



Gratia A. Countryman and Family Papers.

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The American Women's English Touring
and Cycling Company Ltd.

Miss Gratia Countryman
Personal Conductor

Other Participants:
Clara Kellogg (~~Gratia's~~ Cousin) *NO*
Clara Baldwin
Clara Woodman (Clara Baldwin's Cousin)

*Is this
Appendix B to
the book?
See p. 67 of main
manuscript!*

*But appendix B in table
of contents is "Recipes"*

S.S. Havel
Steamship

June 19, 1896
Friday morning
On Havel

My dearest mother,

Here I have been on shipboard for four days and haven't written anything. I have several good reasons, one because I knew I could not mail it until I got to Southampton, another because the ocean is so beautiful that I sit on the promenade deck all day long just gazing at the ocean and trying to realize that I am in the middle of the great Atlantic and trying to realize that I am really going abroad, to the countries of which I have dreamed so long.

Then too, the bustle of these last two or three weeks has rather tired me, and I have been glad to sit and rest. So you see, I have just gotten around to write.

Before I tell you anything of our voyage, I'll tell you about my New York visit. I wrote you last in Montreal, just before we started on the night train. The scenery from Montreal to New York down Lake Champlain and the Hudson River is very beautiful, but we missed a great share of it, by passing through in the night. When we got to New York, Mr. Lovell and Elizabeth Norris met us, and we went right up to John W. Lovell's to breakfast. Mr. Lovell's home is almost right in the city, just a block or two from the great shopping street—23rd St., just a half block from Grammercy Park, just two blocks from Madison Square, and Dr. Parkhurst's church. His house is just across the street from Peter Cooper's old home, where Ex-Mayor Hewitt (who married Peter Cooper's daughter) now lives, and across from Cyrus Field's home. So you see I was right in the midst of things in New York City.

And now I must tell you about Boston. Before going up to breakfast, I enquired in the station about Boston trains, and found that a fast express started at 10:00 a.m. and reached Boston at 3:00 p.m. and that I could start back at 5:00 p.m. and get to New York at 11:00 p.m., giving me two hours in Boston. I immediately resolved to do it, out of courtesy to Mr. Putnam. Clara had all of our baggage transferred, and bought my steamer rug for me while I was gone. She met Clara B. at the docks, and they engaged our seats at the table and saw that our trunks and valises were put on board so that I was left free to go. I had a beautiful ride from New York to Boston, though New Haven, Providence, etc. When I reached Boston, I asked a policeman to direct me to the public library. It was about ten minutes' walk, so I set out on foot, and went straight to it. My, I never did see such a beautiful building. I could hardly take my eyes off of the beautiful walls long enough to find my way to the offices. I found Mr. Putnam, looking just as he did five years ago, and met with a very cordial greeting. He wanted me to take the head of a department, with six or seven people under me. I won't try to explain much about it now, for I told him I couldn't give him an answer, and he said he didn't expect one until fall. So I will have lots of time to tell you about it. At any rate, I consider that Mr. Putnam has paid me a high compliment by his offer, for he surely could get many a fine Eastern girl, graduates of the Library School.

Mr. Lovell met me when I returned from Boston, so did Mr. Campbell, Louise's friend, who is now on shipboard with us. It was so late, I did not have time to write to you Monday night, and Tuesday morning we were all in a bustle getting down to the docks. I expected a letter from Papa on the Havel, but have had none, so I have not heard a word from you since I started. I am so sorry I didn't, for I keep wondering how you are. I won't allow myself to feel anxious, for I don't believe in worry.

Now I'll try to describe my life on shipboard. We started off with the docks crowded, and the steamer docked and this band playing. It was very lively and I enjoyed the getting out of harbor immensely. If you and Papa had been there, I should have felt the parting and would have lost the enjoyment. As it was, I had no good-bye's to say, but just kept my eyes open. I never saw such a sight as New York harbor, with its hundreds of steamers and tugs and ferries going in every possible direction. This ship of course is a German line, and we hoisted our German flag to signal every boat that came along. I stayed out on deck until we passed Coney Island, out through the Narrows, where the U.S. Govt. has great fortifications guarding the harbor, out past Sandy Hook. Then I began to realize that I was out on the ocean.

Friday p.m.

It is now about 2:30 by our ship's time, but that means about 11:30 in Minneapolis. There is six hours' difference between London time and Mpls. time. Everybody on board (nearly) is German. The sailors, nor the waiters, nor the stewardesses speak English at all, and very few of the people. We are right in a German community. Fortunately both Claras and Mr. Campbell speak German pretty well. There are about 300 people in the 1st Cabin, about 150 in 2nd Cabin, and they say there are about 200 in the steerage, though I haven't been down there.

We have had a perfectly quiet sea so far, not even a white cap. Though it has been raining this morning and the wind seems to be rising. Clara Kellogg began to be sick right away, and has not taken a single regular meal yet. None of the rest of us have missed a single meal, and I never felt better in my life.

Our meals are very good indeed. We have a four-course dinner every noon, and between each meal, sandwiches or coffee is passed around. Our dining saloon is a very pleasant room, and every evening we have a concert. Also, every morning on deck we have a concert. Our promenade deck is entirely separated from the first cabin deck, and is much smaller, but we walk around it a great deal. In fact we stay out on deck almost the whole time. You ought to see our berths. They are about 1-1/2 feet wide, one right on top of the other, just like little shelves on the walls. Clara B. and I have the two top berths, and we feel as if we had been laid up on the top pantry shelf when we go to bed. There is a little fence in front of us to keep us from rolling out when the sea is rough. We are called up in the morning and called to meals by a bugle call.

We do not need very much to amuse us, for it is all so new to us that the four days have passed very rapidly. The first day we passed through a lot of whales, spouting water, which interested me. Then we pass other vessels several times a day, and we watch our vessel signal them. We asked one vessel by flags if they had seen any icebergs. It seems real queer for two ships to carry on a conversation with flags when they are a mile or two apart. We haven't seen any icebergs, and I think we won't now.

Every day they post up a chart showing just exactly the course of the boat, and where we are. Today we are out about 1200 miles from New York. Just think, Mama, out in mid-ocean, 1200 miles from land. It seems so strange for the steamer to keep pegging right along, no stops, no stations, but keeping right along night and day at the same rate. I never kept moving along without a stop so long at a time before.

I am glad I brought Ima's hood, it is just the thing. I have none too many wraps with me, for it is very cold on deck some days. We wrap up just as tight as we can in our coats and rugs.

We like Clara B.'s cousin, Miss Woodman, very much. She seems just like one of us, and Papa would feel relieved if he could see her gray hairs and matronly ways. I had a good letter

from Charles and from Louise Montgomery when I came aboard, but I am still mourning for that letter from Papa which I didn't get.

Now I think I'll stop for today, perhaps I'll think of something more I haven't told.

Monday morning

This is a perfectly beautiful morning at sea. Everybody is out on the promenade deck having a happy time. There is a sweet little "deaconess" on board, who was sick all day yesterday, but who is up this morning. I have just been supporting her feeble steps and walking her all around the deck. It is good for people to keep up on their feet and make themselves walk, for they get used to the motion and don't feel it so much. The first few days on board, I walked the whole time, until I got very used to the rocking motion. Yesterday and the day before was very rough. It was cloudy and rained and the wind blew strong from the southeast. The ship stood first on one side and then on the other. First we all tumbled over one way then we all tumbled the other. At the table we had fences up at the edges to keep our plates from sliding into our laps and we had to hang on to keep them where we could eat off of them.

In our berths, we felt as if we were standing on our heads, and then on our feet, but we had the little fences up in front of us and big handles on the walls to hang on to. So we went to sleep, "rocked in the cradle of the deep." Some way I have no fear at all of the ocean, and I don't believe I would be very sick under any circumstances. Yesterday when we rolled the most, I lost my appetite, but it comes back to me before night.

Sunday on board wasn't observed very much. There was no service as is customary on steamers. I think there are too many German turnvereins on board. Last night they had a big dance instead of church, but our little crowd kept up on the promenade deck where the ocean was in sight all around, and the moon making a long white track on the waves and sang hymns. We have been so fortunate in having moonlight every night. Of course the moon setting in the west, and we going east, has given us who are in 2nd cabin at the back of the ship, the full splendor of the moon trailing behind the ship.

Tonight is our last night on the Havel. The time has been very short, and the days have passed very quickly. Tomorrow night we land at Southampton if all goes well, and this letter will go right back to you.

This is a mail steamer, and we went down one day to see them sort the mail going to all parts of the world. It has taken them five days to get it all sorted. They won't allow us to go down to the engine room.

I suppose you have seen Louise M. by this time. I will write her a short note, but you had better let her read my letters to you. I don't believe you had better send my letters all around. If you send one to Laura, make a note of it and see that she returns it. The same way if you send them anywhere else, for I don't want to lose any of them. I won't have time to keep a full journal besides writing your letters. So you must be careful to keep them.

I think I have told you everything worthwhile. Do you know, Momsie, I just remembered today that I didn't think to pay you back for making my silk waist. You will have to chalk it up against me.

I hope that little brother will be home by the time you get this, and I hope you are strong and well again. I thought of you yesterday, eating you Sunday dinner by yourselves, and I hoped you or Papa would be writing to me. You must write twice a week at the very least.

My writing is very shaky. That's because the boat won't stand still. By by, this letter must be mailed in the morning, and after that we must pack up our steamer trunks again, and hurrah for England. I will write again just as soon as we land.

Your loving daughter,
Gratia Countryman

June 24, 1896
Southampton, England
Star Hotel

My dearest father and mother,

I shall have to write to you right away so that I won't explode from too much joy. Since yesterday morning (Tuesday) we have nearly gone wild with excitement. All we can do is to look at each other and just say, "Oh, girls," because we have no words to tell how happy we are.

Yesterday morning about 9:00 o'clock we sighted land, first a lighthouse and then the Scilly Isles. Mamma will find it just off the Southwest corner of England. Then we began to pack up our steamer trunks. After that we just rushed from side to side of the steamer watching everything, the shore of Cornwall with its signal stations and lighthouses, and its perfectly beautiful shores. Then we watched the seagulls which moved in great flocks behind us. You can't think how those beautiful white birds with wide outstretched gray wings, nearly a yard from tip to tip, looked upon the blue water. We passed the Lizard lighthouse, the great Eddystone lighthouse. I think you will find then on the map. Toward evening, we grew perfectly hilarious when the Isle of Wight came in sight and we began to take in the harbor pilots.

It was a perfect day yesterday to come into port, and we felt that we were almost paid for our trip already. About nine o'clock we came in sight of the lights of Southampton and were landed at the great Empress Docks. Then you just ought to have seen us get through the Custom House. We sat down to wait until our turn came, but we decided it would not come if we didn't hustle, so Clara B. and Clara K. sat down where we could find them, and Clara Woodman and I went behind the fence, fished our valises out of hundreds of others, buttonholed an officer, and had them put right through. By that time we couldn't find either of the other girls. They had scattered themselves all over the building. By the time we were collected again, we were so tickled at the way we had performed that we giggled like school girls. Then we hunted for a cabman, who grabbed up our four valises (big ones too) and started. Clara Woodman started after him, and soon both of them were out of sight and we had another grand scramble finding each other again. Mr. Campbell had been with us and every time we four girls got ourselves together, he would be lost in the crowd. Finally, after a general scrabble with Customs officers and cabmen, the five of us after an hour's time found ourselves together in a hack going towards Radley's Hotel. We had had some money changed in English coin, and when the cabman charged us 4 shillings, we had another general scrabble, not knowing a half crown from a florin, or whether he gave us right change or not. Mr. Campbell was more rattled than anybody else, and we went into fits of laughter to think how green we were. The English maids tried to keep their faces straight, but they couldn't help smiling at us. To cap the climax, Mr. Campbell produced a coat which he must have either carried off of the boat or picked up on the docks thinking it belonged to some of us, whose owner is now probably wondering where on earth his coat is, and at that we just went off and laughed till we cried.

We are a very enthusiastic crowd. Disasters and misfortunes have no effect upon us. We're happy anyway. Well, when that maid took us to our rooms, we forgot everything. It was so English, just like pictures, or like the stage. Great big beds, with high canopies over them, creton [sic] spreads and curtains, carved wardrobes, and little maids in white caps waiting on us. It just exceeded our imagination of how it would be, and if you really want to imagine how it really

seems, you will either have to read Dickens or come here yourselves. The people themselves all look as if they had just stepped out of Dickens.

I do wish you could both be here. Wouldn't Papa especially just enjoy it.

June 25, 1896

Well, we didn't stay at the Radley Hotel. It was too expensive, so we moved up on High Street to the Star Hotel, where we now are. It is a regular hostelry just like Dickens describes and is so quaint. No modern improvements to speak of, and it is so funny to go to bed by candles. This hotel is called *old* even by the inhabitants, and when they think it is old it means that it must be 200 or 300 years old, and according to the plans on which it is built, it must be as old as that.

Southampton is a shipping port of about 65,000 inhabitants. This is the place where Canute rebuked his courtiers, and the place is filled with antiques. This morning we went up on top of one of the old city gates, which is part of the old Norman wall built in the 11th century. The Norman arches still stand, and the tramway (horse-cars) passes right under them.

Last night we had such a treat. We went out to St. Michael's Church, built in 1080, which is still in good repair and used for services. Close by is an old Tudor house which Henry VIII used often to visit. Then we wandered on till we came to the West gate and remains of the Western wall. The soldiers returning from the battles of Crecy and Agincourt passed through this gate. Just beyond is the remains of an old building built by Edward the Confessor (Papa will have to think up his dates) and an old Norman palace built by Henry I. It was in this palace that he sat when word was brought that his oldest son was dead, and he never smiled again according to historic tradition. Oh dear, how can I go on describing these things to you. I read them all up before I came, and knew what I should see, but they exceed what I expected. My wildest imagination didn't picture it, and I am so overcome by the antiquity of everything. Everything is so historic and has such memories.

Today we all went out to Netley Abbey. We had to cross the Itchen on a floating bridge (we would call it a rope ferry) and walked about two miles over this most beautiful road to get to it. You can't imagine the beauty of the hedgerows, or the luxuriance of the foliage, and the buildings covered with ivy, so I won't describe them, but the abbey, a great ruin, with its walls all crumbling, and I do wish I could describe. I took some pictures of it, and will try to send them. I am so glad I brought a camera, for I can't buy pictures of the things I want most. This abbey was built by Henry III, and I suppose was demolished by Henry VIII. It originally consisted of a great church, and the rooms of the monks, built around an immense court.

A family lived in one corner of the ruin, and served us a dear little English lunch in one of the cloisters which still had a roof. It rained hard while we were there eating a lunch, and a clergyman who had also been caught by the shower took refuge in the cloister with us. He was very nice to us, and finally said that when he discovered we were American girls, he pricked up his ears to detect the nasal twang which most Americans have, and failed to find it. He said that Englishmen know Americans by their harsh voices, but that we were not American in that regard. We took it as a compliment to have gentle voices. We returned by train and have been resting since.

I am sorry I told you to address to the bank, for banking hours are short, and I am apt to be off on a trip before 10:00 a.m. so I have not been able to get into the Provincial bank. I am hoping there is a letter there for me, for I have heard nothing from you yet. I have made permanent arrangements with Thomas Meadows and Co. (who are agents of the Am. Express

Co.) to forward all my mail, so hereafter address all mail in care of Thomas Meadows & Co., Southampton, England. Please let Charles and Lana and the boys know about my address, and Mary and Louise, or anyone else who wants to write to me.

We expect to have our wheels ready tonight and to start to Winchester in the morning. We have been a little delayed by our wheels, for they had to come on another steamer as freight, because Mr. Kennedy didn't make the right arrangements. However, we have to learn some things, and we will know more about the regulations next time.

My cards had an accident, so I wish Mamma would find the plate in the secretary drawer and have some printed (about 50) just like the sample I send, same size and quality. There are two plates in the drawer, be sure to get the right one. Take them to Beard's, up above 7th Street on Nicollet, and then send me five or six in each letter, until I have a dozen or fifteen. I wish it might be done right away, because it will be nearly a month before I receive them at best.

Well, Papa, hurrah for McKinley. We enquired about him the minute we landed on the docks, at the cable office.

Lots of love to all you dear people, at home. I'll be so glad to hear from you and I'm having such a happy time.

Yours lovingly,
Gratia Countryman

Salisbury, England
In lodgings
Sunday, June 28

My dear family,

We have made quite a start on our bicycle trip. On Friday morning, after our trunks had been safely stored in the docks, and our valises sent in the luggage van to Salisbury, we started out on our wheels to Winchester, which is thirteen miles from Southampton. How good it did seem to get on our wheels again, and how magnificent the roads were. The drives around Lake Calhoun and the Kenwood Boulevard do not compare to the common country roads which we have been on all the way. You cannot think how beautiful it is to roll along those hard flint roads, with valleys and rolling country all around you; the roads curve around so as to suddenly reveal some beautiful perspective ahead of us. The trees are immense, and the fields and the sides of the roads are edged with the most beautiful hedges. England is just one huge bouquet every where we turn, and we get its full beauty riding on our wheels right through the country. We stop at any house and ask for drinks, and everybody is so courteous. The maids at the inns say "Thank you, Miss" when we should thank them instead, and the way they say "Yes, Miss" to every request we make tickles us. We got to Winchester in time for our noon lunch, and afterwards went to hunt for lodgings. The first place we called at told us that there was a great cricket match on between Eton and Winchester, and that the town was crowded. She directed us to go to "Mrs. Small, at the tawp of the lane." We walked up to the top of the lane, and found Mrs. Small could give us rooms and would cook our dinner and breakfast, so we left our wheels there, and ordered what we wanted, which she promised to serve in the sitting room. (It is strange, but all the meals which we have had in England, we have eaten in little rooms by ourselves, with the food served just as we have it at our own tables, not at all in hotel style.)

Then we sallied forth to see the Cathedral—our first sight of a great cathedral. As we walked up the close (or enclosure), we began to be very much impressed and solemn, and when we stood in the door and looked down that great nave, 560 feet long (nearly 2 block long) with its great vaulted roof, with groined arches, the tears sprang to our eyes. It is so beautiful; beyond the long nave is the choir screen and nearly half the church is on beyond that, and you can look from end to end. I cannot describe it, neither could I find any pictures which represented it satisfactorily. There is service in the cathedral several times a day, so we stayed to the 4 p.m. service. The Episcopal method of singing the responsive service is just fitted to a Cathedral, and we felt in a very religious frame of mind when the voices of the priest and choir boys went resounding through all those arches and starting the echoes. We went through the whole service with them there in that great and ancient cathedral, and afterwards the Verger took us all through it. There is the tomb of Jane Austen, of Isaak Walton, of Bishop Wilberforce, and most interesting of all, here King Egbert is entombed, and his casket stands up on one of the choir screens. St. Swithun's shrine is here (Papa will remember that St. Swithun was contemporary with St. Dunstan who was King Alford's teacher. I studied it all up last winter).

Queen Mary was married to Philip here in this place, and her chair still stands in one of the chapels. This is one of the very oldest cathedrals in England. We went down in the crypt. In one corner is a piece of the Roman pagan temple wall which once stood right there. Then, a bit of the Anglo-Saxon temple which was torn away to build the Norman Cathedral in 1093. Afterwards this Norman part was taken away in front and remodeled. The great transepts still remain in the

Norman but the nave which is so magnificent was transformed by William Wykeham in the 14th century. I wonder if Mamma knows what I mean by a nave, etc. Every cathedral is built like a cross. I drew a simple form just to show the general plan. We then climbed upstairs to the top of the tower, so steep, so dark, so spirally, arranged around and around a post that we had to hold by ropes to get up and down.

Well, after we had finished seeing the Cathedral, we walked over to the cricket match. We thought that was a typical English school scene. Winchester school ranks with Eton and Rugby, and in fact was founded by Wykeham before any other. We enjoyed the closing up of the cricket match, in its way as much as anything we have done.

We congratulate ourselves upon stumbling every time onto the very things we want to see, and we are the most self-satisfied lot you ever saw. We have planned our route just right, we have brought just the right kind of clothes, we get into just the right hotels, and everything is just right. We regret nothing.

Saturday Clara B. and Clara K. and I took a little run out to the Hospital of St. Cross, an almshouse founded by Henry de Blois in 1136 and still used in the same way. According to the ancient custom, still preserved, everyone who applied at the porter's lodge could have a horn of ale and slice of bread. Of course we asked for it and drank down our horn of ale, just at the spot where it has been given out since the foundation 800 years ago.

Then we made our way to Salisbury, and yesterday between 9 a.m. and 3 p.m. rode thirty miles between Winchester and Salisbury. We ate our lunch on our way. The road was pretty hilly, but what we lost going up hills we gained in spinning down. And oh, the fields of red poppies. Just imagine a field of 30 acres or so, just a mass of red, on a sloping hill, my!

We saw the Salisbury spire about five miles away. (Winchester Cathedral has the longest nave and Salisbury the highest spire of any cathedral in England.) We rode directly to the Cathedral, and this time it was the outside that impressed us. Such a magnificent pile. The Cathedral close is immense, and the people seem to use it like a park. The Cathedral here has double transepts, and the great cloisters are still standing, like this. The Bishop's Palace stands on the grounds. They are all walled in away from the rest of the close, but we walked in and all around the beautiful grounds which are acres in extent. After we had somewhat satisfied ourselves with the outside of the Cathedral, we went to hunt for lodgings for over Sunday, being hot and dusty from our long ride. We found some very nice rooms, two bedrooms and a sitting room to eat in, which the woman would let us have from Saturday till Monday, and take care of them and cook our meals (we have to buy our own food) for about 60 cents apiece. (We can reckon beautifully in English money now.) We find that is the cheapest and nicest way to live, but we do have such a funny time buying our food. Last night we had to buy everything for Sunday and Monday morning. We sit down and make out our bill of fare for each meal, then all four of us sally forth and hunt up meat shops, fruit shops, dairy shops, etc., etc., and have the whole sent to our landlady. It is stacks of fun, most as much as Cathedrals. We don't know just what we do enjoy most, everything seems to please us as much as it can. Mamma, I think you had better go to the library and ask Miss Lynskey to let you have a book, *Mrs. Wiggin's Cathedral Courtship*. That book contains so many of our little experiences. Please read it.

Today for dinner, we had broiled salmon, potatoes, peas and cucumbers, with lemon squash to drink, and a gooseberry tart for desert. But our meals while in lodgings only average about a shilling a meal apiece, and our beds about 10 pence (20 cents) apiece, and we have fine rooms and nice meals.

This morning we went to the regular church service in the Cathedral, and this afternoon are resting and writing.

I do so much want to hear from you. Tomorrow or next day we go on to Wells and Bath. I have asked Thomas Meadows to send my mail to me at Bath, and I hope I will hear from you.

My love to everybody. I hope Charles and Lana won't be too happy to write to their far away sister.

Lovingly yours,
Gratia Countryman

Papa, my traveller's cheques are just splendid. I can cash them anywhere, whether on the list or not. Everybody accepts them.

Wednesday, July 1st, 1896
Wootton Bassett

My dearest family,

We have done so much and seen so much since I last wrote that I am afraid I cannot get it all written. I am so disappointed because I don't hear from you. I have been in England over a week but haven't had one word from you since I left home. We are on our way to Oxford now and will surely get a letter from you there.

July 2nd

Was too tired to write anymore last night; went right to bed. As I said, we have done so much since Monday morning that I will have to tell it in order. Monday morning we were still in Salisbury. I guess I told you how we enjoyed our lodgings there and how little it cost us. Monday forenoon we rode out to Stonehenge, the remains of nobody knows what. Some antiquarians call it the remains of a Druid temple, some a Roman temple. But there the great rude monuments stand in a lonely deserted place, impressive in their mystery. That was an eighteen mile ride but we got back into Salisbury by 2 p.m. and were shown all over the interior of the Cathedral by the Verger. Some parts of a Cathedral as the choir, lady chapels, chapter houses, etc., are kept locked and are only shown upon application. At 3 p.m. we sent our valises on to Oxford and took the train ourselves to Glastonbury. We took the train because we wanted to gain time, and because there was nothing interesting to see between Salisbury and Glastonbury.

We discovered how much money we were saving by our wheels just in railroad fares. Before we left home, we found the Cycling Tourists Club, and found our badges marked C.T.C. waiting for us in Southampton, together with a handbook which gives the names of the hotels in each town, and just what their rates are for beds, meals, attendance, etc., also just what discounts will be given to the C.T.C. members. So we always know just where we are going in each town and just what it is going to cost us. When we got into Glastonbury, we rode right up to the hotel marked C.T.C. where every attention was paid us. We rode into the courtyard, the hostler or Boots took our steeds and cleaned them up, and we were treated right royally. You see so many cyclists are travelling now that it pays the hotels to curry favor with them, and it certainly pays us. We arrived at Glastonbury about 5 p.m., and after ordering our dinner, we looked around town. It is one of the oldest, quaintest places you can imagine. There was a beautiful abbey once in this spot, which traces its foundation to the 5th century. There is a legend that Joseph of Arimathea was so persecuted after the tomb was given to Christ that he fled to Britain and founded the first Christian church of Great Britain here at Glastonbury. They still preserve the thorn tree which the legend says he planted. It is only legend of course, but it is nice that the first Christian church was planted here. The abbey is a mass of ruins: fragments of walls, built in the 12th century, still standing, showing how magnificent the original must have been. It just makes my blood boil to think Henry VIII could have torn down such massive magnificent buildings. We wandered around the ruins in and out of the old arches and great entrances till dinner time. There is an old inn here built in the 15th century for the accommodation of the pilgrims who came to the abbey, and up on a very high eminence is the Tor (or Tower), a pilgrims' chapel. It stands so high that it is a landmark for miles around.

After dinner we rode on into Wells, at just sunset, the most beautiful spin down through shady roads, with a gorgeous sunset coloring all the hills around us.

So you see we did a good deal on Monday.

We stayed Monday night at the Red Lion—a temperance hotel and a very poor one, not a C.T.C. hotel either. We spent all of Tuesday morning at Wells Cathedral. It is a smaller cathedral than either Salisbury or Winchester, but I think it is more satisfying than either. It is a perfect miracle of stone inside. No marble or wood or anything else inside, but just a million colored stones, beautifully carved in fine tracery work. All the little chantrys [sic] (which contain the tombs of famous bishops) and the little chapels, all carved elaborately right in stone. There is a queer old clock here, so old as the Cathedral, which performs very curiously every hour. We went to the 10 o'clock service, and then were shown all around afterward. We went into the Bishop's Palace grounds. The palace was built by Bishop Joceline [sic] in the 13th century, and Ralph of Shrewsbury—a fighting bishop, afterwards surrounded by a moat and bastioned wall. The moat is still full of water and we walked across the drawbridge to get into the grounds. In the palace grounds stand the ruins of a great banqueting hall, and the grotto where Bishop Ken wrote his evening hymn. Wells takes its name from a great many subterranean wells that bubble up here in the Bishop's grounds, some of them seemingly bottomless. Wells is purely a cathedral town, no other interest attaches to the place. It is an ecclesiastical center and a peaceful, beautiful spot.

In the afternoon, we rode on to Bath (21 miles) and we just walked our wheels up and down hills most of the way. One hill was 2-1/2 miles long and several of the descents were 400 to 500 feet from the level. Clara B. called it mountaineering. When we came to the outskirts of Bath and saw that it was down in one of the deepest valleys, we were just discouraged. It is over 600 ft. down, but we walked our wheels down, found our C.T.C. hotel, ordered dinner and hot baths and went to bed right away. My, but we were tired, but the hotel people just took beautiful care of us. We have no such way in our hotels of being cared for. People here are just too kind and courteous for anything, and make one feel so comfortable. Wednesday morning we were very much refreshed, and ready for anything. Just to show you how much our C.T.C. membership counts—the Full Moon Hotel in Bath didn't notice our badges and when our bill was handed us, we noticed that we were charged regular prices, and upon calling their attention to it, 6 shillings (\$1.50) was deducted immediately.

We wanted to see Bath very much, for it is one of the fashionable resorts of England, and has been for centuries, but when we looked up at the slopes, we just hired a carriage for an hour and told Cabbie to drive us all around the city. It cost us just 17 cents apiece and we saw the whole residence portion. Bath is a beautiful city, built terrace above terrace and around courts in a crescent shape. The springs here were discovered by the early Britains [sic] and are considered very healing. The Romans built enormous baths over the springs, and a few years ago in excavating these were all found. Some of the walls were found but a year ago. We went down underground and saw the basins of the old Roman baths with the steps leading down into it, and the old walls. It was exceedingly interesting. The springs are hot springs with a decided saline taste. We all took a glass. They never vary a particle in temperature or amount from day to day, and it is known positively that baths have been built over them since the 1st century. There is an immense system of baths and hospitals over them now.

We had an awfully good time in Bath, as we have had everywhere, but I have seen enough already to last me for years.

In the afternoon we started out for Oxford, intending to make the trip in two days. But we were caught in the rain, and are patiently waiting in this little place. We ran 27 miles yesterday afternoon in spite of rain and wind, and made the place we set out for. Before we left

Southampton, we bought rubber capes which fit right over our handle bars, and keep us and our bags perfectly dry, but of course our wheels and the bottom of our dresses were pretty muddy. We looked like wayworn travellers last night. As we wheeled up the street one old man said, "Oh, missy, what a mess your frock is in." But the hotel took us in, cleaned our wheels, our shoes, and dried our dresses and had them all brushed off this morning, and got us a good hot dinner. Being four of us, they always get our meals for us separately (from other guests) and serve them in a private room as if we were a little family.

cool? We have been waiting here at the Royal Oak inn all morning, and I guess after lunch we will try to push on to Oxford. You just ought to have seen us last night, we were sights. They built up a nice cool fire in the grate, and we got toasting warm before bedtime. Oh, we do have such fun. But, I must stop, I can send just so many sheets for 5 cents.

Your loving Gratia

Oxford, England
July 5th, 1896

My dearest mother,

Here I am at the seat of English learning, drinking in the same atmosphere breathed by all of England's greatest men. The first day we came, I started straight for the post office, found no letter and almost cried. I was so homesick the rest of the day that the girls couldn't chirk me up a bit. I had been gone three weeks and had had no news whatever. Yesterday, however, I received Mamma's letter written June 17th and have been quite hilarious ever since. I think Papa must have written me a letter in care of the Havel which never reached me. But I tell you I was glad to hear from you, and so glad to know that you are better. You had better write in time to catch the Wednesday or Saturday steamers, then I won't have to wait so long.

From July 20-Aug. 10, address your letters to me at

The Paris Office of the American Express Co.
Rue Halévy (Place de l'Opera)
Paris France

Then I will get my letters while I am on the Continent more quickly. After Aug. 10, address them as you now do. If you should misplace this letter or lose the Paris address, you can get it at the Express office. I haven't heard from Mary or Louise, or the library or anybody. I feel rather cut off from my friends. Clara B. receives letters from some of her family almost every day where we go.

I am so sorry about poor Lizzie, it does seem as if we weren't taking good care of her, and as if she ought to be brought home. Has little Ima written to you? I think we will have to make some plans in the fall for the rearrangement of our family. I hope you and Papa are not getting homesick. I'd like to hug you both.

This is just a little personal letter, which you don't need to share with the others. I am going to write Charles and Lana a long letter from here, because Charles will be interested in my impressions of Oxford. I had a letter from Charles on the Havel, and I am glad to know they are so pleasantly situated. Charles said Lana took to housekeeping like a duck to water. I'm not worrying about them any.

So, we have at last sold the Hastings lots, after so long a time. I'm not sorry. I wasn't attached to them.

Has Louise Lynskey been over to see you? I have scarcely thought of library work since I reached here, and I don't want to. Next time I go travelling, I'm going to take you and Papa with me, bless your hearts.

Now I'll go on telling about my travels and you needn't save the previous pages. I think I left off telling you about our rainy ride into Wootton Bassett, and how the landlady of the Royal Oak had our wheels and shoes cleaned, and our dresses brushed off, and kept a nice warm fire all the morning for us in the sitting room. We waited all the morning for it to clear off, but after lunch we decided to go on because we were anxious to get to Oxford. Two young men, who were also bicycling to Oxford, stopped at the Royal Oak for lunch and they advised us to go a certain route, but we wanted to go through the White Horse Vale. We had planned that route last winter, and we didn't want to give it up. I'll tell you more about those young men later.

The White Horse Vale, as I say, was one of our cherished routes. It has the figure of a horse cut into the white cliff, which can be seen a long way off. It is 370 feet long and was cut by King Alfred in 873. We wanted to see it, but, well, we rode as far as Swindon, which is a great railroad town; 200 trains pass through the junction daily. There are a great many ill-bred small boys in the town, all of whom gathered around us hooting and yelling. We had to call a police to disperse them; one of the wheels (Clara Woodman's) broke down. We got scattered from each other and thought we never would find each other again. Then it began to rain, and after a general scramble, we collected ourselves in the station, very much out of breath, but in very gleeful spirits over our absurd experience with small boys, and decided to take the train to Oxford. So we didn't get to see the White Horse, but we did get to Oxford.

The next morning we started out to find lodgings. I guess I told you that lodgings were furnished rooms, which were taken care of, and our meals cooked for us by a landlady, and we do our own buying. We can live that way for about half what hotel charges are, and much better and more comfortable. We found very nice lodgings here in Oxford last Friday morning, and we settled down to stay four days, just as if we were at home. Friday we rested most of the day, after getting settled. But Saturday we started out to see the colleges—the dear venerable old buildings that they are. They nearly fill the whole town. There are nineteen separate colleges here, each with its own group of buildings, its own dormitories, dining halls, chapels and recitation rooms, so you can imagine what Oxford is. Each of the nineteen colleges has its gardens, and *all* are built around a quadrangular court, called the “Quad.” That morning, we met again the young cyclist whom we met at Wootton Bassett, who asked us if we wouldn't like to look through his college. We jumped at the chance, for a good many of the very rooms we would want to see are locked because it is vacation. He made an appointment with us for the afternoon and he got the keys and took us all over Corpus Christi College, in the dining hall, library, lecture rooms and all around. Then he took us to some other places where we could not have gone unaccompanied by an Oxford student, and finally he asked us to go back to his room in the college and have some tea. Just think of taking tea in an Oxford student's room, not many American girls have the chance, unless they were previously acquainted. We felt very much honored.

Today we went to Christ Church Cathedral service, then walked down through the Christ Church meadows, and took an hour's row on the Thames. Then back to dinner. Shall I tell you what we had to eat? Roast chicken, potatoes, peas, lettuce, bread and butter and raspberries. We live well when we buy our own provisions. Tonight we ate up all the scraps that have been collecting for two days. I wish we could buy in America the delicious pots of marmalade and jam. We pay a sixpence for them here, and you can't get the same size for less than forty or fifty cents at home.

This afternoon we spent mostly at Magdalen College, walking down its beautiful Water Walks and Addison's Walk, until the six o'clock service in the chapel. Then we heard the very finest singing that we have heard in any English church. Tonight we are all gathered around our sitting room table writing letters in a very homelike way.

Our landlady is very much interested in us, and tells us what we ought to see, and where and how to go. She has a sister in American, and is interested in Americans. Do you know I haven't yet seen a nice-looking English girl. They don't know how to dress or do their hair. They look as if they were tumbling to pieces. I saw a fine-looking girl the other day, but she turned out to be an American, so I am still looking for a trim nice-looking English girl.

Tomorrow, we visit the Bodleian library, and the rest of the college buildings, then start out on our . . .

Oxford, England
July 5th, 1896

My dear Charles and Lana,

Have just had a letter from Mamma, which says that Lana is very happy. Of course, you both are, and you both deserve to be. Didn't we have a good time on the wedding day, and haven't you had a nice place in which to spend your honeymoon? I am so glad everything has been so pleasant. I received Charles's letter on the steamer the day I sailed, and it was the only word I had from home from the time I left until yesterday morning.

Now that I am in Oxford where Charles lived for some time, I thought I would write. I won't try to review all I've seen because I think Mamma may have sent you my previous letters. I've been perfectly happy here in England and perfectly charmed with everything, and I haven't been here two weeks yet. Starting in the south of England as we did, we saw a great deal of the provincial ways; it seems like a stage with all of Dickens's and Thackeray's characters performing before my eyes. Sometimes the dialect or the pronunciation or something has so corrupted the speech that I couldn't understand it much better than a foreign language.

When they said "Thank ee, Miss" or "Yes, Miss" every time I opened my lips, I nearly exploded. As we work north, it is becoming more cosmopolitan. They talk in a more intelligent manner, and make better bread, are more truly hospitable and less obsequious and servile in manner.

But, I tell you what, I'm in love with England. Charles, it is the most beautiful country, and we find travelling so very easy and the people so very kind. What strikes us most in travelling is that our little party has a room to eat in all by ourselves, even in some of the largest hotels. We have the comforts of home, even in public places. We seem to be so personally cared for, as if we were the only guests.

But I started out to tell you about our pleasant time here at Oxford.

We intended to ride our wheels from Bath to Oxford through the White Horse Vale, making a two-day trip, but we were caught in our first rain, and only reached Swindon. There we took the train, and came into Oxford, weary and travel stained. We rested all day on Friday after we had found lodgings and settled ourselves. We are in a nice place on Wellington Square—Do you know where that is? We just delight in lodgings, and our various landladys [sic] take a great deal of interest in us.

We have no trouble in sending our valises from place to place on the luggage vans so that we have our good clothes whenever we stay a day or so at a place. Saturday, we started out to see Oxford. We had a guidebook and tried to take things very systematically. First we went into the Sheldonian Theatre, where degrees were given last week. They say that building holds 3000 people, but I couldn't quite believe them. We went on top and had a beautiful view of the pinnacles of the Bodleian and Divinity schools, and the various groves. We were charmed with the view. In fact, we have been charmed with Oxford altogether. After that view, we went through Brasenose. In the afternoon, we had a very nice experience. We had met a young cyclist on our way to Oxford who had given us some directions about the roads. We accidentally met him in Oxford, and he spoke to us and asked us if he might be allowed to show us through his college—Corpus Christi. We jumped at the chance, for most of the colleges are closed. He was a very nice scholarly looking little fellow who has been here four years and hopes to take his degree in August. He took us all over the dining hall, chapel, library, lecture rooms, gardens, etc.

Then he took us over to the new examinations building and all through the Union Debating Club rooms, Merton College chapel and various places. Then he asked us to come back to his room in Corpus Christi and have tea. Seeing there were four of us and that he was such a perfect gentleman, we went. We felt highly honored, we four American girls, drinking tea in an Oxford dormitory and entertained by an Oxford man whom we had never seen before, and we didn't believe that most American girls had the opportunity. His name was Hugh Conacher (?), possibly you may have known him

So you see, we really did see the inside of some things, and had a very competent guide to take us through.

Today, we have not been idle but went to the Christ Church Cathedral in the morning, which is really the first cathedral which we haven't liked. After service we walked down the new walk to the Thames to see the college barges (the Henley races are on Tuesday, so some of the barges were gone), and then had an hour's row on the Thames.

After lunch we went over to Magdalen College, and walked around the water walks and Addison's Walk, and everywhere else we could. Isn't it beautiful around there. Very few people were around, and the walks seemed so secluded and peaceful, just made for a Sunday walk. Do you know, Charles, I couldn't remember which college you were at. I don't seem to have a connection in my mind between you and any one of these colleges. We went to the six o'clock service at Magdalen chapel and heard the very best singing we have heard in England.

It has been a very happy Sunday in Oxford. I don't wonder you enjoyed your life here. I thought of you a great many times, and thought you would like to have me write from this place.

I haven't seen a single nice-looking English woman yet. They dress so badly, and their hair looks so untidy, so different from our natty, trim-looking American girls. England is beautiful as a country, and tremendously interesting, and the people are kind and courteous, but I feel very patriotic over here. I like American best.

Banbury, Tuesday night

I couldn't quite finish the other night, and haven't had a chance since. But I will just hastily finish tonight.

Yesterday we finished Oxford, or at least felt that we couldn't stay any longer, and tried to see a good deal. I spent the morning in the Bodleian. Dr. Nicholson—the librarian—spent a good deal of time with me, and after seeing the rare old things in a hasty way, in the Bodleian, he turned me over to a man in the Radcliffe who appeared to be in charge of the cataloging. He explained to me the machinery of the institution and answered the hundreds of questions I asked him. I tell you I was right in my element, and I enjoyed my morning terribly much.

In the afternoon, we went over to Christ Church to the dining hall and kitchen. I was very much impressed with that dining hall. I really think it was one of the finest things I saw in Oxford.

We walked through a good many other quads and gardens, and on the whole I feel satisfied with my trip to Oxford—as much so as a short stay there could satisfy one. I felt rather awed when I remembered the great men that for ages past have tramped around those same places, and of the great reform movements that have originated here, and of the part Oxford has played in England's history. I walked out in the street and stood on the little cross where Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer were burned and tried to realize how Oxford had been a leading factor in ecclesiastical history.

Well, we turned unwilling backs on Oxford this morning, and made the run on our wheels to Blenheim, going through Marlborough Park and palace, then on as far as Banbury, where we are stopping tonight, expecting to go right on to Stratford in the morning.

I am afraid the little sister will think this letter was written mostly for Charles's benefit, well, it is mostly, because he will know all about it.

All four of us in the party are keeping so very well and strong. We eat ravenously, and can ride everywhere on our wheels without much effort. The weather seems to be made for our especial benefit. We have been hindered but one day in two weeks by rain, and the temperature has been what the natives call unusually warm, but is just right for us. They have been complaining today of 70° in the shade; what would they think of our 95°.

You must write to me, you dear people. You mustn't forget your little sister just because you are so happy, because that would be very selfish indeed. I think you had better write me a good long letter to Bayreuth. I will be there Aug. 16-19. Send the letter directly to Bayreuth, Bavaria, in time for me to get it there. Otherwise address me in care of Thomas Meadows, Southampton.

I presume Lana has been kept very busy writing acknowledgment of gifts, but that will be finished before this reaches you, and she won't be too busy to write to me. Letters are so good when you are so far off.

Good-bye, lots of love to you both, and may your happy honeymoon be only the preface to your happy life.

Your loving sister,
Gratia Countryman

Banbury, England
July 7, 1896

My dearest mother,

I'll just write a short letter tonight, for I have rode about thirty miles on my wheel, and want to take a warm bath and get to bed very soon. I'm writing chiefly to correct a mistake in my last letter. I hope you have not addressed any letters to Paris yet, for it takes only about two weeks for your letters to reach me, and we stay in England until Aug. 14. So all letters written between Aug. 1 to Aug. 15 had better go to Paris. All previous or after that time to Southampton. I will be in Bayreuth, Bavaria, Aug. 16-19, so you might time a letter to reach me then and send it directly to that town. Mark it (poste restante), which means that the P.O. officials are to leave the letter until called for, and not try to hunt up the individual.

Mamma had better have these sheets giving directions. I will write personal matters on these first sheets, and my travels separately.

I received Papa's letter yesterday at Oxford, and was delighted to hear that Offie is at home. I know you have enjoyed his visit, and am only sorry that he couldn't have come a week sooner, bless his heart. Papa must be careful not to catch such dreadful colds while I am gone. I'd hate to have to come home to take care of him. I am afraid you worried at not hearing from me from New York, but you know the reason why, before this.

Monday morning in Oxford I had a perfectly lovely time. I went to the great Bodleian Library, which I suppose is nearly as remarkable in some ways as the British Museum. There were some beautiful, rare old manuscripts which I enjoyed and, too, the manuscript autograph copies of some of Shelley's and Pope's and Southey's and Burn's poems. I had a very nice talk with its noted librarian, Dr. Nicholson, who was very kind to me when I told him that I was an American librarian; he turned me over to his head cataloguer, who spent a couple of hours with me showing me all the detail work and machinery of the institution. I was very interested, of course, and between looking at the fine collection of portraits and rarities and being taken around by the above official, I was there until after one o'clock. You just ought to have seen the beam on my face after learning so many interesting things. That afternoon we visited Christ Church, first the Cathedral, which isn't a fine piece of architecture at all to my thinking, compared to some we have seen, then the great dining hall where 250 students are fed each day in that one college. It is a magnificent room, the finest thing I saw in Oxford. It was about 150 ft. long and about 50 ft. wide, but the great high ceiling in black rich oak was the handsome part of the room. All the walls were hung around with pictures of the great men who have had degrees from Christ Church, among the last to be hung was Gladstone and Liddon. At the head of the room is a life size of Henry VIII painted by Holbein. Henry VIII was once banqueted in this room, and Queen Elizabeth has listened to dramatic performances in that room. That dining hall was an impressive room. We went also down into the kitchen which was built by Wolsey. In fact, this whole college was founded by Wolsey, and after his fall, Henry VIII finished it. Mamma ought to just see that kitchen, several centuries old, where 22 men are employed in term time to feed all those students and professors. In each side is a great chimney, which contains great ranges set right back in a recess of the chimney like a fireplace. On one side the roasts are cooked, on another the vegetables, on another the chops, steaks, etc. They can roast forty fowls at once, and other things on a like scale. I won't forget that old 15th century kitchen right away.

We were pretty well satisfied with our four days' sojourn in Oxford, and yet we felt unwilling to leave this morning. We had very nice lodgings and a kind landlady, and we seemed so homelike in our quarters that we hated to pull up stakes. Oxford is such an interesting place; but then every place has been, and the last place always seems the best.

This morning we mounted our wheels again and rode out eight miles to Woodstock, where Blenheim Place, the estate of the Duke of Marlborough, is. The park of the estate is twelve miles in circumference and seeing we weren't allowed to ride our wheels through it, we hired a wagonette and driver to take us through. Such a magnificent liveried individual met us at the lodge gates, that we were a little ashamed of our short bicycle dresses. He was very affable, however, and asked us if we knew the present Duchess. We didn't tell him but that we were personal friends of the Vanderbilts. The park is filled with the most magnificent groves of beech trees, some of them 3 feet in diameter and spreading enormously, and sycamore trees and chestnuts. I just remembered how Mamma waxes enthusiastic over the beautiful beech and sycamore trees, and I began to realize why, for I never saw such magnificent trees in my life. The horse chestnuts are about as fine. I just have to tell you about those trees, they delight me so much. The Duke and Duchess are away this week, so we were taken all through the palace, which of course is very magnificent and is being refurnished and fitted up magnificently with our good American money.

We went also to see the old manor, where Edward the Black Prince was born and where Queen Elizabeth was imprisoned by Queen Mary. Papa will remember that this Woodstock Manor was given to the first Duke of Marlborough on account of his victories at Blenheim, and that this palace was built for him by Parliament.

"Fair Rosamund," for whom Henry II built a bower here at Woodstock Manor, is buried on the Marlborough estate.

This afternoon we rode on to Banbury, 17 miles more, and are staying here overnight before going on to Stratford. There is nothing here to see except the cross of our old nursery rhyme, "Ride a cock-horse, to Banbury Cross." We are only staying over because we couldn't ride the whole way to Stratford this afternoon.

Dear me, I've written you just as long a letter as usual, which I didn't mean to do.

My love to everybody that enquires for me. I am sorry I cannot write to Mary and Louise, but I really find it very difficult to write at all, for with so much to see and so short a time to see it all in, my letters really have to come out of my sleeping time, after riding and walking around all day. I hope none of my friends or relations will be disappointed because I don't write.

Yours lovingly,
Gratia Countryman

Chester, England
July 12, 1896

My dear, dear family,

Arrived here in the quaint old city last night. We are following our original itinerary and the original dates exactly as Mamma will see by comparing the list I left with her.

We felt that we didn't spend half enough time in the Shakespeare country, and I am not sure but we should feel the same if we had stayed a month.

I think I wrote you last from Banbury, where we stopped overnight on our way to Stratford. The next day (Wednesday the 8th) we rode on, coming to a place from which we looked hundreds of feet down into the most beautiful valley. The road leading down was marked "Dangerous to Cyclists," so we dismounted and began to drink in the beautiful view. We were the more interested because the spot on which we stood was Edgehill, where the first battle between the Royalists and Parliamentarians took place, Charles the First's army occupying the very eminence on which we stood. There is a house just on the edge of the descent. Some very pleasant English people were in the yard who told us the outlines of the battle, how Prince Rupert charged down here, and how the Parliamentarians cut off retreat at such a point. We could just imagine the maneuvers of the whole army. In that very house Charles I took breakfast before the battle.

We were advised by the above-mentioned people to go a little out of our way to Lord Compton's home, called Compton Wynyates, which we did. Lady Compton and the family were there, but we were shown the whole house. Not many tourists visit this old place, so we had a lovely time wandering around it. It was built in 1520, and has been in the Compton family ever since. It was built for a house of refuge, and there were secret escapes and unforeseen stairways and holes which descended from the towers down to the moat beneath. In this house Charles I slept after the battle of Edgehill, and the magnificent carved bedstead still stands in the very room, used by the Compton family. The house has its own chapel, as have all these old manor houses and castles, where services are held morning and evening every day for the family and household. This house has not been remodeled or restored in any way since it was built, and over the old dining hall is still the recessed room in which minstrels sat and played during meals. The old gardens, where flowers, fruit trees and kitchen garden are all mixed up is just as it was, with turf instead of gravel walks, and the old moat still filled with water flowing around it.

But I didn't mean to spend so much time on that house, even if Henry VIII, Elizabeth and James I did occupy it at different times. I had a funny time, though, at that place; we had to go through the pastures to get to it, and when we came back, a number of animals of the masculine gender stood by the gate. The other girls went out of the gate, mounted their wheels and went on, but I was just scared to death, especially after I was left alone, and it was with a great effort that I made myself come out into the pasture and close the gate behind me. The girls regret that they didn't get a snapshot of me behind the gate. But I don't like cow pastures, although my fears at that place seemed unfounded.

Well, we had a beautiful ride on into Stratford. The whole of Warwickshire is so beautiful, I don't wonder that Shakespeare loved it. It is so peaceful and restful, with the quiet Avon rambling through it. I wish we had had time to wander around more, and get more fully into the atmosphere of the place. We stopped a long time and looked down upon Stratford before we ventured down into the sacred little town.

It proved to be very much like other little modern towns, carts rattling around, and people intent upon practical duties, just as if Mr. Shakespeare had even walked those very streets. We immediately put aside sentiment and began to hunt for lodgings. We asked a young woman whom we met to direct us to some apartments, and she immediately took an interest in us, said she liked Americans and has piloted many an American party around. She therefore stayed right with us until she saw us comfortably settled. We protested that we didn't want to take her time, but she responded in her interesting English accent, "Oh, I've nothing to do, I'm an independent old maid, living on me means, limited." She found us rooms right next door to the old grammar school where Shakespeare attended, and New Place where he died.

The next morning we called on this singular English girl with the euphonious name of Miss Guppy and asked her to be our guide out to Anne Hathaway's cottage. She would take no compensation, but gladly walked across the fields with us to Shottery. We walked across the fields and over the stile, the very way Shakespeare must have gone, to the dear little cottage where he won his wife. The little cottage, with its straw-thatched roof and its low timbered ceilings, remains unchanged from that time, and the nation has bought it for £3000, to preserve it. We sat for some time on the old worn wooden settle in the chimney corner, where the courting may have been done. We spent the rest of the day going to his birthplace, to the place where he died, to the school where he was educated, and felt the atmosphere of the great man Shakespeare, whose memory pervades this whole place.

In the evening we rowed on the Avon, having put in a most satisfying day.

Friday afternoon, we donned our bicycle dresses again and started for Warwick. It was only a ten-mile ride on a very smooth road, and we passed in through the old city gates about five o'clock. After we found a hotel and deposited our wheels, we walked back to the old hospital founded by Robert Earl of Leicester in 1571 for twelve old soldiers. The buildings are much older than that, and the twelve old soldiers who reside in the house with their wives seem very proud of their connection with so old an endowment. One of the soldiers showed us around the quaint old house and gardens with great pride. These old institutions which were endowed so long ago, and are still surviving under the same old conditions originally laid down, are exceedingly interesting.

Warwick is a lovely old town, very medieval in appearance—old, old shops and the streets as narrow as lanes. We took a tram ride after supper through the city, just to see it. We always climb on top of the tram so that we can get a good view. (I don't see why our streetcars couldn't be double decked like the trams here. It is delightful to ride on top.) The next morning we took in St. Mary's Church where Lord Leicester is buried, and Warwick Castle. The Earl of Warwick was away with his family, so that we were shown all over the castle. Clara B. and I climbed to the top of the great watch tower in one corner of the wall and imagined how the castle might have been defended when the old king-maker lived there. The castle is well preserved, the walls are intact all around it, but the moat has been filled and the grounds made most beautiful. Inside the castle are some priceless pictures by Van Dyck, Rubens, Raphael, etc., and fine collections of old armor, among which was Cromwell's helmet.

From Warwick we rode on to Kenilworth—five miles further. I cannot possibly describe the magnificence of an old ruin, or the pathos of it. Kenilworth had been a much more imposing castle than Kenilworth (Warwick?). The old Norman keep stands there as solid as when old John of Gaunt first erected it, except when Cromwell's men demolished it. Its walls—fifteen feet thick—would have defied centuries, if the ruthless Roundheads had let it alone. Now, the sheep

find shade and a good grazing place in the keep and the old banqueting hall, where Leicester was visited by Queen Elizabeth.

Here stand these two beautiful castles, the one given by Queen Elizabeth to her favorite is a mass of ivy-covered ruins, the other, which she gave at the same time to Leicester's brother Ambrose, still intact and perfect. It seems strange that one should have escaped, the other not.

I am writing hastily, so will proceed with our journey. We rode on to Coventry, and believing that Mr. Gladstone was going to be in Chester over Sunday, we decided to give up going to Rugby, and to take the train right on to Chester. We just make our plans as we go, and it doesn't take us long to act after we decide. We reached Coventry fortunately just fifteen minutes before the train started, and we and our wheels were aboard in no time. Before we knew it we were in Chester. You think you are going clear across the country, but mercy it doesn't take you long if you do. We had been all through Warwick, Kenilworth, Coventry, and across to Chester by 10:00 p.m. If Mamma will follow the map, she will see just how we did it.

Now perhaps you would like to know about Mr. Gladstone. We discovered that he always goes to the Hawarden church and that it was six or seven miles out there. We weren't going to miss seeing him if we could help it, so we hired a carriage to take us out there. We arrived a little late, and didn't see anything of him until the service was over and we had begun to think he wasn't there. When we caught sight of him up in the chancel, we were almost delirious with delight, and not being content with such a glimpse, we hurried down, got into our carriage, and told the driver to take us out where Mr. Gladstone's carriage would pass. When the dear old man and his wife came riding slowly down the drive, we were in full view of him all the way, everybody raised their hats and he raised his, until he was past. I tell you, he was worth more than everything else I have seen in England. It just brought tears to all our eyes, for I believe he is the greatest living man at present. We were very happy, satisfied girls when we got back to our hotel.

Llandudno, Wales
July 10

wrong date or

I must hurry and finish this letter tonight, so that it may catch the Wednesday steamer.

I've changed my location again you see. We have come out here to take a short coaching trip into the Welsh mountain scenery, and I will tell you about that afterward.

I just want to finish up what we did yesterday. We heard that Ian MacLaren (John Watson) was preaching in Liverpool, so we just took the train and went up to hear him. Liverpool is a tremendously big place, but we got to Mr. Watson's church just in time for services, heard him preach, and came back to Chester again afterwards. I tell you, we had a busy Sunday yesterday chasing up so many big men, but it paid.

And now I must go to bed and be ready for a good time tomorrow.

Yours lovingly,
Gratia Countryman

*best
out
of
sequence*

Grasmere, England
July 16, 1896

My dear father and mother,

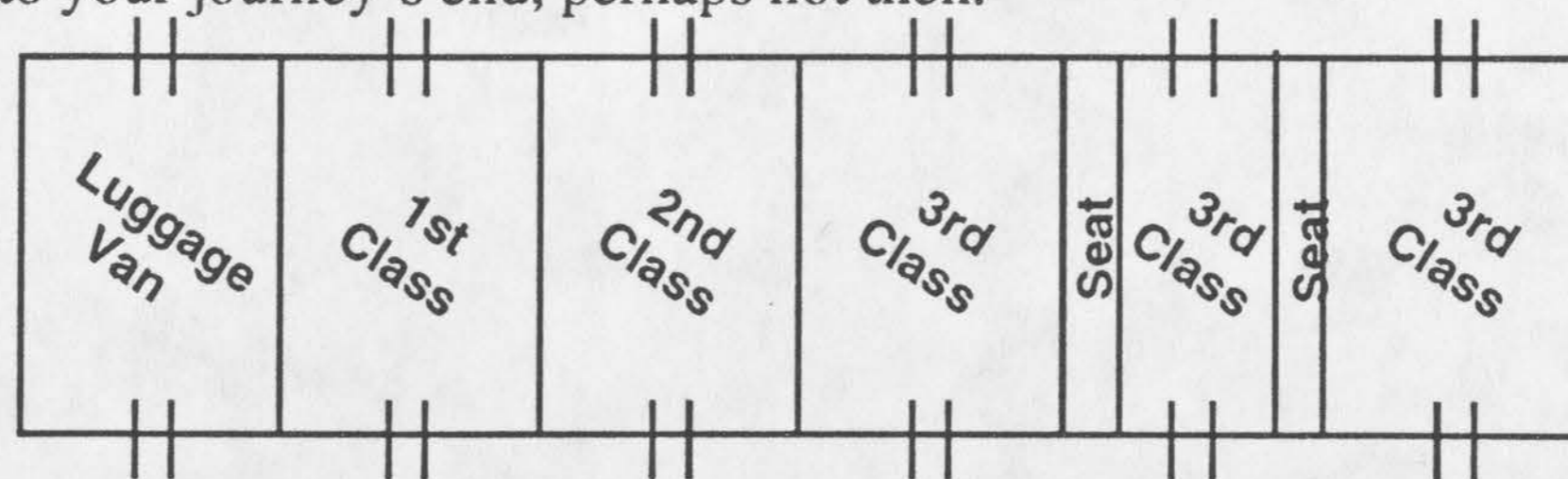
I don't see why you don't write to me. I send letters to you twice a week, but I have had but two since I left home. It has been ten days now since I have had anything, and I have kept them informed of my whereabouts and have left forwarding sheets everywhere, so that I would surely have received all that came. I just think you have forgotten to write. But it won't do any good to scold you for I will have had some words from you before you receive this.

I am oppressed with the feeling that I write you terribly poor letters, from a literary point of view, because I write at night after riding and sightseeing all day, when I am anxious to get to bed, and we only have candles to write by, so that it is very trying to write a long letter, or a readable letter. Are you sending my letters all around? Well I hope my various friends and relations don't rate me according to my letter writing abilities.

Louise and Mary don't deserve to hear from me, for five weeks now I haven't heard a word from either of them, nor from Lana either. Please tell them for me that they are inconstant, fickle friends—out of sight, out of mind. I'll shake you all when I return for treating me so badly.

Now, when did I leave off? I believe I was in Llandudno, Wales, when I last wrote. The next day we went on a beautiful coaching trip through North Wales. Oh, my, I wish I could transfer a piece of the Welsh scenery to your vision, rugged beautiful hills and rivers. I'll just tell you some of the places we saw and stipulate that mother reads it aloud, possibly she can follow it on the map. From Llandudno, which is right on the ocean (or Irish Sea), the coach passes Conway Castle (I don't know how many towers, 15 or 20 I should think, an ideally beautiful castle, but in ruins) built by Edward I. Then down the mostly beautiful valley with the mountains Tal-y-Van, Carnedd Llewelyn, Pan Helig, Moel-Eilio, Peullithrig-y-Wrach, etc., around us. (How do you like the names?) We rode down to Betws-y-Coed, which is the prettiest village I ever saw, with high peaks rising around it, and a little mountain stream straggling through it.

Coaching is such fun. There were twenty-two people on the coach, and it was real sociable. We were gone all day, taking dinner At the Gwydye hotel in Betws. When we came back in the evening to Llandudno, we caught a train to Chester, and the next morning took the train to Windermere in the Lake District. We have been riding on trains quite a little lately, to get over the ground a little more rapidly. I wish you could see an English train. I'll just draw you a picture of one car. In each car is 1st, 2nd and 3rd class compartments. We always travel 3rd class. The only difference is in the upholstery, and the 3rd class is about as good as our 1st class. Each compartment is totally separate from any other and you get in and out of the side. The seats are along the sides like a streetcar, and you never see the conductor (they call them "guards" here)until you get to your journey's end, perhaps not then.



When we came from Chester yesterday, we had to be on the train over our lunch time, so how do you think we managed it? At noon we got off at Preston, bought a lunch nicely packed in

a basket with knives, spoons, etc., ate it in our compartment and left the basket right in the car. That's the way the railroad manages basket lunches instead of having to grab something and eat in ten minutes at a station. They have these baskets all put up ready for you, and it's great fun.

Last night, or rather in the afternoon after arriving at Windermere, we found our lodgings—very comfortable and very cheap ones—then prepared for some climbs on the hills. We had thought that Welsh scenery was beautiful the day before, but we were immediately in greater love with the English Lake District. We climbed up a hill 700 feet high and looked out on the beautiful hills with the lakes nestling down at their feet, and were simply charmed with the view. I do not believe that the Swiss scenery can be much finer. You might think that the wheeling would be hard among these mountains, but there are the finest coaching roads following the breaks in the hills, and we have had more fine level riding here than almost anywhere else.

This morning we left Windermere and rode up to Ambleside, only about five miles, and then we stopped, got a basket lunch to take with us, and climbed up another peak 1500 feet high. Oh, I wish I could make you see the views we see. This is the Wordsworth country, you know, and Coleridge, Southey, Cowper and Christopher North have lived right around here in a radius of a few miles. I saw the trees today under which Wordsworth saw the little girl feeding her pet lamb; you know the poem—"Drink pretty creature." We are in Grasmere tonight where Wordsworth lived; his cottage is not far from here, and his hills are hemming us in on all sides. We were rowing tonight on the beautiful little Lake Grasmere. We expect to stay here four days at least, and I only wish it were four weeks instead. It is such fun to settle down in a place for some time, and not only to *see* things, but to really *enjoy* them.

We have very nice lodgings here, although our landlady never heard of an "omelette." You ought to see us buy our provisions. Clara K. carries the company pocketbook and pays from it all the common expenses, so that she buys the provisions in reality, but we all go along to see that our favorite provisions are bought and our private tastes catered to. Our appetites are perfectly enormous. We are out of doors all the time, and are exercising so much that we cannot get enough to eat. We are all growing fat. I think I have had hives almost ever since I came, but I think they are almost gone now, and they don't affect my appetite or my spirits.

I am writing by a lamp tonight, the first lamp I have seen in England. I nearly put out my eyes trying to write to you by the dim light of a candle. It is eleven o'clock now, and I ought to go to bed. Papa, I'm getting into worse habits than ever here, for English people don't get up mornings. They look perfectly horrified if we ask for breakfast at seven, and we can seldom get them to cook it before half past eight, so it isn't our fault that we don't get early starts. But I'm going to bed now. Lots of love to you. I hope I'll get a letter tomorrow.

From your loving
Gratia Countryman

[Isn't Mr. Williams going to send me a letter to his niece. He promised to do so. I will be in London in August or Sept.]

Grasmere, England
July 19, 1896

My dear father and mother,

Well, I have had two letters from you since sending my last, one written by Papa on July 4 and then one from Mamma sent just after starting for Chicago. I supposed I had been losing letters, and was disgusted to find that you hadn't been writing. You ought to have known that I would make arrangements the very moment I landed. But I'll have to forgive you, and next time you must follow instructions and write when I tell you to. I'll see to getting them.

I am so glad you had such a nice time with Offie and that Mamma went with him to Chicago. What did Papa do all by himself?

Lana seems to be happy as a clam, bless her dear heart. I sent them a letter from Oxford, but as I didn't know their address I sent it to Chicago University; hope they got it.

We have had such a pleasant time here in Grasmere. It is the sweetest, dearest little village you ever saw. All the houses are built of dark stone and are nestled back in the trees. Such a homely little church to which I took a particular fancy stands in the middle of the village and then in the churchyard lies William Wordsworth, his sister, wife and children. I have been over by his resting place a number of times reading; his grave can be seen from our sitting room window, and I am glad he died here among the hills he loved so well, instead of in Westminster Abbey.

This little town is just hemmed in between high hills, with a little gem of a lake in the midst. Yesterday, we went up to the cottage where Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy lived together and where he first brought his wife. His "garden orchard and rocky wall" which he often mentions in his poems are kept just as they were, the stone seat which Coleridge placed for him is there, and the little terrace seat on which so many poems were composed. No one lives in the house and an old dame across the street keeps the key. In the house you are shown the room in which Dr. Quincey slept while he lived with the Wordsworths, and where he wrote his "Confessions of an Opium Eater," and the little room which they built on, because Walter Scott was coming to stay awhile with them. Here in this tiny cottage used to gather Coleridge, Southey, Charles and Mary Lamb, Christopher North, Hazlitt, and the others of that congenial little circle. I felt as if I were treading hallowed ground. We girls took our Wordsworth and went back into the little garden orchard which is as secluded as possible and read all the afternoon.

Today we scrambled up a long mountain to a little mountain lake or tarn, which used to be a favorite retreat of Wordsworth, and there with the mountains all about us, we sat and read and talked. Easedale tarn, they call it, but it isn't so easy to reach.

I don't know as I have told you how Mr. Campbell turns up now and then. He caught up with us in Stratford and invited us to dinner with him. There he found four Andover students who were bicycling also and joined them. We went on by train to Chester, and while looking at Chester Cathedral, who should come walking up the aisle but Mr. Campbell and two of his Andover friends. It was real fun to run across some American young men, but not expecting to see them again, what was our surprise at seeing them all ride by right under our windows last Friday morning. They were going up to see Wordsworth's grave, and on their return we greeted

them and had a very nice time with them all morning. We were on our way down to Lake Windermere to have a row, and they were going the same way, so we rode together all the morning, and had the jolliest sort of an American time. I don't believe we will meet them anymore, though I think Mr. Campbell will probably stay over at Glasgow where his uncle lives, and we shall see him.

Yesterday two D.G. girls whom we had seen in Chester came riding up the road. They were glad to see us and we them. Clara K. had gone off to Ambleside, and Clara B. and I were cleaning our wheels. They came in and rested and we swapped stories and experiences, and they finally took lunch with us here in our lodgings, and we escorted them part way when they went on.

Most bicyclists are travelling faster than we, but they don't have half as much fun as we do.

Troutbeck Hotel
July 20, 1896

We are in a funny little place tonight. Clara Woodman is removing some of the dust and dirt of the day's travel. Clara K. is trying to balance the family pocketbook in her cash book, which is giving her more trouble than usual. It isn't so easy to balance in pounds, shillings and pence as it is in U.S. money. It seems a shame to make Clara K. do all of it, and pay all the bills, but she seems to enjoy it and it is much more convenient, for they always make out one bill for all of us, at the hotels and everywhere else. Clara K. declares that a shilling has mysteriously appeared tonight, and that she has too much money, which isn't a bad fault in a treasurer. Clara B. is writing home also, but as there is a scarcity of candles, and no place to write upon, she is using the bed as a writing table with a candle in front of her in imminent danger of tipping over or burning her hair. But then, we don't mind. We have a room with two double beds in it, so all of us are together. We don't always find such a room.

We left beautiful Grasmere this morning more reluctantly than we have any other place, sent out bags on to Glasgow, and expect to wear our short dresses uninterruptedly for four days. We rode up to Keswick this morning through the most beautiful and imposing scenery; before going into the town, we stopped in a shady place and ate our lunch. We often carry a lunch with us, and stop near some farm house and buy milk. It is real restful to sit down in the grass and eat, besides being much cheaper.

Keswick is way down in the hills, at the head of Lake Derwentwater, but we didn't think it was a pretty town. Southey's home was there, and we went to see his grave and the marble monument in the church.

Here at Keswick, we unexpectedly found our two D.G. friends again. In trying to make such rapid time on their wheels they had come to grief, and we had caught up with them. They are Ann Arbor girls, and nice girls, and as they were going our way, we all rode on together toward Penrith. About dinner time (7 o'clock) we came to this little inn here up on the hills, and being tired and warm, we just camped here for the night—all six of us. That is the fun of cycling, we can go where we please, as far as we please, and stop where we please. I have ridden almost 300 miles since coming, which is pretty good, I think.

Well, I am hoping to get another letter about Wednesday. You must be getting letters from me quite regularly now. These girls—my three girls—are just the nicest crowd to travel with you ever saw. Clara K. is my roommate, and all three, and I trust myself too, are willing to

accommodate themselves to the party. No one is obstinate or insistent, or ill-tempered or cross when we get tired, and altogether it is quite an ideal travelling party.

And now I must go to bed.

Your loving daughter,
Gratia Countryman

Dumfries, Scotland
"Broombank"
July 22, 1896

My dear father and mother,

I didn't intend to write any tonight, but I must tell you how Scotland has opened its arms and taken us in. Last night we spent in Carlisle very pleasantly, and today we rode on to Dumfries. It was nearly a forty-mile ride against a very strong wind. We stopped for our lunch, and to rest. We started about nine o'clock this morning, came through Gretna Green, and reached here about 4:30 in spite of the wind. But we were very tired. Yesterday Dumfries had a big celebration in honor of the centenary of Burns's death. Lord Roseberry made a speech, and also Dr. Lorimer of Boston. It was a great day in Scotland and tourists from all over the world were here. We didn't get here in time, and didn't care to, but tonight when we came in, we found the streets full of people. We tried to find lodging, but every place was full. We had about decided that we would have to go to a crowded hotel, when a nice-looking man asked us what we were looking for. I answered that we were hunting for lodgings, but hadn't been successful. Dumfries is a place of about 17,000, but every place did seem to be taken. He looked puzzled for a few minutes, then he said, "Well, we don't take people to board, but if you will come home with me, I think my wife can arrange with you." We were almost dazed at such a proposal, but he explained that the town was very full of tourists on account of the celebration and he feared we wouldn't find rooms at the hotel. So we walked along with him, wondering why we were always so fortunate, and why everybody took such especial pains to take care of us. In fact we were almost too astonished to speak, when he took us into a beautiful little house and his wife just trotted around to wait on us. They are nice people from all appearances, and have taken four complete strangers into their little gem of a home out of sheer kindness.

They insisted on knowing what we would like for tea, and I think they would have ransacked the town if we had expressed a preference for anything. We sat down at the table with them just as if we were their guests instead of lodgers for a night. Mr. Muir happened to be out when tea was served, so Mrs. Muir asked one of us to sit at the head of the table. I always do the carving when we are at the hotel or in lodgings, so I took the head of the table. I felt so funny when Mr. Muir came in and found me sitting in his place.

Just think of Papa finding four bicyclers in short dresses, who were evidently foreigners, and bringing them from the street corners down in town out to our house to stay all night and stay to dinner and breakfast, without consulting Mamma, or asking for a guarantee of their respectability. Well, I guess Papa wouldn't do it, or any other American man, but some way a good angel turns up at all corners, and we literally fall into the loveliest places. This was most too much for us tonight though, for no one could have expected that man to do so much for us as he has done. I tell you, I never have seen such hospitality as we have had shown us ever since we first stepped foot in England.

I haven't told you anything about Carlisle, but there wasn't very much to see there except a castle, built by William II, which has seen a good many events connected with the border skirmishes and the wars between England and Scotland. I cannot think of anything else tonight except the lovely place we are in, and the lovely rooms we have, and the deference which we have received.

July 23

This morning as soon as we could get away from our kind friends, who nearly killed us with kindness—blackening our boots last night, turning the bath-room over to our exclusive use (oh, but wasn't it fun to get into a tub again; I hadn't had a chance to before since I left home.). Well, as I was saying, as soon as we could get away, we went up to see Burns's mausoleum, which was heaped with flowers on account of the Burns celebration. Many of the flowers had been sent clear from America and from Australia—floral offerings from everywhere. We also went to the house where he lived and died. He lived there but three years, but his wife Jean lived there 38 years after he died. There is a beautiful statue of him in the ploughboy garb in the center of town.

A happy surprise waited me at the post office this morning—letters from Papa, containing some cards (Papa says that he sent some previous to this letter, but I have not yet received them) also a letter from Mamma and Offie from Chicago, from Charles and from Louise M. I felt so delighted with so many letters and wanted to answer them every one tonight. I thought of things I wanted to say to each, but here I am again tired and ready for bed, having ridden 45 miles between 11:00 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. We have ridden 88 miles since yesterday morning besides doing a lot of sightseeing thrown in, so I really ought to go to bed without further delay. I think we had the most beautiful ride today that we have had in England. We rode from Dumfries to Hornhill and on to Sanquhar right through the Nith valley, with the river Nith tumbling along through a gorge below us most of the way. They we turned into the valley of the Afton river—"Flow gently, sweet Afton, Among thy green braes"—and you cannot imagine the beauty of the Afton winding through the meadows, and the farmers cutting hay or raking it. Our road was on a slope and we could look on the whole scene from above—such a peaceful pastoral scene. Scotland is so beautiful, and the Scotch people have been so genial and kind to us.

We stopped tonight where there were 20 or 30 cows tied in the byre, and 3 women milking. As fast as they filled their pails they poured them into a big vat as large as a big bath tub. Gracious! I never saw so much milk at once. I had two glasses of lovely warm milk. We intended to stay in New Cumnock tonight, but when we came into the village, we didn't like the looks of the hotels and were just wondering which one was least objectionable, when our good angel appeared again in the shape of a kind old Scotchman on his wheel. He said we had better go on five miles farther to Old Cumnock, where we could find an excellent hotel, and then the kind old fellow rode all the way with us, took us into the hotel, and introduced us to the proprietress whom he knew well. He was a man about 70 years old, didn't ride until he was 60, but is a bicycle enthusiast now, and rode 110 miles the 10th day after he had learned to ride. He was a delightful old chap, and we are in a very nice hotel, thanks to him. All the hotels seem to be in charge of women, and the nice thing about them is that you see nothing of any other guests, and you feel as if you were in reality—a guest, not a lodger.

I am glad Mamma had such a nice time in Chicago, but I was real sorry for poor lonesome Papa. Too bad Papa is coughing again, he knows what medicine I would prescribe for him, it hasn't failed with any other member of the family.

Mamma spoke of a check which she found in my dresser. That money belongs to the State Library Assn. and I put it in that shape for safe keeping. I haven't had time to read all my today's mail but once, so maybe I'm not answering all the questions, but I'll be writing again soon.

Aren't you just the sweetest, dearest people that every was—well, I think so.

Your loving daughter,
Gratia Countryman

Glasgow, Scotland
July 25, 1896

My dear father and mother,

I'll just write a few private pages first, which you can detach if you choose before sending my letter on its rounds. I went to the P.O. just as soon as I arrived here this morning and found two letters from Papa and one from Ima [Winchell] Stacy. One of the letters of Papa's should have reached me at Grasmere, but followed me from there up here. My father just deserves a medal for writing so many, I just knew he would write, and that was what made me so astonished when I didn't get any at first. Now, I think I have received all you have sent. The cards came very nicely, but I didn't intend for you to send quite so many for it costs you ten cents every time.

Your remarks about my letters being interesting rather amaze me, for my letters have been written in such haste, and I have relied upon the study I did last winter and upon guide books for my fund of information, but then you two are very partial judges.

Clara B. has just received a letter from her mother, in which there are about a thousand questions about the practical part of our trip. I am wondering if Mamma is consumed with curiosity as to how we manage our laundry, etc. If she is she ought to ask questions, and I guess I'll wait until she does, besides I want something to tell when I get home.

Last Monday (July 20) when we left Grasmere, we sent our bags to Glasgow, and found them here this morning, and will soon don our long dresses again. It costs very little here to send our bags around, and although they never give us any checks for them, we always find them waiting for us.

I received the card which Prof. [Newton] Winchell gave Papa regarding the London apartments. But you will know before this that we live in lodgings almost everywhere, and have discovered how pleasant it is. For London we have something like a dozen addresses, all of them around Russell Square, so we will be sure to find some good place. Will you tell Ima Stacy that I received her letter, and that I will do my best to find what she asked me.

I am so sorry to hear that Mary's [Welser Bray] grandmother is so low. I will write to her if I can possibly find time. If not, you must send some of my letters to her. When you write to either of the boys, you must explain why I don't write separate letters, but I suppose you are sending them around. Tell Offie how glad I was to have a few lines from him and ask him to write again. I think you ought to send my letters to him because he has been over here and knows what I am talking about.

Clara B. and Clara K. and Clara W. are all preparing to go out shopping in Glasgow. In fact Clara W. has already gone, but I am staying home by a grate fire because it is raining, and because I don't want to do any shopping, and because I want to get my letters written, so as to leave tomorrow to rest in. I have written to the library girls, but not to Dr. Hosmer. I will try to write to him from London.

Every letter which any of us gets from home tells about the politics, so we get the personal views of all our families, besides seeing the English papers.

Well, I am glad that Papa was out of the Pitts [Agricultural Works], before the fire, for it would have used him up. I am sure for many reasons that it is best that he stopped working there. If he wants to get away this winter, I am sure we can manage it, and I feel that we should get Lizzie home. I am too far away to help you plan and of course we cannot do anything definitely

till I do come, but if any of us stay in Minneapolis, I think it will be cheaper to stay in our own house than to rent a flat over town. If Lizzie needs to come home this fall, I hope you will make it easy for her to do so, so that she won't have to ask to come. I cannot bear to think of her out there alone and sick.

Isn't it nice that Katrina and Flo can take a term in the University. I should like to do that myself.

I notice, too, what Mamma says of the Hicks. Their good fortune is a little unusual for inventors. Of course Papa may take my letters to the library or anywhere else he chooses, if he thinks them worth it. And now I will proceed with my journal letter.

Papa is right in saying that the south of England is the historic part. I am glad that we landed down there instead of at Liverpool or Glasgow, for we were thrown right into the most interesting part. All that part of England which lies contiguous to the Continent was of course the field of the most thrilling historic events. Up here the historic interest is more local, relating to the Border troubles and the highland and lowland feuds.

As we came into Oxford, we began to get into the literary atmosphere of England, which to me is quite as important as the other, both by taste and profession; so on through Stratford with its surrounding country and the Wordsworth country in the Lake District, and recently through the Burns country which we have just left, we have been coming into the spirit and understanding of England's great poets. We soon pass into Walter Scott's country, which you will hear of in due season. The detour into North Wales was chiefly to get an idea of the Welsh scenery—of which one hears so much, and the side trips around Iona and Staffa are for the same purpose—to see an entirely new kind of scenery and to lend variety to our trip. I note Papa's advice about giving up that trip, but we really need those side trips now and then for a rest. Constant sightseeing is hard work, when you confine yourself to those things which you feel you *must* remember, and which you try hard to *impress* on your mind. We have to look at scenery and rest our eyes and minds once in a while—I mean scenery pure and simple that hasn't any interest aside from being beautiful.

We have ridden our wheels a great deal this week. From Monday til Friday we rode 180 miles, besides doing lots of walking and sightseeing thrown in. Thursday we rode forty miles up the valley of the Nith to Old Cumnock, where I last mailed you a letter, and yesterday we rode forty-six miles against a hard wind, which I think is a fair record. We are pretty good bicyclists, every one of us, if I do say it, as shouldn't.

We struck the Burns country in a poor time. Everywhere they are celebrating the centenary anniversary of his death, and there are crowds of people around every place connected with him. It shows what a live place Burns still holds in Scotia's heart, and we enjoyed seeing the way in which they express their admiration. At the same time we would enjoy better seeing those same places more quietly.

The day I last wrote they had been celebrating in Mauchline, where Burns married Jean Armour, and they celebrated in a way that Burns could have participated in, for every son of Scotland came home full. When we landed in Old Cumnock that night, a load were just returning from Mauchline in their tartans. They were masons, and the lodge rooms were in the hotel where we were, but such a state as they were in, Papa wouldn't have been proud of his brother masons. They sang and yelled and reeled around until you never could have imagined that they were celebrating Burns but would have thought they were impersonating Tam o'Shanter.

We left Old Cumnock the next morning and rode on 16 miles into Ayr, the birthplace of Burns. Ayr is a summer resort of 23,000 inhabitants, and a very pretty place. We got a lunch and

rode out to the Burns birthplace cottage. We were very disappointed to find crowds of people out there and the house all decorated. I couldn't possibly realize it as the old birthplace, with all that trash around, but of course we appreciated why it was done. We had Burns's poems with us, and tried to find a quiet place to read, so we rode on to the Old Alloway Kirk (you must both get out Burns's poems right here and read Tam o' Shanter), where Tam encountered the witches, and the Auld Brig of Doon over which he fled and where Maggie lost her good gray tail. The Auld Brig, built in 1250, still stands in a most picturesque spot over the Doon. But, mercy, we found people everywhere, and had to retire away back to eat our lunch and read. "Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon" were simply covered with people.

These people up here in Scotland find no end of amusement in us. There are not many lady bicyclists up here, and we in our short skirts and high wheels are stared at continually. We find it quite unpleasant to ride through the streets of any town, for the people stop all along the street and look at us, and sometimes they laugh and call out to us. If we happen to dismount, we soon have a big crowd collected all around us. One nice old Scotchman told us that the simple people didn't know any better and that they meant to be civil. I think he is right, they are only very curious about us, and are not well bred enough to hide it. The same people are ready to do anything on earth for us.

We rode on up as far as Kilmarnock—a big manufacturing town of about 28,000. The people were just coming out of the factories as we came to town and they lined up 10 or 12 deep on both sides all the way up the streets. All business and traffic stopped in the city till we had ridden through. We braved it out, however, and rode to the Burns monument and museum, which was what we came to see. We didn't want to stay in Kilmarnock all night, and the wind was blowing so hard, we knew we couldn't go on 17 miles more to Glasgow, so we just decided to go on about five miles toward Glasgow to a little town called Fenwick. To do that we had to get back on the main road, so we went out a roundabout way through the suburbs of Kilmarnock, so that we shouldn't stop business again in that city. We went on and on trying to get back to the main road. I went boldly through a herd of fifty cows with a quaking heart, until we came to a stream. You just ought to have seen us. We wouldn't go back and go through that town, and we didn't exactly know how we should get across for there wasn't any bridge. We had to get across some way. The stream was about fifty feet wide flowing rapidly over big mossy stones, about four to six inches deep. We looked at each other and finally said 1-2-3-go! and in we all went, walking our wheels, with our shoes on. I laughed so hard, and the other girls were giggling so hard that it is a wonder we didn't all fall down on those slippery stones. You see, nothing daunts us—even if we do have to ford streams in our shoes and stockings. Of course, exercising so hard immediately after kept us warm, even though our feet were soaked. We pushed hard against a wind till we got to Fenwick, feeling proud that we had gotten so far on our way to Glasgow, and that it would be an easy run this morning into Glasgow. Now Glasgow is the biggest city in the kingdom next to London—about 800,000 people, and we knew we should want all our wits about us to find our way around and get settled, so we went to bed early—had a pretty hard bed, built right into the side of the wall, an awful funny little country affair, but we slept and were happy. But think of our humiliation when we found it had been raining all night and the roads were muddy, and no railway station in Fenwick. There was nothing for it but to get a cart to take our wheels and ourselves back to that horrid old Kilmarnock—which we had with such difficulty left behind the night before. We thought it was a terrible joke on us after working so hard to get to Fenwick. But we took the train and came into Glasgow, which was really the best thing to do anyway, for it is very hard to bicycle through a crowded strange city. Coming on the train, we

just left our wheels in the station and went out by ourselves to hunt for a stopping place. A nice lady on the train, who lives in Canada, sent us here to this modest, cheap, but very nice hotel. So, as we say—"Here we all are again, 4 girls, 4 bicycles, 4 little bags, 4 big bags." We have to count up to see that we keep everything together.

Glasgow is a tremendously big place. I haven't been out much, because the rain hasn't stopped, but we will stay here until Monday anyway.

Mr. Campbell is here somewhere. I have sent him word, so I expect he may call tomorrow.

It was rather chilly when we came in, so we have had a nice coal fire in the grate, and are just as cozy and as happy as ever. I repeat it again, there is nothing so important in travelling as to have just the right travelling companions, which we all flatter ourselves, we have.

We don't complain of this rain a bit, for it is only the second rainy spell we have had in five weeks. The weather has been simply perfect.

And now—goodnight to you, my love to all my dear brothers and sisters, and to the dear friends who may enquire about me. I shall write to Louise right away, which may possibly delay your next letter, for I have only about so much time to give to writing.

I hope the time is passing just as rapidly for you as it is for me, so you won't be lonesome. It is passing most too fast for me, but I am laying up visions that will rise before my "inward eye" for many years.

Yours lovingly,
Gratia Countryman

I enclose two of my pictures, that I took myself. You will see the girls sitting below the arch in the ruins of Netley Abbey. And Clara B. and Cousin Clara at Stonehenge. Please preserve these.

Balloch, Scotland
July 30, 1896

My dear family,

Papa's letter telling of Mary's offer was received just as we started for Oban. I hope Mary accepted it. I believe you told me in a former letter that Mr. Bray had taken a position for a year, so I should think Mary could do the same without altering their plans any. Mary's work is worth so much more than she was getting at Owatonna aside from its being uncomfortable at O.

I received a delightful letter from my library girls. Please say so to Miss Lynskey if you see her, for I may not have time to answer for some time. If you find it convenient to take any of my letters to [the] library, I am perfectly willing. I don't like to write unless I can tell something interesting, and that takes time.

All the letters from the U.S. speak of its being so warm, and Papa warned us of the hot weather here. That made us smile, for the weather has been cool ever since we have been here, although I heard some English ladies telling about the terrible heat in London, dozens of sunstroke, as much as 85° in the shade. They call it very warm when it reaches 70° in the shade, and we ride in our warm wool dresses without discomfort on the days when they are flying out to the seacoast to cool off.

While we were in Glasgow, we had a fire in our room, and at the time Papa's letter was received, I had on my warm winter flannel and warmest wraps. So Papa needn't worry about the Cholera just yet. As to our being careful what we eat, as Papa suggests, we *are* very careful, careful to clean up every scrap they set before us, and then we are in a state of perpetual hunger. We live out of doors so constantly, in the high mountains and sea air, taking such hearty and constant exercise, that we really cannot get enough to eat. We are all so well and getting so fat, that you have no occasion to worry about us. Nothing less than an accident or something inevitable and unforeseen could have any effect upon our good fortune and spirits. We had hoped to live somewhat cheaper than we are, but gracious, we *have* to eat, it is impossible to economize in that regard with our present appetites. We cannot exist on the light luncheons which are cheap. We just have given up, and call for enough good substantial food at the hotels to fill us up. They give us oatmeal in a big soup plate, and I eat it all—as much as we cook for the family at home, and then I eat two or three eggs and ham, several slices of bread and jam, and before noon I am again ravenous. All the girls are affected with just such appetites; it is our standing joke. Now I suppose Papa will worry because we are eating too much, but it doesn't worry us any, and if we hear rumors of Cholera, we will try to curb our appetites.

So Minneapolis isn't big enough for Mamma since going to Chicago. Well, I suppose it is pretty quiet around home now, and not half enough people going by for her to comment upon. Besides, one weak man isn't enough for her to exercise her authority upon. You must stand around in good shape, Papa, so as to make her feel that she has quite a kingdom to govern. Her royal majesty likes quite a field in which to swing her scepter. Please ask her to swing a pen for awhile. I should think the summer school would be in session by this time, and times would be busier in that section.

Sunday, August 2
Edinburgh, Scotland

Well, I am ashamed that I haven't sent you a second letter this week. It is the first week since I've been here that I haven't written two letters home. This week I sent one to Louise, and it took all the time I would have had for you. I told her about our Iona trip, and I believe I will ask you to share my letter to her if you want to know about Iona. Perhaps she will have thought to bring it down to you.

This week has been such a panorama of events, and I have whirled from place to place so fast that I don't know where to begin.

Last Monday we started out bright and early on the steamer down the Clyde, through a series of such beautiful mountains and islands and ocean stretches that it was a feast to the eyes all day. Papa spoke of the trip around the Mull as being interesting only to fisherman and tourists. Perhaps that is true in part, but the fisherman with their nets and the great strong Highland boatmen are a most fascinating sight themselves. I wished many a time on the trip that I were an artist and could fix some of those pictures on canvas. We reached Oban, a most beautiful little town, in the evening, stayed there that night, and took the steamer the next morning around Mull to Iona and Staffa. Iona is one of the most historic places in Scotland, where the Scottish kings were crowned and where forty of them lie buried. I have not enjoyed any spot we have visited more than I did Iona with its beautiful ruined cathedral and nunneries.

The Scotch people have always been a religious people, and Iona, that lovely rocky little island, had for centuries been the core of their stern religious training. Hundreds of islands are scattered around Mull. It looks just as if a range of mountains had been submerged, leaving the peaks sticking out of the water. Staffa is a tiny island with caves all through it. Fingal's Cave is the most noted. We were rowed from our steamer in large rowboats by the most magnificent specimens of Gaelic boatmen, right into the cave. Just think of the broad Atlantic rolling into that cave with its vaulted roof and straight basaltic columns. There must be a terrible roar in there when the ocean is angry, for the full swell comes in then.

When we returned to Glasgow Tuesday evening, I was too tired to write and tell you about it. The next day we started on our trip around the Scottish lakes, sending our bags on to Edinburgh, and taking our wheels with us. We prefer to travel over the hills anyway in our short dresses.

When I wrote the first pages of this letter, we were at Balloch, a little town just at the foot of Loch Lomond. We stayed there Wednesday night, to take the early steamer up the Loch. We intended climbing Ben Lomond, to get a view of the Highlands and the "Lady of the Lake" region, but the day was not clear enough for a view, so we omitted the climb. Loch Lomond is the most beautiful lake. I *wish* you could see these lakes set down in the mountains. The steamer landed us at Inversnaid (can you find it on the map?) and from there we wheeled five miles over the ridge to Loch Katrine. Other people took the coach, but we reached the Loch Katrine steamer long before the coach did. You ought to see me pass droves of Highland cattle, with their tremendous spreading horns, nearly two feet long. One magnificent fellow, with a great mane down on his face, stood right on the edge of the road. I turned cold and hot, and red and white. He was a beauty, but I didn't like to pass quite so close. He was feeding, and our noiseless wheels slipped by without making a single one of the herd lift their heads. They are beautiful animals, but I prefer to have them keep out of the road.

When we were on Loch Katrine, we were right in the region of Lady of the Lake. We identified the cave where Douglass hid Ellen, and Ellen's isle where the lodge was built. We went out on a point overlooking the isle and read the first canto of the poem. There was "Ben An's grey scalp" on one side of us and Ben Veune on the other, and the lake "like burnished gold" in front of us. Scott's descriptions cannot be half appreciated unless read right on the spot. But no one else will ever need to describe this country again, he has done it once and for all. All of the mountains and lakes and passes are connected with his poems, until the whole place is full of romance.

We rode on through the Trossachs before supper and stayed at the Trossachs hotel. The Trossachs is a valley, richly wooded, and after supper we took some long walks down through the glens and passes where Fitz James must have gone and where he lost "his gallant grey" and wandered through copse and brake, until he comes out upon Loch Katrine. We startled the wild deer on our way, which seemed to make the picture more real. The Trossachs hotel was rather expensive, so we went to bed early to get our money's worth out of the beds. The next morning (Friday) we got a good early start, so that we could take time to loiter along and identify the places of Lady of the Lake. We rode along Loch Achray to the Brig of Turk where the "foremost huntsman rode alone." (You ought to get out the poem right here and read it.) Then we identified the passes and mountains over which Roderich Dhu conducted Fitz James to Coilantogle Ford.

"And I myself will be thy guide
As far as Coilantogle Ford
There, they warrant is thy sword."

We identified too the gathering of Clan Alpine, and the meeting place.

If we had had time to wander all over these mountains, I would like to have identified all the places connected with Rob Roy. The Highlands strife against the Saxons who had settled on their lowlands is so interesting to me, and doubly so when one is on the spot and realizes what a hiding place these rocky, heather-covered hills are. You ought to see the beautiful heather, just like a thick carpet over the whole hill to the summit. I should like to spend a whole summer here in these Highlands, but that is what I think every place I come to. My enthusiasm doesn't wane in the least.

Clara K. broke down just before we came to Coilantogle Ford, and had to walk her wheel for a few miles into Callandar. She couldn't get her wheel fixed there, and had to take the train to Edinburgh, leaving the rest of us to ride on alone. I haven't had the least thing happen to my wheel, no punctures or accidents of any kind.

We were sorry to be so diminished in numbers, but after loitering all morning, we rode on pretty briskly down the "Swift Teith" (where Fitz James rode) into Stirling. We did not stop very long at Stirling Castle, but rode on through Larbert (where we got our supper), on through Falkirk—a busy manufacturing town, till in the deep twilight we came to Linlithgow (I expect you to hunt up all these places). It was pretty dark when we came into this place, and we stopped at one of the pretty villas just out of town to ask about hotels. As we walked on down the street about three quarters of a mile toward the hotel, a young girl came running after us from the villa, had walked all that way down in the dark to overtake us, to say that she would be glad to have us all three come back and stay with them, that they had a large house and would be glad to take care of us. Just think of our rushing after three strange people for a half mile, whom we had seen only by a dim light, to take them into our house, when they had simply enquired of us the way to a hotel. Wonders will never cease over here. People take care of us in such unheard of ways.

These people were very cultured fine people. There were three or four girls in the family, bright Scotch girls, and we had a pleasant time and a sight into a real Scotch home. The Scotch seem to open their homes more freely than the English, at least we have happened on some very pleasant experiences of that sort. Saturday morning we visited there in Linlithgow the palace where Mary Queen of Scots was born, and her father James V too—an interesting ruined castle, which Parliament now preserves from any further decay.

Then we rode on to Edinburgh, and right into the city, right down Prince's Street crowded thick with stylish turnouts, till we came to the post office, where Clara K. had left word of her whereabouts. She had engaged lodgings for us, and we soon found her in the nice little rooms, where we now are keeping house quietly and cozily again.

I also received Papa's and Mary's letters. I am surprised that you had not received my Oxford letter at that time, for I mailed one to you; although I sent a long letter to Charles that week. Perhaps my letter just missed the steamer and was delayed. I hope that doesn't happen often. Mrs. Baldwin writes that she had been to see you and that Mamma was looking cheerful. I suppose you talked us all over.

Was awfully glad to hear from Mary, but the poor child is having a hard time with her bairns, isn't she. She didn't say anything about the St. Peter position. Why doesn't my sister write to me, when she's my only and favorite sister? I wish I could imagine just where you all are and what you are doing, but I can imagine you better than you can me, I suppose.

We have been to church this morning, heard the finest sermon in the Free Church that I have heard anywhere. Edinburgh is the most beautiful city. We will stay here several days.

Love to you all—you blessed folks.

Yours lovingly,
Gratia Countryman

Monday evening

Will just add another sheet or so before mailing, for I will have to have two stamps anyway. Last night after writing the above, we all went out for a walk over to the modern cathedral, and around some of the beautiful crescent-shaped streets of new Edinburgh, and finally came back to evening service in the same church we went to in the morning. The sermon was so fine in the morning that we wanted to hear another, and we were even better pleased in the evening. The church was so full that many must have been turned away, and the church was packed everywhere, and everything quieted down long before the hour of service, so anxious were people to be ready for the minister's first utterance. I never have heard a more deeply spiritual man, and I shall never forget his sermons.

This morning we started out on our tour around the city. Edinburgh is divided into two parts by a deep ravine. On one side is new Edinburgh with its broad streets, said to be the finest in all Europe. From Prince's Street you look across the ravine to the Prince's Street Gardens, the great rock on which the castle is built rising abruptly out of this ravine. Three sides of this great hill of rock is precipitous, so that this castle, the residence of the Scottish kings, was well nigh impregnable.

From Prince's Street you look across and see old Edinburgh with its queer, quaint old houses, much more quaint and interesting, I think, than Chester. The buildings are tall and narrow with the chimneys right in the front, built very compactly and close together, not only on

the street front, but all over the whole blocks, so that you can get to the inside houses only by narrow wynds about two feet wide. I walked down several of those narrow wynds or closes into the inside courts just to see how they were built.

We went all through the castle, which is now used by the Highland regiments. You just ought to see the soldiers in their full Highland garb when they are drilling. Their kilts and bonnets are just lovely, and the bagpipe music terribly exciting. I'm real glad the Highlanders stick to their tartans.

In the castle is the room where James VI was born, the great banqueting hall, the room containing the crown jewels of Scotland, and lots of other interesting things.

From the castle we strolled down the old Canongate Street, one of the old winding streets, on which the old Parliament Houses and St. Giles' Church where John Knox preached. What was once the graveyard of the church is now a public square, but among the paving stones is one stone marked J.K., supposed to be directly over Knox's grave. On further down the street is John Knox's house, and still further at the end of the street is Holyrood Palace, where the kings lived also. We went all through Mary Queen of Scots' rooms and Darnley's room and the place where Rizzio was murdered. I am sorry I do not know more of Scottish history, for the Scots are very proud of their national history, and the guides often refer to events I know nothing of.

Well, after a ride around the suburbs past Edinburgh University—and many other interesting places—we feel fairly well satisfied with our visit at Edinburgh. I didn't care for Glasgow, it was just an immense commercial center—and all big cities are about alike, but Edinburgh is the heart of Scottish history and national life and I like it.

I have to tell you everything in such a brief, hasty way, I wonder you can enjoy my letters at all. Tomorrow, we will try to go to the Forth Bridge—and out to Hawthornden and Roslin Castle. Now we are on our way south again, and half of our time is gone. The last half will go all too quickly, I fear.

Papa, you must take excellent care of yourself. I think it is about time you had stopped business cares and worries and took a summer of relaxation.

Your loving daughter,
Gratia

Melrose
Aug. 5, 1896

My dear family,

I'm rather sleepy tonight after riding forty miles and seeing a great many things, but I mustn't leave out any letter this week. All the other girls are sitting around the same table writing. Here in Scotland, even in the little towns and villages, we have had gas to write by. In England, even in towns the size of Southampton and Chester, we only had candles. Scotland is much more progressive than England in many ways, and the towns and many of the customs are more like America, and the children are so much sweeter and cleaner and more interesting than any we saw in England. Altogether, I like Scotland very much indeed..

Yesterday we sent out long dresses and bags on to Lincoln, and left Edinburgh on our wheels. Edinburgh is a most beautiful city, much more so than Glasgow or any other city that I ever have seen. We saw pretty much every bit of it. When we started away, we went first out to the harbor on the Firth of Forth. Edinburgh is two or three miles from her harbor. The little towns of Leich and New Haven are built down to the water's edge. The large steamers come in here. In fact the man of war *Minneapolis* was anchored by the Firth of Forth bridge.

New Haven is such a funny little place—a great many fishing boats go from there out on the shores of Scotland for fish, and the fishermen live at New Haven. They are largely Scandinavian, and the fishwives wear their native dress, and carry huge baskets of fish on their back into Edinburgh. We went down on purpose to see this fishing industry. The fishermen were mending their nets, and the children were playing on the beach, catching crabs, etc. One group of little girls had a dozen jelly fishes on a board, playing with them as our children play with mud pies. It was a mighty interesting place. We had a fish dinner down there, at the Peacock hotel—absolutely the finest dinner I ever heard of. A fish dinner meant nothing but fish, not even vegetables, and nothing but *fried fish*. We had four courses, and the only difference in courses was that we had a different kind of fish fried each time. By the time we had had soup and five courses, we had had enough fish to last some time, all for 50 cents.

After dinner, which I never will forget, we rode back through Edinburgh and on to Roslin Castle. Roslin Castle is a ruin, and has no particular interest except that it is the scene of one of Scott's poems. A small boy acted as our guide through this castle. He had his piece well learned and was so funny that we had to dodge behind the walls to laugh now and then. I am afraid I didn't hear all he said, and I think too that he made up a good many yarns to amuse us, but he was a bright little Scotch lad. There is a beautiful glen from Roslin Castle down to Hawthornden where the poet Drummond lived, along the Esk. We walked down part way, but we didn't have time to saunter very long.

We rode on from Roslin toward Peebles, but the rain overtook us at a little village, so we got our supper at the village of Penicuik and took the train to Peebles. We stayed there last night, and had the room in the Cross Keys Hotel where Walter Scott stayed. Peebles is an ancient town, and this old Cross Keys Hotel was built in 1693, with a big courtyard right in front of the inn.

All through this region is where they make the beautiful Scotch tweeds and cheviots and the tartan plaids. I shall do well if I get away without buying me a dress, for they are about half what we pay at home. I think I should soon know the plaids of all the clans, for I stop and look at them every time I get a chance. I would like to be a Highlander and have my particular tartan. I am sorry we are leaving Scotland.

This morning we had a most beautiful ride down the valley of the Tweed skirting the Lammermuir Hills. The Tweed valley is the most beautiful place and the road was so smooth that we count this day's run the best we have made except when we rode down the Afton valley. We visited today the home which Sir Walter Scott built, and paid for so handily with his novels. It is a very large house, built in the old baronial style. Scott planned every bit of it, inside and out, and it represents his taste everywhere. Visitors are shown his study, his library—which is very extensive and valuable for a private library, and contains a large collection of curios and antiquities which Scott had collected. Scott's great-granddaughter now occupies the house, but these particular rooms of Scott have been left exactly as he used them. His large collection of armour is also shown.

We rode from Abbotsford on to Melrose, and after engaging our lodging for the night and buying our provisions, we rode out to Dryburgh Abbey. The road was rather hilly, but we are used to hills now, and can push right up hills that would have frightened us at home. To get to the abbey we had to cross the Tweed on a little suspension bridge made only for foot passengers and made in so fragile a way that only ten people are allowed on it at once, and it swings when you walk. Most of the bridges here are such massive masonry that this little footbridge swinging in the air was a novelty.

Dryburgh Abbey is a very interesting ruin, interesting mainly because Sir Walter Scott is buried there in one detached corner of the ruins, in what was once an aisle of the cathedral. It seems strange that he should have chosen to be buried in a ruined abbey, but it had been the tomb of his ancestors. Lockhart, the son-in-law and biographer of Scott is buried right at Scott's feet.

We had a funny time riding home from Dryburgh. For some reason Clara B. and I rode on ahead and got onto another road, and all of us came back into Melrose by a different route, and arrived at the market square at the same time, each wondering how in the world the other had gotten there. Then we had a good dinner. Mother just ought to see us buy our own provisions, and do our own housekeeping. Our landlady tonight is such a delightful old Scotch lady, who talks very broadly, and is so afraid she won't cook things just to suit us. We had a picnic lunch today, as we frequently do, carrying it with us on our wheels so that we were ready to do full justice to the beefsteak. We four girls have gathered together around the same table so many meals now that we seem like a little family.

Goodnight

Durham, August 6

We have had a great time getting to Durham today, but I will begin back with the morning. We went this morning to visit Melrose Abbey. I think it is the very finest ruin we have seen, at least in Scotland. A great deal of beautiful carving remains, and part of the vaulted roof. Walter Scott had a great deal of this carving, which was done by the monks, reproduced in the carving at Abbotsford. He was very fond of this ruin, and the stone where he used to sit and meditate is shown to visitors. Seems to me I remember some of his lines:

“If you would view fair Melrose right
Go visit it in the pale moonlight.”

I think I haven't quoted quite right, and besides we didn't have any moonlight, but bright sunlight. I wonder that Scott did not prefer burial here. It is a more beautiful ruin, though not so

secluded as Dryburgh. The Black Douglasses tomb is here, and the heart of Bruce is buried here. We had to hurry some while looking at it, which I didn't like, it was such a place to dream and meditate, but we had to catch a train.

We have followed our original schedule of time pretty closely, and have left very little time for this east coast. We must be in London by Aug. 11, and want to stop at the great cathedrals of York, Lincoln, and probably at Cambridge on our way down. The distances are so great between points that we will probably have to take trains, for lack of time.

We took the train today at Melrose, thinking we would get to Durham by 2:00 or 3:00 p.m., but I never saw such a poky train. We got into Berwick about 1:00 p.m., left again for Newcastle at 3:30, and didn't get to Durham until 6:00 tonight. We were disgusted to spend a whole day going a hundred miles by train. Sometimes England's fast trains are slow. Anyway we are here in Durham, with the castle and cathedral way up above us on an immense rock, throwing the whole town into shade. I remember what Scott says of this cathedral:

"Half, church of God; half, castle
'gainst the Scot."

And that is just the way it looks, a great ecclesiastical fortress, but I'll tell you more about it after I've seen it tomorrow.

Went to the P.O. tonight and received a letter from Papa and Mamma, which is always welcomed. Was just delighted to see Mamma's scrawl once more, because she tells such homey news. So Papa takes my letters to the library. Well, I ought to reform my literary style, but Dr. Hosmer is a kindly critic, and I'm not afraid of either him or my dear library girls. I'm usually in a state of great drowsiness when I write, and cannot take time to form rounded sentences.

We are in nice little lodgings again tonight, with two cozy little Englishwomen for landladies. We realize that we are no longer in Bonnie Scotland. I can no longer say "my foot's on my native heath," but someday I'm coming back and spend plenty of time in Scotland.

You don't seem to make any comments on my letters, or whether you enjoy hearing all the stuff I write, neither do you give me any advice—of course, it would reach me rather late, but it would seem real natural. I like Papa's dissertations on politics. I feel as if I were keeping right up with the times. I can't take time over here to read the English papers, but Papa's editorials are better.

I was much shocked to hear of Joe Elliott's drowning. It is very sad indeed. Accidents seem to me quite unnecessary, if people would only be cautious.

Goodnight, and lots of love to you and to all my dear friends.

Yours lovingly,
Gratia Countryman

Sunday, Aug. 9, 1896
Lincoln, England

My dear ones,

Papa isn't disappointing me these days. I get letters everywhere, which is of great comfort to a wanderer.

We feel as if we had been traveling this week just like common tourists, i.e., hurrying from one point to another, looking at things superficially and going on. We really left very little time for this eastern coast, and in fact there was nothing we cared much for, considering our lack of time, except these three great masterpieces of architecture, Durham, York and Lincoln cathedrals. In southern England, we had Winchester, Salisbury and Wells cathedrals—all remarkable in one way or another, and now we have this other group of three, which are magnificent beyond conception. Beyond these six, we are not trying to fix the details of cathedrals. But these six are worth time and study. I think I should never get over the feeling of reverence and awe which I always have felt when I enter these wondrous works, and think of the genius of the architects and the patience of the builders and the sacrifice of the people to put into enduring form their religious aspirations, to build what seemed to them a fitting House of God.

And when you see one of them in ruins, you wonder how anyone even in the zeal of reformation could have destroyed so beautiful a piece of work. We have visited several ruined abbeys this week, aside from the cathedrals. You catch the difference between abbeys and cathedrals, don't you? All the ruins are abbeys, so were the cathedrals once, but the finest abbeys were saved when Henry VIII suppressed the monasteries, and changed into cathedrals of the English church.

I think I wrote you last from Melrose. We had not then—no, I wrote you from Durham, I think, on the evening of our arrival. The next morning we went to the cathedral, but I am afraid I might just as well not try to describe these last three cathedrals. I feel so inadequate to it. When I tell you that Durham is 510 feet long, and that you can see from one end straight down the nave through the choir to the great east window, and that the nave is almost all Norman, just as it was built by William the Conqueror, with great massive piers supporting the roof, beautiful doorways, and the ornamental iron doors, which have swung for 8 centuries. When I tell you this and much more, I haven't made you see it. I think Durham made more impression on me than any other. Salisbury is built in the early English style and gives one the effect of gracefulness and lightness, but Durham, less beautiful, but so massive, makes one feel that it will endure through all time. As we sat in the back of the nave and saw the choir boys move in slow processional into the choir, and the organ start the echoes resounding back and forth, I think it would have stirred the stoniest heart. The Venerable Bede is buried here in Durham and the place is rich in history.

From Durham we took the train to Ripon, and rode on our wheels out to Fountains Abbey, a very extensive ruin, not so beautiful as Melrose, not so picturesque as Netley, but all the monastic remains—the refectory and monks' kitchen, the dormitories and chapels, etc., are preserved better than in any ruin I have seen. I haven't seen in any ruin or in any preserved cathedral such beautiful cloisters as remain intact at Fountains Abbey. The cloisters are usually a covered walk around a quadrangle, where the monks took their exercise, but these cloisters were not around a court, but a straight long walk over 300 feet long, with a beautiful groined roof and five pillars in a row down the center. Fountains Abbey stands in the private park of the Marquis of Ripon. We had to ride a mile or two through this beautiful park to get to the abbey. It was such

a lovely place to loiter that we pretty nearly stayed too long. We rode on to York on our wheels that night, and the next morning visited York Cathedral. It doesn't stand up on a rock, or elevated position, but if it did, I think it would be more commanding outside than Durham. It is a perfect marvel of beauty inside, and the beautiful stained glass is the finest thing of the kind we have seen. Yorkminster (which, by the way, means was a minster—never belonged to a monastic order) has been through two fires, but for some fortunate reason, the glass was preserved both times, so that the old original glass is still in the church. You cannot imagine how much more beautiful it is than the modern glass.

York was once a sister church of Durham, and down in the crypt are parts of the piers carved just to match the ones at Durham, but York was rebuilt after the fire in a different style, more ornate without being less massive.

Last night we came to Lincoln by train, and composed ourselves in lodgings for over Sunday. Today we went to Lincoln Cathedral, which is said to be in every way the finest in England, but in spite of that, we do not like it as a whole so well as Durham or York. The service this morning was very stupid and the sermon so different from the one last Sunday in the Free Kirk of Scotland that I forgot to listen most of the time and just looked at the rich black oak carving of the choir stalls and the beautiful Angel choir. I am tired now of trying to describe cathedrals, so I won't say anything more about Lincoln.

We have funny little rooms for lodgings this time. They are so full of bric-a-brac and furniture that we move around with great caution. We have a vase of artificial flowers on the table each meal which fills us to overflowing with mirth, especially as the table is already too small to accommodate the eatables. As soon as the maid disappears, we dispense with the paper flowers, but they regularly appear again at the next meal. We had roast lamb, potatoes, lettuce, cauliflower, cake and stewed apples and crackers and cheese for dinner, and we had the usual amount of fun doing our marketing last night, and looked at the meat, all four of us, in the usual critical way, as if we knew one cut from another.

Later:

We went over to the cathedral for the 4:00 p.m. anthem, which was very fine. We met there Dr. and Mrs. Riggs of St. Paul. They walked up with us after service to the old Roman wall. Most of the Roman walls which are pointed out to us are later walls built on the site of old Roman walls, but this fragment is the real thing, and the old gateway is said to have been built B.C. 45. It surely looks as if it might have been.

Lincoln is an old Roman city. Under the house where we are lodging is an old Roman portico. The cathedral stands up on a very high rise of ground, and we are very near it up on the hill. Last night we walked down the hill into the town. Such quaint old shops, and such narrow winding lanes of streets I never did see, so narrow that in some places not more than one team at a time could get between the houses. Some of the streets of Durham were built the same way. In these towns the whole population turns out and walks the streets evenings. Last night there wasn't a single team on the street, but the people were all walking right out in the road, filling it completely up from one side to the other as far down as the eye could reach, like an immense procession. The people here never walk on the sidewalks but always right out in the street. I don't believe I shall know enough to keep on the sidewalks when I come home. Every night in

all these towns it is just so—the streets lined with people. We often wonder what they are doing and where they are going.

I think we will take the train tomorrow directly to London, leaving Peterboro, Ely, Cambridge, etc., until some future visit. We are obliged to be in Bayreuth by next Sunday, and we must have our laundry attended to and our tickets bought for our continental tour, so we think we had better get right on to London.

I had letters from Louise M. and Emma this week. Please tell them both how glad I was to hear from them. Tell Emma I will try to call on her niece, but I am afraid we will make terrible work of our language.

I can just imagine Papa giving his close attention to the silver question. That is a good idea. If everyone did it, I think this question might be settled more satisfactorily.

Tell Mother to write some more. She tells me such newsy things. She must go down to see Mrs. Baldwin some day. I expect a letter from Lana at Bayreuth, hope she won't disappoint me.

Haven't heard a word from Adda and Ampy, neither have I answered Offie's letter, although I am hoping he will see fit to write me another. I tell you letters from home are the best kind of things. Love to you all.

From your girl,
Gratia Countryman

London
No. 48 Woburn Place
Aug. 11, 1896

My dear father and mother and all,

Just before leaving Lincoln I received four letters—from Papa, from Louise Linskey, Mary B. [Bray] and Aunt Lana—all of which I was so happy to hear. Please say as much to all these dear people, especially to Aunt Lana. She and Uncle Dan and Aunt Mattie all wrote. Wasn't it just too sweet in them to do it? I will try to answer if I can, but it is somewhat uncertain.

Papa seems to be a little confused as to where I am. I am sure my schedule gives Aug. 1st or thereabouts to Edinburgh, and Aug. 12 to London. It would naturally be supposed that I was somewhere between in the interim. I think, too, in my Banbury letter, I took pains to tell you far enough ahead that I should be in Bayreuth Aug. 16–19, and that letters written between Aug. 1–15 should be addressed to Paris (go to American Express Office address). I tried to be very particular about it, and if you have followed instructions exactly, I shall get my mail, otherwise not. Papa says he has sent a copy of the letter I have received to Bayreuth. I tell you, I'd like to find the equal of my father for caution and foresight. Any instructions I may send now will of course be too late, so I will hope that you have kept the right dates in mind. It does not take letters very long to come. Papa's letter written July 27–29 reached me in Lincoln Monday morning Aug. 10. He says that he and Mamma have sent me 14 letters, and I have received 13, losing only the one sent to the Southampton P.O.

Papa's letter was so domestic, I felt right at home, helping with the canning. You two dear people ought to renew your youth alone together this summer. I am sorry Mamma was not sleeping, perhaps she is by this time. Is Lana neglecting her family, while I am gone, and they need her letters? She ought to be ashamed of herself. And poor Mary tells me she is so busy she can't do anything more. I just hope she will get the St. Peter place and leave Owatonna. Nevertheless, Mary is probably making a name for herself if it is hard work. She may be interested to know that Dr. Riggs and his wife were in Edinburgh when we were there, and that they and Miss Riggs were in Lincoln last Sunday. We met them in the cathedral, and they walked out with us on the old Roman road. Perhaps I wrote that in my last letter.

Well, here we are in London town. We can hardly appreciate it ourselves, we have saved it up till the last. We are not trying to see it to any extent just now, for we start for the Continent tomorrow night (Aug. 12), but this morning we got on top of an omnibus and rode down to Picadilly and were just supremely happy reading the names of the streets—long such familiar names.

We arrived here yesterday at the King's Cross Station and took a cab directly to Russell Square. We found a very nice boarding place just off from Russell Square on Woburn Place, but although it is nice, there are too many other people at the table, and we have been so used to our own private dining room that we think perhaps we may take lodgings when we return. We aren't sure but we ought to stay in a boarding place and come into contact with some of the people just for the experience, but we don't like it so well. I think maybe we are imbibing some of the English exclusiveness.

We had a delightful time shopping today. We went first to Thos. Cook's tourist office, and made out a short continental tour, and bought our tickets for the circular route, and then walked down Regent Street, Oxford Street, and Bond Street, past a number of firms whose names are

familiar. We stopped enchanted in front of Liberty's—manufacturers of the beautiful Liberty silks, and dressmakers, after the Worth and Redfern style. Clara B. had to buy some boots, and she had great fun looking at the thick broad English shoe. All the dealers told her that no English boot would fit her small feet, that they had nothing narrow enough, that she would have to have them made to order or buy American boots, which could be found at Peter Robinson's. It went against the grain to have to buy American boots in London, when we really wanted to buy some smart little London boots, but to Peter Robinson's great establishment we went, for Clara had to have some, and bought some Rochester, N.Y. boots. I wanted some English boots, too, but there is no use. I could easily put two feet in one of theirs, and I have to give them up.

There, too, we found Fuller's, where they make "lemonade (from fresh lemons)" and have a soda fountain, and real American chocolate cake in layers. Haven't seen any of those things since I left home, except some lemonade in Chester.

So now you see how frivolous we've been today. Some way London made us feel real giddy, and we had a lovely time. If Papa don't like this frivolous letter, he can go back and read some of my historical dissertations, or else wait until I begin to see London more systematically. We just wanted this first plunge headfirst into London. They say it is very dull here just now, and I suppose it is from their point of view. None of the aristocracy are here, and the Parliament has closed, I believe, but the streets downtown are very full and very gay. It is just like a Dickens stage again. Everybody on the streets are dressed very well indeed. Tell Louise Lynskey I have seen a good many trim little women here. It is quite different from the rural districts.

We leave here tomorrow night at 8:30 for Harwich, take the steamer to Antwerp, getting there Thursday morning early. Then we go to Brussels, Cologne, then up the Rhine to Frankfurt, and next to Nürnberg, and so to Bayreuth. We stay in Bayreuth from the 16-19, and return to Nürnberg again, and then to Stuttgart, and to Paris, for a week, and back again to London by Aug. 30.

You see we have really only taken in the cities that are on our way to Bayreuth, and on the way back from Bayreuth to Paris, but we are not trying to see the Continent this time. England is our object, and the other a side issue, and glad enough I am that we didn't try to do the whole of Europe in one summer. It has been hard enough to pull ourselves away from the beautiful places in England. We are rather dreading this continental trip, because it is conventional, and just like all tourists take, and we will be really glad when we are on our wheels again, in our own free and easy way.

Possibly I may not write again until Sunday, when we get to Bayreuth, for there will be so much to see in the short time between.

Love to you all—I wish you were all having such a good time as I am.

Yours lovingly,
Gratia Countryman

Bayreuth, Bavaria
Sunday, Aug. 16, 1896

My dearest family,

Such a variety of experiences and of people have been added unto us in such a short space of time, that I am in confusion as to how best to set about telling it.

After I wrote you last we had a delightful day in London, roaming about, and taking omnibuses, just to learn our way. We went to Hyde Park, and then to Buckingham Palace. Then to Westminster Abbey (not inside) and the Parliament buildings. Down the Fleet and Strand to the Banks. We didn't go inside anywhere, but just found where they all were, which quite satisfied us. From the top of an omnibus the Fleet and Strand were a treat sight. When lunch time came, we hunted up "ye old Cheshire Cheese" inn, where Dr. Johnson used to gather his congenial friends and converse. We found it without much difficulty up an old court opening out of the Fleet. We had old-fashioned pigeon pie in the old cozy corner, sitting on the same old settles. We sat in Johnson's chair and went through the old kitchen, which is all just as it used to be. We are looking forward again very much to our real visit in London. We decided to go back to the same boarding house, so left all our unnecessary clothing, and brought just as little luggage as possible to the Continent.

Wednesday night we crossed the Channel to Antwerp in a very fine new steamer. It was an all night's trip, getting into Antwerp about 8:00 in the morning. We went to bed as soon as we got on the steamer, and nothing could have been smoother than that passage across. We scarcely knew we were on the sea, so it isn't *always* rough on the Channel, not at all points at any rate.

When we got into Antwerp, after a breakfast on the steamer, we had a good half day to see the town. First we changed some of our English money into Belgian, which is the same system as the French, and had a great time with our francs and centimes.

Antwerp is a nice city. We saw a great many of the peasant women in the short dresses, either pushing their vegetable carts or carrying great baskets on their heads, and lots of dog carts, with the dogs underneath the cart pulling it. Everybody spoke English, so we had no trouble with the language. Lace is made by the peasant girls all around Antwerp and Brussels, and most beautiful handmade lace can be bought here, for half the money we pay at home.

We went to the cathedral to see Rubens's pictures. Three of his most famous pictures are in the cathedral—"Descent from the Cross," "Elevation of the Cross," and the "Assumption of the Virgin"—this last an immense picture over the high altar. The cathedral itself isn't so much to see, but we were there during service, and the music was splendid. I tell you these Catholic cathedrals are the ones that have the music. When one of these magnificent masses roll out through the aisles, there is nothing like it to be heard in any of the English cathedrals.

Well, we wandered all over Antwerp, enjoying the queer streets, and queer people, and shops, until train time. Passing from Antwerp to Cologne, we crossed the Belgian frontier at Herbesthol, where our bags were all examined at the Customs. We had to change our money into German coin here, and learn a new system. Before we left London we bought Cook's Hotel coupons, so that we wouldn't need to handle much money, but we have to keep a little coin of the realm on hand to pay tips and Gepäckträger (porters).

That night when we balanced our accounts, Clara B. had 5 cents (Canadian), 10 centimes, ha-penny. I had Canadian, English, Belgian and German money in trifling amounts, so I gave up my balance. We are learning very rapidly to change our money from one system into another

queer =
unusual or
strange *

Today Queer =
homosexual when
referring to people

without being cheated. The first time I changed a mixed lot of francs and shillings into marks, I lost a mark, but they can't cheat me anymore, and a mark isn't much to pay for experience.

On the way to Cologne, we passed out of the lowlands, into a more hilly, picturesque country, went through degrees of tunnels. The railways here in Germany have more comfortable carriages I think than in England, though my experience isn't very extensive.

Papa would be interested in the farming here. They raise everything in such small farms. They plant first a strip of grain, then a strip of hay, then a strip of beets, then a strip of ploughed [sic] ground, and now that the grain is ripe, and the large share in little shocks, and the beets a deep green, and the hay still a different color, it gives the country a very striped variegated effect, which is very beautiful. There were a great many beets for 20 miles around Cologne. Their method of farming too is very primitive. Men and women are cutting the yellow grain with sickles, the women for the most part tying up the grain into bundles. Nowhere have I seen a machine of any sort in the fields. It seems like a very happy contented existence to see the men and women together in the fields, or walking home together after work, but I suspect there is more hard work than romance about it. It makes good subjects for artists, and poets, but I would rather be an American than a German peasant.

We reached Cologne at 8:00 and went directly to the Hotel du Nord, which is said to be the finest hotel in Europe. It was plenty good enough for us. Table d'hôte dinner, which our coupons called for, was over, so we only had a seven-course supper out in the garden. We had lots of fun with our narrow little German beds, just big enough for one, with satin pillows and featherbeds on top. All our German beds have been little short narrow affairs and all have featherbeds on them atop.

In the morning we took all the time we had looking at the Cologne Cathedral, but I cannot tell you about it. It makes one spellbound to look at it. As Lowell describes another one, it is "Imagination's very self in stone." We stood and looked and looked. I think I never saw anything so beautiful in my life as this perfect Gothic cathedral, climbing and ever climbing, the very symbol of an aspiring soul—as nearly a tangible expression of our Christian religion as anything in stone can ever be, and something which the Greeks could never have produced, however perfect their architecture may have been. But there is no use trying to describe the sensations you feel in the presence of such a creation as Cologne Cathedral.

We left Cologne that forenoon by train to Bonn, where the great university is, but we did not stop to look at anything, except what we could see walking from the train to the Rhine Steamer.

All afternoon we rode up the Rhine, through the most beautiful scenery. You've hear of the "Castled Rhine"—almost every eminence along the banks, and almost every jutting crag is crowned with a castle, some in ruins and some in repair. Almost every one is so old that its origin and builder is lost in tradition. We carried with us a book of Rhine legends and read the legends connected with each one as we passed them. You will be familiar with some of them—as the Drachenfels, where Siegfried killed the dragon, and the Lorelei, where the golden-haired Rhine maiden lured the boatmen onto the rocks, and the Mousetower at Bingen. There are just dozens of these castles, any one of which would have excited us terribly when we first came over. We can keep a little more calm than we could at first.

I don't wonder that the Germans wanted all the provinces along the Rhine, and loved the river. At Coblenz, which is a beautiful city, the Mosel river enters the Rhine, and just across the Rhine at this point is a huge fortification built on the rocks, where the Germans keep a garrison to frighten the French. It is large enough, they told us, to hold provisions for 80,000 men for one year. Across from Bingen is the National Monument "Germania," a most magnificent statue

standing on a high hill facing France, representing victorious *Germania*. I would like to have had a closer view for they say it is a very fine monument.

Both banks of the Rhine are covered with grape vines, growing seemingly right up the rocky slopes of the high banks, so that the banks have to have terraced walls to keep them from washing down. I didn't suppose grapes would grow in such a rocky place and dry.

We got into Mainz at 9:00 p.m. and took the train right on to Frankfurt. You see we are travelling at a great pace now, just like other tourists. We stayed at the Hotel Schwan, where Bismarck and Faure met to sign the treaty of peace in '71. Frankfurt is such an interesting and fine city. We were charmed with it, and sorry to have but a half day. However we made the most of our time, walking the old medieval streets, and visiting the Römer, the old town hall, where the German emperors were elected, and the hall where they were banqueted after coronation. The monuments of Goethe and Gutenberg are very fine. Goethe was born here and we walked by his house. We also went into the Jew quarter, where the Rothschilds originated, and through the great market, which is a great sight in these German cities. Then we went shopping. It is a great place to shop, such beautiful large shops. The roads here are just as hard and smooth as in England, and I've had just taste enough of Germany to give me a good appetite, so I think Papa will have to learn to bicycle, and we will take a trip through here together.

About 2:00 p.m. we took the train to Nuremberg, but got in too late to see much, and came on to Bayreuth this morning. We left Cousin Clara at Nuremberg to await our return. She didn't have festival tickets. Such a jam as there was on the train yesterday and today coming to the festival, French, Germans, Russians, English, everything, all mixed up together. We engaged our rooms last June, or we shouldn't have a place to lay our heads tonight. And the funniest place we are in, over a tannery. Bayreuth is a small place, and its capacity is taxed, but our rooms are very nice and clean, and we are very comfortable indeed.

And now, how do you suppose I have been writing all the above, when I have just returned from the grandest musical performance I ever heard or dreamed of, and am excited to the highest pitch. I hope I have written in a lucid manner, for I feel conscientious about sharing my trip with you, but I have found it quite hard to write about travels, when I am thinking only of this wonderful music. And just to think there are three more nights of it. I won't say anything more of it now but will try to write again this week.

Papa will wonder at a Wagner opera on Sunday, but these Germans go to hear music in the same way they go to church. It is part, perhaps the best part, of their religion, and I can scarcely wonder when I listen to their music. I wish I might hear something just as inspiring every Sunday.

Goodnight

Monday morning,

After a good night's rest in our narrow beds, with featherbeds for covers, we feel very refreshed, and are going out now to the post office. Much love to you all.

Your loving daughter,
Gratia Countryman

Bayreuth, Bavaria
Aug. 19, 1896

My dear family,

The last evening of the festival is over. I hope you've seen good criticisms of it in the paper, for I cannot tell you about it. I have no language to tell you the wonder of such heaven-born music. I cannot even tell you about the magical stage scenery. Everybody I have seen here, from London, New York or anywhere, say there never has been anything seen like it. Wagner has so successfully combined poetry and music and artistic scenery, and this Bayreuth festival has carried out in every detail the whole of Wagner's bold ideal. The entire story of the Nibelungen Lied has been presented, a part each night, so that from day to day we have lived along with the story as it grew.

I won't try to say anything more about the music or the performance, for I am not a critic, and I could only spoil it in the telling. I'll just confine myself to the more common things. We have enjoyed watching the crowd that has gathered every afternoon at 4 p.m.—the concerts have lasted from 4 p.m. to 10 p.m. with two short intermissions for lunch. Where but in Germany would it be possible to carry out such a music festival; but one could sit longer yet for their kind of music and to such superb voices and orchestra. But I started to speak of the crown—every nation in Europe represented, and almost all languages heard. All music-loving people, with animated, intelligent faces. Indeed it was quite a remarkable sea of faces. I never saw just such a crowd before—nothing's common whatever about it.

I guess I told you how all ladies were obliged to take off their bonnets, so not to obstruct anyone's view. All lights are turned out except on the stage, so that there was no rustling of leaves turning, no one could see anyone else, but interest was concentrated on the stage. If anyone dared to make the least noise he was hissed immediately.

Well, it is all over, and we girls are all writing, preparatory to leaving for Nürnberg in the morning. Good things are always over too soon. Every night we have walked home in a maze, scarcely able to talk or break the spell, but it will be long before the real charm has dissolved, although we must come back to matter-of-fact things.

We have grown quite used to tannery smells. You don't know how nice a tannery is till you live over it awhile. We have taken our breakfast of rolls and coffee and soft-boiled eggs here in our rooms, and have gone various places for our dinner. One day we were in a restaurant where a lot of German students had gathered. They sang and smoked and drank beer and jollied the waiting maids just like you read about. Everywhere we go, it is just like a storybook.

These Bavarians are rather a rude coarse lot, not like the Germans we have seen in other places. I have been wondering if they aren't Slavic. They speak an impure German, so that our conversations have been very limited with them. Clara K. orders our meals and makes our arrangements, but we don't always get what we think we have ordered, but it is funnier not to know just what you are getting.

I received Papa's copied letter in another one sent to Bayreuth, also a first one sent direct to Bayreuth. One from Lana was forwarded to me here. Please thank her for remembering to write. You all have been so good about writing, it was good to get letters everywhere I go. Poor Clara B. hasn't had a letter for nearly three weeks, some hitch in the directions. Probably they are all waiting for her in Paris, but it has made her dreadfully homesick. I haven't had any letters from Paris, although I asked them to forward, but I think I'll find them there Saturday.

Misspellings

Nibelungenlied

ONE used

The song (or poem) of the Nibelungen (dwarfs)

check Webster

I'm glad Mabel and Maud have heard from us, for I could not take time to write to them. You mustn't let Mamma work hard if you can help it, Papa. I think it is terribly poor economy—to save a dollar and be laid up for several days. I shan't have it when I come back.

I'm very much interested in the politics you write. I'm glad it is coming to an issue this fall, one way or the other will be better than dread uncertainty, it seems to me. Clara K.'s father writes politics to her, too, he is alarmed also.

So Mrs. Clark and the children are home. That is nice for Mamma. You must have Ima come in time for school.

Write to me up to the 4th of September, so that I can have a letter just before I start home on the 16th. I hope to go around by Cincinnati and Chicago, and reach home Oct. 1st. Lots of love.

From your loving daughter,
Gratia Countryman

Paris, France
Aug. 24, 1896

My dear mother,

I've had four letters from home since sending my last letter home. It seems to worry you and Papa because I told you to write so long to Paris, but you see if I know where you are directing letters to me, then I have them forwarded to me where and when I choose. Two of your letters were forwarded to me from Paris to Bayreuth besides the ones that were sent there direct, and today when I went to the Am. Express Co. here in Paris I found another one from Mamma, and one from Papa, and one from Mary.

Mamma needn't worry about sewing for me in hot weather. I'm not going to suffer. If I had more money with me, I'd buy some clothes here, but it costs us more here on the Continent than it did in England, and I am afraid I won't have much to spend on presents or extras—and, oh dear, there are so many beautiful things I would like to carry home. But Mamma, I'm glad you aren't sewing during this hot weather. It must be horribly warm, for every letter received by any of us speaks of the hot weather. We haven't had a single day so warm that we have suffered anytime this summer.

The more Papa writes of the financial situation, the more glad I am that we all came to Europe this year, for if free silver prevails, it would have been some time before I could have felt rich enough to come, and by that time we might never have gotten this party together. As it is, what I have laid aside this summer cannot depreciate in value, and we have had such a good time.

When we left Bayreuth last Thursday morning (Aug. 20), after our great musical treat, we went to Nuremberg, where we had left Cousin Clara. We stayed nearly two days in Nuremberg. It is a perfectly fascinating old German city, retaining all the characteristics of a medieval city. We have seen in other cities, streets or sections just as fine, but the whole city of Nuremberg is medieval. As you look down from some high place on the irregular red-tiled roofs, with windows, perhaps six stories of windows, in the long sloping roofs, the effect is most quaint and picturesque.

Nuremberg was the center of an art school of sculptors and woodcarvers. Albert Durer's old house stands here; Peter Vischer, the iron sculptor, and his school of pupils have left many beautiful examples of their art here. Woodcarving is still one of the specialties of Nuremberg. Everything around that part of the country is handmade—so many beautiful handmade toys, and laces and embroideries and carvings and paintings. They farm, too, by hand. We visited a number of the fine churches, and went through all the fine streets, and out to the Exhibition. The Exhibition here began in May and lasts till October. The building is of white ~~stuff~~ like our World's Fair buildings, and is as large as some of the larger buildings there—a very fine thing indeed. We were there in the evening when the grounds were brilliantly lighted, but the exhibits were not open. stuff

Did I tell you that in Frankfurt we visited a church where Luther preached on his way to Worms? Here in Nuremberg the churches contain all of the images and other symbols of the Catholic Church, although they are now Protestant. During the time of Luther, the people pulled the images all down, but Luther compelled them to put them all back here in Nuremberg. He was not an iconoclast and hindered iconoclasm as much as possible.

There are numerous things in N. I would like to write about, but I must go on. We left for Strasbourg Friday afternoon, getting in very late at night, and as it happened our train started so early the next morning that we couldn't see anything in Strasbourg.

I hope Frau Silver will be downed for I have to come and see Germany again some time.

We travelled all day Saturday and came into Paris about 10:00 o'clock at night. We had telegraphed ahead for a room in a hotel which Dr. Montgomery had recommended to us, and came right to it. It is a nice place, very cheap for Paris, and is situated right in the midst of things—not five minutes' walk from the Louvre and the Public Buildings. We were very thankful to know of such a place.

Yesterday we went to a Catholic church (St. Madeleine) in the morning, and in the afternoon Clara B. and I rested while Clara K. and Cousin Clara went out for a ride in the Bois de Boulogne (I can spell it, but I can't pronounce it). Today we have been having a great day. We went first after our letters, then we walked down the Place de l'Opera to the Louvre, all around it (not inside) and down the Garden of the Tuileries to the Place de la Concorde, where the obelisk from Thebes stands, which was given to France by the Viceroy of Egypt. Here we crossed the Seine on one of the numerous bridges, and took a view back over the bridge through the Place de la Concorde and Rue Royale to St. Madeliene's Church—a very beautiful view. Paris has a great many wide streets and large open spaces adorned with columns and statuary, but I think the lack of any green grass detracts from its beauty. The trees aren't pretty, not as they are in England, and the open spaces are graveled or paved, and it would add so much to the beauty of the place if there were only more greenness.

We then went to the Hotel des Invalides—a home for disabled or old soldiers. It was built by Louis XIV, and is an immense place. The guide told us that if we should walk all through the halls and corridors, it would be a walk of 8 miles, and I believed him before I had gone very far. To the old chapel here was added in 1840 an immense structure, I believe they call it a church, though it isn't used for that purpose. It is in the form of a Greek cross, with an immense dome in the center. Just under the dome is the tomb of Napoleon. I think the place was built to contain the tombs of Napoleon and his family, for in one place Jerome and Louis Bonaparte are buried, in another Joseph Bonaparte, and there were spaces for Napoleon's children, who are not buried here. The building is all made of marble inside, the most beautiful thing I every saw of the kind. The windows throw a blue light into the room which enhances the whiteness of the marble, except where the high altar stands, the windows are yellow, and throw a yellow light all over the marble shafts and crucifix. Today was a cloudy day, yet when we entered the room, the blue-whiteness of the light in most of the room, contrasted with the yellow light on the altar, made it seem as if a bright sunlight were thrown all over the altar. Around Napoleon's tomb are grouped the flags which he took in great battles, and in the chapel are the flags taken by France at various times. The ragged old banners affect me strangely.

After getting our lunch, we walked down through the old Exposition buildings and grounds, and took a ride partway up the Eiffel Tower. Mercy you can't think how high it is when you get up there—we didn't go far either. Paris lay like a great panorama around us. If it hadn't cost too much I'd have gone clear to the top, but I didn't want to pay four francs. I'm getting economical.

We walked back by the Palace de l'Elysées, the official residence of the French President now, and formerly a favorite residence of Napoleon I and III. It was guarded all around by soldiers and stone walls, so we couldn't see much. Anyway we've seen a good deal for one day, and I'm too sleepy to tell anymore.

Tomorrow morning while we are fresh we are going to the Louvre. I've looked forward to that for so many years that I can scarcely realize that I am going. I'm seeing so much that I've read of and thought of that I wonder sometimes if it is really I that is seeing all these things, or if I am dreaming.

Too late to write more. Love to all my friends, and such lots to my dear father and mother.

Yours lovingly,
Gratia Countryman

London, England
48 Woburn Place
August 30, 1896

My dear ones:

As I write the date, I cannot realize that the summer is so far gone, and that I will be starting home in little more than two weeks. After you receive this you will not have time to answer it again before I start, but I wish you would meet me in New York with letters. Address me there: 4 Lexington Ave., c/o Mr. John Lovell. That is Clara K.'s cousin and I can get my mail there when I land. Will you also tell me Ampy's *house* address, so that I can reach him by telegraph, if I decide to go around that way. I think I shall be badly tempted to go straight home, stopping only at Chicago, but I don't know when I should get to Cincinnati if I don't take advantage of this occasion.

I think I must have missed one letter from you in Paris, for I got Mamma's there last Monday the 24th and haven't had any since. That Paris post office didn't know beans anyway. Each of the other girls lost letters there that they know of. They deliver mail there but twice a day in the business part. No one in the office could speak English, so we couldn't get anything out of them.

We left Paris yesterday and came by Dieppe across the Channel to Newhaven, reaching London about 8:00 p.m. We had a perfectly smooth passage on the Channel, so we congratulate ourselves that both going and coming, the Channel was on its good behavior for our sakes. I'm not sure that I shall believe all they say about the roughness of the English Channel.

When we touched English shores yesterday, we felt that we had come home again, and the beauty of England struck us almost as forcibly as it did at first. We have been in no country so beautiful as England. When we were in Belgium the lack of trees was noticeable. You may remember that in pictures of Holland and Belgium the trees are scattering and thin, rows of tall trees with scarcely any foliage. Well, that is just the way it is. In Germany there were great pine forests, beautifully cared for, looking as if they were as carefully cultivated as the hops or grape vines, but no beautiful large shade trees—such as is everywhere in England. When we left Paris the trees were bare of their leaves, and there was scarcely any greenness anywhere, but the moment we struck England, everything was as luxuriantly green out in the country as it was in the early summer. We just rejoiced at being in England, it is the *prettiest* country I ever saw. And I like London much better than Paris, in a great many ways.

There is not so much imposing architecture here, nor so much gaiety, at least at this season. There are not so fine shops, nor so many beautiful places to visit, but Paris seemed to me to be a very artificial place. It seemed to be a great showplace. London is the great business place of the world, and the home of so much of our literature and history. I had no sympathy with Paris nor Parisians, except to look on and enjoy their performances, as I might in a box at the theatre, but my heart just warms toward London and I should like to know every chink and cranny in it.

Paris was full of Americans. We met them everywhere, and we heard more of the American language on the street than we did any other, almost more than we did French. I say American language because the *English* is very distinct from the American. We never could make a mistake between an Englishman and an American, judging either by their dress or language. But we often confused Americans with Frenchmen so far as looks and dress goes. We seem to follow the styles and manner of the French, but the English follow no one's style but their own.

Consequently they look differently from other people—I think I notice the peoples more than the places, and take more pleasure in studying them.

But I haven't told you much about Paris, or what we saw there, so I'll go back and tell you what we did each day.

I told you about visiting Napoleon's tomb, and the Eiffel Tower, and about the beautiful open squares all through here and there in the city, decorated with beautiful columns and sculpture. The Seine flowing right through the center of the city is bridged at almost every street with beautiful bridges, and the river banks are not unsightly, but are walled up, with fine streets along the quay on either side, and fine public buildings along the shore facing the river.

Tuesday morning we spent in the Louvre—the greatest picture and sculpture gallery I was ever in of course. I think each wing of the Louvre must be fully four blocks long, and across the end about two blocks. It is built with a court as I have marked. The Tuilleries was once where the dotted lines are, but not a trace remains of the palace, a street is now laid through right where the palace stood. We could just walk through the galleries the first morning, and get an idea of where the best things were, so that we wouldn't waste time when we came again. I enjoyed so much the beautiful pictures of Murillo and Raphael, Da Vinci and others, especially the famous ones which I have seen in copies so often. I especially loved to go and stand before Murillo's "Immaculate Conception" and "Holy Family." They are the most beautiful pictures I ever saw.

I was surprised to find that I didn't care much for Rubens—so many of his pictures in the Louvre were historical subjects painted to order, and not inspirations in any way. The school of modern French painters in one room claimed a good deal of our time, and we made ourselves very familiar with Millet's and Corot's, Daubigny's and Troyon's and others. We didn't forget either to visit Venus de Milo. The original marble is in the Louvre, and is very beautiful. I think I have some few pictures indelibly fixed.

Well, on Tuesday, after lunch, we took a ride through the Latin Quarter of Paris—the place which artists frequent, and where the old streets of Paris still remain in the irregularity—to the Pantheon. The Pantheon corresponds somewhat to Westminster Abbey, as a burial place for illustrious men, although it is not used as a church, only a showplace. Victor Hugo is buried there.

Wednesday we again visited the Louvre all the morning, and in the afternoon went to the Gobelin tapestry manufactories. The Gobelin factory is owned by the government and as I understand, no piece of the tapestry has ever been sold. It is used only as gifts by the government or to be used in some public building or palace.

We saw the workmen weaving. All is done by hand, and the work done can scarcely be told from painting when it is on the wall. They can weave portraits which are as perfect likenesses as a painting could be. In fact their patterns are all carefully painted, and they follow them in tint and shading so delicately that you can scarcely believe your eyes. They work from behind and have to hold little mirrors up to see their own work. Beside the tapestries, which are used for wall decorations, or to cover pieces of furniture, they were weaving the most superb carpets. It was an interesting sight, and I was very glad we went.

We came back to the Palace of Luxembourg, where Napoleon and Josephine lived, and went through the picture gallery there. Then to Notre Dame Cathedral.

Papa, how do you get along reading my letters at the library, when you can't pronounce French names. I'm ahead of you there, for I can spell them and write them, if I can't pronounce them.

Notre Dame Cathedral is nowhere nearly so beautiful as many we have seen in England, and cannot be compared with Cologne Cathedral, but it is an interesting old building and has seen a good deal of history made. I don't know French history as well as English, so I don't get quite the same pleasure out of the historical spots. I'll have to study a good deal when I come back. When we came out of the cathedral we did something that we were rather ashamed of afterwards. We went into the morgue, which is just behind the cathedral. It was rather a morbid curiosity, I suppose, but the Paris morgue figures a good deal in French stories, so we went.

Thursday we spent the day at Versailles and Sevres. The Palace of Versailles is about 2 hours' run on the steam tramway from Paris, and was well worth a visit. The palace is kept just as it was by the government, and is the most gorgeously decorated place you can imagine. The rooms are very large, one gallery was 400 feet long, in one wing, and a number of other nearly as long. The walls were simply covered with historical paintings, which I didn't stop to figure out—not having a week to do it in. The rooms of Louis XIV and the rooms of Marie Antoinette are kept as they were, and are shown to visitors. Poor unhappy things, I wouldn't like to live in a palace.

We stopped at Sevres on our way back. The Sevres porcelain factory is also owned by the government for the sake of preserving the art. I think it is very nice of the French government to preserve such famous art as the Gobelin tapestries and Sevres porcelain, for probably no individual could afford to. We saw a little of the workshops, but not very much—no more than you could see in any common porcelain factory, for a good deal of the process is secret. There is a fine museum, however, of the Sevres ware, and a collection of every kind of pottery in the world, which we enjoyed.

Thursday evening we went to the new opera house. If you want to know how it looks, the Library girls will show you five or more great folio volumes on its architecture. I suppose it is the most magnificent building of its kind ever built, certainly the largest. Its great marble staircase is large enough to take in our whole opera house and everything else is in proportion. We went just because we wanted to see the building, and thereby hangs a tale, which I cannot do justice to on paper, so funny that we laugh if it is mentioned. We have had funny adventures, but none so funny as this was. We lived just a little way from the opera house, and the Louvre, in a most convenient place, thanks to Dr. Montgomery, and were most comfortably fixed to get around and see places.

Friday we paid our last visits to our favorite pictures in the Louvre, and stood once more before Venus de Milo. Then we did some shopping (shops in Paris are awfully tempting). Clara B. and I took a ride out to the Bois de Boulogne and made a call on Emma's niece, who wasn't at home, and so ended our week in Paris.

And now we are back again in the same rooms in the same boardinghouse in London that we left two or three weeks ago. We are pining for a good ride on our wheels, and shall probably ride a good deal here in London.

We went to church this morning at the Foundlings Hospital, which is near here. It is a very large institution, and the children in their little uniforms made the choir—about 250 of them. We went into their dormitories and dining rooms. In their chapel is the organ which Handel gave them and himself played on. He was a great benefactor of the institution.

This after the other girls have gone over to Westminster to hear Canon Gore, but I didn't want to go out, preferred to write instead.

Now, I guess you know all that has happened to me since I last wrote.

It is too bad that Mrs. Clark sprained her ankle. Give her my love. I know you are glad to have them back again. I suppose Prof. Clark is back by this time. And is Ima back yet? Tell her I want her to study well this fall, so she won't have to work so hard next spring. I hope she will have a good teacher.

Of course, you know by this time that Clara B.'s sister has a new little boy. Clara has been quite relieved to be getting her letters again. Perhaps you may have been down to St. Paul. You and Papa seem to be going around some. Perhaps Papa won't feel quite as tied down to the yard now that Prof. Clark is at home. I really feel that it has been a good thing for Papa to be free from work and worry this warm summer. I shall be glad to be at home again and at work, myself, and then he won't have to worry at all.

Love to all the dear people who ask after me. Thank Dr. Hosmer for the letter from Dr. Garnett. Dr. Hosmer is very kind to me. I am glad you are getting acquainted with him, he is goodness itself.

Yours lovingly,
Gratia Countryman

London, England
Sept. 3, 1896

My dear ones:

I have had a letter from Mamma written Aug. 17th this week, also one from Papa, enclosing one from Adda, written the 21st, and a letter from Louise, so I'm not complaining of my letters this week. You seem to have seen more of Louise before she started, and to have had calls from some of my other good friends, Mr. Goode and Ruth. Your news of Mrs. Ransom startled me, it is very sad indeed. What will her poor daughters do without her.

You are doing very noble getting clothes made for me. Louise said that you thought it was nonsense to trim them, but that you were doing it all the same. In fact, Louise reported a great many of your bright and witty sayings, and told me also that Papa was training the cat. Now that is great business for Papa to get into. Poor Papa, I am so sorry he isn't feeling just as well as he should. I hope we can make some arrangement by which he will be enabled to go south this winter if he thinks that will be best. Didn't he and Offie make any plans? I hoped they could come to some sort of an arrangement.

Now I think it is too bad that you threaten not to put up much fruit, for English people always have jam for breakfast and I have acquired a very bad habit. Perhaps I'd better bring some with me. It is very cheap indeed over here.

Louise Linskey has just written me that there is a rumor that three of the library directors have gone off to the Library Conference to choose a new librarian. I suspect that it is only a rumor, but Papa would better watch the matter a little if he has a chance. I have told Louise L. to meet me with a letter in New York to tell me if anything happens, but I am not worrying about it at all. If by chance they should take a move so detrimental to Dr. Hosmer and myself, it would affect very much the answer I make to Mr. Putnam this fall. I am sorry you told Emma Maes about Mr. Putnam's offer. I don't want it known, and Mr. Putnam wouldn't want it known that there is a vacancy there. Don't say anything to anyone about library matters. It would be better to detach the personal sheets on my letters, for fear they may be read.

September 31

We have had a busy week in London so far. There doesn't seem to be any end to London or to the sights one can see. We try to do things with some system, but we won't see half we should like to. We see a great deal of the business scenes just riding on the top of an omnibus. You cannot think how a London street looks just jammed with teams and omnibuses, black as far as you can see with people and traffic—but not so much noise as we hear every day on Nicollet. How so many teams and so many people get around and do business so quietly is more than I understand. No bells on the buses, no vendors yelling at the top of the lungs. All the hackney coaches have rubber tires, and noises seem to be smothered as much as possible. Of course there is a great hum on the Strand and Fleet St. but nothing in comparison to us.

It has been rather a rainy week, so we haven't gotten about quite so easily, and not at all on our wheels, but I'll just begin in order to tell where we've been.

Monday morning we had to do some shopping, and that is great fun. If one of us has an errand all the rest of us go along just for fun, to get into the shops. We like to shop here better than in Paris.

In the afternoon we went to the South Kensington Museum. This is largely a picture gallery of water colors, some very famous things, but no very great things. There are also fine collections of pottery, laces, and casts from famous sculptures; they seemed to be arranged with special reference to art students, and the South Kensington schools in particular. We saw all we cared for in about two hours, then we walked down into Chelsea, past Carlyle's old home, and Leigh Hunt's, and close to Geo. Eliot's last home. Carlyle's house seemed to be in such a gloomy place, but he lived there for more than 30 years, and must have done a good deal of work out in his little back garden.

Tuesday morning we spent in the British Museum, which is very close to where we live. Dr. Garnett was out of town, but Clara B. and I sought out Mr. Fortescue, as we were directed, and he spent some time with us, showing us all around among the book stacks and describing the workings of the institution. It was immensely interesting, and the 2,000,000 books of the library make an enormous showing. The library corresponds to our Congressional Library and keeps a copy of every book published in the kingdom. It also keeps complete files of every paper published in the kingdom. You can imagine how rapidly those newspaper files count up—quite useless material too in my mind, also in Mr. Fortescue's mind. There are forty miles of shelving in the library, but it will be full within two years and I don't see what they will do then. They surely must build.

All the other collections of antiquities, marbles, etc., are equally immense, but I have not yet given them careful looking at. I went into the Elgin rooms, where the marbles are kept which Lord Elgin took from the Parthenon.

Do you realize, Papa, that I am not seeing copies any longer of these famous pictures and statues but am seeing the *real* things themselves? We see casts of all these statues, but it seems so different to see the very marble upon which the great Phidias worked. These Elgin marbles are in a very bad state of preservation, badly broken, and were interesting to me mainly because they came from the Parthenon. I think, too, they should go back to the Parthenon. They would be vastly more interesting in their native place, than gathered into a collection. I hope to go back again to the museum, for I didn't see half what I wished to.

Tuesday afternoon we prowled around considerably, starting at Trafalgar Square, we walked down the Strand till we came to Buckingham St., a little narrow street, which in a second makes you forget that you have just turned off of a great thoroughfare. At the foot of this little street stands the old Water Gate, from which supposed traitors were embarked for the Tower. The Thames once came right up to the steps, but now, a great deal of land has been reclaimed and the Victoria Embankment built all along the shore, so that the old Water Gate now stands in a small park quite a ways inland.

We wandered down the embankment till we came to the Temple. Once upon a time, the Knights Templar held the meetings of their order right here. When they were disbanded, I suppose their property became Crown property. At any rate, Edward III turned this property into law schools, and to this day the old buildings are used for Inns of Court, law schools, lawyers' chambers, etc. We had no guide, so we rambled around through the narrow lanes and open courts as we pleased, and had such a glorious time finding things for ourselves. We stumbled first onto what is called the Middle Temple. There is also the Inner Temple. Each of them is a separate school. We went into the Middle Temple Hall, which is the dining hall of the students, and I wish I could describe to you the beauty of that room. It belonged to the Knights Templar, but a new roof has been put on made from the ships of the Spanish Armada, as black as jet, and as rich as ebony. It is made of black oak.

Across one end of the room was a wooden screen richly carved, for which £250,000 has been offered. At the other end of the room was the very platform which was put in when Shakespeare acted his Twelfth Night here before Queen Elizabeth. It is the only platform still existing upon which Shakespeare actually gave performances. In this room too Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne have often banqueted, and the table, taken by Admiral Drake from one of the ships of the Armada, around which Elizabeth, Raleigh and others used to gather, still stands at the head of the room. Here also the War of the Roses started; in an adjoining garden the lady picked the red and white roses, which became the emblems of the contending parties.

As we stood in the room alone, with only the keeper there to tell us the above facts, and thought of the things that had occurred in that room from the Knights Templars up to Shakespeare's time, and how yet the beautiful old room is open once a day to the students, we realized how closely the past and present clasp hands here in London. In most places the old is rapidly disappearing before the increasing needs of a practical present, but in some corners, not one hundred feet from the busy thoroughfares are nooks that take you back hundreds of years. We came out of the Middle Temple Hall, and wandered around through the various lanes and the courts of the Inner Temple, coming upon the little Temple Church of St. Mary, which was also the Knights Templars'. It is the most beautiful little Norman structure, consisting of a round vestibule and choir, no nave or transepts. In the vestibule are the effigies in bronze of eight chief Templars lying on the floor. Outside in a tiny green plot by the church, a number of other Templars are buried. On a little terrace beside the walk, we found a simple tomb marked "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith." His grave is all by itself, and is so much the more interesting.

Goldsmith's rooms were close by in the lane, so were Charles Lamb's.

As we came out on the Strand, we were directly beside the Courts of Justice, immense and beautiful buildings, comparatively new. We couldn't go in there, but walked on up Chancery Lane, past a number of the Government buildings to Lincoln Inn Fields. Lincoln Inn is another old law quarter, consisting partly of a law school, partly of lawyers' chambers.

We felt that we did a good day's work on Tuesday, and saw very pleasantly one phase of London.

Now this letter is long enough, and Wednesday's incidents will be continued in our next.

I'm beginning to think I cannot take time to go to Cincinnati. I want to get home. Of course, I must stop over a day in Chicago. Lana must write me to New York, just what her house address is at that time, so I can let her know when I am coming. I will get my mail in New York at 4 Lexington Ave.

Yours lovingly,
Gratia Countryman

London, England
48 Woburn Place
Sept. 6, 1896

My dear family:

I told you I was going to continue my journal in my next, so I shall begin right where I left off, and tell you what we did last Wednesday. It was a rainy day, in fact it has been more or less rainy all week, making up for the dry summer we have had. On rainy days we take indoor places, so on Wednesday we went to the National Gallery.

Neither the building nor the collection is so fine as the Louvre, but there are exceedingly fine things there. Of all the paintings I have seen, those of Murillo have been most beautiful. His "Holy Family" here in the National Gallery is so beautiful. The figure of the Christ child is the finest thing I ever saw. In the British School are some fine things by Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough and George Romney. Landseer is represented by his fine dog paintings, and there is a whole room of Turner's. I don't like Turner's at all, even if Ruskin does, but I like Landseer's dogs immensely, and Reynolds's portraits, but nothing can compare to some of Raphael's, and all of Murillo's. How much I shall enjoy some of our great art books at the library after seeing the originals, how much enriched all my reading will be after this summer's experience. I can scarcely wait to get home and go to studying again, and I suppose as usual, I shall be too busy to study.

Thursday was a big day. We intended to go out to Windsor, but the day was somewhat dubious, so we planned it otherwise. We walked to High Holborn and took an omnibus for the Tower, rode past Old Bailey, close to Newgate prison, through Cheapside, which is only a continuation of High Holborn. I tell you about the streets we go through, because I love the old familiar names so much.

We took a guide through the Tower, because it is a big place. It is still used for barracks and arsenal, and soldiers are on guard everywhere. We were afraid we wouldn't be able to find our way around. The first thing we came to was a house on the inner wall called the Queen's house, where Queen Elizabeth was imprisoned by Mary. Then we came to the steps up which traitors came when they were landed in the state barges from the Thames, and I just thought how they felt going up those steps. Usually it was a case of

"Leave hope behind,
All ye who enter here."

We passed the Bloody Tower in which Richard III murdered the princes, and later saw the place under the stairway of the White Tower where they were buried. In one tower as we enter, the Crown Jewels are kept. The Crown of England has over 2000 diamonds, and in the front the immense ruby which Henry V wore in his helmet at Agincourt. There are a large number of golden maces carried at coronation time, the golden christening font for the royal children, and many other beautiful things among the Crown Jewels. I suppose they are kept here because the place is so well guarded. When we went in, the girls had to leave their little chatelaine bags at the gates. No one can carry any package or bag of any sort into the Tower for fear of dynamite. Some American Irishmen nearly blew the Tower up a few years ago.

Every night the gates are locked at 12 midnight, and the operation is very pompous. The man in whose charge the keys are marches in to the Tower yard a few moments before 12. The

sentry calls out "Who's there?" The man answers "Keys," "Whose keys?" Answer: "Queen Victoria's keys." Sentry calls: "Guard turn out," and then he and the soldiers go down and file up and salute the keys, whereupon the man with the keys says "Long may she reign," and the soldiers say "Amen." Then they all go down and lock the gates. They do that every night. Isn't it ceremonious and quaint?

The White Tower stands in the center of the Tower enclosure, and is the real Tower. It was built by the Conqueror, a great stony Norman keep. In it is the cell in which Raleigh was confined, but we were not allowed to see this most historic place. We were taken into the chapel which is the oldest church in London, and through the old Council Chamber and some other rooms which are now decorated with all sorts of armour. There are the full suits which Henry VIII wore, and Charles I and Robert Leicester and others. The cloak in which General Wolfe died on the Field of Abraham is here. Hundreds of relics are here, but none more interesting than the executioner's axe and block. The block had some deep gashes in it where the axe has come down. It was used the last time to execute Lord Lovat, and I walked up later and saw the spot on Tower Hill (which isn't a hill) where the execution took place, and hundreds of others before his.

In the palace yard is the spot where Anne Boelyn, Catherine Howard, Lady Jane Grey and so many were executed, and there they are buried in St. Peter's Church close by.

Numerous other interesting places we saw in the Tower. It was a terribly gloomy place, and full of terrible memories. A dark rainy day strengthened the effect; only that there were many other visitors, to detract from the effect, and many relics in the rooms to draw your attention from the incidents once enacted there. In no place in the Tower did I feel the horror of the deeds that had been done there, as in that little church where so many luckless people were buried. But I didn't mean to write so much about the Tower.

We went from there into a little church close by where William Penn was baptized. Then we walked down past the monument which commemorates the London fire, across London Bridge, which for many centuries was the only bridge across to the Surrey side (or rather the Old Bridge which this one replaces was the only one). When we crossed into Southwark we were immediately in the Shakespeare neighborhood, near where the old Globe theatre once stood, and near the old Labard Inn from which Chaucer's pilgrims set forth on their pilgrimage. We took dinner at the Old White Hart inn which figures in *Pickwick Papers*, and then walked over to St. Saviour's Church close by. It is a beautiful little church, which Shakespeare must often have frequented. In the choir we found the stones marking the graves of Edmund Shakespeare (a brother of William) and of Philip Massinger and Fletcher. Further on is the tomb of John Gower, the poet, and of Samuel Gardiner. In this church Gardiner used to hold his ecclesiastical court in the time of Queen Mary and condemn heretics.

We went on from here to the Doulton pottery works—a famous kind of beautiful pottery, and then on to Lambeth Palace. We could only look on the outside of this building which for centuries has been the London home of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

We then took a train out to the other side of the city to Kensal Green Cemetery. As a rule all the famous men were buried in churches, but very many have been buried in this particular cemetery. We found Thackeray there, and Krinble the actor, and John Forster the historian, and ought to have found many others, but it was an immense place, and it was like hunting for a needle in a haystack. I was so interested in hunting up the tomb of Leigh Hunt, of Mulready and others, that I stayed after the others had gone, and was terribly late home for dinner. The girls think I have a penchant for cemeteries and I guess I have.

Didn't we do a lot on Thursday, but it rained on Friday, so we had to stay home all the morning anyway, and was rested enough to go to Westminster Abbey all the afternoon. I am too sleepy now to write you about the abbey.

Goodnight—

Sept. 8—Tuesday evening

I am having an unusually hard time getting caught up with the tale of my travels. The days are packed so full of interesting things that it takes a long time to write them out. I believe I left off with last Saturday which was a very busy day. We got up very early in the morning, we and the nice Neadism (?) girl—Miss Cutter, who is here to, and went down to the flower and vegetable market in Covent Garden. I wish you could have seen the stacks of flowers—asters, chrysanthemums, roses and heliotrope—everything. We just revelled [sic] in them and carried back our hands full to the boardinghouse. After we had had our breakfast, we started down High Holborn to the great meat market in Smithfield. It was Saturday, you see, and the most immense supplies were laid in for two days. I never saw so much meat in all my life put together before. One gets a very good idea of the size of London by seeing how much food they consume daily.

After we had walked through miles of meat, we began to hunt up famous places in the vicinity. We found the square where the heretics were buried—you remember reading about the "Fires of Smithfield." Then we hunted through some little alleys and lanes for St. Bartholomew's Church—the oldest one in London, except the chapel in the Tower. It was the oldest, funniest little church, built in Norman style, and quite repaid a visit. Close to this little church our own Franklin and Washington Irving lived. In another out-of-the-way place we found the little church where Milton and his father, and John Foxe (who wrote the book of martyrs) lie buried. In that little church Oliver Cromwell was married.

After we had hunted up these historic old spots, we did something more frivolous. We hurried down to the station, and lined up with a lot more foolish people on the side of the road where the Prince of Wales was to go by. We haven't seen any royalty and this was our nearest approach. He was in a closed carriage, however, and we didn't see much except his hand with his hat in it.

On Saturdays the Parliament Houses are open, so we spent the afternoon there and at the Abbey. Westminster Palace is just across from the Abbey—a most magnificent pile. We couldn't get into the House of Commons, but we walked through the House of Peers and a good many beautiful rooms. Hundreds of other people were there and the policemen wouldn't let us stop to look much but made us hustle right along. When we got into the "Great Hall of William Rufus," we sat down and stayed as long as we liked. This magnificent hall was once the House of Parliament, but now serves only as a vestibule to the palace. It was built, I suppose, by William II and is one large hall, no pillars or columns supporting the roof, nothing to break the effect of its immensity. In this room William Wallace was condemned, and Charles II and so many well-known old English worthies. Walter Raleigh was executed in the yard just outside. On the pinnacles of the roof, the populace stuck the head of Oliver Cromwell, tearing up his body from the Abbey eight years after he was buried, and the head remained on the pinnacle until the wind blew it down. We have been following the fortunes and adventures of Oliver Cromwell all over England, and now I feel that I have seen the end of him. Little English boys whom we talk with now and then are quite strong partisans of Cromwell. Our landlady's small boy is quite strong on that subject. It seemed to us very hard that his head should be exposed on the roof of the very

room in which he had been made Protector. Yesterday in the Abbey we saw the place marked where his body had once been laid.

Oh, the Abbey is the most solemn place, such an awe steals over one in the presence of such illustrious dead. We made our way almost immediately to the graves of Browning and Tennyson, who sleep side by side with Chaucer, Dryden and Spencer not far away, and a bust of our Longfellow looking down upon them. Not far away and side by side are Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Dickens, Sheridan, Handel and Macaulay.

In another place, Darwin, Herschel and Newton lie side by side, and in the center of the nave lies that brave man, David Livingstone. I guess I won't try to mention all the people that are buried in the Abbey, but as you come upon one famous name after another—either their graves or a tablet to their memory, you keep feeling more and more the impressiveness of the place. No other place can ever be quite like it. In the chapels behind are the royal tombs, one must take a guide and pay his sixpence to go in there. In the beautiful Henry VII Chapel, which that king built on to the Abbey, lie buried Henry VII, Edward VI and a number of others just beyond the altar. Dean Stanley lies close by, and in the aisles in equally fine tombs lie Queen Elizabeth in one aisle and Mary Queen of Scots in the other, both erected with impartiality by James I.

In the oldest part of the Abbey is the tomb of Edward the Confessor and a number of the Norman and Plantagenet kings—can't stop to enumerate them.

On Sunday, we went down to the Wellington Barracks to the chapel where the soldiers go. You can't think how pretty a big audience of redcoats are. We were given seats in the officers' seats, and just enjoyed the big band and the singing of the soldiers. There are no famous men in London just now, all having vacations. We saw in the paper that S. G. Smith of St. Paul would preach in Westminster Chapel, but we didn't care to hear him. The soldiers in their beautiful red coats and big black busbys [sic] were lots more interesting. Wellington Barracks are right close to Buckingham and St. James palaces, and there are always lots of soldiers on guard. And an English soldier in full dress (parade dress, I suppose I should say) is a nice-looking man.

Sunday afternoon we went to the Royal Albert Hall to a fine organ recital, and walked back through Hyde Park.

Well, we went out to Windsor yesterday, but I'm too sleepy to tell you about that.

Goodnight—

Yours,
Gratia Countryman

Papa's letter, enclosing Lana's and Mrs. Masterton's, came Saturday evening. I'm glad Papa answered it. I feel as if I should be getting home and to work.

London, England
Sept. 9, 1896

My dear family:

I received Papa's letter written Aug. 29—enclosing one from Mother, tonight, and one from Lana. When Papa told about failing to meet Ima, I began to be very worried, and was glad to know that she had arrived before the letter was sent. I think it much seems like the beginning of a re-gathering to have her come home, for we all went at once.

Mamma says to go to see Ampy and then to see Lana, and *then hurry home*. Where on earth does she think I *would* go after that? I shall find it hard to wait that long, but I think I had better go to see them.

My clothes are gradually wearing out, and my money is vanished. It has cost us more than double as much to live in Paris and London as it did when we were travelling on our wheels. Money has just melted since we left off riding. We hope to have some more riding to end up with, and are going to leave London on Friday morning for Canterbury. It has been so rainy lately that we are not sure that we can ride far.

Papa's praise of my letters amuses me most to pieces. I am glad if you have both enjoyed them, which is all I contemplated. I wish Papa would have something definite in his mind which he would like to do this winter, or look up some place which he wants to go to see this winter with a view to carrying out Offie's arrangement. If he will only have some definite ideas of what he wants to do, we can talk things over to better advantage when I get home.

You didn't say whether Mr. Bray was better or not, but I judge he must be or you would say.

I know Papa has a lovely time talking over travels with Prof. Clark. I just wish he had a chance to come over here. If Papa could only come to London for a month it would pay for the trip across. Isn't it queer that Uncle J. C. has changed base so? I am much surprised. He is the last one I would have expected. It does not seem so strange that Offie should be biassed [sic], when his business is so closely allied with mines.

Mamma's letters are just lovely, all about canning fruit and nice homey news. I'll just hug her hard when I get a chance. Wasn't that a hard pull for poor Kathrina, and I was afraid Nell was going to have a hard summer. I hardly see how the girl stands it, with no rest.

To resume the thread of my story, I will have to begin with Monday. It was a pretty day, and we took advantage of it to take a trip to Windsor—twenty miles or so from London, where the royal residence is. Queen Victoria is at this time in the Highlands, and Windsor Castle is open to visitors. I didn't expect to find it quite so immense. I should think it would quite satisfy Queen Victoria to have such a nice big house. It is on a high eminence, high walls and towers all around. On the highest part is the round tower just in the center of the palace yard. This was used as a prison up to 1660, but has no such use at the present. We climbed clear to the top, and walked out on the battlements for the view. We could see for miles and miles around, and had a fine view of the Great Park and gardens, and the beautiful avenues running out from the castle through the park.

We were taken through the state apartments—the Throne room, the Audience room, Presence Chamber, etc., etc., but as usual in those places, a guide hurried us right through, and I got only the impression of a rich, sumptuous place. One room was filled with the presents given to the Queen on her Jubilee—most magnificent gifts from various countries and rich people.

We walked through the royal Mews (or stables) where the horses used by the royal family are kept, and the family carriages—they were very nice horses indeed, but not extraordinary.

The St. George Chapel and Albert Memorial Chapel were as beautiful as anything we saw. They are the first thing one sees when he enters the palace yard. St. George Chapel is a perfect gem, very nearly as fine as Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster Abbey. In the crypt under it are buried Henry VIII, Charles I, and other monarchs, but we didn't go down. The Albert Memorial Chapel was decorated by Queen Victoria in memory of the Prince Consort. It was very gaudy in colored marbles and gilt, and must have cost a deal, but was too gaudy to suit my taste. I don't like chapels that look like opera houses, and I am afraid our own churches will be very homely after seeing so many beautiful ones. In this gaudy chapel is a cenotaph to Albert, but he is buried at Frogmore, not far from Windsor.

There are many interesting things all around Windsor, but seeing we had no wheels, we had to have a carriage to see them. We rode first to Burnham Beeches—a grove of beech trees, hundreds and hundreds of years old, with "fantastic roots" and gnarled trunks—the most poetic place you ever saw. One tree was fully 1-1/2 yards in diameter. Here the poet Gray used to wander, and riding on further we came to Stoke Poges Church where he is buried. It is a dear little church, with a quiet peaceful little churchyard, the very one in which Gray wrote his exquisite elegy. It is surrounded by the most peaceful rural scenes, and is such a fitting place for such a poet as Gray. His name is not marked on the tomb, but he is buried with his mother, on whose tomb he himself inscribed—"The careful tender mother of many children, one alone of whom had the misfortune to survive her."

We had a very pleasant ride that day, and we had the dearest little round-cheeked boy with blue coat, brass buttons, and a tall hat, for a coachman. Clara K. called him a "toy coachman," he was such a tiny boy. Oh. I didn't mention that we stopped at Eton College and went into the chapel there.

Tuesday, yesterday, we went out to Highgate, just to the north of London. We felt almost as if we were in country villages. At Highgate Cemetery, George Eliot is buried, and Michael Faraday. Coleridge is somewhere out there, but we didn't take time to hunt him up. Hamstead Heath is a beautiful recreation ground, and is the highest eminence anywhere around. If the day had been clear we should have been able to see clear to Windsor Castle on the west and to the Crystal Palace on the south. As it was, we couldn't even see the dome of St. Paul's or Westminster towers. The Heath used to be infested with highwaymen once on a time. Now the children are flying their kites, and leisurely Londoners enjoying their picnics. Near here the "No popery" rioters gathered, and we went to an old inn nearby, "Jack Straws Castle," for our lunch. We didn't have our usual good luck with old inns, for as Clara B. said, the "food too had the flavor of antiquity." some beautiful homes are around these suburbs. Besant lives out there, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Leigh Hunt lived on one street, and we walked down the street where Keats lived, though I couldn't identify the house.

Thursday p.m.

I think I must finish up this letter tonight, for tomorrow morning we leave London, and I may not be able to write tomorrow.

In your letter received last night you ask the name of our steamer. I think I must have written that we sail September 16th on the North German Lloyd Steamer "Lahn." It should arrive

in New York the 23rd or 24th, unless delayed. I cannot yet decide what to do about going to Cincinnati.

But I will proceed to tell you about yesterday's accomplishments. In the morning we visited the British Museum again. They were cleaning the reading rooms when I was there before, and I went back to see it. There we visited the National Portrait Gallery and the National Gallery once more.

We then went to the Royal Mews where the state horses are kept. Cream horses are kept for the occasions when the Queen opens Parliament, and aren't used more than once in several years, but 8 big cream horses are always kept. The royal family use white horses, and bay horses are kept for foreign visitors and black ones for a good many of the great events. The harnesses and trappings are very gorgeous and the state chariots very handsome. It seems like a tremendous outlay of money for the sake of having one family live in extreme luxury, for that's all it amounts to. The English people where we are boarding are very much opposed to the expense which royalty imposes, and I presume there are plenty more like them, but I am surprised that the Prince of Wales is such a general favorite.

I digressed from the story of my wanderings. After the visit to the Mews, we took a lovely trip out to the Crystal Palace—the most immense structure made entirely of glass and iron beams. The central aisle is nearly 2000 feet long. The palace contains almost everything, and is designed to be a popular recreation and educational place; besides being a place decorated with immense palms and flowers, it has casts of all the famous statues, and rooms modeled after Pompeian, Egyptian, Roman and Greek living rooms. Concerts are going on in some of the large concert rooms all the time by a good orchestra, or by military bands or the big pipe organ. It is like a small World's Fair all the time, and the admission fee of one shilling admits you to everything. It must be a great place for the poor people to go.

Today it has poured pitchforks. We were out in it a good deal of the time. We hadn't seen St. Paul's Cathedral, and we couldn't leave London without it. It wasn't very much to see. It is immense, with a wonderful big dome which is a landmark all over London, and it is very magnificent in its way, but it is built in the Renaissance style, which to my thinking is nowhere nearly so beautiful as the Gothic.

Well, we had hoped to ride to Canterbury on our wheels tomorrow, but I think we will make the pilgrimage by train. Too bad—but the country really needs this downpour after a very dry summer. Probably you won't hear again from me before I reach New York, for the next letter would probably go on the same steamer. Of course there may be a week or more while I am on the ocean that you won't hear from me at all. You will have to possess your souls in patience that week.

Now, on private affairs—I am a little worried about money matters. I have had to loan Clara quite a little, and am short. I have asked Mary to send me some to New York, but if you can find it convenient to send me \$25.00 to New York, it will relieve me of any anxiety. Living has been pretty high here and in Paris. I hope it won't inconvenience you and I feel almost as if I shouldn't take the extra trip to Cincinnati but—well, I'll let you know as soon as I reach New York.

I shall be so glad to see you.

Yours lovingly,
Gratia Countryman

Lana should let me know her new address if she moves. Tell her to write to me in New York.

On Board S.S. Lahn
Tuesday p.m.
Sept. 22, 1896

My dear ones:

I think this letter may reach you sooner for being mailed on board because I shall be delayed by Custom's House officials, and transportation of baggage, but the mail will be hurried off.

I presume we are going to be late, and I am afraid you will worry, but I trust you won't because the weather is uncertain just at this time, and any boat is apt to be delayed.

We have had a very rough passage, heavy sea and strong winds. Everybody on board has been sick. Even the sailors and our stewardess couldn't eat. It is needless to say that we were all sick. Clara B., however, crawled out on deck every morning. I kept my berth all day Thursday and Friday, but Saturday I crawled out and sat in the only dry corner there was on deck. All that day and all day Sunday the ship stood first on one end and then on the other looking as if it fully intended to dive to the bottom.

The waves washed over the deck, even over the promenade deck, in great style, and the ocean stood up like a great wall around us. I tell you, I'm glad I saw the ocean look like that. Nothing could be more magnificent than a stormy ocean, churned into monstrous billows, but we had perfect confidence in this little ship, it is one of the very best on this line. Yesterday the swell was still pretty heavy, but it cleaned off and the wind went down. Today the ocean is as smooth as a mill pond, and we have made 431 miles in the last 24 hours. We will probably reach New York Wednesday night sometime.

If I can possible do it, I want to get started Thursday for Cincinnati. I will only stay there a day, and a day with Lana, and be home either Monday night or Tuesday morning. Just think: only a week at farthest.

We girls have been sitting here thinking of the good things we will have to eat when we get home, baked potatoes just make our mouths water, and scrambled eggs and pancakes and cornbread and groats and pumpkin pie and all the other good things that Americans know how to cook and no other nation does. Don't you think you can get me up a good meal out of the list? I've got to have baked potatoes anyhow. I'm so hungry I don't know how I'll ever get filled again. I've been fasting, you see, for nearly a week, and my thoughts will run on things to eat.

Hurrah for home; it's a jolly good place, and I'm terribly anxious to hug you both. Will telegraph in New York.

Yours,
Gratia Countryman

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