself to it as best I can but think how empty our home will seem next winter with only Dolly and Leslie here, for Dave says he is going abroad next winter. I don't know but we shall all have to go. We are empty enough now for tonight all the houses are closed except Uncle Frank's and young Frank's and ours. Charles has gone to join Mary and the baby in Fenwick, Horace has gone to May and Little Bushnell at Fisher's Island - but I forgot Howell and Annie have returned from their brief outing at Dartmouth and are very peacefully happy in their pretty home. Uncle Knight and Clifford who are wont to take dinner with us are now both at York Harbor. So it is we are in isolated possession of one of the loveliest and comfortablest places in this beautiful big world. The weather has been fine and the grass, the trees, the flowers are radiant. Never have we had such a fine flower-bed as this year against the group of pines around the little summer house, between our house and Charles'. It is a jumble of brilliant colors of all kinds which blaze away in defiance of rules and are really splendid.

I forgot to say that Ruth has obtained Miss Cook's permission to bring her puppy to school. Today he prepared for examinations by going off with a whole Virginia ham just browned to a golden color and set on a table in the cellar to cool, a most tempting looking dish for our Sunday lunch. He devoured it all, and afterwards looked very stout and seemed thirsty, going to the Homestead brook for water. After remaining some time in a comatose condition he became very frisky. Then Montgomery gave him a bath and Ruth combed his white ruffle, and he looked handsome and was so conscious of virtue that he came into the parlor. He is now almost as big as Bruce, but being only seven months old his legs are wobbly and he gets all tangled up with himself. And speaking of wobbly legs reminds me of our poor little Marion who had cholera infantum in July and is only just regaining her health and strength. The latter is slow to come and she has had to learn to walk over again. She looks still rather white, but she is just as bright and winsome as ever. I went to Fenwick one day this week to see them. Charley has a good deal to do this summer and has to be here most of the time.

Your Father has tonight an attack of gout or rheumatism in his foot and ankle so that he can hardly walk and it pains him a good deal. I feel he needs a change as much as I do, but I shall not venture to go far away from your Grandmother while Aunt Dotha - your dear, lovely Aunt Dotha - is away. We have had Frank and Florence and Mrs. Goodnow to dinner this evening and enjoyed getting some of the family about us. When the children are gone I mean to try to get Grandmamma out here to spend a fortnight. Well, Ward, I must say Good night with many a blessing on my dearly-loved boy. How I wish I could see you tonight. May the good God keep you safe and well! This is my constant prayer.

Ever lovingly and fondly, your Mother
M.B.C.

M.B.C. to her son, Ward, in the Phillipines

Sept. 30, 1899
The Homestead, Hot Springs, Va.

My dear Ward,

Your father has already written you from here and has probably told you what little news we have to tell. We have come here to wash away our sins of too much care, too much work, too little exercise, too late sittings at the writing table. We have thrown off care and are going the monotonous round of a cure, which monotony is perhaps one of the best things about it. It makes no demands upon you but to drink and eat and sleep and bathe and walk and drive. The air is splendid and the country very pretty, and we live at this house in ease and comfort without a care except such as the thought of our scattered children brings to us. We have heard from Milly from Chamonix, Interlaken and Geneva, and they were on their way to L'Enclos, much the same journey we took in part together three years ago. O how glad we were to meet in Geneva! Ward, if I could only put my arms about you and give you such an embrace as gladdened our hearts that day, how happy we should be! Face to face we cannot be and yet love bridges great gulfs and this great continent and the Pacific Ocean are not wide enough to keep our hearts apart. I can almost feel you near. God grant you may be in his good time! I have read today with a sinking of the heart that the generals in the Phillipines, Wheaton, MacArthur, etc., are about to open the fall campaign. This is what I have been dreading all summer during the blessed rainy season when nothing could be done. It may be that you will wait for the arrival of Gen. Merritt. Gen. Joe Wheeler I suppose is already there. How far these Generals are to supersede Otis and some of the others nobody knows. I dread this breaking in of newly arrived men who have not yet got the situation in hand. They are likely to do more harm than good. Merritt has never had much of a chance to show what is in him but they call him a martinet. He is certainly a fine-looking man and seems the soldier. But who can tell where military ability lies until it has been proved? In the Civil War we groped for three years before we found and trusted Grant. I hope the same amount of time will not be needed in Luzon. For my part I have no sympathy with the critics of Otis. He does not take to the field or personally command in the small

engagements for which other men have been sufficiently competent. But he does seem to sit at the center and pull the wires and keep the whole organization together with as much success perhaps as anyone under the circumstances could have done. Evidently the President trusts him. The New York Evening Post goes from bad to worse, not a day passes but it insults and vilifies the President.

October 1, 1899

Fortunately your Father and Dolly came in time to call me away from saying all the indignant things I might have said about the Evening Post. We went down through the frosty darkness to the Casino where a little dance was going on but it was so cold and the absence of beaux that we all returned speedily to the house and went to bed. This morning we woke to a cool but very brilliant October morning, the leaves of the black walnuts and sycamores dropping swiftly to the ground. We sat out in the sunshine and I read Dr. Munger's new book "Horace Bushnell Teacher and Theologian" published by Houghton & Mifflin and just out. I have been trying to help Dr. Munger as to pictures, etc., and am now at last deeply interested in the book. At first I thought it was too much of an abridgement of the biography and not what I had expected, an unfolding first of the religious atmosphere and conditions out of which he sprang, his background as it were, and at the same time it wonderfully elucidates the man, his great heart as the fountain of his thought, his allegiance to nature in every walk of thought and feeling and perception, his native spirituality. As yet I read little of his verve, his robustness and force of nature, his quick wit, his magnificent fighting qualities. Perhaps Dr. Munger is too purely the scholar to sense these to their fullest extent. Any portrait of your Grandfather without these hardiest traits must seem to those who knew him rather pale and colorless. He was indeed a great spiritual teacher, and as he grew older this function surpassed and absorbed all others. But he was first of all a man, human in every fibre, strenuous, vigorous, powerful and soulful, as only a strong self-asserting man can be. I shall send you the book when I get home, but do not forget when you try to read it that your Grandsire was a manly man with a big heart and a big brain and a soul to match.

Today has been altogether a delightful day. I had a delicious bath and rub at the bath-house, drank my warm Magnesia water at the spring like a good girl, ate a light lunch and after it felt fit for anything. So did your Father and so did Dolly. We decided on a mountain walk and took one of about six miles, along a ridge which looks in one direction to the Alleghenies and in the other to the Blue Mountains. The path after the first climb was an easy one, up and down along a swaying mountain line, the air pure elixir, the skies transparent blue, every sense stimulated by the most active enjoyment. It was a walk long to be remembered. Arrived at the Healing Springs, we dried off before a big wood fire and then drove home after a lively pair of horses, one of which never broke his canter all the three miles, and nearly upset us by shying violently at a bicyclist who rode one wheel, pushed another and carried a third on his shoulder. These Virginians are not gifted with so much energy. That man was from the North. We went in the other day to the sitting of a court at the Warm Springs. I wish Frost had been there to draw some of the "types." A row of men sat in front of the Judge's desk with their chairs tipped up against it and their boots crossed high over their knees, spitting to left and right, not saying "Conspiracy Dreyfull" but acting it with a vengeance. They seemed to consider their presence and persons as a volunteer aid to justice, without which nothing conclusive could be done. One of them was quite a notable man. Others in the building seemed like the wreckage of the Civil War, seedy old men who might have marched with Lee for Old Virginny. Lately at a meeting of the 16th Regiment to which I went with your Father on their Anniversary, Antietam Day, I saw about 150 men, Northern survivors of the Civil War, old soldiers, sometimes bowed and bent and no longer spruce and soldierly in bearing. Yet there was among them the sense of character, the virile and compact force of an immortal organization, men who had endured all for their country and counted it as little - as only their duty. You could see and feel the duty sentiment strong among the roughest of them. If among them too, you saw the feeling that they were but the remnant of the great army, the survivors of a cause that now speaks no more, yet how different is their attitude from that of these old confederates, to whom the Lost Cause is lost indeed. While I have been writing the excellent band has been giving us a Sunday evening concert and now they have come to the Lohengrin Wedding March,

which brings up Milly, and the marriages of three of our sons. Is it to sound for us eight times more? I almost hope not. I should like to save some of my children for myself, and yet from which one of my dear ones would I withhold the supreme happiness?

All this week the great Dewey celebration has been going on in New York. Such a triumph as I believe was never before accorded to mortal man. It has been superb. And Cousin George seems to take it very simply as a superlatively happy home-coming to his own people. He is good to everybody, his men, the boys who have visited him and his dog Bob, and he has his little joke and does the felicitous thing with singular tact. Tomorrow what is left of him will come on to Washington and on Tuesday he will receive the sword presented him by the nation. Happy man! To be thus idolized by a great people. Nothing is left for him but to die. . . . It is quite remarkable how many of our family have been abroad this year . . . that makes thirteen - an unlucky number. We will count you one more. Have I written you that Sherwood is to start immediately for the Philippines? He is probably already on the way to San Francisco. . . . Well, Ward dear, I might keep on all night but will spare you. I am gaining so much here and today feel made over, rejuvenated. God bless you my son, lovingly, your Mother

Mary B. Cheney

On receipt of a Silver Punch Bowl and Tray, F.W.C. wrote:

October 29, 1899

The Punch Bowl arrived safely and has been put in a place of honor in my home, and I have had time to study and enjoy it with my family. It might have been executed by Benvenuto Cellini if he had chanced to live three or four hundred years later, or Pouger and had the favor of our silk friends, as he did that of the Pope and Cardinals and crowned heads of his time. I shall ever prize it on account of its intrinsic beauty and merit, but far more because it is a loving token from friends whose good will is very dear to me. I am deeply touched by this expression of it which came so unexpectedly that I was unable to make any suitable acknowledgement of it at the time of its presentation. I fear that I

uttered my thanks very lamely and I now ask you to tell my kind friends how much more I felt than I was able to express at the moment. If you will do this you will place me under obligation to you again for many considerate acts.

Taeu,

Very truly yours,

F. W. Cheney

The transcription on the Punch Bowl:

"A loving tribute of affection to
Frank Woodbridge Cheney
South Manchester, Conn.
1899

For his development and protection of
the Silk Industry of America."

Around the pedestal supporting the Punch Bowl are the names of the donors.

The tray has the motif of mulberry leaves which are decorated with the occasional figure of a silk worm.





November 26, 1899

. . . This letter ought to reach you about the first of January. I wish you a Happy New Year, a year of health and of widening and interesting experiences and of some variety and freshness. I hope and pray that part of it may be spent in these United States among your own people. Perhaps we will come after you. The trip you suggest for us for Spring would certainly be very delightful. But I hardly feel as if it would come off.

. . . We have had a splendid day, sunny and warm for late November, a day to live out of doors. We visited our babies and young mothers and saw dear fat little Bushy take his bath this morning. In the evening we have had a pleasant Sunday dinner party, Cousin Emma, Ethel, Margaret Crocker, Ernest Gay, Howell and Annie (her first outing), Horace & May and Charles, and our own household including Katharine Wood. It seems very good to gather some young people into our quiet home often now-a-days so empty. A Sunday blessing upon you, my Ward. Would that you could be here for a few hours at least!

With dear love, your Mother
M.B.C.

Following orders to locate the enemy, Ward Cheney, at 4:30 in the morning of January 6, 1900, led his company down a road between rice paddies and a river. After marching a short distance, he ordered the formation of advance guards, consisting of seven men and a non-commissioned officer, to proceed as reconnaissance units in front of the main column. This advance guard was fired upon by the well-entrenched enemy when they were observed barely fifty yards away. A message was quickly dispatched to Lieutenant Cheney who immediately went forward to lead the frontal attack on the enemy. The U.S. forces charged to within twenty yards of the Philippines where they realized that they were outnumbered and ambushed. Giving the order to retreat, Cheney stopped to aid a fallen soldier and was shot twice through the left leg. Sgt. Carson Bell picked him up and carried him through heavy shell fire about 100 yards to the rear. "I made what is called a tourniquet," wrote Bell to his Mother, "and put it above the wounds, both in the calf of the left leg." And then he carried him two hundred yards to the main body of troops. The other groups of scouts had outflanked the enemy and successfully attacked from the rear.

Lieutenant Cheney died from shock at 11:45 A.M. the same day. Carson Bell was granted leave to represent the Company at the funeral in Manila, was a pall bearer and accompanied the casket to its place on a transport for the long journey home. Again to his mother he wrote, "He was the bravest man I ever saw . . . and just as good and generous as he was brave. You could go to him for anything and he would take as much interest as though it was his own personal affair . . . I know no other company commander will be as loved as he by all his men, in fact, by all who knew him."

Robert W. Huntington to M.B.C. on news of Ward's death in the Philippines.

Hartford, January 8, 1900

Dear Mrs. Cheney:

The news of Ward's death has shocked us all inexpressibly and has shed a sadness over the city. And I want to send you and yours my word of sympathy and of how much I loved Ward and of my appreciation of how great a loss he is.

Of course, I had always known him but never really saw very much of him until the winter he was here on the Courant. I used then to see him quite frequently and grew to love him and to look forward to meeting him. He was so frank and high spirited and had such a strong sense of what was right and such a desire to do right, without fear, that it was an inspiration to be with him. And this fearlessness and enthusiasm for the right was what led him into the army. If there ever was a young man of higher character and more eager patriotism than he, I have not known him. And although his death seems untimely both his life and his death, as an example to others, have done untold good. I have always thought of the men who lost their lives in the United States service in Cuba and the Philippines as martyrs in the cause of Freedom and true Christianity and that their example and death were things to mourn over and at the same time to be reverently and profoundly grateful for. I feel over Ward's death almost as I should if my own Brother had been killed in China. I grieve over it deeply and yet at the same time I am proud of him and of it and thank God that such men have been to leave us such examples.

Aunt Sarah sends her deepest sympathy as do I to you and Colonel Cheney and all your family.

Yours faithfully

Robert W. Huntington Jr.

C.H.C., editor of The Hartford Courant to F. W. Cheney

January 8, 1900

My dear Colonel

I hope you and Mary will like what we have done about Ward. Old Adams' article broke me all up. Burpee wrote the "officers" camp story.

I send you the various papers, including Ward's own typewritten article and the deep and helpless sympathy of a loving friend.

Yrs

C.H.C.

(Poem by Charles H. Adams under whom Lt. Ward Cheney worked before enlisting. This was published when Ward's body was brought home from the Philippines.)

Over the world's rim he went
Our young soldier, without fear;
On his country's errand sent;
Steadfast eye, and heart of cheer.

Over the world's rim he came,
Home-returning, duty done;
Laurel wreathed around his name;
Honor's guerdon knightly won.

Lay the flag upon his breast;
Hang his sword upon the wall;
God's peace with him in his rest,
And God's comfort with us all.

C.H.A.

Hartford, Jan. 9, 1900

Dear Mrs. Cheney:

Among the multitude of those who knew Ward and loved him, and who are in the fellowship of your tears in this sad time, we all of us ask to be numbered.

With Sympathy inexpressible,

Affectionately yours

Joseph H. Twichell and family

Charles H. Clarke, editor of The Hartford Courant to M. B. C.

Feb. 13, 1900

My dear Mary

Our thoughts and hearts are with you. We can say that, but we can't do anything.

It is one of the unaccountable things, but it has haunted me from the day he said he was going and I never thought he would come back any other way, but it's grievous - a great deal more so to us than to him.

Yours affectionately,

CHC

Farmington

January 9, 1900

My dear stricken Mary

May I weep with you and yours. I must under this blow which you can bear only as you feel it has fallen from the hand of our loving heavenly Father.

Dear heart - but he is still yours, and can never die to you. Will he not as truly live in the thoughts and hearts of you all as if he were by your sides, while his hidden heavenly life will come into yours.

I had today a New Year letter from E. Vincent. She will know too soon what a blow has fallen - I write to her of dear Mary and send her Dorothea's answer to my note of last week.

I thank Dorothea with my dear love for this.

Poor dear Dorothy and sisters in this first bitter grief and loss.

With dear love

Sarah Porter

Nobody need write to me - it is amost a liberty on my part to write.

Ward Cheney's Death

We will not talk about our loss. It is better not to try to describe it further. Some things must be and must be put upon the record and classmates in different cities, fellow workers, companions in arms, are saying such things about Ward Cheney as they can find words for, pointing to virtues proudly, to graces and to loveableness with sadness, because they are lost. If there are those who doubt that there yet remain at the Yale which Congregational ministers founded and governed the ancient virtues of Pilgrim and Continental, and of those who went steadfastly and in companies to their death, hardly more than a generation ago, we ask them to read in the records of another page, what manner of youth it was who has just given his life to his country? Those who testify are boys who knew him on the Yale Campus, and who cannot yet sense the fact that he is not to come back to the Campus; fellow workers on his newspaper, mature men and young men; soldiers who watched him with pride in the name he bore and the name he was making. In it is a great tonic for sick souls - for hearts that fail or weaken thinking of their country.

As for us, men of Yale, we glory in the story of Ward Cheney's life and death. It seems to us the privilege and the opportunity of Yale Americans to take his sacrifice in the spirit in which he made it. It again pledges the place we love as our second home and all the members of this great family of Yale to a higher and more constant devotion to that country, to which Yale at her birth was consecrated and to which from time to time she has offered, with proud tears, her dearest sons. The feelings will come that are not to be put into words. It is not in us to be reconciled when asked to give up such boys as Gus Ledyard and Ward Cheney.

It is time to turn again to the Address of Horace Bushnell, the grandfather of Lieutenant Cheney, given here at New Haven at the commencement of 1865, and learn again from him how not only those who have given have honored us by the sacrifice they have made, but how also they have laid upon us a high and a holy obligation for whose discharge their own example is a guide and an inspiration.

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At a meeting of the members of the Class of Yale Ninety-Six residing in and around Buffalo, N.Y. held January 11th, 1900 the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, we have heard with deep grief of the death of First Lieutenant Ward Cheney of the Fourth Infantry, U.S.A. at Imus, P. I. on January 8, 1900, and feel that our Class should erect some permanent memorial to his memory on the Yale Campus, now, be it RESOLVED, That it is the sense of this meeting that such a memorial should take the form of a gateway to his individual memory to be erected between Osborn and Welch Halls. Be it further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be submitted to the Class of Ninety-Six at their annual dinner in New York on January 27, 1900.

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The Manchester Half/Weekly Herald
Manchester, Conn., Saturday, February 17, 1900

Honors to a Hero
Tributes of love at Ward Cheney's Funeral
Large and representative gathering at Cheney Hall
Address by Rev. J. H. Twichell - Military Burial

The body of Lieut. Ward Cheney, who died from bullet wounds received in a skirmish in the Philippine Island, January 7th, was laid to rest in the Cheney burial lot at the Center cemetery yesterday afternoon. The burial services at Cheney Hall were attended by a large concourse of representative persons. Those who would have attended had there been room would have filled a hall many times larger than Cheney Hall. . . .

The body of Lieut. Cheney arrived at the end of its long journey from Manila Thursday morning. It reached Hartford at 2:30 a.m. and was at once conveyed to South Manchester on a special electric car. It was taken to the residence of Lieut. Cheney's father where it remained until yesterday forenoon. The body was enclosed in a hermetically sealed metallic case, which, in turn, was enclosed in a casket of black broadcloth. The burial case was of polished cedar with copper fastenings. . . The plain black casket was covered with an American flag of bunting. On this rested a wreath of laurel, across which lay the dead officer's sword.

Aside from the mass of flowers which surrounded the casket and banked the stage from one side of the hall to the other there were no decorations. . . .

A special train of five cars from Hartford arrived at South Manchester at about half past two. It brought representatives of Yale college, of the First Regiment of the Sixteenth Connecticut Volunteers and a large number of family and friends.

The Episcopal service was conducted by Rev. J. A. Biddle and Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, registrar of the Yale University Corporation read an epistle. A double quartet of Yale students sang "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "For All the Saints Who From Their Labors Rest." . . . The address was by Rev. J. H. Twichell, pastor of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church. He said:

"As we come together in this place today and in this presence, with what thoughts, what feelings are our hearts filled. Yes, the deepest thoughts and feelings that life know are here. Here is love, beyond words to tell, that tears only can utter; mother love, father love, the manifold affection, pure, tender, generous, fathomless, the beatitude of the hearthstone, which makes home the earthly heaven, and with it every other love, the friend's, the classmate's, the comrade's, the neighbor's. These all mingle and unite their tide in the communion of this hour."

". . . Ward Cheney has passed from us in the springtime and flower of his youth but not, oh, not till he had done a work that will follow him in the fruit of which he will have a living survival amongst us, most real and enduring."

"The value to the cause of humanity of his sacrifice as a soldier falling on the field, may not be now computed. The future will bring that to light. But whatever in the historic unfolding of events, it may prove to have been, he will in all time to come be reckoned one who reaching man's estate had it in him to offer his life to be a sacrifice, should it be required, on the altar of his country's service. . ."

"As those I have spoken of, to us who have left our youth behind remain forever young, so to you who have been Ward's friends and companions of his own age, will he forever remain. . . . As his dear shade ever and anon in the years to come visits you, the face will to the end be the same young face that smiled at you the last time you bade him good-by."

"May I have leave to say to you whom he loved so well, that I know it is in your thoughts, that to you - and especially to you - he has bequeathed more than the public example and record that crown his brief career. He was Christ's good soldier before he was the soldier of his

country. The best thing he achieved in life was his pure, earnest, dutiful Christian manhood. That he has left you as the peculiar treasure of your memory of him, and by it, he being dead, yet speaks to you, and will speak."

The body was born out of the hall and carried to the waiting hearse by eight members of the Skull and Bones Society at Yale. A guard of honor of six men from Company G marched beside the hearse. At the cemetery, the committal service was read by Rev. J. A. Bissell and the body was lowered into the grave by the seven brothers of Lieutenant Cheney and his cousin, Clifford Cheney. A squad from the company fired three volleys over the grave and taps was sounded from a distant elevation.

Feb. 25, 1900
30 Wellington Court
Albert Gate

Dear Mrs. Cheney

Ever since Milly passed through London I have wanted & yet hesitated to write you. The trouble is one has nothing to say, one feels dumb before the suffering that such trouble as yours brings. I can only say you have been constantly in my mind and deeply have I mourned and sorrowed with you. Two things that Milly said when she was here have very frequently recurred to me - often in the night. One was, "It is terrible & yet we could not live in the world if there were not death in it." I see how true that is yet I had never thought of it in that way quite.

The other thing was "there is not only our own sorrow to bear but also the thought that it opens anew the wounds of our friends." It was a blessing to us all to see Milly & to see how bravely she carried her trouble. The seeing and talking with her warmed me anew toward my friends at home. Dear Milly, how much I love her and how thankful I am that she is with you.

How fast the friends are going. So many that we looked forward with pleasure to seeing & taking by the hand have joined the great majority.

Will you give my very cordial greetings to your mother. I have felt how very lonely she must be since the death of your sister.

Dear Mrs. Cheney, I want to say so much to you & I can't say anything so I will sign myself your

loving friend

Olivia L. Clemens

South Manchester, Conn.
September 23, 1900

Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr.

New Haven, Conn.

My dear Mr. Stokes:

I humbly beg your pardon for having carried your letter in my pocket unanswered for over a month, but I have been so much in doubt about the proposition you have broached that I did not know how to formulate a reply which would be responsive to your wishes and not too full of my own doubts about the practical ways of carrying out the education at Yale of enough young Filipinos to accomplish the good results you want to attain. I have wanted to see you and talk over the subject, and try to absorb some of your enthusiasm for the education of Filipinos in this country before they have been licked into shape at home. The returns are not very remunerative as yet, on the investments made in China during the past century in educational and missionary work. It is a question whether it will pay any better to go on again in the same ways with fresh expenditures of untold sums and valuable lives, with so little to show what has been done already. It is easy enough to start in a small way, as you suggest, but the demands will grow inevitably as time goes on and become burdensome unless means can be provided for indefinite expansion.

I cannot conveniently make a large contribution towards a permanent endowment fund, and a small sum will be of little use. Perhaps if I had ever known or seen a Filipino for whom I could get up any personal interest, I might feel very differently about the race, but I never before have.

...Frank W. Cheney

The first decade of the 20th Century brought many changes to the Town, Cheney Brothers and the Cheney family.

A firehouse was built to house the fire-fighting equipment. The velvet operation was expanded with the construction of an addition at the cost of \$53,873. Land in Buckingham was acquired by the firm for the development of an adequate water supply. Richardson & Driver's estimate of \$91,889 for the design and construction of a new school house was presented to and accepted by the School Visitors of the 9th District. (This became the High School located on the West Side of Main Street between Forest Street and Hartford Road.)

Frank W. Cheney declined the invitation of Edward D. Adams to meet Prince Henry at breakfast saying: "I do not want to present myself as a Captain of Industry for I am only a member of a family which has been engaged in the Silk Industry in this country since 1838."

A contribution of \$10,000 was voted by the Directors of Cheney Brothers for the relief of the sufferers of the San Francisco Earthquake and the same year the Board voted \$5,000 to the Center Church for the construction of an addition. Plans for the building of a suitable Main Office were submitted by Morris and Payne and were accepted.

And twenty-four children were born to the sons and daughters of Frank W. and Mary Bushnell Cheney.

(Emily Cheney Learned to her Mother and Father on the occasion of the death of President McKinley.)

208 St. Ronan St. (New Haven)
September 20, 1901

My dearest Mother and Father,

Since I wrote you last we have all been through such tremendous experiences that our own small affairs seem hardly worth writing about. There has been something very fine in the great flood of spontaneous feeling that has stirred the whole country and in which all joined almost like one great family. First there was the stunning news that we could hardly believe, the horror and anger and pity that it brought, then hope of recovery, strengthening through the week, till it seemed almost certainty, and this tension of anxiety was beginning to be relieved when the change came all at once, and we waited for hourly news hoping against hope, till night time and we knew the end was close at hand and that when morning came the President would be gone. It was as if he were our own friend, as we sat waiting that evening and I think the whole nation felt alike. President McKinley had a wonderful power of drawing affection to himself and when he was dying people seemed to wake to a realization of the beauty of his character. Party lines have melted away for the time being, and his opponents have joined with his oldest adherents in admiration for the man himself, and in love and sorrow. McKinley died so nobly, with such dignity and simplicity and such patient courage that to read of it has lifted people up and made known to us how great a man he was. You will of course read the whole story and it is useless for me to try to tell it. We have sent you the papers for every day since the president was shot. I hope they have reached you. It is pitiful to think of his poor feeble wife without him. I really hope she will not live long, and I don't believe she will.

Yesterday there were memorial services all over the country and we had ours in Manchester with the rest. The Hall was crowded full and a great many people came who could not get in. All the ministers in town took part in the service and tho' most of the addresses were not very great, the spirit of the speakers and hearers was. Father McGurk made really the best speech and Mr. Barber's was the most

feeling. It was good for all of us to be together in that service and to know that the whole country was united in it. Sometimes I have thought that if that wretched man could have followed the funeral train through the country and seen the unfeigned grief his act had caused, that his eyes might have opened to what he has done. It seems as if there could hardly be a greater punishment than to realize the truth.

Goodnight, goodnight, dear Mother and Father and Peg and Doll and Ruth, with great love from your

Emily

Mary and Frank have gone broad taking Marjory, Dorothy and Ruth with them.

M.B.C. to Dave

Florence, October 9, 1901

My dear Dave,

Since we left Milan, now nearly two weeks ago, I have written not a single letter except for some little business notes. We have been having a fortnight of most absorbing interest and delight, we have lived out of doors and have spent our evenings like our days in wandering about. Often we have been late to bed, but once in our room I have been overpowered with sleepiness and unable to read or write or think a thought. We came here yesterday direct from Venice having spent there eleven days and parts of two days in Verona. It is like coming down out of heaven to come to Florence from Venice, the most beautiful city in the world as I truly believe.

If I try to recall the events of our stay there, they all seem to melt into one bright dream. I wish I had written at the time of it some account of our visit to Verona, which has paled a little in the Venetian splendor which followed. We did Verona, there is no denying it. We took an Italian, English-speaking valet-de-place and a two-horse carriage and just drove and walked and saw till we were weary. In a small city like Verona not greatly visited by travellers there is much local color,

which is not simply a synonym for dirt but for history, for native habits and for character. It was a city of great nobles in the olden time, rich, valorous and cruel. They were also devout and pressed down the people with one hand while lifting the other to the Virgin and the Saints. One most quaint and beautiful church there was built to commemorate a black saint, St. Zeno, who came to the wicked Veronese in a missionary spirit from Africa. That was before the English began to Christianize the Transvaal. The Romans had a hand there too and built a great theatre which will hold 20,000 people, a Colosseum inparvo, and there some years since Buffalo Bill showed the Wild West to the assembled and delighted populace of all the surrounding country.

Since Roman days, there had been no such splendid spectacle there. Would you not like to have seen it? We went to see the house of Juliet, and penetrating the court, which is now a stable yard, tried to imagine Juliet leaning from a balcony, instead of the somewhat slatternly lady who was drawing water in a copper bucket from a marble well close to the manure pile. The house of Romeo is not shown, more's the pity, but we saw Juliet's tomb, lately moved from a cemetery now become a yard for military practice, and placed in a neat and new little brick chapel. The deep basin of the Sarcophagus is filled with tourists visiting cards, and those who have true sentiment place there bouquets of flowers and real mortuary wreaths after the French fashion. Poor Juliet! She would better not have killed herself after all than to have achieved such immortality. I wondered how she would feel about it and whether it was perhaps what she would have liked. The market-place of Verona was once the aristocratic part of the town. It has faded frescoes on the fronts of the buildings, and a small tribunal of justice in marble said to be Roman work, very little and open like an arbor - rusty old chains and bracelets hanging from one of its pillars - stands in the centre of the Square.

There is also an exquisite old marble fountain, mossgrown and rich in color around its basin, and in this historic spot the market women wash their vegetables. Piles of rich fruit were heaped around. The whole place swam in color and resounded with cries. I am bound to confess it was very dirty. Every street in Verona would make a fine

Kodak. The houses abound in picturesque features, here a carved balcony, there a Renaissance door in exquisite sculpture. Roman walls are thrown in, and city gates are at a discount. The modern life of the place is largely military, and the position of the city near the Austrian and Italian boundary will make it always a fortress. Great battles were fought there or in that region, and our guide had been a soldier when Italy with the help of France threw off the Austrian yoke. From the lofty hill of the Giordino Ginsti, and looking at sunset across the roofs and towers of Verona to the surrounding mountains, he pointed out the position of the Austrians and also those of the allies. His place had been with the Italians. It gave it all a great reality and revived my early memories of that history. The Austrians were deeply hated by these old proud Italian cities and yet they seem to have done much for the cities they held in building hospitals and bridges and public works of all kinds. But, sad to say, for our good works are not loved. Even the wicked and the cruel may be less hated than the useful virtuous alien.

In the great days of Verona there was a family of Scaligers, their name derived from their emblem, a ladder, and for generations this family made the glory and the ruin of the city. Wicked, fierce, and cruel, they luckily took to killing each other and so somewhat shortened the dynasty, but left behind to commemorate themselves the grandest collection of tombs anywhere to be found, two or three storeys high, rich in sculpture and wrought iron, and in the soft Veronese moonlight looking like temples of all the virtues. And the Veronese are proud of them and even today boast of these noble and opulent brigands. The house of one, Casa Grande by name, stands on the piazza named for Dante, and in that house Dante was himself long a guest. One exquisite Renaissance building looks from the center, and an intolerable odor of pigs fills the whole beautiful place. But Verona is ancient history. Let us proceed to Venice.

We talked of stopping by the way. Vicenze was recommended by a fellow traveler as more interesting than Verona. We did not believe this but Padua was the most ancient of university towns, had fine pictures and great old churches, and a history unrivalled for its quality. Why not stop here? But Venice drew us like a magnet and we went on. I would not answer the girls when they asked how we

should reach our hotel. One passes through the station in Venice with the greatest rapidity. There seem to be none of the ordinary delays. Before you know it, you are in a gondola and moving swiftly if not silently away. It was after sunset when we got in. Already the shadows were thickening as we threaded our way through the "piccoli canalli" and from that moment the mystery and the spell of Venice were on us. Even the loud cries of the gondoliers as they warn approaching boats of an intended turn do not break the charm, but rather heighten it. We found at the hotel that we had come at a fortunate time. The King and Queen of Italy were to arrive the next day and a time of festivity was before us. The weather was constantly superb during our stay and it was the full of the moon. By night the Grand Canal was full of the singing boats and the high tremolo of the women's voices rang for hours over the water. Leslie will remember the boats lighted with many paper lanterns, swinging in the breeze, the little orchestra in the bow, the men and women singers facing each other, sitting on benches the length of the boat, the man who collects the tribute money quietly crossing the surrounding fleet of gondolas, or bowing before you as you sit upon your balcony. Then there were nightly concerts in the great Piazza, the paved square with St. Mark's Church on one side and the royal palace and other like buildings enclosing it, the noble campanile in the midst. The big military band plays in the centre and all Venice walks up and down or sits at the cafes and takes coffee and ices. There on our second night the King and Queen appeared on a balcony and bowed long and low to the cheering crowd which filled the whole great square. There must have been 50,000 people surging back and forth and shouting Viva. Now Viva is not a word to cheer with, and consequently the sound from the crowd was one of sharp cries and not a great organized roar such as people can give when they say Hurrah. Before the King appeared in answer to calls, a red velvet hanging was spread over the balcony. Then he stepped out deliberately, a small man, and bowed with grace and some dignity. Yet it seemed as if his thought was, "Will it be tonight that someone will shoot me?" Then the Queen, dressed in grey quite simply, seemed rather taller than Umberto and more stately, and for her equal courage was needed as for him. But they stood there unflinching for about five minutes. The greatest precautions have been taken for their safety everywhere but had there

been a Gzolgosz in the crowd, all would have been unavailing. However, Kings do not live in greater peril than do our Presidents. The greatest spectacle we saw while in Venice was from our bedroom windows on the Grande Canal when the King and Queen arrived. A procession of boats accompanied them from the station to the palace, such a procession as recalled the days of the doges. All these State barges around in gilding and brilliant color, and trail rich velvets behind them in the water. Each is manned by eight men wearing Medieval costume. One boat was purple and gold, one green and yellow, one cardinal, one blue, one white, etc. Of these show boats there are about twenty and they sweep along with a freedom and splendor impossible for carriages on land. It seemed more royal than anything I have seen in my limited experience of royalty. But I will stop here and continue in my next with great love from your Mother, M.B.C.

Florence, October 9, 1901

My dear Anne,

It may seem strange that one just arrived in Florence should be thinking only of Venice, but such is the fact, true of all our party. Could we sleep tonight in Venice and wake to see another sunrise over the Grand Canal, we should be happy. Such days of sunshine and nights of moonlight we may see again in other places, but never elsewhere with that varying charm of light and color that enthralled us in Venice. Four times we watched the sun rise and gild the whole length of the riva before its wide red path stopped at our feet. It so happened that the fiery ball was first seen through the pierced arches of a distant Campanile. Some mornings were slightly misty and then everything was bathed in liquid silver, simply and sweetly smiling and irresistible. We have sunsets that seemed narrow gateways to another and more glorious world, and again the whole sky would blaze and flame to the zenith in a lavish splendor of gold and crimson, wholly earthly. I liked the moonlight best on the Piazza where it is so becoming to St. Mark's and the Campanile, which need subduing a little from the garish light of day. But the girls liked it best from a gondola, while music was vibrating everywhere

and the water was softly and steadily flowing with the tide. At night one is envious of the day, because only sunlight can bring that infinite variety and beauty of color. You remember that grey and green are the primary tones in houses and water. But there is no limit to the richness in sails, in boatloads of fruit and even the old brick. The afternoon light sometimes seems to outline everything in prismatic tints, like an oepra glass out of focus.

How do you like this paper? It makes me feel distinguished to write on it. And your Uncle Gedney gave it to me. It is the first incentive to letter writing that I have had for some time. We went to look up Mr. Bunce and got his address at the American Consul's. who hangs out a bedraggled U.S. flag draped in crepe on a black calle, looking most unimportant. The Argentine republic occupies a fine palazzo on the Grand Canal! Well, we found il Signore Bun-che'on the Ponte Ca de Dio, or rather we found where he lived with the aid of a street brigand whom we took as a guide, but the Signore was out. He came to see us cheerfully that night, however, and we asked him to show us how to order an Italian luncheon at a restaurant. Mr. Dunham and the Dimmocks turned up that day and Mr. D. went with us to luncheon. It was the Ristorante Antico Panada, in a back row behind the Piazza. We had a risotto containing chicken livers in rice and afritura. The latter is a very good dish, with cuttle-fish, inkfish, eels, scampi, sardines, etc.

Since going to sleep over the above last night when certainly my boasted intention very distinctly petered out, I have received a letter from Milly, written in New Haven on September 3rd. She speaks of plans for Charles' household and for ours and says you and Howell have offered to bring your little family and stay with the boys. I cannot say how good and sweet I think this is, dear daughter Anne, or how much I hope that plan may be carried out if not at too great cost to you. I have privately worried not a little over the state of our household when left to run itself. If you can be there, all will go well and happily. But if it has not been found practicable to carry out this plan you must not let these words of mine disturb you. For things will go on somehow until our return, and we are to sail in less than a month from now. It will be my duty then to sedulously restore things to

a normal state. But if you are indeed blessing our home with your presence and that of the dear little children, all will go well and repairs will not be necessary. I hope you will not find the care too great. Take it easily if you can take it at all. And be sure that nothing could be more pleasing and comforting to us.

Can I now return and tell you something more of Venice? I wrote Dave of the gorgeous arrival of the king and queen. One celebration of their presence was a brief illumination of the Grand Canal, by the simple means of burning red fire in iron buckets held aloft in front of the great buildings. Santa Maria di Salute', San Georgia, the Ducal palace and campanile and indeed the whole long stretch of the Riva were thus illumined and many people spoke with wonder of the strange effect upon these white buildings on the water's edge. They seemed to glow with an inner fire, like the red of molten iron, semi-transparent, and when their glow was repeated in the water, the effect was not only splendid but unearthly. The whole great city seemed to have dipped into Inferno.

We did not spend much time in the old churches except in San Marco, where we dropped in alone or in company many times. If we did not conscientiously study each allegory and Bible story in mosaic, we did absorb the whole beauty of it in general and in detail very thoroughly. I can shut my eyes and see it all, sombre and splendid with its pavement like the waves and its walls of pictured alabaster, its lavished work of the ages, its profound religious sentiment in every part. There is no other such temple in the earth. The girls did not like the Ducal Palace and all those magnificent ceilings and decorative wall paintings of the Doges and the Saviour, the Saints and the rascals of Mythology in one wild jumble were wholly lost upon their simplicity. Ruth is turning out quite an art critic. She goes for the good pictures every time. And now I must write to Milly. Will you and Dave send her my letters written here which I shall not have time to duplicate.

My best love to all of you, dear children, each one so loved and of late so much neglected.

Fondly, your Mother, M.B.C.

S. L. Clemens to M.B.C.

Lee, Mass., July 21, 1904

She was indeed what you have said, dear Mrs. Cheney, and I wish she could know that you have said it. I can imagine the pride and the pleasure it would give her, for she held you in peculiar reverence, and regarded your friendship for her as a great honor done her. A whisper of commendation from you was more to her than a paean of praise from another.

She stood in just this relation to no other friend, indeed to no other person. To her you were a being apart, and lifted above the common human level. You planted a seed once which blossomed and gave out a grateful fragrance for her all the months while her life continued. It was a letter in praise of Susy's little play. It was never out of reach of her hand for sixteen years till she died. It is in a little locked box wherein she kept her precious things - things which have now been sacred these eight years. It was always by her, it was familiar with her tears, it was by her when her tears were dried and she sank to rest in the Great Peace.

She was beautiful and benignant in death, and I knew how Sir Ector felt and thought when he uttered his moving lament over his dead brother:

"Ah, Launcelot, there thou liest,thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bore shield; and thou wert the truest lover for a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever stroke with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever are in hall with ladies"...

It pleased her so when Colonel Cheney invited me out to South Manchester to dinner when I was in Hartford last year, and it grieved her that I did not go. But I did not know how to leave her a night in those threatening and pathetic days.

The ruined family salute you and yours in love.

Sincerely your friend

S. L. Clemens

At a surprise 76th birthday party for Frank W. Cheney, the remnants of the 16th Connecticut Volunteers presented him with a silver loving cup, made by Tiffany. On the cup was an etching of the Burnside Bridge at Antietam. Overcome with emotion, all he could say was: "Thank you, men."

The dedication of a memorial to the Connecticut soldiers imprisoned at Andersonville, designed and executed by Bela Pratt, took place October 23rd, 1907, with one hundred and three veterans and their families present.

From Horace B. Learned's paper on Frank Woodbridge Cheney, His Life and Times:

"On May 26th, 1909, F. W.C. appeared in his usual good health in the morning and was busy arranging for one of his Monday Evening Club entertainments at home. After lunch he lay down for his usual nap and at three o'clock he died peacefully."

The Reverend Joseph Twichell spoke at his memorial service more eloquently than I. He said in part as follows:

"Elsewhere, and at another time, the life-story of the dear friend who has been parted from us, the gifts with which he was endowed, the work he wrought and the services he rendered in his generation, would be proper themes on which to dwell. But today in this place and in this presence, all other thoughts of him give way to the thought of how we loved him. And on that theme, if one speak for himself, out of his own feelings--as it is well nigh impossible not to do--he will doubtless speak best for all.

"He was loyal to his country, in devotion to which he, in his young manhood offered and almost paid, the sacrifice of his life. He was loyal to his state of which he was by universal consent - though

in his singular modesty, I suppose he never thought it - a foremost citizen, and which is sadly bereaved by his death; loyal to this community in which he dwelt in honor from his youth, and of which he ever studied to be, and was, the benefactor; loyal to his friends; loyal beyond measure or limit to the soldier-comrades who once stood with him on the battle's edge; the manifestation of whose loyalty to him in return, on such occasions as I have seen him and them together, has been one of the most affecting and beautiful things I have ever witnessed."

It was not unusual that if capture became inevitable, the regimental flag was cut in pieces and distributed among the men. When the Connecticut Civil War flags were moved from the Armory on North Main Street to the State Capitol, enough fragments of the flag of the 16th Regiment were assembled and mounted on a white satin shield, and on Flag Day was escorted by the survivors of the regiment in a moving procession to the Flag Room in the State Capitol.

On the day of my grandfather's funeral, one of his comrades who had previously been reluctant to give up his piece of the flag cut his piece in half and pinned one-half to grandfather's coat and this was buried with him.

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Although Mary was in delicate health, she built the house at Sunset Hill in Keene Valley about 1912 and enjoyed to the fullest visits from members of her family. She died June 22, 1917.

An editorial in The Hartford Courant . . .

"Of the sweet and hospitable life of the Cheney home, a newspaper editorial is not the place to speak; but the many who have been privileged to enjoy it will always cherish the recollection of it as a most delightful part of the sunshine of their lives."

