



George B. Wright and Family Papers

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1896.

L. F. B. Tilden.

Jan. 14 -

169.¹⁰
8.

161.¹⁰

No. 1.

Cohasset, Mass.

January 14, 1896,

The Estate of V. W. Clarke & E. A. Clarke

To CALEB F. B. TILDEN, Dr.,

Boarding, Livery, Sale and Exchange Stable,

FINE WESTERN AND CANADIAN DRIVING AND DRAFT HORSES ALWAYS ON HAND, FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED CONCORD HARNESS.

Main Stable: Depot Ave.

Branch Stables: Black Rock House, Jerusalem Road, and North Scituate Beach.

Oct.	11	Horse & Beach wagon.	2 50	
	13	Ctg. basket.	25	
	14	Horse & Beach wagon.	2 50	
	15	2 fares.	50	
	"	1 fare.	25	
	16	Ctg. basket.	25	
	18	Horse & Beach wagon.	2 50	
	"	2 fares.	50	
	27	1 fare.	25	
	"	Ctg. basket & bundle.	40	
	23	2 fares.	50	
	24	1 fare.	25	
	"	4 fares.	1 00	
	25	1 fare.	25	
	"	Horse Carryall & driver.	2 50	
	26	Ctg. Basket	25	
	"	Horse Carryall & driver.	2 50	
	27	" " " "	2 50	
	28	" " " "	2 50	
	29	2 fares.	50	
	30	1 fare.	25	
	"	1 " & box.	50	
	31	Horse Carryall & driver.	2 50	
Nov.	1	1 fare.	25	
	3	Goods to Boston.	10 00	
	"	Carting.	50	
	"	4 fares & 2 boxes.	1 25	
	8	2 "	50	
	22	2 "	50	
	23	3 "	75	
Dec.	20	4 Hacks.	20 00	59 65
April	22	Goods fr. Boston.	10 00	
May	4	1 fare.	25	
	5	3 fares.	75	
	30	2 horse barge.	8 00	Rem. balance See Mr. Taylor.
June	7	Paid on trunk.	15	
	8	2 fares. (late train.)	1 00	
	17	Ctg. Bundle.	25	
	20	2 fares & 2 trunks.	1 00	
	21	3 trunks.	75	
	29	Ctg. freight.	50	
July	1	1 fare.	25	
	"	Ctg. bundle.	25	
	5	Coach Tickets.	1 00	
	"	Ctg. basket.	25	84 05

No 2.

Cohasset, Mass.

January 14th 1896.

The Estate of W. Clarke & E. A. Clarke

To CALEB F. B. TILDEN, Dr.,

Boarding, Livery, Sale and Exchange Stable,

FINE WESTERN AND CANADIAN DRIVING AND DRAFT HORSES ALWAYS ON HAND, FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED CONCORD HARNESS.

Main Stable: Depot Ave.

Branch Stables: Black Rock House, Jerusalem Road, and North Scituate Beach.

		Amount brought forward.	84 05	
July '95	8	Ctg. basket.	25	
	15	"	25	
	"	Horse & Beach wagon.	2 50	
	22	Ctg. baskets.	40	
	23	Horse & Beach wagon. A.M.	2 50	
	"	" P.M.	2 50	
	24	3 fares "Late train."	1 50	
	27	Ctg. freight.	25	
	29	" baskets.	40	
Aug.	3	1 fare	25	
	4	"	25	
	"	"	25	
	5	Ctg. baskets.	40	
	6	Horse & Beach wagon.	2 50	
	7	Dunk	25	
	"	1 fare late train.	50	
	10	"	25	
	11	Horse & Beach wagon.	2 50	
	12	Ctg. baskets.	40	
	13	Horse Carryall & driver.	1 00	
	19	Ctg. baskets.	40	
	"	1 fare.	25	
	21	"	50	
	"	2 fares.	50	
	22	1 fare.	50	
	"	Horse & Buggy.	2 50	G.T.C
	25	" " Beach wagon	2 50	
	26	Ctg. baskets.	40	
	31	Horse barge & driver.	75	
	"	1 fare.	25	
	"	"	25	
Sept.	2	Ctg. baskets.	40	
	7	1 fare.	25	
	14	Horse & Buggy.	50	L.W.C
	16	1 fare.	25	
	17	"	25	
	"	Horse Carryall & Driver.	1 00	
	27	1 fare.	25	
Oct.	9	"	25	
	11	4 fares.	1 00	
	12	3 Backs.	12 00	
	"	3 "	15 00	
	"	3 Carryalls.	6 00	
	"	16 ex. fares to & fr. house.	4 00	153 10

No. 3.

Cohasset, Mass.,

January 14 1896.

Estate of W. Clarke & E. Clarke

To CALEB F. B. TILDEN, Dr.,

Boarding, Livery, Sale and Exchange Stable,

FINE WESTERN AND CANADIAN DRIVING AND DRAFT HORSES ALWAYS ON HAND, FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED CONCORD HARNESS.

Main Stable: Depot Ave.

Branch Stables: Black Rock House, Jerusalem Road, and North Scituate Beach.

		Amount brought forward.	153 10	
Oct. '95	14	1 fare & bundle.	40	
"	"	House & Buggy.	2 00	S.W.C.
"	"	Boat & driver.	1 00	
23	"	Goods to Boston.	10 00	
"	"	2 fares.	50	
"	"	Moving goods.	50	
"	"	1 fare.	25	
Nov.	11	"	25	S.W.C.
23	"	"	25	
Dec.	17	2 fares.	50	
Jan. '96	1	3 "	75	
10	2	"	50	
11	2	"	50	170 50
June '95	26	Credit.	30	
Aug.	27	"	75	
Sept	26	"	35	1 40
				169 10
				8
				161 10

Cr. by Cash - May 30

RECEIVED PAYMENT,

JAN 24 1896

C. F. B. TILDEN,

Per. H.

I don't see how this charge of May 30, got charged
but must have been a mistake somehow

C. F. B. Tilden
Per. H.

161.10
59.65
101.45

Boston, Jan. 17 1896

M. T. M. Clarke Ho. Futurum Pot.

Bought of C. F. HOVEY & CO.

IMPORTERS OF DRY GOODS,

No. 33 Summer and 42 Avon Streets.

Duplicate
167
TERMS, CASH.
1894

Nov. 6	1	Muslin	7 @	50	3	50
7	2	Hose		50	1	00
	1	Serge	5 1/2	12 1/2	6	88
9	6	lbs. Paper		.07		42
	1	Silk				10
	2	Ribbon	4	12 1/2		50
	10	S. Marks			1	21
	1	Denim	3/4	30		23
12	2	Ribbon			1	24
	1	"	3	28		84
	1	B. Satin			1	25
	1	Cambrie	8	05		40
	1	Cauwas	1 1/2	25		38
	1	Serge	2 1/2	2 1/2		83
	1	"	12	50	6	00
	1	Flannel	4	50		200
	1 1/2	Good naves				150
13	5	S. Marks				45
	7	" "			1	26
14	1	Cloth			2	50
15	1	"	7 1/4	16		116
16	1	Lace	1 1/2	12 1/2		19
	1	Silk				10
	3/4	dg. Rings		30		23
19	2	" Buttons		50		100
	1	Cheviot	4 1/2	59		266
	1	Linen	1 3/4	2 1/2		59
	1	Velvet	1/2	2-		100
	1	Rug			20	00
20	1	Shed Pin				200
23	1	Glove			1	50
24	1	Glove Silk				25
	1	B. Silk				50
	1	Camb. b.	8	05		40
27	1	Hose				63
	2	"		50		100
	1	Satin	3/8	1-		38
28	1	Rug			2	25
30	1	Ribbon	1 1/2	42		63
	3	Cuffs		2 1/2		100
Dec 1	1	Cotton	8	7 1/2		60
	1	Tick	2	15		30
						7086

Boston, Jan 17 1896

M. T. N. Clarke Ho. Putnam Rox

Bought of C. F. HOVEY & CO.

IMPORTERS OF DRY GOODS,

TERMS, CASH.

No. 33 Summer and 42 Avon Streets.

Dec 1	Brought Forward.			70	86
	1 Jet-Grip	1/2	62		31
5	1 L. Cloth			1	50
	3 S. Wares				17
	1 Linen	3/4	60		45
	1 Surah	1 1/2	2/-		50
	1 Cambric	2	5		10
10	1 Silksia	1/2	12 1/2		06
	1 Canvas	6	20	1	20
	1 Cambric	4 1/2	05	2	25
	1 Surah	3	7-	1	00
	1 T. Case				75
	1 Hdkg.			1	00
	1 Ribbon	3	12 1/2		38
	13 S. Wares			2	73
	6 " "				39
	1 Muslin	1/4	150		38
13	1 Book Pin				13
	12 S. Wares			1	52
	1 Cambric	2	25		50
	1 Canvas	3	20		60
	1 Ribbon	3 1/2	55	1	93
	1 Lace	3/4	1-		75
	1 Silk	5/8	2.-	1	25
	4 dz. Buttons		12 1/2		50
15	3 S. Wares				95
	1 Ribbon	3	55	1	65
	1 B. Silk	1 3/4	1-	1	75
	1 " "	5 3/8	65	3	50
17	6 Collars		20	1	20
18	1 Ribbon				20
	15 S. Wares			1	12
19	1 Velveteen	3	75	2	25
	Post				14
	1 Denim	8	1/-	1	33
	1 Glove			1	25
	1 Muslin	3	12 1/2		38
	1 Tie				50
	6- 1/2 dz. Silk		50		25
	1 Gold Thread				42
20	1 Calendar				25
	2 Ribbon				59
				108	94

Boston, Jan 17 1896.

M. T. W. Clarke

Bought of C. F. HOVEY & CO.

IMPORTERS OF DRY GOODS,

TERMS, CASH.

No. 33 Summer and 42 Avon Streets.

1894									
Dec 20	Madse Freight forward							108	94
	2 S. Wares								53
21	1 Trim								05
22	2 Ribbon							2	08
1895									
Jan 14	2 Guff.			7-					67
	1 Velvet		1/4	2-					50
15	1 Flannellette		10	10				100	
	1 Gingham		6	5-					30
	1 "		6	12-					75
24	1 Print		5-	10					50
Feb. 7	1 Cord		7 1/2	10					75
	1 Silesia		1 1/4	15-					19
13	1 Serge		1 1/4	75					94
16	1 Flannel		4	20					80
	1 Percale		6 1/2	25-					163
	1 Satin		1 1/2	21-					50
	1 B. Satin		16	2.50				40	00
10	S. Wares								208
	1 Velvet		3/16	2.00					57
18	2 Sleeve Stud			1-					200
	1 Glove								225
	1 Shirt								150
	1 Ribbon		5-	30					150
	1 "		2	28					56
	1 Velvet		1/4	3,-					75
Mich 13	12 S. Wares								71
14	3 "								11
15	1 C. Hallie		4 1/2	1-				4	50
	1 Percale		3 3/4	12 1/2					47
								177	13
1894	Per.								
Nov 8	by Allowance on Tweslin			.87					
13	3 Bones		@ 15-	.45					
Jan 23, '95	4 Braid		6	.24					
Dec. 11	1 Silk								

RECEIVED PAYMENT

JAN 24 1896

C. F. Hovey & Co.

Per. Field

41 56

13557

{Jan. 12, 1896}

1896.

C. F. Honey & Co.

Jan. 17 - 135.⁵²

LAW OFFICES

OF

CLARKE, RAYMOND & COALE.

JOHN LOWELL, GENERAL COUNSEL.
F. F. RAYMOND, 2d.
GEORGE O. G. COALE.
JAMES A. LOWELL.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS.

TELEPHONE NUMBER, "HAYMARKET, 166."
CABLE ADDRESS, "SCORPION, BOSTON."

LOWELL & LOWELL.

JOHN LOWELL.
JOHN LOWELL, JR.
WILLIAM D. SOHIER.
SAMUEL H. SMITH.

GENERAL PRACTICE.

18 PEMBERTON SQUARE, BOSTON,

Jan. 27, 1896.

My dear Grace:-

I send you by this post, which is registered, a bank book showing the amount of the deposit in your name in the New England Trust Co., and also a check book.

I wish you success in your new departure, and I am quite sure you will not do as a woman did, about whom I heard, who, having been entrusted with a separate bank account by her husband, overdrew it, and when notified of it said that the bank might charge it.

Lois took dinner with us yesterday. She seemed very well and bright, and had one or two interesting discoveries to give us. One was that we have, after all, a drop or two of Pilgrim blood in our veins, as we seem to be descended from Alice Southworth who came to Plymouth in '63 as a widow, and then married Governor Bradford. Our descent, however, is from her first husband, who does not appear to have come to these shores.

I could give you some more of Lois' findings, but think this will do this time.

CLARKE, RAYMOND & COALE.
PATENTS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS.

LAW OFFICES
OF

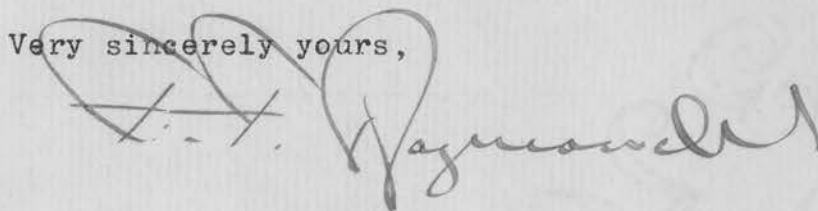
LOWELL & LOWELL.
GENERAL PRACTICE.

-2-

After you have passed your examination you can pass
round the hat and collect my love from the girls, with interest,
and send it back to me.

They should all pony up this year.

Very sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Raymond Clarke", written over a large, loopy flourish that also encompasses the words "Very sincerely yours,".

Miss Grace T. Clarke,

C/o Mrs. Humphrey,

Montgomery Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

THE ASHCROFT MANUFACTURING CO.



CABLE ADDRESS,
COGNITION, NEW YORK.

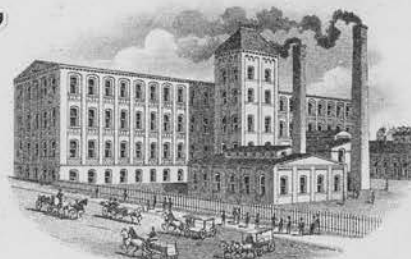
"Original Steam Gauge Works"

ESTABLISHED 1851.

OFFICE & SALESROOM

111 LIBERTY ST.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS,
P.O. BOX 2803
N.Y.



NEW SHOPS,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

COPY.

Wm. W. W.
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

18 Pemberton Sq. Boston,

Jan. 22, 1897.

Dear Tom:-

I send you a copy of the first inventory of your father's estate as made for your mother. Since that time there have been some changes. The Sherburne contract has ended: the National and Automatic shares have been surrendered and 1251 shares of the McKay-Bigelow stock taken in return. I have paid all the claims against the estate, so far as I know, excepting Lois', yours, the claim of Mrs. Baker on the bond and a few other small ones, two or three of which are in dispute. I have \$1373.08 in the bank. The service claim against the National and Automatic Companies has not been settled and I do not know, now, what it will amount to, excepting that it will be substantial.

I have seen by the paper that the McKay-Copeland stock has recently been sold at \$5.00 a share. In the first inventory of the estate I estimated it at \$3.00

The present condition of the estate would appear to be as per the enclosed statement.

There has been no administrator of your mother's estate appointed. Her property consisted in her interest in your father's es-

THE ASHCROFT MANUFACTURING CO.



CABLE ADDRESS,
COGNITION, NEW YORK.

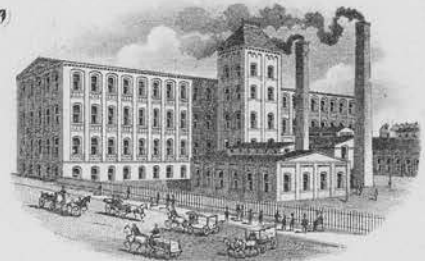
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P.O. BOX 2803
N.Y.



NEW SHOPS,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

New York
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

2.

tate and her interest in your grandmother Raymond's estate. As she left no will the property will go directly to her children and I am not sure that it is necessary to appoint an administrator.

Your grandmother's estate consists entirely of land, the assessed valuation of which today is in the neighborhood of \$35,000.

Against it there is a claim by Thatcher for \$3000 and a claim for my advances for 18 years amounting to over \$20,000. I have received from the Dorchester land of late years about \$80. a year rental, and from the Newton house \$37.50 a month occasionally, the last tenant being in arrears something like \$500., and the tenant before him something like \$400. The last tenant failed and we got a very small payment, something like two cents on a dollar, I think. Consequently the property has not paid the taxes and expenses of keeping it, and the balance I have advanced. Both properties are worth more than they were four years ago.

The Newton property may be salable for \$12,000 to \$15,000 and I should think that the Mattapan property might be worth from \$40,000 to \$50,000.

I think the time has not come to sell them, however, but I am inclined to believe that it will be well to do in the course of two or

THE ASHCROFT MANUFACTURING CO.



CABLE ADDRESS,
COGNITION, NEW YORK.

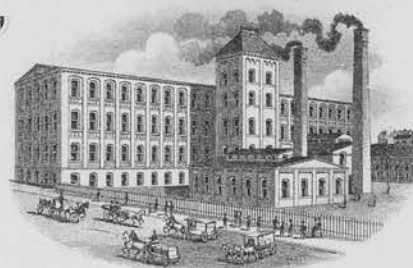
"Original Steam Gauge Works"

ESTABLISHED 1851.

OFFICE & SALESROOM

111 LIBERTY ST.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS,
P.O. BOX 2803
N.Y.



NEW SHOPS,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Wm. Ashcroft
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

3.

three years or after the Blue Hill Avenue boulevard is completed and development has commenced there and at Newton.

All the debts against your mother's estate have been paid from your father's estate excepting your claim and Lois' and possibly a few others small claims of which I have no knowledge; that is, I have paid every bill that has been presented to me. The cost of insurance and storage of furniture is considerable, last year amounting to \$138. and there has been no return for its use, and it would be well to consider, I think, some way by which these expenses may be lessened.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) F. F. Raymond

ENC.

Mr. T. W. Clarke,

THE ASHCROFT MANUFACTURING CO.



CABLE ADDRESS,
COGNITION, NEW YORK.

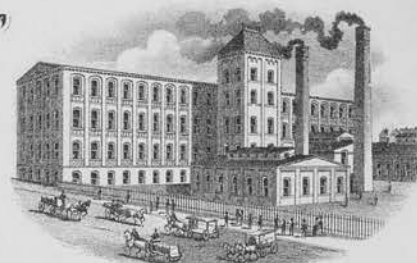
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N.Y.



NEW SHOPS,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Household furniture, Est.	New York XXXXXXXXXX	\$3000.00
Silverware,		1250.00
BOOKS, Paintings, &c.,		3000.00
1300 shs. McKay-Copeland stock est. \$5.00 per sh.		6500.00 XXX.
Interest in notes of T. S. Nowell,		2000.00
5 shs. Stock Lowe Soda Fountain Co. \$80. per sh.		400.00 Est.
Interest in Meigs patents and contracts value unknown,		
Interest in old office accounts of doubtful value,		
Interest in office accounts considered good from \$500 to \$1000.		
Interest in office accounts against National and Automatic Companies in excess of above interests value unknown.		
1 share Boston Athenaeum stock present value,		400.00
Cash in trustee account,		1373.08
1251 shs. of stock in McKay-Bigelow Co. in exchange for Aut. and National stock est. at \$6.00 per sh.		<u>7506.00</u>

CLAIMS.

Lois for money advanced T. W. Clarke & Eliza A Clarke,
T. W. Clarke jr. for money advanced T. W. Clarke & Eliza A. Clarke.
Claim of Baker et als on bond given by Moody Merrill with T. W. Clarke and Julius E. Rugg as sureties.
Several claims for small amounts.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE
BRYN MAWR,
PENNA.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

September 13, 1898.

Dear Miss Clarke:-

I am very sorry to hear by your letter that you have not yet recovered from your breakdown in the spring. I feared at the time that it might be more serious than you thought.

I feel that the College is in some measure to blame for allowing you to assist in the biological laboratory when you had full work and in future we shall not allow it unless a student's college work is very light, at the outside thirteen hours.

I am very glad you have decided to remain at home next semester, and I hope that you will not return even in February unless you feel as well as usual. I agree with you in thinking

that health is more important than anything else.

Believe me, with kind regards,

Very sincerely yours,

Marcy Thomas

Miss Grace T. Clarke.

{1899?}

At the P.O. Ocala

Your telegram received announcing delay in Boston until Friday or later. I had brought along an extra envelope - in case of fire - so I change the address from N.Y. to Boston. Yesterday afternoon, I mailed one to Springfield expecting you to leave Boston Thursday morning. I find it takes your letters about three days to come so if this does not arrive before you leave perhaps it will be forwarded to N.Y. and reach there as soon as you do.

Black-a-day! no letter from you yesterday ~~nor~~ today but, dearies, don't write when you are tired.
Ever yours. Emma

To be committed & said by
the parties

He:

[Taking her hand]—

I take thee Grace to be my
wedded wife; to love and
to serve; to comfort and
cherish; to honor and
keep; so long as we both
shall live. (And thereto,
With God's help, I plight
thee my troth [or I pledge
thee my troth])

She:

I take thee, Vernon, to be
my wedded husband; so
[Exactly as above]

See also p. 199 of "Book of Prayer & Praise"

V. A. W. and F. T. C. stand here in the presence of God & in the face of this company to be joined in marriage.

They have invited the presence of their friends, not merely as witnesses to a formal compact, but to join them in the celebration of a holy sacrament. For we know nothing on earth more devout than that Love whereby the two are become as one.

And since the vows which cannot be lightly broken should not be lightly taken, you, dear friends, in whose espousals we rejoice, do well to come to this your marriage altar with seriousness & reverence.

By this solemn act, you are mutually pledged that the Love which inspires your hearts shall henceforth be the

law & rule of all your life;
that you will have our common
interest & duty & destiny; that
you will diligently seek each
other's peace, & health, & happiness,
& completeness in all that is true,
and beautiful, & good; and
that through all changes of
outward fortune — ⁱⁿ health
& sickness, in prosperity and
adversity, — for better, for
worse — you will ~~keep~~ cleave
together, in faithful & forbearing
affection, in sweet partnership
of joy and sorrow, so long
as you both shall live.

Are you prepared to
take these vows? [I am]

And are you? [I am]

Then let Heaven & Earth bear
witness.

[They join hands & he says:]

I take thee, Grace, to be
my wedded Wife, &c

She:

I take thee, Vernon, to be my
wedded Husband, &c.

The minister hands the Groom
the ring, to be placed —

They again hands, & are
pronounced Husband &
Wife.

Then follows a brief word
of prayer & blessing.

Steamer Comanche

Sunday, Feby. 12, 1899.

Dearest Grace -

Sometime within the next two or three hours the ship ought to get into Charleston but there is a heavy fog and I don't see how it will be possible to go near the land until it lifts. The voyage has been pleasant and uneventful. For the first twenty-four hours the sea was quite calm and the weather too cold to stay long outside but since it has grown warmer, the fog has scarcely ever left us. Perhaps it is just as well that the "Sunny South" should get the advantage of the "foggy wet" by way of contrast.

My neighbors at table are a Dutch Reformed Church preacher who is ~~harmless~~ harmless, a Sandy Hook pilot who devotes himself to his food and two youths

who are New Yorkers and amusing. One of them is a partner in a large coal tar and asphalt company with factories in three parts of the States and the other is one of their travelling salesmen but they chum together and make common jokes with the black waiters such as requests for evening papers and comments on the usefulness of asphalt pies.

They are quite entertaining and I have spent most of this Sunday morning walking with the partner and acquiring useful knowledge about tar roofs.

Last night there was a concert. At a certain moment, waiters appeared with extra chairs for the overflow and the purser passed around Gospel Song books in a way that showed the thorough discipline of our pious Captain and within two or three minutes we were holding the fort and marching the Christian soldier to beat the band. I left the scene

of wild hilarity and went out on the sheltered side of the deck to walk and think — that is — well — you know.

I want you are almost always with me and the twice days with I can get my legs in a better from your own hand. I can't thank you too much for the pictures

or rather the picture for the one with the sign onto memory all the attention. Perhaps they are a little tired but

they look all sorts of things which I don't like to try

to print in paper.

Yesterday I wrote to your Aunt Anna and felt as she did that it ought to be turned up. It only meant

was brevity. Then I also wrote to Mrs. Samuel Hall

and told her of our engagement with the request not to spread it and we or two others including Char. Anna

till the possibility of a famine
in writing paper actually alarmed
me. I will get other paper
for other people.

Yesterday I read "Rivales" by Francois
Coppie. Perhaps you know it, either
from the French or English for I found
I had already read it a part of it
in English. It is a characteristic
modern French tale - whether useful
or not to Anglo-Saxons I can't say -
in which he finds virtue in the only
form in which it interests the French,
that is, when you do not ~~conventionally~~
conventionally expect to find it.

Perhaps it is the artistic requirement
of contrast as well as surprise but
I suspect that it is the plea for
his own not entirely bad giggle
which appeals - also.

For solid reading, William the Silent
by Ruth Putnam is going to be devoured
at whatever cost to the digestion.

I have always read a few pages
of Nassau and Orange genealogy

and I fear the strain is going
to be something tremendous. Still
it is a good book and must be read.

That was before lunch yesterday
(Sunday). All the afternoon the
ship lay at anchor rolling almost
unceasingly in a cross sea for
the fog was so thick the
light ship could not be located.

About 7. in the evening after we
had made up our minds to
roll all night, the ship was
made out and we immediately
got under way only to be
disappointed again for it was
impossible to come up to the
dock so we anchored again and
stayed there till morning.

Now for six hours the colored persons
have been shouting orders to each other

and possibly doing a little work now and then and the ship will probably not get away for some time yet. Charleston is a surprising sight. It is snowed up and the population, black and white, has given up any attempt at business and turned out into the streets to snow ball itself and wash its face.

Literally the screams of the girls of all ages and both colors are continuous and have been all the forenoon and the principal streets are spotted with groups talking back and scrapping. Now and then something happens which starts the whole crowd and away it goes after one or two victims who generally but not always enjoy it. I saw one big black lady with a white thing around her head and a red shawl over her shoulders, jumping

up and down as fast as she could with her excessive talk and screaming as only her kind can scream because one of her friends was being turned by others (her friends in a pile of snow. Strangers have to remind their own friends and not be too curious or interested or else they come in for a share and hardly any are let back to the ship without traces of the amusement he had innocently furnished. I was struck twice but not damaged. Charleston in spite of weather which would be cold in Boston is with an exception. It has more style architecturally than any American city I its eye I have seen. The mansion is much in evidence and columns and balustrades of plaster or wood give an air which you would find cheap and tawdry but

which to my theatrically inclined eye is magnificent. I shall be glad to see it in normal condition on my return.

For fifteen minutes a big black singer has been repeating eyoi or whatever you like at the top of his big black voice. I haven't the remotest idea why he does it but perhaps it is to keep him warm. The singer is interesting but sometimes he is distracting and I can tell you later whether I want to know more or less of him.

Please don't forget whatever happens to you that you have promised to be good and sleep. This steamer is such a famous place for sleeping that I wish you might have as good a one at your disposal.

Yours admiring, devoted and most
worshipful Bruce Wright

Jacksonville, Fla.
Feb'y. 14. 1899.

Dearest Grace -

By consulting my handy
reference, it seems probable
that a letter if sent from
here within the next hour will
get to Springfield before you
do and be on hand to offer
you the podium of the town.

This afternoon I expect to
take a St Johns river boat
arriving at Palatka at eight
o'clock where I shall stay over
night and get the Oklawaha
boat the next day. I think
that will take me to a point
very near Okala in time to

catch a train which will land me at my sister's on Thursday at about 2 o'clock. I shall think of you arriving at Springfield at about the same hour (for convenience) and above all I shall hope to hear from you then, then, then.

I hesitated about the Oklawaha trip because it delays me a day but the steamer arrived too late to get this morning's train and I should have to wait over 24 hours in this dead and alive place and moreover the tax man is a good sticker and he goes with me all the way so I should probably not have a better opportunity by waiting.

The steamer came into port this

morning covered over with ice - a sight not often seen here I fancy - but now the sun is shining and there is a promise of warmer weather. I have already seen Jacksonville. It did not take long. There are a few well paid shots but the sandy, piney wilderness presents pretty close.

I trust - I hope nothing has happened to change your plans and that this will reach you Thursday as it ought. It carries a great deal of love with it and that must prevent its being lost.

Ever yours
Sam. May Jr.

Palatka, Fla.

Feby. 15. 1899.

Dearest Lady -

The first instalment of Florida
balm has arrived at Palatka
and this morning I have been
taking it in and through and through.
True, in some corners of the town
it is adulterated with verbena
and in others with naphtha but
then there are also portions scented
with pine cones and River breezes
and on the whole it is just what
one comes for and hopes to get.

It makes one think that after all
a shortage of reading matter would
not be such a misfortune and that
perhaps the chickens will quite
suffice to occupy the time when
there is nothing better to do.

Palatka at ten in the morning does

not seem ~~so~~ dead but rather resting. I don't suppose that Ten is ~~not~~ the siesta hour but there is in the air that curiously quiet ~~is~~ is quasi which in a New England village always means that it is Sunday morning.

At noon today we (the tax man, his man and I) take the Oklawaha steamer. It may rain but perhaps the river will not be less amusing on that account for of course there will be shelter.

The reports of another complete disaster to the orange groves are being confirmed and the loss will probably be enormous. The frost came just as the trees were recovering from the last freezing but before any substantial profit had been realized. Probably many people will have to give up discouraged. Poor people may starve here but at

any rate they will not suffer from the cold and if they stay here long I should think they would get into the habit of not quivering disappointed.

By way of keeping check, let me say that I have written from Ky. and Charleston to Boston and from Jacksonville to Springfield besides this letter which I shall address to Ky. and I hope you will receive them all. Your picture keeps looking things at one which make me stop writing. There is much I want to say but not all and though I sometimes feel like putting it fully but finally aside just because it is not and cannot be all, yet I shall probably keep it ~~next~~ often in view and keep on looking at it as I do now.

Yours very devoted
Gwen

Ocala - Feby. 16. 1899.

Dearest -

Here at last and your letter of the tenth received and read several times. It is worth while to be so far away from you if you will only write such letters. My mind works slowly and I know I don't appreciate you but once in a while glimpses of your real self penetrate and then you overwhelm me with gratitude and amazement. I love you, dearest, and if you can only read into my letters one half of what you put into this one it is as much as I dare hope. My nature seems so thin and pale by comparison. But I give you all there is of me and by your aid there will surely be more to give as time passes. I am sorry your Aunt Katharine

At Okala I have found three
letters, all from Boston and have
hastily run them through to see
if you have anything to say
about Plans. As I find nothing
I shall address this to B.M.
as per schedule. I am so
glad that your letters all
have a cheery air.
Yours V. W.

Ocala - Feby. 16. 1899.

Dearest -

Here at last and your letter of
the tenth received and read
several times. It is worth while
to be so far away from you if
you will only write such letters.
My mind works slowly and I
know I don't appreciate you but
once in a while glimpses of your
real self penetrate and then you
overwhelm me with gratitude and
amazement. I love you, dearest,
and if you can only read into
my letters one half of what you
put into this one it is as much
as I dare hope. My nature
seems so thin and pale by
comparison. But I give you
all there is of me and by your
aid there will surely be more
to give as time passes.
I am ever your Aunt Katharine

has overworked - partly on our
account doubtless - though it was
not a surprise to hear of it.

She seemed very tired the last
times I saw her. You too,
dear, will please remember, if
only for the sake of keeping a
promise, that you are to rest
yourself as much as possible.

Of course promises of that sort
are not usually kept but please
do keep yours this time. You
are tired and it is only too evident.

Now good night my dear love for
hours on a farm are the same
in Florida as in the North and I
will find time to continue tomorrow
before mailing this.

Feb. 17. - I have just returned
from a two hour drive in search
of the children's pony which strayed
off a few days ago. We did not
find him but we got rumour which

indicate that a two days journey
will be necessary to ride him
down at his old haunts. I shall
not go but shall stay and plant
potatoes and keep in touch with
the base - the Post Office. As
soon as this is written I shall
take it to Ocala for a distance
of about 2 1/2 miles and hope to
find something from you. All
the mails from N.Y. have been
delayed since the snow storm - in
some cases being two days late.

I hope to make myself useful in
some way on the farm but shall
no more interfere with the chickens
than I should with the baby. They
have their food cooked and fed to
them and their beds made with
such care that I should only
be a meddling.

My dear girl, how I long to know
whether you are following the programme
of the "handy reference"! Yours very much
(over) Mamma

Dolan. I have not been able to say anything about this place yet and shall not today but please be patient and ^{you} shall know who and what goes on here.

The brown Fanny is being put into the buggy an hour or two sooner than I expected so I am hurrying.

Dearest, the very best thing of all at this stage is the "background" you alluded to and which I have so often pondered over.

It makes me lament a certain "plentiful lack" of imagination. but I must be thankful for such fragments as I have.

My dearest girl, I think of you often and with much - Oh very much love.

Your very ones
Mamma

Ocala, Fla.

Feb'y. 15. 1899.

My dearest Grace -

Such a delightful record breaking as that of last night or yesterday afternoon when I found three (3) letters from you in the P.O. ! I had to open them and glance through just to see where to send my own but it was done rather against my will for I wanted to read them all by my lonesome self. No not lonesome when I have three or even one of your letters to read. So don't make apologies for their length. They are not likely to be too long.

I had to walk out about a mile before I could find a quiet shady spot to sit down and read #1 and when it was all read I

walked in air the rest of the way home for it was beginning to get dark and #2 had to wait. Not long however for I found time before supper. No dear, you do not have to tell me that you occasionally think of me, ^{but} it is a joy to know that you do and not unpleasant to be told so. I had intended to come #8 until bed time for the sake of economy of resources but the happy thought occurred to me that bed time would be the right time to re-read them all and it would be a pity to read over #8 before I could pretend to have forgotten any of it.

Well that was last night and this morning, I am a hum-drum person again and shall be until I get yours this afternoon.

I put on my new blue overalls

this morning with the best of intentions but it has rained all the time and so I have been writing a number of business letters. It is quite a pleasure to have plenty of time to write them and not to feel that I am stealing from the firm and perhaps I can get more done quietly and easily here than I should have accomplished by sticking in Boston.

It is difficult to connect your letters which are several days old with your movements of the hour.

I suppose you are now in Bryn Mawr and I hope at any rate that my letter of yesterday will not arrive before you and arouse suspicions. Your list of surprised people is not long if it includes only the red haired Miss

Monday morning

Just a word before breakfast
and before starting to post
this. If, when you receive
it, you are sick, please think
me a muddler and if you
are well or pretty well (not quite)
please think this letter contains
great wisdom — I mean of
course to refer to the admonitions
about taking care of yourself
and not over doing.

Very illogical but something
else much better, dictated at
any rate by concern for you
and very much love.

Ever and always
Yours — Brian

Ocala, Florida

Sunday eve. Feb'y 19. '99

My poor, lonely,

tired out dear: —

Your letter of Thursday the 16th
was left here this afternoon by
some kindly disposed neighbor
while I was on my way to the
P.O. in search of it and to post
my own. That accident spoiled

the connection and now my
letter has gone off to Bryn
Mawr to join others sent before
it. It is enough to make me —
well thoroughly exasperated to think

of you still looking for word
from me on Thursday ^{night} when I
had mailed a letter at Charleston
on Monday. And how very dear
of you to write me such long

It does not express one sixty-fourth part of the love or

anxiety
I feel
and still
I must
sit and
wait and
wait and
wait

Fertile letter.

letters - yes longing letters too -
without ever a sign from me.
But dearie, I had no idea the
mails would be so delayed for
the regular time from N.Y. to
Jacksonville is only 24 hrs. and
though the trains were 20 hours
late the day after the storm, it
was not to be supposed that they
would continue in their evil way
forever. To think of all my
good admonitions resting quietly in
Springfield, N.Y. and B.M. while
you make a slave of yourself
in Boston is maddening.

Dearie, is 'nt it possible to do it
all in some way that ^{will not} recall
the ugly head and back aches
and - forgive me - but doesn't
the goddess have anything to
say at this juncture?

It is very far from Florida to
Boston and at this moment
you may be all down again
from over work. Please, please
don't do it.

It seems useless to write this
kind of a letter when I think
that you will not receive it in
less than three or four days but
I can't help it, and tomorrow
morning I shall go to town and
telegraph you to call in all the
letters which I have been
distributing over New England and
the Middle Atlantic States.

It was nice of Mrs. Schlesinger to
say what she did and I am
sure she must love you.

How can anyone help loving you?
You dearest and best, good night
and Oh could I be sure that it would
be a good night with you! Your loving friend

Ocala, Florida

Sunday, Feb. 19. 1899.

My dearie, -

You are the Oasis of existence. Not that life is really a desert but perhaps I have in mind the hypothetical desert which it would be without you. You too have a way of growing into my "daily needs" and it makes me glad and thankful beyond expression.

They brought me your St Valentines day letter last night - the one in which describes your farewell luncheon with your Uncle Joe and Aunt Kathryn. I am glad she was out again so soon and hope she will take care of herself.

I am going to give you an account of the last few days.

After leaving Jacksonville (where I wrote you a letter which I hope you received before leaving ~~Boston~~ Springfield)

while you were lying on K.T.R.'s couch
on Tuesday afternoon, I spent
the night at Palatka (letter to N.Y.)
and took the boat for the Oklawaha
a little after noon on Wednesday.
The boat was a funny little thing,
built especially for its particular job,
almost as high as it is long and
somewhat less in its breadth. It
punted away from the dock with
difficulty for the river is quite
wide at Palatka and there was a
strong breeze which kept it running
along near shore, bumping the docks
and stray piles, in vain trying to
make headway and turn out into
the river. It rained all that
day and night so that we had to
keep inside most of the time but
I had a good view of the river. It
winds interminably through cypress
swamps and at present the water
is high and the swamps completely
flooded as far as the occasional

flashes of lightning revealed it.
These trees at this time of year
look dead as dove-nails but are
covered - shrouded one might say -
with trailing Spanish Moss, silver
gray in color and sometimes a
little green too. There is no bank
to the river but the cypress trees
agree to stop at a certain line
and allow the water to flow through.
Thursday morning, the sun came
out boldly and gave us five or
six hours of most entertaining
voyage. Two "gators" and numerous
swampy birds and more cypress
trees and moss until we landed
on the bank of "Silver Spring."
This is a very large spring some
sixty feet deep and perhaps two
hundred wide which is the actual
source of a considerable river.
The water is clear enough to show

things in the bottom in the deepest parts. It is one of the shows in Florida and about as interesting as show things usually are.

By a fortunate arrangement which I did not know of until within a few days, my sister lives only two miles and a half from the Spring and while I was waiting for the delayed train which was to carry me to Ocala, she telephoned over that she would come for me there. So I did not get to Ocala that day and you did not get a letter some two or three days later. Surprises are difficult to manage. Even here in the wilderness, rumors had arrived (via St. Paul) and they took it calmly but with interest and asked me send you appropriate messages. There is my sister and five children — two boys

about ten and eight years — one girl five years — another boy ~~three~~ years and last of all a girl of uncertain months. Also my mother and a German American, ^{good} fellow who is a partner with my sister's husband in the farming enterprise. I will add also one cook (black), an uncertain number of helpers in the fields (both black and white), two horses, two dogs, several cows, several calves, a few pigs and unlimited numbers of chickens, mostly Plymouth Rock.

The boys are irrepressible and I have tried to measure them by Kenneth Grahame standards but with little success. They seem to accept me and every body and every thing completely and I can hardly imagine chicken coops enclosures in which the grown-ups

are discussed and their standing irrevocably fixed. The oldest boy is perhaps the least interesting but in my mind he claims the distinction of being misunderstood or rather of not being understood. Government is administered hap hazard and he comes in for a full share which I think he resents but I am not going to criticize.

The frost has completely destroyed the fruit on a number of peach and plum trees as well as the oranges but they do not know yet whether the trees themselves will live. They have also lost a whole garden full of green truck some of which was nearly ready for market. The strawberries had already begun to ripen and they had picked a few for themselves and

expected to feed me as they did when I arrived. These however are expected to bear again in a short time but nothing else seems to have escaped. It was pretty hard luck on top of too much of the same kind and I admire much the spirit of the family, including the partner who is more American than German. That must be the reason why he gets on with a Frenchman.

I have a pleasant room with enough shade and enough sunshine and am entirely comfy. The routine will probably be established this week and will probably be work in the forenoon in the potato fields or in the carpenter's shed and rest and reflexion including letters & my diary and walks or drives to town in the afternoon followed by

supper and a little chin-chin
or perhaps a story read aloud to
the children and then a rather
early to bed going. Is'nt that
quite (entirely) satisfactory from the
point of view of the goddess and
her interpreter? My mind
may not get improved but that
is cross I can bear.

Yesterday afternoon, after a too
hastily written letter, I played
carpenter and filled my sister's
soul with a mild form of jing
by making her three feeding trays
for the youngest of her broods.

They were copied faithfully after
a cut of the only approved pattern
which she produced from her
extensive professional library and
were made up from odds and ends
of boards and tin cans which
had been straightened out and relieved

of tops and bottoms by heating
in the kitchen stove.



En voici le modèle.

There will be at least
five more of them &

be made and then some coops
for the newly hatched chicken pens.
So you see there will be work
& do.

It is a primitive life in
this respect that they do and make
all kinds of things and buy as little
as possible.

Yesterday morning,
for instance, as it was raining, the
Gen. Am. busied himself with soldering
up the family tinware. Today he
has gone off in search of Bill,
the pony which I half suspect
will turn out to be a lizard after
all - he seems so mysterious.

Sunday morning has given me
the opportunity of getting the
conspiracy well under way and
the general proposition was accepted
freely and I think with conviction

that she could not do better and possibly a feeling of relief at the thought of having her property tied up so that even she could not have free access.

But the idea of the unequal division between her children was certainly not agreeable to her and she would have preferred, I am sure, to divide unequally in the other way. She feels that her son is alone and helpless and that she is responsible for him and also that all of us are against him. All this is true (within a different set of limits) but there is good reason for our position. She finally said she would do as I wished and advised but I shall feel sure only when the transaction is finished. Poor woman, she is unequal to the difficulties of her situation and

finds her only atonement in an entire devotion to hard manual labor in the kitchen. She is willing to sacrifice everything, even those things which are necessary to the self respect of the average person, to the one absorbing notion of her responsibility for her son and probably the less said to her on that subject, the better. It seemed necessary to touch on it this morning but I got away from it as soon as possible.

Perhaps I ought not to bother you with all this but it has been on my mind so that I could hardly avoid writing about it. Please pardon me if it tires you.

Your St Valentine's letter was a real life preserver to me last night. Perhaps I was tired - indeed since I have let myself down

I am tired - not unpleasantly
tired - much of the time but
that will wear off. At any rate
your dear letter came just in
time and after reading the third
time, the world was all right.
Now it is getting late in the afternoon
and I am going to walk to
town with this so I must stop
short.

Dearest, I should
like to say a great many
unspeakable things but you
must believe them all, though
unsaid, and all the time know
that I love you - I love you -
I love you and I kiss you
across the miles that separate us.

Ever yours

Bruce Wright

Ocala, Feby. 20. 1899.

My dear Grace -

I am just back from town where I went to send you a telegram and post an extra letter. I hope the message will be too late, that is, I hope you will already have received the letters sent to Sp., N.Y. and B.M. for it broke me all up to think of you letterless and lonely.

This is Monday and work on the farm has begun again actively and I must be off soon to do my share or they will think me daft as letter writing. Probably I shall be set to making more feeding troughs and coops

for the new breeds which are
arriving like the famous
procession which went into
the Ark.

I am glad your brother
turned up as he did if you
only went (or didn't) work too
much and if you feel more
at liberty with your job off
your hands, it was certainly
a good plan to change your
plans.

Dearest, there is nothing here
to write about for all my thoughts
are with you and all my
best wishes for a prosperous and
a restful visit.

My loved one, think of me
as your very own
Bessie

Ocala, Feby. 21. 1899.

My beloved Grace: -

Yesterday was a busy day in the way of correspondence - two letters and a telegram sent you - but alas! there was lacking the most important event of all. Your letter did not come. That was the first time since I arrived that a day has passed without its dear letter from you for although you did not write on Wednesday - your busy day - the mails managed to miss things so that the break was spanned. I ought not to complain for I had three letters on the day after my arrival but coming, as it did, just after your accounts of hard work

and no sleep in the afternoon with the accompanying aches, the lack of reassurance from your hand was keenly felt and the heavy feeling will not let up. It makes me sympathize with you, dear girl, writing to me day after day with never a word in reply. But surely you must have heard from me by Friday morning.

Life is very good here on this farm - if only your letters give good accounts of you -

By day the squealing of the baby alternates or joins discordantly with the shrieking of the older children and by night the second part is taken up by the yelping dogs which surround the room with rest and regularity.

But these things bother me very much. They are accepted as all in the day's and night's work and we go on musing with no potatoes or chicken coops or kitchen work.

Yesterday afternoon, I built three new troughs and this morning was devoted to a crop of approved design.

Carpentry is very good fun. There is enough muscular work about it to tire one healthily and enough planning to keep it interesting. For chicken coops must be kept reasonably square or they turn out batch jobs and then of course the material is always a little scanty and economy in its use requires some foresight. My sister has at least three days work in sight for me,

at the bench and it would not be surprising if she found more when that is finished.

The Ger. Am. was away last eve. when milking time arrived - the night before also - and so I have had an opportunity of renewing another almost forgotten experience. Florida cows are funny little withered up specimens of their kind. Grass does not grow here abundantly and in the winter time hardly at all. They feed them peanuts ("penders") and any other old thing such as sweet potatoes and these crops are required to furnish ^{the} this family with what it wants to drink and cook. Milking tries the wrists when you are in mad haste to finish before the animal has eaten up her mess

and there is always an uncertainty about her movements which keeps you from going to sleep, a combination which I should recommend to those in search of excitement.

Yesterday, on the way to town, I was picked up by a native who was working his mule along a little faster than I could walk. He was a well built man of perhaps 50 yrs. but round shouldered and he wore a very broad brimmed black hat over a shock of nearly white hair which contrasted well with a fuzzy, bushy jet black beard. He spoke with much deliberation and in the "Cracker" dialect, and as we were passing a certain spot in the road, he gave me an interesting insight into Florida public

opinion - or perhaps it was his
notion of Florida p. o.) He said
that it was about there "as near
as he could make out" that his
brother had been nearly killed.

A couple of men (he called
them a team) had followed
the brother out of town and
waylaid him. They pounded
him a good deal and nearly
gouged out his eyes. I asked
him if there was much fighting
in these parts. O yes, he said,
a good deal of fighting but not
much of this teaming. "People
would not stand much of that."

So apparently the chivalrous
cracker doesn't object if only
one highwayman at a time
tackles him.

My friend also had his views
about the recent past and the

prospects of range growers. He
said that Florida used to be a
wet state and now was a dry one
and the ranges would never
be safe until the wetness
should return. As an instance
of the fall in values of real estate
he told me that a few years ago
he had tried to buy a tract of
pine land near his place at
\$10. per acre and that last week
he had finally bought it at 50.
cents an acre.

I have not seen much of the
natives but am told that they
are a pretty poor lot. Peculiarly
they must be poor for if nothing
more and good deal of intelligence
are not sufficient for a decent
living on this farm which is one
of the best, the shiftless cracker
must certainly have to content himself

with little enough.

My sister lives here comfortably though not by any means luxuriously but it is the man in Para, Brazil, who makes that possible for her and not the Florida farm nor her husb.

Now I must be off to the P.O. I do hope that by the time you receive this (a very long time, it seems) you will be more cheery and that your Unitarians and Goldmans will know how to make you less lonesome. In B.M. you will seem much nearer and perhaps it will then be possible to really ~~exchange~~ letters within a reasonable delay.

Your very loving and also
a little lonesome hearted

Brian

Ocala, Florida

Feb. 22. 1899.

My dearest -

It is a very wet and dismal day but I have been quite chipper all the morning. By the way, my day does not begin with sun-up or sun-down or any such conventionality. It begins in the middle of the afternoon when your letter comes or does not come and this has been a fairly good one. You will think me plain crazy when you know why.

It is all an account of your telegram which I got

yesterday afternoon. The
cipher, I translated as follows:-

Delayed - read - There have been
too many things
to attend to and
so I have tired
myself out and
been ill -

- till Friday " - but now am
better and am
again thinking

of my journey -
- or later - " - though I can't
say when I
shall start for
I am not yet
myself.

Dearie, this may be all rot
but I had been so afraid

that you were going to be
sick ~~say~~ that your
message saying you were
expecting to start Friday was
very cheering although it did
seem to indicate that you
were not well.

If my imagination has
been playing me bad tricks,
you will let me know and
point the finger of ridicule
at me. I hope you can.

My mother - not being
told that she must not - has
written to one of my Fergus
Falls cousins who will probably
tell all the others. So I have
not waited for permission from
you but have hastened to
inform them all. You said

in your last that your
brother had let it out and
there was no longer any use
of trying to keep the people
in darkest ignorance so I
hope you went on.

The coop is finished. It
required two forenoons of steady
work and is quite a dwelling
house. There is another to
be built out of any old stuff
that can be found and there
are rumors of a pig shed to
be built when the chickens are
provided for. The pig, by the
way, was found. He is red and
long haired and only a little
larger than "Duke", the Newfoundland
dog. What fun we shall
have planning our house for

I cant believe we shall find anything that will do for long and perhaps we shall want to build at once.

It would be possible to get a house up in a couple of months if we did not plaster it and I have been considering whether some substitute in the way of heavy building paper would not be advisable.

Please send me the results, if there are any yet, of your estimates of the cost of living. That is a field which is unknown to me and your wisdom is to determine it all.

I dont fit in with the improvement of my mind. There are too many things to

do and also until now
there have been a great
many letters to write.

Even the statements from
the new agent have had
but a preliminary examination
and must be attended to soon.
Darrie, please tell me how
the dividing came out and
whether it proved feasible to
buy anything.

The rain has considerably
slackened and now I must
set out with my dearest
wishes for the health and
happiness of you, beloved
Grace.

Your very loving
Mum.

Your Brookline letter
received. It makes this
very silly but, Darrie,
it is an inexpressible
relief to know that you
are well and have been
having a quiet, restful
time instead of being
laid up with a back.

Your own Mum.

Ocala, Fla.

Feb. 23. 1899.

My dearest Grace -

Your very loving and lovable letter from Brookline has cheered me up and I needed it. I mean the long one written Sat. and Sunday for you refer to another which I have not received. I hope you will not be too much burdened at my solicitude for your condition. A number of most injuriously coincidental circumstances get the better of me. I am so glad you have been having such a good

visit with your beloved
Schlisinger and I am
sure it did you heaps
of good and prepared you
for metropolitan dissipations.
To sit until 11:45 P.M.
with Mrs. Schlisinger must
be a great treat.

Don't be afraid that I
shall read too much. I
agree with you that when
one is tired nothing can
make him too tired quicker
and more completely than
reading — unless it is trying
to sketch. Sometimes when
I was abroad, we used to go
off on sketching tours, just for

a rest, but it was very
tiring and a poor way of
resting. Carpentry is better
though it tires too, in a different
way. It seems as if there
would be plenty to do in
that way if I should stay
all summer and on the
whole it is more to my liking
than potato planting. But
I only do it mornings and
take the rest of the day for
letters and usually for my
constitutional walk into town.

The road is very sandy
but it is always possible to
choose a walkable path and
though it runs straight from
our gate to the town, there is

some variety in its minor
twists and turns, its trees
gray green with trailing Spanish
Moss, the fences built to
keep the "Razor backs" in or
out and the clearings and
"hammocks" or high lands and
any number of land marks now
becoming familiar enough to tell
me how far I have gone or
how far I have yet to go.

The houses are few and
dreary and some of them little
better than shade. so I am
not bothered by too much
architecture. That reminds
me that Coolidge wrote me
that he had suddenly received
notice to move out. We were

tenants at will and some body with money to burn came along and offered an increase of 500% in rent.

With promptness and despatch, he engaged a larger office in the Congregational Bldg. at a higher rent of course and will have moved in before I return. I am sorry for there is no big sea window in the new office and nothing can quite take its place but he says we have North windows and are on the 6th floor so there must be some view.

This afternoon, the Gen. Ass. is to drive into town so my walk will be taken in

another direction. I am
not sorry for I am a little
tired today and shall enjoy
loafing along and looking at
the Pines.

Yes, dearies I shall try to
do all you say about out
door things and the commands
of the goddess, especially as
you tied them all together
with an order to believe in the
good wishes of your dear self —

You know it is that, together with
my own thoughts and wishes
concerning you, which make
life worth while.

Most lovingly
Kum

Post Office - Ocala
5. P.M. Feby. 24. 1899

My dear and somewhat
miserable toiler -

I have just rec'd yours
of 21st and the short
one of 22^d. The latter
I opened to see if you
had anything to say
about plans. You
do not say that you
will be unable to get
away Friday and so I
after some hesitation
have mailed my letter

& say, as I did
yesterday's.

In case you stay
longer in Boston, this
is to assure you that
you are not forgotten
and that I wish I
could share your
labor or relieve you
in some way.

It is too bad but
you are certainly right
in foregoing things
rather than insisting.
If wishes could help

you, mine would
lighten the day's work
for they are all for
you, my dearie, all
for you.

Hoping for the best
and that you will
not succumb.

Your devoted
Law.

Ocala. Fla.

Feb. 24. 1899.

My very dearest -

Your letters of the 18th
(delayed) and the 20th came
yesterday late in the afternoon
and made me very happy.

After sending off my
letter to you, I did a
little necessary gate repairing
— quite contrary to rule —
and then went off for a long
walk. At least I put a
long time into it, ^{though} ^{distance} the ~~walk~~
was not over three or four
miles. The country here
about is all piney though
of course much of it has been

This is not a lack of my hand.

cleared and there are old roads running in every direction through it. Even the most travelled roads are apt to have as many branches as a rope has strands for the soil is sandy and carts soon make deep ruts. Most of the pines are not large for they are only what was too small for use when the big ones were cut off but many of them are straight and very tall with no branches except at the ~~very~~ top. And such funny, knarley, propey twisting branches, especially the dead

ones on the under side.

I send you a bit which I took from a vivid green tuft, just sprouted from the ground. At a distance, the pines are all very green even at this time of year and contrast strongly with the sober colors of the second growth oaks and hickories. There are also many live oaks, some of them large and spreading but all veiled with the inevitable Spanish Moss.

The sun was setting when I returned and I sat down to look at it and think a little more about you - just

as though that had not
been an ever present
occupation — when my
mother called me and handed
me your two letters which
the obliging neighbor had brought
in. Such letters! Oh my
dearest Grace! So full and
overflowing with love I must
prize in all the world. If
I can ever deserve them and
you what a paragon I shall
be. Edith's letters may
have style and much more
but nobody's could hold
more of the real realities.

They were read, as are all
your letters, over and over and
until I was quite humble, and

very proud at the same time. Your exciting news about the Pinckney St. house appeals to me strongly.

It is quite possible that such a plan would be the wisest because it would give us time to look about and also to learn what we are going to want and where.

You did not say you had seen the interior of it and I wish you might have if it were possible. At any rate, I thought it worth while to write to Coolidge, asking him to find out the agent and get from him particulars about terms of lease and when

the house is to be vacated.

It would be a pity to lose it by not stirring if it should turn out to be just what we need. But like you, I don't want to give up the wide country idea - only to be sure that we do the very right thing.

There is another possibility. Since we are to be in the country anyway during the hot weather, we might try to find a shore house either on the North or South and stay there as late as possible, then board somewhere - for as short a time as possible - while we seek our permanent

city and sunny home.

This might in some ways have advantages though it doesn't sound so attractive.

How much country should you want ~~if we~~ during the summer if we should get the little brown brick house?

I have been trying to calculate how much we can depend upon to live with but, as I have already told you, it doesn't seem possible to reduce the probabilities to definite and certain figures. We ought not - you will agree want you? - to spend all our income and I can not safely put it above \$2500.00. Last year I had twice that amount but there

was one dividend of \$3000.⁰⁰
which is wholly unreliable.

It may be large again,
though probably not as much
as last year, and it may be
small or even nothing at all
for flour mills are too dependant
on conditions out of their control.

With rent at - say \$750.⁰⁰,
could we live in the little
brown house for \$2500.⁰⁰ a year
and keep two servants and have
anything left to cloth ourselves
and leave a margin for
the unforeseen - always, it seems,
the most elastic item? May
clo' don't cost a great deal.
Put them down for \$200. and
there might be something left
to divert to other appropriations.

3.

Yours ought to be more -
n'est ce pas? - and the cost
of food and servants etc. you
know something about.

To day you must be
leaving Boston and what a
pleasure it is to have ^{you} nearer
by a whole day and we can
really correspond. What are
your plans, dearie, for staying
in or about New York and Phila?

I have told my people
that I should be here until
about Monday Mch. 6th but
that will depend somewhat
on the steamer, which I have
not looked up yet, and might
be changed to suit circumstances
and you, the most blessed

circumstance that ever happened.

I must not forget to tell you that the firm has been notified to move. A most inconsiderate Telephone Co. manager came along and finding that we were tenants at will offered to raise the rent by 50. sp. It is a pity to lose the sea view from our big window - you never saw it, more's the pity - but shall have a larger office with North windows in the new Commercial Bldg., 6th floor, and there will be some view from there. Leedger will have moved the whole outfit

before I return. It is hard on him for his hands are full of a number of things in my absence but he is long suffering and says he is fit as a flog.

Today has been almost cool and invigorating, a bright sun and some wind but we don't feel the wind much for there are breaks in every direction. The carpentry continues and has apparently become my steady occupation. This afternoon I was going to take the two boys to the circus but on investigation, it was found to be not due for a week yet.

and is not a real circus
but a pony and dog show.

There has come an offer
for the pony from these people,
for he is a trick pony, and
the boys have been stirred to
renewed zeal in properly taking
care of their favorite.

Dearest girl, I long for
you day and Alas! night
too — not all nights but
some of them. Yes, I shall
know you, close or no close,
for the good and true woman
you are. It is a fair
world but away the day not
to be too distant when we may
again look each other in the eyes.
Your loving Brian

Ocala. Fla.

Feb. 25. 1899.

You poor hard worked dear -

What a state of mind you
did get into to be ours!

And now that it is all
over, I wonder what condition
you are left in. You ask
me to consider seriously whether
you can be of any earthly or
heavenly use to me. Well,
pardon the smiles which I
have not yet got over, but
that is so difficult that
you are sure to think me
trivial. For, dearie, up to
this moment, the happiness
of knowing that even in your

way down moments, you
yourself didn't really mean
what you wrote has so far
over-balanced what you meant
for the serious side of the
question that - well truly I
laughed. I hope you won't
be shocked. It is so hard
to convey one's meaning even
in simple matters and this is
complicated. But let me try
to tell you what use you
could be to me. In a
negative way, you could
prevent a great deal of
unhappiness and probably a
considerable waste of human
life^{effort}, which would occur if

you concluded not to
sacrifice me. In a very
positive, active and transitive
way, you could also let
me love you and work and
live for you. What more
can you do for me as the
"strong lady" which you are
going to be? My very
dearest, if it seemed likely
that you were to be laid
up for life, I should know
how to be sad but I am
so sure that you are going
to be well and strong that I
can't be very down and
that is probably the reason
I haven't sympathized with

you as you deserve in
your present tired out
emergency. Truly though
I do feel deeply the

troublesome, tiring days and
nights you have been
passing through and shall
be so glad and relieved
when you are safely lodged
with your cheering E. N.

Her letter which you
sent me is good evidence
that she is the right sort
of a person for you to
go to and it will be
an auspicious occasion when
your first letter from B. M.
arrives in Ocala. After all,

I am very glad you did
 send me your down hearted
 letter instead of destroying ^{it}, as
 you thought you ought to
 have done when you wrote
 the next morning. Doubtless
 a certain amount of self-control
 is desirable even sometimes
 when it becomes self-repression,
 but it is so good to know and
 share our innermost conscious-
 nesses and we need more
 than anything else to get
 acquainted - to really know
 our own and each other's true
 selves. To get to hard
 practical matters once more, I

agree with you entirely
in not wishing for many
things (to this agreeing becoming
a habit with me? It sounds
strangely in my own ears) but
there is one thing which I
hope you retained at least
your share in - the Althaus?
share. There is some politics
behind it which I shall tell
you when we meet. - A fabulous
day! The carpentering
goes merrily on but probably
it will have to be suppressed or
curtailed in its demands as
my time so that business can
be attended to without occupying

all my time.

My sister is going
to town and I cannot
close hastily with all the
love I have. Think it
much Ah! very much.

Yours
Fanny

Ocala, Florida

Feb. 26. 1899.

My very dearest —

The days are half
spent which I planned to
pass here and I long for
the clasp of your scrub-lady
hand — please don't be
violent — I like them just
as they are and would not
change them in the least
particle for if you hadn't
any head at all, they would
surely be the favorite residence
of your gizzard. And your
gizzard and its standards

impress my own more and more daily and are burrowing deeper and deeper down into it. How I hope you will not find bottom but keep us with the process for all our time to come.

Sunday is only in theory a day of rest on this farm but I have taken advantage of the theory and instead of working at my bench have taken a walk out into the pines where the wind is blowing pleasantly and it is warm enough to

sit on a fallen log and consider the habits of rarer-backs and goats.

They are harmless but not quite equal to stemming the tide which reverts ever and ever to the dear one.

Where are you and what are you doing? In N.Y. probably and listening to Mr. Adler perhaps. The little brown brick house grows more and more attractive to think about and I hope Coolidge will hurry himself and let one know just what the chances are. If only the occupants

will keep it until May 1st,
that would be most convenient
and considerate and we could
look and decide after our
returns to Boston.

Returning from the pines,
I, for the first time in Leeds,
looked into ~~W~~ the Dilut and
read a chapter. It is going
to ^{be} really interesting but your
advice about outdoor things
instead of intellectual improvement
shall be vigorously heeded.

You ask what any people
said of the news. I think
I wrote that the surprise was
tempered by hints from St. Paul

but they were pleased and wished to send greetings in return for yours. My mother asked me if she should write you and I told her it would not be necessary. Very mean of me and difficult to explain but you must give her credit for good wishes and intentions.

Perhaps some day I can make it clear to you and perhaps also it will not be worth while. Please try not to be prejudiced against her by any erratic conduct for it may be that I shall be able to change even that.

At present, I do not talk
to her about you and whether
there is any better reason
than habit is not clear to
me.

It is easier to be
open with my sister though
you might smile at my
understanding of openness.

Certainly I don't sit up
with her until 11:45 P.M.
talking it over. She is
sympathetic and knows how
to let me alone for both
which she has my gratitude.
and will reap her reward,
if all goes well, when the
conspiracy is finally accomplished.

Not the right kind of gratitude -
will you think? Well, dearie,
I will try to be good to her
but the burden of inheritance
and the habit of years are
heavy whenever I try to
be human. It's not in
the blood of the tribe except
in limited quantity and
isolated spots.

While on the subject
of families, your very tender
solicitude for your brother -
when he appeared smoking - is
touching and very sweet in you.

And yet the cause of it
is by many worthy people not

taken too seriously. If
one has a fair constitution
smoking is not apt to shorten
his stay in this world nor
lengthen it in purgatory.

You must not allow
yourself to be too much
bothered up over what is
after all not necessarily
harmful. But here I
go - preaching at the rate
of twenty knots an hour and
I am sure you won't like
it so let's change the subject.

Yesterday there was no
letter from you and in consequence
philosophy is again in order.

The last one was the short note (short for you, dearie,) written Wednesday morning before going off to your type-writing work and as you promised more later in the day, I hope you were not too tired for it and that there will be something for me this afternoon.

Down stairs the ceaseless babble and miscellaneous noise of many children flows merrily along, punctuated by frequent cock-crows from the pens near by. The boys are having their hair cut with a home clipper, by way of Sunday afternoon occupation, and an

occasional ye-aw also floats up through the open stair-way. They are generally amusing, when not entirely impossible, and are always busy. The red helmets and firemen's tops looted about two days and are now forgotten in the joys of riding Billy and hunting black water snakes — alleged to be many feet long and as large as their arms.

My sister gets a fair amount of work out of them by persistence but the faculty for forgetting the most every day kind of work is abnormally developed in both of them.

The little five year old girl wheels and tends the baby by fits and starts, going off frequently to see what the boys are doing until suddenly recalled by the dismal wails of the infant or the stern command of whatever grown-up happens to take an interest. She does pretty well for a five year old but the lumps of the baby are probably her salvation.

Even the three year old boy chops chicken food in a wooden bowl but his efforts are desultory and he can

not yet be considered
part of the working force.

I have discovered a
new road to town, perhaps
five minutes longer to walk
but shaded and woodsey
almost all the way. It is
more interesting, if less varied,
than the straight road and
I shall take it today.

You will be with me,
my dear one, only a little
vague and intangible. Oh
for the skill of an adept
in telepathy! Oh for the
days when we shall have no
use for telepathy!

With very much love yours
Bram

Ocala. Fla.

Feby. 27. 1899.

My very precious little woman.-

What would life be
without you and what
would this particular portion
of it be without your letters?

I had a very good
walk back from town
yesterday afternoon - with my
prize in my pocket - through
the woods while the sun
was slowly dropping. There
is a fallen log at just
the half way point which
makes a resting place to
read your letters and again

renew our acquaintance.

Then, on coming out of the woods into a higher and quite open tract, the sun was setting in his old but ever new way - mixed up this time with a big and black but quite harmless thunder-cloud. It was very peaceful - all of it including the looker on - and though you may not remember, you too were there, more serene than the purple cloud banks.

Today, I have had to work - just plain work - for the chicks come faster and faster

and must be provided for.

So you must pardon me, dearest, if this is short.

I had to finish a coop which was not quite ready for its little brood and could not do it within the usual morning hours.

It is a little disappointing that you have not been able to get away sooner.

All my letters have been going to N.Y. and you will have too much of them all at once. My very, very dearest, believe that I love you and believe in you more than I can say. Your own
Rosa

Ocala, Fla.

Feby. 28. 1899.

My very dear Grace -

It is only a little past eleven in the morning but I must write to you now because after dinner the Ger. Am. is going to drive to town and I am going with him if it is convenient. My sister cannot complain that I have deserted in time of need because I have finished three more feeding troughs for her and that is the same number that I used to turn out at first in a whole morning. Such are the beneficial results of practise with the hammer and

saw. It tries one though
and I am going to do less
of it. Probably the real
cause is the letting down of
the owner. They have an in-
convenient way of taking ad-
vantage of the least release
from their ordinary tension
and running riot all by
themselves when they ought to
be grateful and improve the
opportunity of resting.

The object of going to town
today - for the S.R. could bring
your letter and post mine - is
to look up the possibilities of
travelling between now and Steamer
time. The Comanche sails from
Jacksonville on Wednesday Mch. 8th

and if it will work out, I am
thinking of going by rail as far
as Charleston so as to have
time to thoroughly see that city
and also Savannah en route.

Of course St. Augustine
must be visited for I want
very much to see its hotel
architecture and as I don't want
to be rushed, as it is quite
possible that I may leave
here on Sunday next or even
Saturday. If it can be
arranged so that I shall
find a letter at every place
I go, what a recommendation
that would be to travelling in
the "Lummy South"! It seems

extravagant to go by rail
to Charleston when my Steamer
ticket would take me there
but I want very much to see
it well and Savannah too
is said to be a typical old
regime city so perhaps I
shall do it. If you write
from N.Y. on Thursday, please
send it to Ocala and it can
get me here or be sent back
immediately to Jacksonville.

On Friday it would be safer
to send to Jacksonville - St. James
Hotel - and I will write
you tomorrow about the rest of
the plan.

What days you do have
at Brookline! The joy of them

is reflected as far as Florida
and let me say that if Mrs.
Schlesinger is so good to you as
your letters indicate, she may
call either of us by any
name she chooses. What a
difference it makes who it is!

Can you think of many
people who could be allowed
to look so far into the future
even in the kindness of their
hearts?

Yesterday afternoon I had
another good walk through the
new and now favorite way and
with the same delightful rest in
the half-way log. The woods
are not unlike Autumn in the
North and the warm sun seems
to suggest belated days in October

instead of the coming Spring.

I don't know at what time of the year old Ponce de Leon landed but Florida is by no means a land of flowers in Feb'y. and I suspect that the worthy explorer was gifted with an imagination. There are few birds but such as I have seen are fine ones, Bright red fellows, probably orioles, mocking birds which warble with quarrellous liquifaction, (I wonder if they do it with their tongues or otherwise?) woodpeckers with yellowish red heads and Plymouth rock bodies and a few thrushes, I have noticed, but you would have counted others I am sure. Again there was

a gorgeous sunset followed soon by the big, big moon.

The moon doesn't slide off over the Southern horizon but comes straight up out of the East ^{and} sails directly over your head as bold as Yum-Yum's moon in Micado.

Deane, it is good to know that you are happy and pretty well and that your dividing up is probably finished at this hour. You must tell me how it all came out.

I haven't heard from Leoline yet. but the little brown brick home sticks tenaciously in my thoughts about our new and near future. I hope

he will answer soon.

I didn't remember about
the Duke in Twelfth Night
and I really know very little
Shakespeare but all the same
I am beginning to realize
that love is a great and
good thing. Sometimes it
seems difficult not to believe
in a very direct and personal
providence, organized for our
own special benefit but of
course the larger way of looking
at it is - must be truer.

There have at this moment
been handed in yours of 22^d,
(delayed for numerous reasons in transit)
a note from Leodiges written
before he had received mine

3

about the little house and
inclosing a congratulatory
note from Lois Howe,
finally a note from my
cousin George Wright of N.Y.

I have not time to
read them (except Coolidge's
to see about the house) for
I must be ready in a moment.
But thank you ever and ever
so much for the dear
proofs. I love them all.

And you, Oh my very
dearest! So an revoir -

Yours with entire
devotion
Bessie

A. P. O.

Your sweet letter written
last Saturday has come
but alas! it speaks
of further delay.

I have been
sending letters to N.Y.
for several days ~~but~~
this one shall go to
Boston anyway.

The trouble is that
notice of your change ^{in plans}
never gets here until
it is too late to take
advantage of it. Too bad
but of course it can't be
helped. Yours with love
Vernon

{Mar. 1899?}



HOTEL PONCE DE LEON
ST AUGUSTINE, FLA
ROBERT MURRAY, MANAGER.

12. Chestnut St

My dearest one -

There is hardly time
to write more than those
precious three words we
spoke of yesterday - It
is so late. I arrived
at 7 and hurried here
to find that Mrs. - Edith
had just started for
Keith's so on the spur
of the moment I chased

and overtook them.

It was such a different ride last night returning from Phila. to N.Y. - long and lonely but I had precious thoughts for a consolation. Just as I have now and shall have for three more long weeks. Your very dear letter telling about the little brown house and many other things was here and I have hastily read it and shall take

more time for it later. It was very much like a welcome tho' I only found it after getting back from the theater.

Good night my dear, dear Grace and many years hence be sweet as your own heart is to me.

Very lovingly
Aunt

Tuesday

11:15 P.M.

14. Beacon St.

Wednesday morning

Alas! when I had finished I had no stamp so could not post it. Now I am here in our new office and as Cowlidge has not come, can steal a minute in quiet with my dears. Your pencil note with P.S. and plan is here too and makes me very, very happy that you are so well provided for — you and also because it is such a dear little note, so full to overflowing with your very self — just you.

Dearest, it is going to be a good life for us isn't it?
Hastily but more the
less lovingly Yours

Ocala. Fla.

March. 1. 1899.

My very dear Grace, -

It has been only a moderately successful day since yesterday afternoon when I got yours telling of still more delay. It was an ill-tempered P.S. that I added and I ought to have known better but circumstances are sometimes unaccountably perverse. It has happened that every time you have changed your plans, the letter has been delayed - this time it was five days in getting to Ocala. And you,

my dearest friend, if my letters mean as much to you as mine yours do to me, have to suffer for the eccentricities of the postal service.

How full of a number of things your life seems to be and what a joy it is to know of your being so much in Brooklyn!

Dear, dear girl, I am myself rather tired and out of sorts today but it is very sweet to think of you gaining day by day, breathing in new life with every hour of your blessed existence.

Oh how I love you and, dearie, time will only drag on until we meet again.

I am planning to leave here on Saturday at noon, expecting to stay in Jacksonville that night and go to St. Augustine Sunday morning. I shall probably leave St. A. Tuesday and go directly to Savannah arriving at 4:30 P.M. and passing the night and next morning there and leaving for Charleston Wed. so as to get there the same day and have some time to look around. The steamer should leave Charleston Thursday evening Nov. 9. Letters posted in N.Y. Friday or Saturday ought to reach me in St. Augustine - Hotel Ponce de Leon - before I leave and a Sunday letter should be

sent to Savannah, Ga. - quick
delivery. - and Monday letters
to Charleston S.C. - care of Clyde
Steamship Co. I seem to
be laying out a program for
you but of course I don't
want you to write if you
are tired or if travelling
arrangements will not permit.

This plan ought to land
me in N.Y. sometime on Sat.
Mch. 11 and if it has not
been possible to fix our
meeting before I sail, I shall
hire me at once to my cousin's
office - Geo. M. Wright, 280, Broadway -
and shall hope to find the
word there which will start
me off post haste for my beloved.

It is silly and worse to be down-hearted and now that I am writing to you, the sword begins to wear off.

I have been thinking lately, since the impatience to see you is growing upon me, about Edith with her dateless hopes at your end of our correspondence line and my sister at the other end.

Her husband is in So. America where he may have to remain for a year or a year and a half without seeing her. He has had fever in Tongkin and in Columbia, So. America, already and may be obliged to go into the interior for many months.

where he will be in real danger from the same old enemy. But she writes to him ~~not~~ three times a month and keeps cheerful and serene.

How should we fare under either of these two conditions? Dearie, we are as able to bear up as any man and we should find the way but it seems now as though it would be very, very trying. Surely our prospects, by comparison, ~~might~~ are all that we can ask and so I am going to brace up and look about for the ice-man.

Yesterday afternoon we had a characteristic experience in Acala.

The saw mill had been promising

a very small order of lumber for a chicken coop roof for as much as three weeks. We got it yesterday by setting down on him and staying not until he stopped his mill to change some necessary machinery and haul in a fresh log. Of course the machinery broke down and everybody stood around and waited while it was being tied up with things (or sealing wax I am not sure) but before sunset we had our little handful of boards and felt that a triumph had been accomplished.

The only other incident of a purely local color was the attack which our big Newfoundland made on a perfectly frightened and harmless dog belonging to an

even more so woman in a
buggy. I sailed out and
hauled off our dog and there
was no great harm done
except to feelings of the said
parties. I had plenty of
time to talk to the Gen. Am.
and he has seen a good deal
of knocking about. A trader
in Yankton, Dakota, 25 years
ago when everything was wilder
and woolier than now and Indians
had not become "Good Indians",
he went up the Missouri and
Yellow Stone soon after the war
in which Custer and his men
were all lost and while there
were still hostile bands which
would not come in. He has
also tried his hand at various
things in various States and found

time and opportunity to travel abroad. Perhaps the most interesting experience he told about was the attempt to promote a storage battery company in Chicago. He with a number of friends, including my sister's husband, equipped and operated a street car for some ten months with apparent success but there were difficulties of course though I could not make out that the real ones were responsible for their failure to enlist capital. They still own the patents - like many others. This morning I worked again at my bench but the order was changed and instead of chicken cups, it was baby things. A high-chair had to be

mended and a baby-jumper
needed important "additions and
alterations." You must know
the kind of thing I mean.

It has a seat or saddle hung
~~and~~ inside of a wooden ring from
springs and there is a larger
wooden ring around the bottom
which acts as a fender and
prevents the child from getting
near to anything when it
locomotes. It didn't fit
on very well and perhaps that
was one reason for my rage
and temper but I hope to
finish it tomorrow and after
that I shall have to devote
the working part of my days
to accounts - sadly neglected
in the press of domestic duties.

You recommend me to love
the children and assure me
that it will be worth while.

I enjoy them sometimes
and shall take great pleasure
in seeing them enjoy the pony
circus on Friday but it hadn't
occurred to me to love them.

What an undertaking you
have on hand to reform me.

But please don't get discour-
aged and lose heart. You may
do something yet with your
very inelastic but very devoted
Tommy

NIGHT MESSAGE.

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note

RECEIVED at 109 State Street, BOSTON.

Mar 1, 1899

Dated Ocala Fla. 28

To Miss Grace J. Clarke

15 Chestnut St Boston

Sorry you have been delayed
several letters waiting in
New York.

V. A. Wright.

La

Ocala. Florida

March 2. 1899.

My dearest Grace -

It is a warm afternoon, made livable only by the breeze, and I have been taking an after dinner siesta and am hardly awake yet. Everyone and every thing else must be feeling the effects of the day for there is much less noise than usual and the occasional cock-crow sounds lonesome.

These Plymouth Rock gentlemen have an enormous excess of energy. The night never passes without more or less of their antics, at intervals, all through it. The Southern moon affects them as powerfully

as it does the dogs?

I had another pleasant walk yesterday afternoon and brought home yours of Sunday, begun in Brookline and finished at 12.

Perhaps I don't differ so much as you imagine with you and Mrs. Schlesinger about suffrage and wage earning and such things (indefinite generalization?).

It is not so much the theory that makes one vote the other way as the estimate of usefulness which I ~~just~~ make or assume.

That is of course a personal estimate or opinion for there are practically no data on the subject.

As for wage-earning, did I ever speak disparagingly of women going in for making their own

living? The type-writers whom I see promenading in State St. generally cause a slight attack of weariness but I realize that for many of them work is a necessity and so I hope they will learn not to wear their party clothes all the time. That is only one class or fraction of a class and I am sure I don't want to send them all back to their families to live on next to nothing. If I am all wrong,

you must set me all right and start me off in the way I should go. It was nice

of you not to show your annoyance when Edith slumped on going to Brookline and I hope

that before you receive this
you will be when there is
no occasion to hold us. I
have to do it here sometimes
though not because anyone is
inconsiderate - quite the contrary -
but just because I am a
grumpy person at times and
because I have to live up
to certain pretences and family
duties with those who after all
are not my people. I don't
want to be selfish and offish
and I cannot pretend too much
of what I have never felt so
I try to hold a middle course
and that is not always satisfactory.

With my sister I get on very
well as I have already written
but the position is a more

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difficult one with my mother.

She will surely want to be with us part of the time and I shall want to have her so you must help to set me right in this matter also. Oh there will be business for you! You will laugh when I show you the congratulations from my cousins. It must of been like pulling teeth to me or two of them who have written and the rest are still trying. Last night my sister showed me a long French letter from her husband in Para. It is characteristic of him for you know some people are always followed by a certain kind of luck and always drop into a certain

kind of situation. His luck has been the worst like Paul Hall's of any person I have ever known and his situations are always difficult and frequently dangerous. The temperature never gets below 76° or 78° even at night and he works early and late with one whole night (usually) thrown in once in five days - mail days.

He has already been sick and had other unpleasant experiences but he never loses his nerve and remains impossible and undaunted in the face of everything. How long he can hold out is a question but he has a way of coming through thick and thin and I hope he

will do it this time.

Dearest, it worked like a charm - the decision to leave on Sat. It was the medicine the patient (impatient) most needed. You shall be my physician even if you are not going to be every body's. The days are not eventful but now each new one is my friend for it brings me definitely so much nearer to you, beloved.

Your picture and the proofs are before me - as always when I write and often and often I stop and look. It has given more satisfaction and a great consolation. Of the proofs, I like best those marked "Mildred" and "Mildred Straighten". Of the names mean that these were their

selections, I think they must
know you well and know
how to choose. This morning
the baby-jumper was finished
and some odd jobbing but the
accounts don't yet find their
occasion and will have to wait
until I get away from the farm.

Their turn must come soon and
they must be disposed of but they
seem a little like your dividing
business. What a lot of things
we shall have to talk about!

Shall we have time and place
to do it, or shall we have to wait
until you are back in Boston?

Dearest and best and all
inexpressible things in a fond
world, you are very necessary
to your very loving
Ann

Ocala, Fla.

Feb. 3, 1899.

Dearest Grace -

I have been working away all the morning on accounts and though some more analyzing will be required, I have a pretty good general idea of the situation. It is not hopeless and we shall not lack for bread and water unless everything goes bad but how much tapestry and ^{we can afford} equipage is quite uncertain. I am sorry that your estimates run so high and think we shall have to find means of reducing them. Perhaps we can cut down the rent item considerably by living in the country - especially if we build our own shack. I am glad your councillor and

trusty friend Mrs. Schlesinger
approves of Lincoln. I am
not sure whether the farm
I looked at is in Weston or
Lincoln but the nearest station
would probably be Lincoln.

Since you have shown an
inclination to look in that
direction, I hope more than ever
that the property has not been
sold during the winter and shall
take the earliest opportunity to
go out and investigate. The
building idea appeals to me
strongly though probably, as you say,
it would be unwise to try to
build a new house before June.

I have been a little surprised
that you have had nothing to say
about the little Mt. Vernon St. house
since you first wrote of it. Have

you concluded that it is undesirable
or too expensive?

Your uncle Robert is indeed
a wise man if he has done
his part toward keeping you
in good spirits and I am very
glad you have an uncle Robert.

In regard to the wedding
ceremony, you are a very consid-
erate and a very dear girl to try
to arrange it to any liking but
you must not spoil it for
yourself. I don't believe I can
say anything worth while about
it by correspondence but I am
sure that there will be no satisfaction
in it for me unless you have
it arranged to your own sweet
fancy. Let us talk about it in
Phila. or B.M. when we meet.

Before commencing work this
morning, my mother and I had

a few more words about the conspiracy. She accepts my plans in toto, having first for her own satisfaction gone through a reasoning process which I did not feel obliged to take a hand in. Now I sincerely hope that within a year - perhaps less - she will be on her feet again and without being in immediate danger of stumbling.

This afternoon, my sister and I are going to town with the two youngest children (not the baby) where we are to meet the two boys and go to the pony circus. It ought to be a memorable occasion. You will have to read the account of it in my next.

It has been a good thing for me to come down here and rusticate the effects will probably

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be more noticeable when I get back
to Boston than they are now.

There has not been as much
resting as I could wish for there
is so much to do - always
something else that really ought
not to be put off any longer and
it has been quite impossible to
chirk it all.

My mother handed me ^{today} the only
letter my father ever wrote to
^{only one which completely} me. I had thought it was lost
and had not seen it for some
years. You will like it for
it is a letter worth having but
it will also show you clearly
the family queeriness. It was
written only a few days before he
died ^{and} in it he opened his heart
for the only time to me. It is
futile to speculate on the question
how far he would have been able to

live up to his letter but I am almost certain that he would have found me too difficult at that time however good his own resolutions were. I was told later that he had planned to take me on a trip to England within a few weeks - an unexampled course of action but he did not live to make the attempt. I shall want to talk to you about him sometime and show you his picture. At 45 yrs. his hair, which he generally wore a little long like an old man, was nearly white though he was active and strong as could be wished.

Thank you for sharing the Chever flowers with me. They arrived well preserved - and so did the Brookline violets a few days ago. We must have flowers to

give away when we are settled on our "country estate." The Weston farm has a brook on it but not ~~very~~ in an accessible part. There is a spring though which is permanent or nearly so and not very ~~very~~ far from the spot where the house would stand.

You could plant the forget-me-nots there and it would be a most excellent home for them.

Dearest, the hour is arrived and I must cut you off but bear with me and I will try to do better when I have a little more leisure. Even in the midst of the accounts, your precious self keeps bobbing up to cheer me, for they and all else are for you, dear one, as is ever your loving Brian

Ocala, Fla.
Mch. 4. 1899.

My very dear Grace -

This is the last letter you will get from Ocala. Aren't you glad? Poor child, your difficulties in getting away from Boston seem to be endless and I begin to suspect that you will still be there when I return. Yesterday I got two letters from you but of course they told of your further delay (until Monday) just too late for me to take advantage of it and so I must keep on sending to N.Y. in the same old way.

Please make my acknowledgements to whomever of the Goldmarkes has been good enough to forward all my letters to you. Do you really think you will get away

this time? Fretless question, considering the time it takes to send a letter to you, but I am a little dapt this morning on account of starting to-you-wards.

The circus was a great success. My sister and I went with four young men and in spite of remonstrances, moral and physical, they stood up most of the time leaning on the people in front of them, ~~are~~ utterly absorbed. It was the first time for them and a satisfactory time.

Of course it was difficult to calm them down for to-bed going for they spent the rest of the day telling the Dir. Gen. much about it, which was probably as much fun as the real thing. I never realized before the importance of leaving some one at home when there is a circus. "They also serve who only stand

and wait" It is a beautiful day and the goats are gamboling in the field across the way but none of them feels more chipper than your own most truly who must now pack up and get ready to be off. There will be time to continue this later in the day at Jacksonville. Stop-la —

5:50 P.M. — Jacksonville

It has been a long, hot, dusty day since I left Ocala at noon but I am here and best of all have arranged for my steamer station. Now I can run over to St. Augustine this evening instead of waiting over until tomorrow and that is clear gain for Jacksonville is not a particularly attractive way station.

Before leaving Ocala I got your telegram announcing your hope of getting away on Monday. I had already received your letter of Tuesday in which you told me about the same thing but was very glad of the telegram because it must have been sent after your day's work at the storehouse ^{on Friday} and therefore meant a great deal more than the letter.

Before leaving my sister today, she told me she was fond of me and moreover that she thought it wasn't right to neglect you by not writing to you. I told her I thought so too — to not just that but I told her that if she felt that way, I wished that she would

write to you. ² I had not told
her not to but probably mother
had told her that I had wickedly
shut down on her. So now
you will probably get two
letters. My sister has learned
much in a few years and she
tells me as the result of her
experience that the whole problem
is solved by loving each other.

That is what is absolutely
necessary to teach patience
and mutual self-sacrifice and
all the rest and the best of it
is that the method is adequate.
She has seen hard luck enough
to discourage most people and
has grown more worth while
all the time. She used a

curious expression - "I have had
a good husband". Perhaps it
had no significance but I did
not feel like asking her why
she said "have had."

I hope the conspiracy will
set her up some day so that
her children can have a better
chance than they are likely
to ^{have} for the present.

My mother brought up the
subject again on the way to
town with me and I am sure
that at present she intends to
stick by her promise and we
parted friends even though I had
found it impossible ^{not} to say things
which were unpleasant. You
don't know the whole story of our

business relations yet but if
you would like to hear it all
I should like to tell you when
we have time to talk over the
thousand things which are waiting
and waiting. Shall we have any
sort of a ~~show~~ chance to see
each other at Phila. or B.M. or
any other old place? In case
we don't make definite arrangements
for meeting before I sail from
Charleston, please be sure to
write me a note in care of my
cousin Geo. M. Wright 280. Broadway
so that I shall not lose time in
finding you. I have written
this before but lack faith in
the post office department so you
will perhaps excuse repetition.

It is unfortunate from our point of view that you could not get more of the Athenaeum share but the difference between a third and a half is not really of great importance, n'est-ce pas?

Scarcely, I shall miss your letters for the next few days for I have not had to get used to going without them as you have without mine. But perhaps you can send me something at Charleston before sailing day - Thursday morning - even if you cannot reach me at Savannah.

I am wondering how you will telegraph me of your departure from Boston and whether I shall get the message.

The Gleaner paper has given out.
I never supposed I could
write so much to one person
in so short a time. You
don't think it so much, I judge
from your own letters, but it
is indeed much for a beginner.

But he hopes to improve
because he has for a guide
and friend the very dearest
person in the world and whom
he loves unceasingly.

My best wishes and a
great deal of devotion go with
this scrappy sheet.

Ever your own
Emma

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THE FLORIDA EAST COAST HOTEL SYSTEM

HOTEL PONCE DE LEON

ROBERT MURRAY, MGR.

HOTEL CORDOVA

HOTEL ALCAZAR

JOS. P. GREAVES, MGR.

HOTEL ORMOND

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FRED STERRY, MGR.

PALM BEACH INN BY THE SEA

FRED STERRY, MGR.

HOTEL ROYAL PALM

HENRY W. MERRILL, MGR.

HOTEL KEY WEST

G. BUTLER SMITH, MGR.

HOTEL ROYAL VICTORIA

H. E. DEMIS, MGR.

C. B. KNOTT, GEN'L SUPERINTENDENT.

St. Augustine, Fla. Mch. 5. 1899

My dearest Grace -

Here I am in this millionaire's palace in a town wholly given over to tourists and things which tourists are popularly supposed to require.

A luxury now and then is very seductive but of course it must not be allowed to become a habit. How I wish you were here to enjoy it with me and what solid loads of recuperation we should absorb together. My first impression of the place is that it is big enough to hold crowds of people without jostling them so that every one can mind his own business and his own people and enjoy himself without interference or annoyance. What an opportunity

it was for Messrs. Carriv and Hastings, the architects! When they did this they were without reputation and I think without much experience, having been out of the Beaux Arts but a short time. They had practically carte blanche to do a big thing in a big way which is an opportunity that comes to few architects and almost never to young ones. The hotel as a commercial enterprise, I suppose, does not pay but it ought to be a source of great satisfaction to Mr. Hayler that ~~that~~ he has really given to his poor tired brother millionaires a home where they can rest their weary heads in comfortable surroundings.

Standard Oil has at least this to recommend it and I wonder if Peter won't let him pass on account of this charity to the sometimes disarming rich.

I owe him special gratitude also for building a lot of picturesque dormers into the roof where the small-boys can be lodged at not impossible prices. One sees in the dining room many parties, which suggest the

do not mean but some of it is exaggeration

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St. Augustine, Fla.

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well worn joke about taking the children to the circus. There will be one white haired old fellow who is allowed to sit at the head of the table by courtesy while four or five women of assorted ages take care of him and (presumably) tell him what he must not eat.

It is a grey day but the air is very soft and I have been walking for an hour or more after reading another Coppie sketch. His mastery of his trade is very complete and if one does not read him too continuously, he takes firm hold and rubs in his theme as to make a genuine impression.

The theme is of course the old and though I thought for a few minutes this morning that he had for once made a departure

and was a little disappointed to find further on that he had not. I suppose mine is the critic's point of view instead of the artist's. He sees things as they are, and we as ^{we} would have them. And as all artists are practically agreed that their way is the right way, it must be that plain folk are wrong.

At any rate plain folk (including critics) do not write stories that we care to read. Much like the Sargent pictures isn't it? All the same you and I are not going to be deprived of pleasure in books and pictures on account of our point of view. Dearie, I am so impatient to begin our life together. I want to share all your thoughts and my own too. They aren't worth keeping by themselves (mine of course I mean) and so you are very much needed all the time. We can begin again when you get back to Jan. Plain (can't we?) ~~but~~ correspondence when it takes a week to make the circuit complete is only a makeshift — a very incomplete circuit indeed.

You must not think I am

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St. Augustine, Fla. 1892

standing your letters, dearie, They are everything to me and have taught me to love you more and more but I am just in a hurry and sometimes feel as though I couldn't wait any longer but must see you.

6:30 P.M. It has been quite a busy afternoon in spite of Sunday. After luncheon I read a little more Coppelie and curiously enough, this time he was quite harmless and ~~it~~ seemed to me correspondingly lacking in interest. One of the tails was a children's Christmas story in which he calmly describes a full-fledged miracle for the benefit of the good little boy.

Perhaps the harmless is not his "genre". After reading a bit I sat and summed

myself for a while enjoying the out and
out laziness of it and then concluded
to be better employed so I went up
to my room and took out the precious
packet of your letter. It has grown
to quite respectable proportions now and
will fill up the blank spaces of the
next two or three days if I don't get
anything new from you. The striking
thing about re-reading the letter was
that the early ones seemed as familiar
as if I had read them yesterday which
I hadn't. Every word was a well
known friend and welcome as such.

You write very nice letters, dearie,
and they are a great consolation to
an absent person who is rather fond
of you.

I read one half the
pile and then, having all I could
contain, went out for a walk which
turned out to be a long one. It is
always noticeable that a good building
influences the architecture of its
locality and St. Augustine has seemingly
had its style fixed by Carrié and
Hartwig's two buildings, this hotel and the
Alcazar. It is almost a pity to

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FRED STERRY, MGRHOTEL ROYAL PALM
HENRY W MERRILL, MGRHOTEL KEY WEST
G BUTLER SMITH, MGRHOTEL ROYAL VICTORIA
H. E. BEMIS, MGR

C.B. KNOTT, GEN'L SUPERINTENDENT.

4

St. Augustine, Fla. 189

see good architecture copied by unskilled people who try to get the same effect without the same outlay. But on the whole I think that in this case the result has been a unity of style which we see so seldom in our country that we may well be thankful for it when we can get it.

There are a few white colonial houses, one or two quite pretentious, but they are just what might be expected in the suburbs of Boston and look strangely cold and out of place with the ornate and more picturesque Spanish things, full of sunny plain surfaces contrasting with deep shadows and rich red tile roofs. I don't want our house to be Spanish but sometimes

I think I should like it to be a little more enduring — that is look more solid and substantial — than the ordinary wooden country house whose chief merits are convenience for the people and cheapness to build.

Convenience we must have but most houses strike me as more or less well solved problems in getting the most for the least money — bargain counter houses. The motive is an unarchitectural, that is, inartistic one and John Ruskin was right in including Sacrifice in the list of his Seven Lamps of Architecture. Satisfactory architectural expression can rarely be had without deliberate sacrifice somewhere. I suppose the Pyramids of Egypt are the most convincing demonstration of this proposition but we need not go quite so far in planning our own shack.

The dining room is full so I have returned to the writing room. Perhaps you will wonder where all this discourse on architecture leads. I can't say only I think it is a good stand to

BOSTON
175 DEVONSHIRE ST.NEW YORK
3 PARK PLACEPHILADELPHIA
121 CHESTNUT ST.
ST. PAUL
121 E. SIXTH ST.BUFFALO
377 MAIN ST.
BALTIMORECLEVELAND
146 EUCLID AVE.
WASHINGTONCINCINNATI
IN GRAND HOTEL
PITTSBURGH
230 FOURTH AVE.CHICAGO
221 MICHIGAN AVE.ST. LOUIS
IN NEW PLANTERS HOTEL

ROBERT MURRAY, MGR.

THE FLORIDA EAST COAST HOTEL SYSTEM

HOTEL PONCE DE LEON
ROBERT MURRAY, MGR.
HOTEL CORDOVAHOTEL ALCAZAR
JOS. P. GREAVES, MGR.HOTEL ORMOND
ANDERSON & PRICE, MGRS.HOTEL ROYAL POINCIANA
FRED STERRY, MGR.PALM BEACH INN BY THE SEA
FRED STERRY, MGR.HOTEL ROYAL PALM
HENRY W. MERRILL, MGR.HOTEL KEY WEST
G. BUTLER SMITH, MGR.HOTEL ROYAL VICTORIA
H. E. BEMIS, MGR.

C. B. KNOTT, GEN'L SUPERINTENDENT.

5.

St. Augustine, Fla. 1892

take in the beginning and we shall see what particular sacrifice the lamp will demand. But don't be alarmed that the goddess's just demands for fresh air and sun will not be allowed. And whatever else we have, the closets shall not be reduced to hanging strips behind a door. What fun it will be to plan for our very selves and I hope it will be such a house as will make possible the home which is so dear to you already in imagination and which I think more about every day. I think your letters showed clearly that the influence of home surroundings is very strong on you for there is a difference in tone every time you go to Brooklyn. It is

so marked that if I were not a light minded person, I should feel the increased responsibility for your happiness. As it is, I calmly say to myself that more responsibility requires more ~~love~~ and more love begets more love and so all is well.

The formula runs easily off the pen and doesn't seem difficult but if it ever should be, I hope and believe, my very dear one, that I shall be ready to give up anything and every thing else rather than the sixty-fourth part of a karat of love.

Yes, dearest, it must grow "sweeter and deeper with the years", your own wise words which I have been trying to realize and appreciate.

Later — Since dinner (a very good dinner, well served) I have ^{been} listening to the orchestra which is small but plays well. The selections have been pretty bad and pot-pourriish except the last one, Handel's Largo, and now I think they are playing a Rhapsodie Humaine by Liszt which is amusing. Shall we have a piano? I have for

BOSTON
178 DEVONSHIRE ST.NEW YORK
5 PARK PLACEPHILADELPHIA
171 CHESTNUT ST.
ST. PAUL
131 E. SIXTH ST.BUFFALO
377 MAIN ST.
BALTIMORECLEVELAND
194 EUCLID AVE.
WASHINGTONCINCINNATI
111 GRAND HOTEL
PITTSBURGH
220 FOURTH AVE.CHICAGO
231 ANCHORAGE AVE.ST. LOUIS
114 NEW PLANTERS HOTEL

ROBERT MURRAY, MGR.

THE FLORIDA
EAST COAST HOTEL SYSTEMHOTEL PONCE DE LEON
ROBERT MURRAY, MGR
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FRED STERRY, MGRHOTEL ROYAL PALM
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6

St. Augustine, Fla. 189

years cured a Weber grand which used to be fair but has been in the hands of a dealer to rent or sell for a long time now. I had nearly forgotten about it but the other day my sister said that she enquired about it last Spring when she was in N.Y. and found that it had been sold. It would have cost as much to transport it as it was worth or very nearly so I don't care much but I hope we can have some kind of an instrument. You know there are some Schubert Songs which you must not forget how to sing and although I have not used the Ames' piano very much, it is so bad, I should

not like to be entirely without one.

Tomorrow I must get some more accounts work done between walks and letter writing so I must now bid you a very good night up in cold and frozen Boston.

My very dear Grace, believe that you are all in all to me and that I love you with all my heart and soul and trust and honor you as no one else.

Your own
Brown



HOTEL PONCE DE LEON
ST AUGUSTINE, FLA
ROBERT MURRAY, MANAGER.

March. 6. 1899

My ever dear Grace:-

This is really a place to rot and I am rather ashamed of myself for not doing it more than I have. But you must not be alarmed. I slept eight hours last night and though that didn't quite make up the deficit, it made me quite chipper. So after a walk and a half hour spent watching a beautiful sergeant drill his awkward squad, I got to work on the accounts. Now they are done for the present and I am thankful. The picture of

The Drill sergeant lingers
still. All alive to his work
but patient as Job with men
one or two of whom were apparently
just discovering that they had
arms and legs. And when he
showed them how to do it —
Why Keith's repertoire contains
nothing finer or more deserving
the gratitude of a patriotic people.

It has been a queer day,
sunny and shady by turns
with bursts of high wind that
made the windows of my attic
room rattle furiously. One
charming feature of which I get
full benefit is a big fountain
which runs its hypnotic course
all night for the benefit of the
unstrung weaklings who come

here in search of sleep and rest.

Probably no ingenious device
has ever been imagined
which can equal the soothing
and convoluted effect of running
water and I have been very
grateful that it wasn't turned
off at sun-down.

Perhaps I ought to keep it
a secret and for a surprise
but I am going to tell you
that I have been extravagant
and have bought a beautiful
Turkish embroidered center-
piece. Doubtless the price
was much too high in spite
of the protestations of the honest
American lady that she was
selling off the last of the stock
at ruinous rates. You see

it was all because you went
and bought "table cloths and
sick like" or I never should
have thought of it but I hope
you will like it when you
see it and pardon the mild
extravagance. <sup>It is all pinky, mauve,
violetty scrolls and things.</sup>

Since lunch I have been
good and rested for three quarters
of an hour. Then I read again
the second half of my letter
pile and both these occupations
were healthful and remunerative.

There were lots of things I
had never properly answered.

The truth is that writing comes
hard and instead of trying to say
things out, and I instinctively
try to economize time and effort
and so the result is scrappy
with nothing quite finished up.



HOTEL PONCE DE LEON
ST AUGUSTINE, FLA
ROBERT MURRAY, MANAGER.

It is a bad habit of mind which like many others has got to be cured. Hardly a day passes without bearing in on me its evidence that this or that must be all changed — but I am on the verge of falling into the chasm of introspection, the worst habit of them all. I have hardly spoken to a soul in St. Augustine. In fact I have'nt wanted to, being busy with other things most of the time. Tomorrow morning I shall leave by an early train

so as to get a letter from you at Jacksonville if there should be one and at noon I take the cars again for Savannah.

This would be a delightful place to stay if only my dear one were here. There are bicycle shops in every street and the pavements are generally of asphalt so we could get a lot of good exercise in that way and then there is the water but now there doesn't seem to be time for anything so I must get away. I have the spirit of Kipling's *Tramp Royal* in me these days. Do you remember it? In the *Seven Seas* I think it is — the world is like a blooming book the pages of which

are all right only what you're after is to turn 'em. I can't give the words but that is the substance.

All days will be much alike to me until I see my own dearest and best Grace.

This must now be hurried into the mail and with it go my hopes and best wishes for your welfare in every way, dearest.

Your very loving
Brend



Savannah, Ga.

March. 7. 1899.

My dear Grace:-

The day has been uneventful since I left Jacksonville at noon.

The train was first class in every way and made good time but the scenery was monotonous though characteristic. Miles on miles of Pine forest and cypress swamp with very little evidence of civilization.

It has been so cold that the cars were kept shut up like Northern cars in mid-winter and here in Savannah it was freezing weather this morning and I think is again this evening. I took a walk through the town but it was too cold to stop and look at things and I came back with shivers and numb fingers in spite of my heavy

overcoat. The city is laid out on a liberal, even lavish plan in the way of public squares and boulevards. All streets seem to be unusually wide and there is an effect of space everywhere which is restful if one is accustomed to alleys and high buildings. Probably this effect is increased by the general lowth of the buildings which have generally from two to four stories.

The streets are well paved with asphalt and clean which makes them attractive too but alas! there is a dearth of architecture. The average is not so bad but I have not yet seen anything worth stopping long over. If the cold lets up a little tomorrow, perhaps I shall do better. Since dinner I have been sitting by a good wood fire in the writing room, the only cheerful spot in this pretentious but not otherwise



first class hotel. The rest of the building reminds me of the Aunt's dining room on the mornings when we didn't take breakfast there.

There are quite a number of imitation gas fires which give out no perceptible heat and an orchestra which makes much music.

The people sit down for a few minutes and then promenade through the long hall, trying to keep warm.

A number of volunteer officers are lending what luster they have to spare but the total result is a little dreary. Its principal merit is that it is all four hours nearer to Phila. and that is something. I had hoped to put my letter of this evening into the mail car of the train in which I came to this city but the "limited" did not carry mail so I

bought it with me ~~as far~~ and
posted it here. I told you that
the accounts were done for the present
and so they are but in thinking it
over on the train I concluded that
still more work will be required
before I can give my Fergus
Facts - relative the price on the estate
property which he asked for. I am
afraid it will be impossible to make
a sale though I should much like
to for it does not seem to me now
that anyone can afford to buy at
anything like a fair valuation and
work the purchase price out of the
property itself. All the same I
shall study the problem some more
and see what can be done.

It would be jolly to get rid of the
whole thing and be able to give
all my time to architecture, especially
if in doing so I could increase,
and at the same time render more
secure the income which we shall



WATSON & POWERS.
SAVANNAH .. GA.

have to depend upon. Did I write you that the estimates of cost on the dormitory which we hope to build in Npls. were unexpectedly low and may offset some other unfavorable conditions and make the enterprise possible pecuniarly.

I shall have to take that up when I get home but my friend Sam is in Europe so nothing can be determined until he returns. That will give us time to get everything into presentable shape. Am I giving you too much business for your overworked head? I ought to have said this morning that I don't want you to make any more house-keeping estimates if they tire you the least bit. They can wait until you have

vested and until we can do them
together. It is too bad to lose
the Mt. Vernon house opportunity but
the country idea holds it own against
any city plan so perhaps we shall
get along very well without this
little gem of a stable. It seems to
me that the cheaper rent in the country
(whether we pay rent to someone else or
interest on our own investment) will
probably more than balance the
railroad fares and some other items
such as occasional carriages and leave
us more to be respectable on.

What are you doing I wonder?
Last night I dreamed of hypothetical
Schesinger sisters but to my regret
did not bring you in. I never do
and it is misfortune but my dreams
seldom are laid in contemporary scenes.

They are nearly always hark back
to childhood and the things of long ago.

Dearest Grace, I must obey the goddess
who bids me go sleep so with very
very much love, Good night. Love



The St. James,
Jacksonville, Fla.

Mch. 7. 1899.

My very dear child -

Please excuse or rather permit me
to use the word for I have been reading
your sweet but very tired letter written
after last Friday's work in the storehouse.

You need never defend yourself
against a charge of selfishness in your
letters to me, dearie, They are more
sarcinate and unselfish in every line
than I can ever deserve. How I
wish I could tell you how deeply
you make me love you, you tearful
but not altogether unhappy dear!

And how glad I shall be to know
that your work is finished and yourself
safely stowed away in B.M. The

telegram was changed as you suspected
it would be and it said that you
hoped to get away on Monday. So I
trust that at this moment you are
resting with your dear Susan Goldmark.

It is a great comfort to feel that
you have had your uncle to rely
upon when you needed him and I
don't like to think of you going thro'
all you have had to go thro' without
his kindly interest to support you.

Now please don't think that you
have been either feeble or selfish
because I write as I have to you.

You have given just as much
proof of the trust which you have
told me you could put in me and
it makes me all the more grateful
that you don't hold back what is in
your dear heart. But, dearest,
you do need a rest and I hope you



2.

The St. James,
Jacksonville, Fla.

will get it. Isn't it a little humorous though for you to be cautioning me to take care of myself while you are yourself almost undone. Quite natural of course and I will be good and mind, only it is a little funny as well as a bit grave.

Dearest, The things which you have selected are sure to be the ones that I want. Don't you know that we have almost always liked the same things? The histories are just the books I shall most be glad of and the queer books about Egypt and Assyria, if I don't care for them in their own acct., (which I can't say now) will always be

precious to me because you chose them
for their associations.

To day is cold again and overcoats
and fires are necessary for comfort.

I left St. Augustine at an early hour
but in some inexplicable way the
time has leaked away and my noon
train will soon be going. I am
very much afraid that in coming
to Jacksonville for your letter, I
have missed one at St. A. but
nothing could be more worth while
than the one which was waiting here
and I can have the other forwarded
if other there should be.

Last night I slept almost solidly
for about eight hours again and if
that record is kept up you won't know
me for adapse and your B. M. friends
will have to have their doors made wider
to admit the fond admirer of their one



The St. James,
Jacksonville, Fla.

J.

true presidential ally. I am glad
you liked my hair. This Florida
sun and soft air is very forcing
to the little "brins d'herbes". It now
flows peacefully down my back and
sometimes when the winds are high I
wear inside of my coat to save trouble.

Dearest, I must now leave you for
a time but will write again this
evening from Savannah.

Your very loving and just
a bit anxious

Brown



Charleston, S.C.
March 8. 1899.
8:00 P.M.

My very dear Grace-

Another stage on the journey back and now I begin to feel that I am well started. The ship will probably arrive tomorrow morning but I am told that she will not sail until 2 o'clock P.M. so that it may be late in the afternoon or evening on Saturday before I turn up at #270. W. 94th Street. Your message was peculiarly gratifying for it told me that you were really away from Boston (a little hard to believe) and in the second place it is so much nearer and sooner to go to 94th St. than it could be to chase over to B. M. You are a brick to arrange

it, as you have, and I shall take
the earliest opportunity to thank you
in person. Please pinch yourself
for me just to see if it is all
true - I can't quite believe ^{it} myself
and shall have to enquire of you
while I am thanking you to see
if I am not in the wrong house,
in the wrong city, ~~on~~ the wrong planet.

Dearest Grace, while I am writing,
three days seem but a trifle and
Charleston almost New York but I
know that there will be moments
which will drag wearily enough
before the Cananche reaches port
and the journey in the elevated
will be centuries long. I do hope
you will get some rest now that your
labors are over and that you will
be in fine trim when I first set
my hungry eyes on your blessed head.



2.

You see I am getting silly. My eyes would not look well at all set on your blessed head so I am going to be sensible.

Savannah warmed up this morning just enough to make ^{walking} ~~me~~ exhilarating and I spent two or three hours doing the town. Perhaps it was the bright sun that did it but the impressions I got were much more favorable than on the night before.

There isn't anything first class but there is an individual character in the city and that is something.

It is all so roomy even in the business part while the dwelling houses stretch out indefinitely into the woods.

and finally get lost in ones and twos on the outskirts like Western cities only with style which the latter lack. Most of the houses — nearly all the old ones — are made of brick and covered with grey stucco or cement. It is a modest and unassuming manner but when kept simple I like it. At any rate it is better than the Boston way of having every one more different than the last. I couldn't get away without talking back to my hotel keeper for furnishing second rate service and cold food at first rate prices and just as I arrived at the station there was a shooting affair between colored toughs and then the train was delayed an hour and twenty minutes so that I was glad to get away at last.



3.

These Southern roads have a ^{way of} ~~making~~ time when they are behind and it was difficult to believe that in a four hour run they could make up so much and get in almost according to schedule.

Charleston is like an old friend now and I had ~~no~~ difficulty in being me straight to the Clyde Line dock in search of news. After that I walked around the water front for half or three quarters of a mile on a great stone Dyke which forms a public promenade and is quite scrumptious. Charleston houses have a feature which is peculiar to them, a piazza in one, two or three

stories according to the height and importance of the house, built always on the side instead of the front.

Of course, the sunny side is selected but I have never seen so many piazzas so much alike any where else ^{and} think they may be more useful than ornamental. It is a good town to visit all the same and I shall enjoy going about tomorrow morning.

Dearie, I think I must be tired tonight for my writing vein has suddenly given out completely. Never mind I shall be all right by the time I get to N.Y. Good night, my loved one, and may all peace and happiness be your lot.

Your very devoted
Brewer



HOTEL PONCE DE LEON
ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.
ROBERT MURRAY, MANAGER.

On board S.S. Comanche
Charleston. S.C.
March 9. 1899.

My very dear Grace -

The ship will start soon
and I have only time to
write you a line, having
wasted the morning doing
the city. It was interesting
but took more time than
I supposed. So this is
just to remind you of my
existence and everlasting
love for you, dearie, and
to tell you once again that

you are constantly in
my thoughts and wishes.

Au revoir mon ami
et à bientôt

Emile

Postmarked
3-16-99

[Postmarked MAR. 16, 1899]
#12 Chestnut St.

Boston, Mass.

My dearest:-

Mrs. has gone up, probably to be with Edith who did not come down to dinner but sent out to have a prescription filled instead. Was it only a device on her part? Mr. is working away quietly and I am nearly alone therefore. And what a lonely place #12 can be without you, dearies! Florida was new and different in every way but here everything reminds me of our winter together - happily, on the whole, you may be sure but with a bit of sober

colour too for you are a
long distance away dearie.

So I think of you always
with just a little homesickness
for are you not already my home,
the only one where a needy
gizzard can be quite at rest.

After dinner I sat for a
few minutes at the table to study
up the last glass of water just
as we used to do though it is a
month since I have felt such
an imperative desire for water.

It was the most natural thing
in the world and I did it almost
before I realized and then wondered
if the aged people observed.

The February 11th Spectator has

been removed but I will get
it and read about our colonial
burdens and duties. They hadn't
heard of that worthy paper down
South. A copy of the Nation
which I found on the table
simply glazes over the difficulties
of the political situation and
fairly reveals in large figures
which go to show the weight of
the burden so I shall be glad
to find the articles you
recommended and shall fortify
myself for our next discussion.

A very ungenerous advantage
to take of you, isn't it?

I have had one or two more
letters of congratulation or perhaps

I should say acknowledgements
of the receipt of my letters. One
of them, however, is from the
wife of a cousin who has been
obliged to work altogether too
hard for the past dozen years ^(I mean the wife) but
she has a good heart and
I like her. She ~~says~~ gives
me a bit of advice among
a number of kind and good
observations and that is not
to be cranky even if my wife
is sometimes cross. I might
not tell it to you but it
seems to me rather funny and
I hope you won't be alarmed
at the precautions my relatives
are taking. You may be

very sure it was my danger of going to pieces she had in mind and nothing else for she is a kindly soul and not altogether lacking in tact.

The cousin who is to be a trustee with me if the conspiracy works put his congratulations in about four lines and then having relieved his mind added two long typewritten pages of business just as I knew he would.

At the office - the new one - things are busily trying to get ahead of us and with a fair prospect of doing it. The Putnam plans are still unfinished, that

is, the elevations are not yet satisfactory to them though the plans are apparently quite to their liking. That is just the trouble. They have made us do plans which can never make very good elevations and we are not even allowed to do as well as we can with them. I spent some time today trying to see a way out of it all but am as much as ever in the dark and much study may be required yet. Other things go on better. They have made designs for a New Hampshire camp while I have been away

which I think is going to be charming with great roofs hanging over it four to six feet from the walls in some places so that it looks like a Kate Greenaway bonnet or a wee little ~~dot~~ of a house.

The new office is composed of two rooms, pretty well lighted and better ventilated than our old one and is going to be much more convenient and roomy. I think it will be satisfactory though the prejudice against orthodoxy dies hard. and I wish J.R.C. Jr. had had all our new stationery printed with only #14 Beacon St. instead of "Cayser-

gational House" #14 Beacon St.

Some of it is all right. He
shares my prejudices so I
wonder he didn't make this
fine distinction.

Your 7 o'clock morning letter
was as "quick and fresh" as
the Twelfth Night Duke would
have it and it was very nice
to begin the day with it.

I am so glad that you
are going to be able to get
rested after all your labors
in a comfortable, congenial
spot and if Miss E. Nields
takes ~~you~~ good care of you,
you may thank her
gravely for any sake. The

plan of your diggings is beautiful. I like best the South East corner - probably you prefer the North East with its shiny white tub.

My imagination fails to grasp the extent of cleanliness and pure joy which can be extracted from it by an adept in both those lines; but, dearie, it is not all joke and even the little joke there may be lurking about is submerged in in whole tubs of love so that I hope you won't be hard with me even for a moment.

Are you at home evenings generally speaking and shall I write Mr Suler to go out

any time or evening?

I shall go soon to look up your Aunt Kathryn. She seems to me to be the best person for one to go to who can't see his G.I.C. but wants to just as much as he can.

Dearest, I must say good-night again though it is hard to do it - just as it always was.

Be happy and rest and make every one happy and rested, including one to whom you are more dear than he is able to tell you.

Your own
Bryan

12. Chestnut St.
March. 16. 1899.

My most precious little woman -

Again I am alone with
you or at least with your
dear letter received this evening.

And again it is getting late
for I have written to Karl
Valkmann and to your friend
Miss Juliet Baldwin and these
letters took more time than
they ought and besides I was
a little late in commencing
for I am not yet hardened
and don't quite like to write
until the family has gone
up stairs. Unnecessary
sensitivebness no doubt and I
shall have to sit on it.

It has been a good day though nothing in particular has been accomplished. Until four o'clock I worked over the Putnam problem and then went down to Lo. Boston with Coolidge to look up some wrought iron work which has been lingering along for an indefinite time. It was good fun as it always is to visit our black-smith friends whom I think I have told you about and the lanterns are nearly finished. We took quite a long walk afterwards coming back through Sweet St. (Do you know it I wonder?) to Mars. Ave. where I hurriedly found a car and got back in

time for dinner. You must have known that Miss Baldwin had written to me for I think I recognized the handwriting of the address. It seemed so queer to receive an effusive letter from someone whom I had never seen that I am afraid I was not quite serious enough about it.

I snickered and then showed it to Edith which I think she thought was a mistake (after she had read it) and I have a sneaking feeling that you will feel the same way. But dearie, I am filled with compunctions and have written her a proper reply

and won't do so any more.

Of course it was nice of her to write to me and say all manner of sweet things about you and I am very glad she did it but you see it required one such letter to get me used to it and if any more come they will be better treated.

This reminds me that I have not yet written to Mrs. Goldmark. The first night I hustled off to Keith's, the second, I spent all my time with my precious ^{one} and tomorrow night I am going again to the theater but I shall find time somehow to thank her

for with all the respect in the world — "She certainly was good to me" and I know you think she was good to you.

There was also a letter waiting for me at #280. B'dway from Miss Josephine, which had been forwarded and in which she invited me to come to W. 94th Street.

Dearie, it is very good to think of you having a good time and being appreciated and if it fattens up your poor thin cheeks, so much the better. I have thought of you much today and always with love and good

wishes for your happiness
as an undercurrent of
feeling, which make the thoughts
happy ones for me too.

Dearest, I do hope your
life is going to be a happy
one as I know it will be a
blessed one for all who know
you and more and most
especially for one ^{who} loves you
as well as he knows how.

Now good night, my dear
one, and know that all nights
are better and all days more
full of the things most needed
because of you, your love,
yourself.

Truly
Yours

I am sorry to stop but
it is better perhaps though
this poor effort seems so
ineffective — as much as
as the pen is scratchy.

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OF

CLARKE, RAYMOND & COALE.

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(CLARKE & RAYMOND.)
GEORGE O. G. COALE.
JAMES A. LOWELL.

TELEPHONE: "HAYMARKET, 166."
CABLE ADDRESS: "SCORPION, BOSTON."

WASHINGTON OFFICE: 501 F STREET.
LONDON OFFICE: 45 SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS.

LOWELL, SMITH & LOWELL.

GENERAL PRACTICE.

JOHN LOWELL.
WILLIAM D. SOHIER.
SAMUEL H. SMITH.

WALTER AUSTIN.
HERBERT H. DARLING.

Low Buildings
Bryn Mawr
Pa.

19 PEMBERTON SQUARE, BOSTON.

iii. 16. 1899.

2.00 P. M.

My very dearest, -

Your first letter, of the second series, has just come, and brought new joy to me. It is a wonderful sunshiny March day out of doors, and in my heart.

The time here is going to be pleasant, but a bit long, for I need you every minute. Dear Betty has just told me that if I will sort over my books and other valuable belongings, she will see to it that in time the things I want are properly packed and sent on to me. Isn't she a trump? You see I don't have to pay storage here, and I don't want ~~that~~ to pay it in Boston, but I had planned to have my goods and chattels all ready to go at any time. As it is I shall do most of the work,

so that the child won't have to work herself
to death for me.

I think that I wrote to you that I was
spending yesterday with Leila and Marion in
Merion Hall. It was so rainy that I stayed
there for luncheon. Three or four of the girls
came in after luncheon to fool with us,
and tease me, but I don't mind 'em because
~~they~~ do it good-naturedly.

The rain finally settled down into a soft
fine drizzle beautifying the bare trees and
still wintry landscape, and helping the
grass to look a bit greener.

Patsy and I came back here thro' the
rain and went to ^{P.M.} tea with Mary Ritchie &
Helen Hoyt (my twins). They were cordial and
pleasant and as amusing as ever. They
live in a small apartment in one end of
Low Buildings. They have a small drawing-
room, a ^{smaller} study, a dining-room, kitchen, and I
think two bed-rooms. Everything is snug
and cozy and yet much more spacious
and attractive than the regular college
rooms.

I know now that I never should have

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been satisfied to live, ^{again} in the noise and confusion and close quarters of a college building, and dearie, need I say that I am heartily glad that I have decided on a different way of living?

Last evening Betty and I spent a quiet evening sewing (as usual for me). I am introducing a truly domestic element into the life here, for I sent a good deal, and at once my little friends bring out their long-neglected darning and go to work. We had two girls calling on us, and had a festive time.

Later I managed to find a great deal of time, which I devoted to thoughts on an architect, one of my favorite themes. And as soon as this is done I am going to really sleep, to make up the deficit.

I went to a Biology Seminar this morning and was urged by my professors to come and work, so I may spend much time over there pretending to be busy.

It seemed quite queer to see my old haunts usurped by strangers, but it ~~didn't~~^{has} make me feel as home-sick as I ^{thought} that it would. Do you know why? Because of you dearest. But you mustn't mind if I retain a fondness for Biology for years to come. I cared too much about it to give it up easily. It's akin to hygiene, medicine, etc., but not as ^{dear to my heart.} ~~See my dress-~~

Then I went in town to ~~try on my~~ ^{see my dress-} make again, and got back just in time for luncheon.

That brings me up to date.

I long for you to be here now and always, now particularly because there is a fine, typical, frosty March day out-of-doors, just waiting to give new life and vigor to all tired people. I have been enjoying it and shall have more presently.

This morning, I forgot to say, I met Katrina Ely, Ethel Hollister's friend, who is most

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19 PEMBERTON SQUARE, BOSTON.

4.
3.

anxious to see you. She remembered hearing about you from E. Hollister, and spoke of you as of one well-informed. She thinks she is going to have me over at her house for dinner. Perhaps she is! She is a ^{very} talkative and enthusiastic person, and quite tires me out at times.

Dearest, Every day I am with you, I feel more sure that the life will be a good one. Every day I see you, every letter I receive from you, brings new assurance that you are all that I have wanted of the man I mean to be, and a great great deal more beside. I am still humble and awed by it. It seems so beautiful and wonderful all this happiness ^{that} has come to me, and it still seems new and perhaps a dream.

Perhaps you will see the Ven. Rel. some day
to tell me how she is.

My best wishes and love and, I trust,
my entire devotion go to you always. I write
"I trust," for I am so little used to devoting
myself to any but girls and women-folk,
and that so very little, that I am not
sure to what extent I shall at first devote
myself to you, but I hope up to the limit, always,
of my capacity.

Yours most loving
Grace.

Postmarked
3-18-99

12. Chestnut St.

My dear au -

We have been to the
theater. Edith and I, to
see Julia Marlowe. It
was to please her and
not because I wanted
to go but I am glad
I went for it was a
good play and gave me
many hints of you.

Over and over again I
saw you and nearly the
whole time was devoted
to you. We talked some

of you and a little of
Raymond. For the first
time Edith spoke of him
as if she were engaged to
him and asked me if I
approved. I could not say
no and yet your judgment
is weighty with me so I
am not sure what she
thought of my reply.

Dearie, I wish I could
see you tonight for you
are more necessary to me
with every day that passes.

You are everything to
me and through you I

hope to be and to do
what will make me
worthy of you.

That is a great deal,
dearie, but it must be
lived up to.

May you be very
happy and peaceful
is the prayer of

Your devoted
Brew

Mch. 17. 1899.

J. R. COOLIDGE, JR.
VERNON A. WRIGHT
Architects
14 BEACON ST., BOSTON

March. 18. 1899.

My very dearest -

This is just a line before beginning work and before the morning mail has come, to say the same "Three words".

How do you like our new stationery? We are going to send out a lot of notices of removal with our cards and you shall have one - so that you may not forget. With much love
Your ever Vernon

12. Chestnut St.

Mch. 19. 1899.

My dearest Grace -

All day long, nearly, I have been writing letters in the hope of getting them off my hands in order to have a quiet and peaceful time with you this evening. It seems a long time since I have heard from you or written to you for yesterday I got nothing and of course there was nothing today while the little scraps I have sent you were not what I could wish. It has been a very busy time for me since my return.

The office work has got a little behind on account of moving and I have had a lot of personal business on hand. I had hoped

to go out to Lincoln today in search of our farm but it has been ~~so~~ cold & rainy and disagreeable and so I have been looking away in correspondence instead. Yesterday I asked my friend and room-mate of Paris days, Coggy, alias Charles Northend Cogswell, to lunch with me and told him of our engagement. He was amusing and cheerful as he always is and when you return you will have to see him. I did not ask him to be but man for it seemed better to give him a breathing spell before springing any more surprises on him.

By the way, do the new arrangements require a best man?

I ask, dearie, out of pure ignorance. We had quite a long chat together then I went back to the office for a quiet Saturday afternoon to write letters. Mr. Putnam came in to talk over his plans but I got quite a load of my mind and hands and the time flew until nearly six o'clock when it occurred to me that it would be a good plan to try to get your Ven. Rel. to go to the Symphony with me. I made a run for it but she was out and so I had to run back again and be just barely in time for dinner.

But the next attempt was more successful and we went together through the slush and mud to a

very good concert. Very good
because the first number was
a Suite by our favorite Tchaikovsky
with two perfectly delicious dance
movements that made you just see
her doing it. Of course I thought
of you and I know you would have
enjoyed it. The second number
was a piano concerto by one
Mc Dowell, a worthy person, executed
rapidly and I believe brilliantly
by Madame Teresa Carreño. She
had more recalls than I remember
having seen ever before and there
were actually audible cries of "bravo"
which were totally unaccountable
to me. Kathryn and I agreed
that there was no occasion for
such a demonstration but the house
quite lost control of itself. The

2
third number didn't count
either. It was a "true poem".
Don't you hate the word? Prose
Tonic was what it needed.

All this time, that is since
dinner time, I had been carrying
two of your Savannah letters which
though somewhat out of date filled
in the chinks left by my not
getting any word directly from you.

So when I got home I had
a beautiful time all by myself
reading these very dear messages.

The first one was written the Sat.
before you finally got away from
Boston and in it you give me
another peep into your religion
which I am going to call Nature
Worship. It is good to have you
do this and you know that we

are pretty well agreed in our convictions of the value of this kind of religion. Again you make me feel - what I now know so well - what a true good woman you are, by your wish that our love shall be great enough to spread over into others' lives as well as our own. Dearest, if it is the right kind, it must do this and I am sure you must have felt it already as I am sure that I have.

This morning I spent over my letters again until noon when I hurried to an appointment with Kathryn (you will notice that I call her Kathryn now) to take her last and my first look at the Sargent pictures. For this was

the last day of the exhibition and she was quite cast down by the thought of losing all those treasures. They struck me very forcibly, I mean the late ones, and some of them seem to me worthy to hold a place with the best work that has ever been done. The two men in particular (Mr Peurose in his chair and the Jew standing) were most fetching. Kathryn talked of the way bald heads were painted and satin and fluffy stuff and that cigar ash which the Jew was holding in his hand - (you know what I mean) and it was great fun to be personally conducted by one who knew what she knew. I felt what you

had said about vulgarity but
I am afraid that I felt it
mostly because you had said it.

You see I have always had
faith in vulgarity and don't like
to drop it altogether without a
mild struggle. Perhaps it is
question — But that's a long
story and I am not equal to
it tonight. This afternoon
was again devoted to catching
up with my correspondence — I
mean business — and I think that
every thing urgent is now attended
to and in consequence I ought to
feel virtuous ^{and} at ease. The truth
is though that instead of being
free to write to my dears with
nothing on ^{my} mind but a sense of
duty fulfilled, I have simply

I.

sacrificed her to that ravenous
beast. This topical letter is
the witness of it and, dearie,
if you can only see in it
an attempt to write made by
a silly with no head to help
him, you will be very good
indeed to me. Please don't
be alarmed. I have slept
every night since my return
and am feeling the good effects
of the vacation only it has been
a rather long day.

I should like to write you
a letter which would express
something - even just a little
bit of something really genuine.

I.

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beast. This topical letter is
the witness of it and, dearie,
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be alarmed, I have slept
every night since my return
and am feeling the good effects
of the vacation only it has been
a rather long day.

I should like to write you
a letter which would express
something - even just a little
bit of something really genuine.

But fluency is for others.

Dear, dear Grace you make
life worth living even when
one is tired and (almost)
grumpy. How could this
world get on without you?

This part of it would'nt
like to.

Good night dear one
from your own very loving
Kinns

Monday morning -

Two letters have just come, the
last one finished on the train. They
are so sweet and cheery but I can't
stop now to say more. Oh my dear
one how I love you! Love.

12. Chestnut Street
March. 21. 1899.

My very dear Grace -

By this time you are probably reestablished in B.M. where I hope it is warmer than it has been in Boston for the past twenty-four hours. There are no birds here and no signs of them except of course the sparrows.

Have you heard that an attempt is being made to get rid of these little beasts and that half Boston is in hysterics in consequence?

Even good people who were disposed to favor keeping the sparrows are now, it is said, quite ready to have them all slaughtered because of the cough which all have had to endure. Let me see - This morning began with a beautiful letter from my dearie, Lang and

sweet and spontaneous and just what a poor, hungry, lonesome man in a desert of orthodoxy needed to fill his bowl.

I wrote to Seeler that he would do well to make an appointment before going out but perhaps it was too late. I will hope for the best - that is that you will see him somehow or somewhere.

Mr. Putnam came in as usual with his drawings - he takes them home nearly every night - and I got to work on his front elevation. I mean his house's front elevation of course, for we have not yet come to blows.

On the contrary we are as harmonious as angels but I don't feel sure that the result will reflect our virtues in this respect. Slowly the end seems to be dawning and if nobody changes his or her mind I

hope to know where I am at by the end of this week. It will be a relief if not a satisfaction to arrive at something definite.

At noon there was the funeral of Mr. Hamilton Still, Mrs. Coolidge's father. The service was in King's Chapel and was dignified and respectable. Of course Coolidge was not in the office today though I expect him tomorrow. He is the ever ready standby of his whole family in emergencies, and arrangements for the funeral fell naturally to him.

Later in the day Mr. Putnam came in again and took away his house and so I had some time to devote to letter writing. It was half past six before I knew it and I had to hurry home to dine alone with Edith in my working clo'. Mr. & Mrs. are not dining

in their good cli' — I didn't
get a chance to see if Mr. was
dining in all of his or only part
of them but Mrs. was quite festive
in hers and with a fuzzy butterfly
on her coiffure. Shall you wear
butterflies when we dine with your
numerous relations?

Oh my dearie, I forgot to say
that of course you may expect me
to go to Springfield on Saturday week.

I hope it didn't make any difference
with your reply to the Uncle You.

I have been intending to go and
see him ever since I have been
here but the opportunity doesn't
occur. It will have to be made
if it can't occur now, for I want
to gaze upon the cheery face of my
dearie's favorite uncle. Another
opportunity that doesn't occur is
the opportunity of going out Lincoln way

in search of a future "dearest spot on earth" I can see no chance before Sat. afternoon or perhaps Sunday. It will be more fun by very much when we can go together but I wanted to make sure of the farm we have talked so much of in case it sh'd seem to be the right thing for us.

I am bursting with a desire to begin our house designs but until we have a spot to put it there isn't sufficient definiteness to build plans on. All the same I have been unable to resist thinking about the plan I made some time ago and which you spoke of in Phila. It would give the usual rooms on the ground floor, four bedrooms and a bath room on the second and two rooms and a trunk room in the top. (and bath) How could you ever

think a bath room out of proportion to the rest of the house? It is surely not a common fault and if we object to being crowded into other rooms when they are small, why should we not insist on larger bath rooms as well? Would'nt it be truly luxurious to have a marbled or tiled bath-room of huge dimensions and sacrifice all the other rooms to it? We could have a tub or rather a pool built into the floor with a step down and on one side of the room, just in the center and opposite the entrance, there would be the altar dedicated to the Hefira and bearing her effigy.

Let's do it. Dearie, the time doesn't seem to count for anything until 9 o'clock tomorrow morning when I hope for more news from your most blisnd self. Your ever
Benny

Postmarked
3-21-99

12. Chestnut St.

My very sweet one -

I think I write it that way because last night there was a discussion begun by Edith on that interminable and futile question of the place which women fill in the world economy and the things they are by nature fitted to do and not to do.

I listened because as usual I had 'nt anything to say and moreover I have no strong convictions but it seems to me sometimes, as it did last night, that broadly speaking

man stands for strength
and woman for sweetness.

I am afraid you cannot
agree with me and I do
not feel sure that any point
of view has anything permanent
at its root. It may only
be the expression of a condition
of things which may change.

But however that may be
I do feel sure that under
our present conditions, if man
is to stand for strength and
if he is to work then the
other part of my proposition
is absolutely true for him.

You have become so
necessary to me dearie and

it is sweetness which plays
a very large part in meeting
this sacred need and in
satisfying it. ^{ie. strength of character} Character is
necessary to the respect and
admiration which love demands
but it is not everything.

It has been a long and
rather lonesome day at 14.
Beacons St. and without your
three letters, (two this morning
and the Wilmington one this
afternoon) it would have been
blue as well as lonesome.

Yes dearie, it is very wrong
but sometimes things will
take on just a faint tone in
spite of everything. But
you are a dear good girl!

to write me such good and
sustaining letters and to take
such good care of yourself
and sleep and rest. I have
slept well every night since
I came back and am sure
that the vacation was a good
thing from the wise point of
view of the most wise goddess.

Thank you dear one for
writing me all you did and
may I be worthy to help
you never to regret. You
will help me my beloved.

Now I am going to obey
you and your friend the
Hejira lady and go sleep.

Think dear, of just one kiss -
you know where and what it means.
- Your own Vernon

12. Chestnut St.
March 22. 1899.

My beloved -

Again the family is considerate and has left me all alone. Mr. & Mrs. have gone I don't know where and Edith is playing whist at the Kennards' where I shall have to go for her at 10 o'clock. It is such a comfort to be able to read your letters quietly in a warm room instead of sneaking off up two flights. Like you, I find it impossible to read my letter in public though I can write with effrontery. The Savannah letters were correctly directed but did not arrive in time and were — I have just been up stairs to examine the envelopes and find that they were both sent in care of Clyde Linn and were forwarded to Jacksonville before being returned to G. T. Clarke,

12. Chestnut St. Do you know
I had a funny feeling that it
was a little bit improper to open
them because they had been returned
to you. The feeling didn't last
long though and perhaps you won't
mind my boldness. It is very
good of Mrs. Brandeis to offer you
a spare room and it would be
near to Chestnut St. but how about
food? Would it be an incon-
venient arrangement? As for Jam.
Plain, it is so far but don't think
I should mind that and please
don't be influenced by such a detail.

What a famous sleeper you are
becoming! Keep it up - you can't
get too much sleep and it will
make you strong and merry again
and that will please your friend
in Boston as well as set a good
example for him to follow. He is

doing pretty well latterly and hasn't
had a single wakeful night since
his return though once or twice he
has waked unnecessarily early in
the morning. This afternoon
Mrs. Putnam has been talking to
me about her house for nearly
four hours. She couldn't get away
and forgot entirely about the
carriage she had ordered by telephone
until I in desperation suggested
that I could see by opening the
window if it had come. I think
I had been attentive and she is
rather outspoken and direct so I
hope she didn't mind. You see
it was nearly six o'clock and your
letter which had been expected all
day long had been lying on the
table for an hour & losing time.
Wasn't that enough to make me

want to finish the interview. She is curiously like Emma Lutz in appearance and atmosphere but ~~there~~ she is an unusual combination of intellect in impulsiveness — almost inconsequence at times — She knows very well what she wants and her ideas seem to me very good. Whenever I think about hours, I have to come back to our house. What sort of a client shall you be? I can tell you that it will be a joy to study your wishes and try to work out ways and means to meet them. Because, you see, I shall know beforehand that your wishes will be reasonable and right wishes and we can work so much more easily when he has confidence that he is on the right track. The opportunity of seeing your Uncle Free has not occurred yet

2.
but I hope it will tomorrow. It
is a shame to delay telling him
that he's a brick and I want to
do it. Did I tell you that
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. Mead called
here Sunday evening and were
entertained by Edith with occasional
fits by yours truly. They are a
funny pair and seem to me like
a partnership for the general good
purpose of assisting forward a down-
cast public and for the special purpose
of conducting the 20th Century Club.

Edith tells me she is going abroad
and is going to stay a year. Is that
the place for her which you are
hunting for in your mind's eye.

My dear me, I can't write more now
but you know my every act and
nearly every thought has your own
dear self either as a starting point
or a goal or both and that in spite

disagreeable selfishnesses that will
keep cropping out in little ways
(so little) I live for you ^{and} love
you all the time.

Your own
Bessie