

71

Correspondence, WRW 1846-1853.

WARE_MC4

19

Digitized

Aug. 18
Sept. 3 - 1858 p. 3. secretiveness to letters
human relations
Nov. 20 '59 p. 2 architecture + human
relations

Apr 19 '54 p. 3. doctors
Jan 5 '55 p. 2. "thin skinned"
Nov 12 '55 p. 5 - humbler
Mar 5 '55 p. 2 humbler
Mar 12 '55 p. 2. "getting rounder"
" p. 3 - choosing the right
" 4) "infelicitous wife for
" 5) "social magnificence"
" 7) + family life

May 5 p. 2 - "intrepid"

1858? Lang. diary

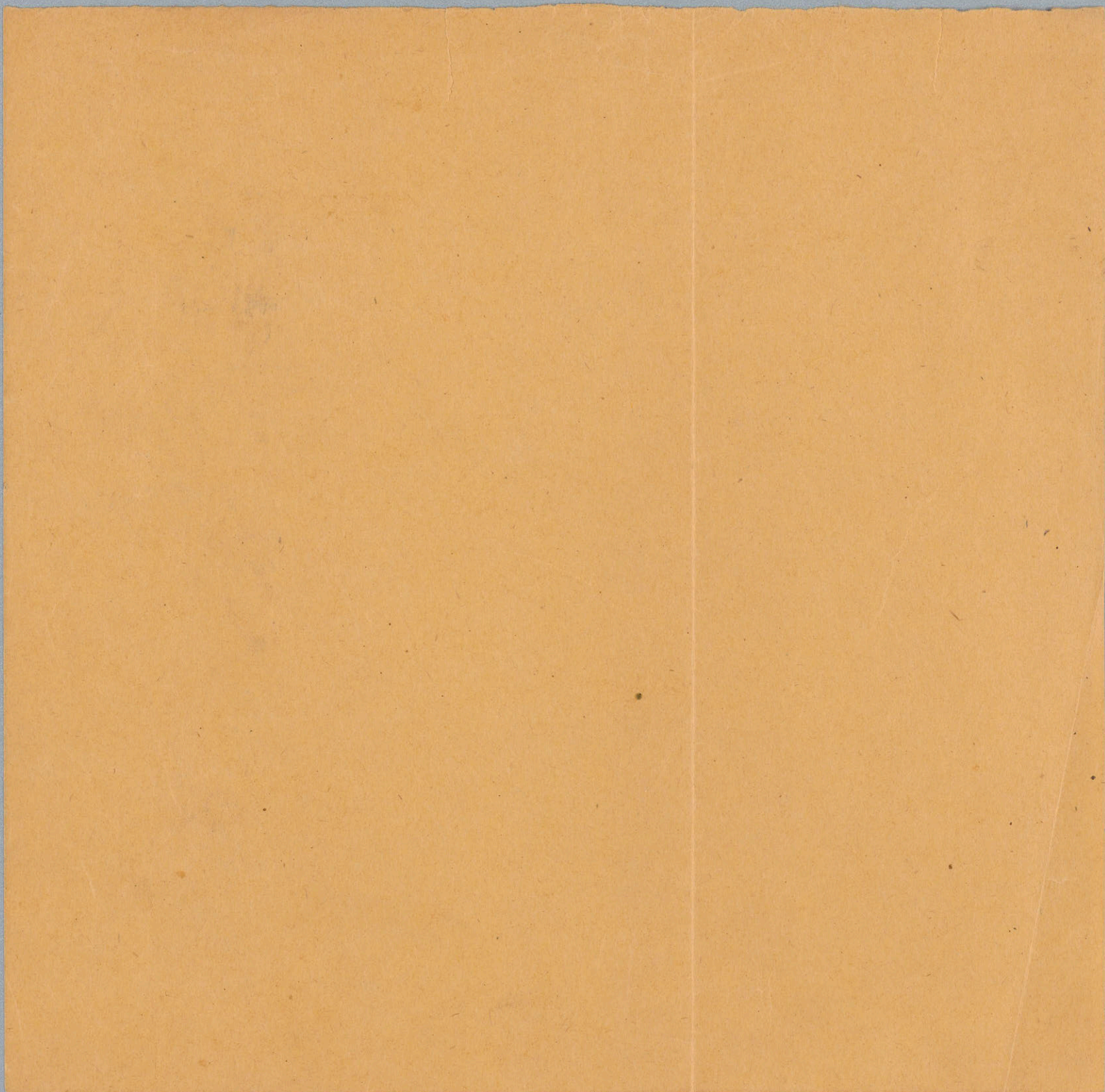
Apr 20 - 1871 - p. 3 - speaking in public

July 10 - 1870 - walking tour

- 17 70 - p. 8. "daylight saving"

Aug 20 '70 - p. 2. - p. 5 "stupendous"
p. 5 "self-luminous"
p. 8 - "transient" - last part

May '75



William, July 1st 1846.

Georgy is very well and is as bright as possible, she looks a little like Cousin Bessie Hathaway.

When I send any letter, any where I put a stamp on it which costs a penny, then I don't have to pay any postage. I will put one on the outside of this letter that you may see what it is like, and where it is put. Good bye dear little sister. the next letter I write shall not be so stupid, if I can help it.

Please write again to your loving Willy

London July 1st

Dear little Emma

I was very glad to receive your letter, and I know you will be pleased to receive mine. Does it not seem strange for you to receive a letter from London, and that from your dear brother Willy, the same who used to sit on the end of the sofa and play chess, or tell you stories. I hope you got the letter I sent to you.

By the pilot, I told him to
put it into the post office.

I did not get the books that
were sent to me the day I sailed
nor those that mother sent to
me by Mr. Rollins, I don't know
why; when I was in Liverpool
I saw a package of books directed
to Mr. Gair from America, and the
writing was like mother's, but I
did not say any thing about it.
As I was coming over I saw
a great many whales, but not
the kind that oil is made

from. They are called Fin-backs
because they have enormous
great fins sticking out of the water
from their backs, they go so fast
that no one can catch them.

You know that Cousin George
wrote that he was going to France,
he had not got back when I arrived
last Friday, one rainy day, he
came, and Cousin Bessie and
Georgy too. He had been to
Italy and it was so hot there
that it made him sick and
he has not got well yet.

my india-rubbers
hanging on my nail,
and the ice that was
in them dripping down
all over my coat.

When I got home I put
them by the fire for
three days, and then
put them into the cor-
ner of the room.

Tell mother that my
shirt ripped all the
way up my back, and so
I wanted another.

Your loving brother Willy.

Exeter March 14.
1847.

My dear m

When I bid you
good bye I got into the cars
and for a long time looked
out of the window. Then
I read the rest of Aladdin
din. You are a naughty
little puss to ask me
how it ends, just as if I
should tell you. No. No!

I put it away in my
trunk when I got here and
have not looked at it since

W. Williams, Mar. 14,
1847.

When I go home I am going to read the first part of it in the cars, for, you know, we began in the middle, and when I get home we will read it over together, Won't we.

You know those great india-rubbers that Mr. Forbes gave me. Well, one Sunday morning I was going to prayer at the Academy, and it was very wet, all slosh, and the water ran into my

shoes, at every step. Well ~~when~~ we got to the academy safely and were coming away when I looked down, and both my india-rubbers were gone!!!

That night it froze hard and the next morning one india-rubber was found frozen stiff into the ice, and Russel Sturgis was going a boy and he saw something black, away down in the ice. So he kicked it out and at recess I found both

A. M.

The mail leaves here for Boston at 10^o and leaves Boston at — after 8, in the morning and at half past two in the P. M. ~~of~~ letter put in here at 9^{a.m.} reaches Milton at 3^{p.m.} and leaving M. at 4 arrives here at 4^{1/2}.

I have had to get a Greek reader and have not money to pay for it, as I only brought with me the two dollars remaining of the money I had to go to Providence with.

I want to hear very much from Cousin Emma Mrs. Abbot and Mrs. Gorham are very anxious to hear. I must write to little Em. seeing to-morrow is her birthday, so I will stop writing to you. Give my love to all. Your affl. Son
William Robt. Morse.

My dear little m.

Tomorrow will be your birth-day and then you will be 9 (!!!!!!!) years old. I mean young and if you will go up 9 pair of stairs and go into my room and put 9 fingers into my drawer, and fumble about in it you will find a small white box with a picture of the Pavilion at Brighton on it, for a Birth-day present. I meant to have given it to you at New Years, but I forgot it!!

Give my love to Mrs. Forbes, and thank cousin Margaret for the story she sent me, and the little note; and if you have become acquainted with your new tune 'O dolce concerto' give my love to it. And give my love to the little baby, and keep ever so much love for a little girl nine years old.

You are a naughty little girl to ask
me about Gladstone I must not
have written to you, but I shall write now.

W. Morse
Feb 18
1847

I have got a box at the Post office, it is to be delivered
but very dear, a cent a week. It is a copy of your
wrote to be my friends, direct to No. 196.

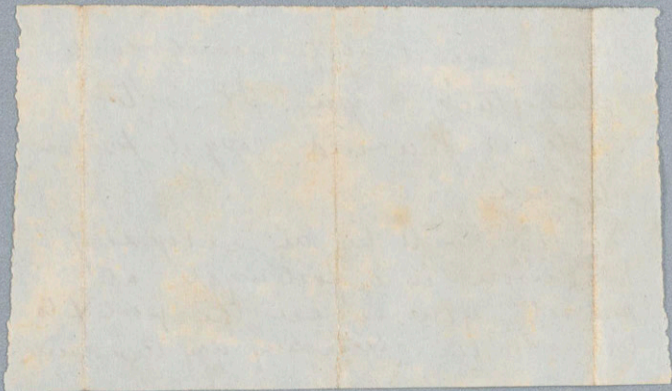
Exeter N.H. Feb. 12. 1847.

My dear Mother

I was very glad to receive your last letter containing word of the little stranger who has made his appearance since I came here; and yet from your account he cannot be so very little if he weighs $8\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

It is so long since I wrote that I cannot now remember exactly when it was. but it was nearly a fortnight ago, I know. I meant to have written on Monday, (I wrote to Annie on Sunday,) but much to my surprise Mr. Swan told me Friday that he wanted me to try to go on with the class in Greek Reader. This seemed to me rather soon, as I began at the beginning when I came here, but I was glad that he thought it possible, and began in earnest. since then I have had to study all the evening on my greek, and have not had a moment's time to do anything else.

Thursday, Mr. Peabody of Portsmouth, lectured at the Lyceum. It was very beautiful indeed, and I was sorry that I could not hear it again, right off. It was about the present state of civilization, or rather enlightenment, in the world, I should like to tell you about it but have neither time nor room.



Nov. 1845.

Miss. Emma F. Ware.

Milton Hill.

Massachusetts.



away on the other side of his
room when he is not using it;
it is very light but when the
Sun puts it on it looks quite
black. Just as Mary Forbes' bright
smiling face looks black when her
back is towards the fire.

We can hardly call this cup
the moon. It keeps turning round
and is evidently a mystery cup
for every now and then it turns
so that you can see the places
to come down under the chin!
The strings are tucked inside.

The Sun is very industrious and
got through his sweeping in half
an hour though he has not done
it before, this year.

The Sun has different colored
veils and curtains and today
he was so selfish as to use them

He let down the curtains to his
windows while he was dressing,
and, it being a cold morning,
did not roll them up nor open
the shutters. So I did not see
the eclipse when he put his night
cap on.

These curtains he uses for all poor
poes. When he feels pleasant, he
can make other people pleasant. (Just
as we can) So when he is joyful
and cheerful he walks out with
bright robes in a garden of flowers
ly blue. The birds fly up and try to
reach him and the ~~off~~ very grass seems
invigorated and refreshed. He washes
himself in cold water every morning,
(and that is the reason he rises
from the ocean) and sprinkles
drops of dew over every thing.

Sometimes he is cross. He puts his
great black handkerchief up to
his face and cries. Then the dew
come through the handkerchief and

[Oct. 1850]

Cambridge - Wednesday

Dear Em -

I am very sorry you and Hatty were not able to come over yesterday and see your brother on a ~~cooped~~ stage in a black silk gown, decked out with blue and white ribbons in his button holes. I got through very comfortably as well as I had hoped. That is I didn't make any great sensation but didn't break down and didn't feel frightened or confused.

I send you my ribbons as discarded finery. The broad white ribbon shows that I am a member of the Harvard Natural History Society. The blue and white ribbons

Miss M. E. Page -
Miss E. J. Page

Milton Hill -

Postmarks of Am. C. P. Post -

Cambridge Mass

William Oct. 1850

were worn on the other side of my coats and show that I belong to another society whose name you do not know. There are several other societies to which I do not belong, viz: the Hasty Pudding, who wear a silver medal with a large iron pot represented upon it and two hands, one filling a bowl which the other holds with Hasty pudding out of the pot. This medal is worn on a yellow ribbon. The Rumford society, who devote themselves to Chemistry wear a broad crimson ribbon. The Penian Sodality, a musical society, wear pink and white ribbons. There are several other societies which wear either medals or ribbons on public days.

The blue and white ribbons are dressed in mourning for Mead a senior who belonged to the society and who died last vacation.

He was the ~~use~~, you know who made the illustrations to William Allen's Jolly Freshmen. The Hasty Pudding medals were dressed in black for him and the notice for ~~the~~ meetings of the Hasty Pudding Club have been dressed in black, ^{except} all this term.

Charlie will tell you about the Exhibition - Give ~~my~~ love to Hatty from your and her affectionate brother J. R. Ware -

education of their son a youth of 14. At present they
did not know what to do with the youth, as they had
given up their town from want of a tutor. I recommen-
ded a course of classical instruction, as the best thing
in every respect. Miss Sedgwick had told me there was a chance
of their wanting me to go to Europe with them, and that they would
pay me anything I asked if they wanted me to go, but so that I
had considered the matter before and come to the conclusion
that I would as good deal rather keep on at the thing I am
at now, and lay up money if I can to go to Europe myself
some day without the care of a regiment of children and
a nervous man to plague me. So everything turned out
just right, I was glad enough they weren't going, and
so didn't want me to go too.

I am anxiously anticipating your passing through New York,
I do long to see you so. Then when you get fairly settled in
Philadelphia I think it would be a first rate plan for
me to come on and see you, we shall be sort of company
to each other, ^{the distance is} only ~~so~~ a couple of hours' ~~distance~~ of
time is a French Phrase Book or any thing of that kind or ex-
ercises with exercises, or anything to help me along in
talking to my devoted S. De Quince, do ask Sister to send
it somehow, and if you can yourself send me a copy of
Dr. Aronold's table of French sounds, I shall be much
obliged to you.

Love to all from your affectionate brother
W. R. Wall

New York Nov 14. 1852
My dear Cousin

I might be disposed to question whether
you or Charles, ^{had the most} claim to this next hour of your affec-
tionate brother's time, but I consider that your long
letter is quite a balance for his two short ones and that
your superior age and approaching departure incline the
balance to your side.

I sent a Map of New York by my letter of last
week, thinking that you might be curious to see exactly
where I ~~was~~ ^{am} residing to all the time. I marked with a
pen No. 4 Amity Pl. and Mr. Vespa's school between 3^d & 4th Av.
on 10th St and Mr. Cogswell's house in Bond street where I go
and write. I found after I had written me day, that it is 20
and not 12 streets that make a mile, so that it is half
a mile from here to Union Square and a mile & a quarter
up to 28th street where Mrs. Chegaroy lives, corner of Madison
Av. I have called there twice and went a third time the
night of the French party, but have not seen Mrs. Chawdit,
who suffers very much from dyspepsia, and at times
hardly leaves her bed except to give her lessons
in the school. I left your note the second time I found
Cousin Lavinia is here staying at Aunt Sully's, where I have
reasoned my wife she should arrive. Do. Allen presented to-day.

her ill, and heard afterwards from her sisters how much gratified she was by it.

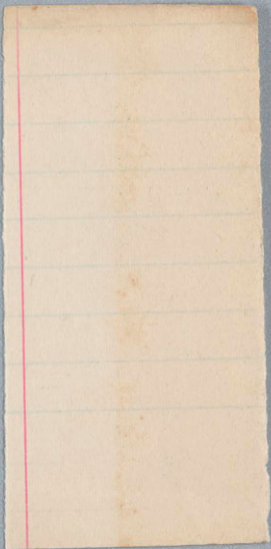
You will see from the map how easy it is for a stranger or to find the way here. All the streets in this part of the city are straight, so there is no danger of your changing your direction without knowing it, and they almost all run on forever, so there is no chance of being brought to a sudden stand by taking the wrong street. Then after you get a little way up town from here the streets and avenues are numbered, so that the name of a street tells one at once where it is to be found. The only difficulty is that it is just as far to go one way as another, there are no short cuts and the pleasure of discovering a quick way to save steps is very rare. You have to go just so many blocks in one direction and then just as many in the other to get ~~way~~ to each place whichever way you go. Great then was my joy to find yesterday that I could get to a place on the First Avenue almost straight, by going through Astor Place and so cutting off a corner, and a few days since I found it was much shorter, saving me four squares, to go up University Place instead of Broadway to get to Union Square. As the streets here all run clear through they have no "Places" as we have in Boston, Blind Alleys,

and use the word as ^{aristocratic} ~~an~~ name for a short street or part of ~~the~~ ^{one} street to distinguish it from the rest, a very great convenience where they streets are so long that being in the same street with the house you want to find is not certain of bringing you within a couple of miles of ~~the~~ house itself.

My visit to the First Avenue was to take a note to Mr. De Lanque, saying that I should be pleased if he would do me the favor to call to-morrow and arrange the preliminaries of our lessons. I feel a little nervous at teaching a man of 60 to talk, but hope to get along. I received a few days since the following note from him "I think, he is better for you & for me to take lesson every morning very early. I am at your disposition for speech of that. My daughter had speech of you to Misses Spring with which wished a very good teacher. I believe it should must go ~~to~~ in Europe for few months. We will take of it at first occasion. Your devoted E. De Lanque." I had already got a note from Miss Kate Sedgwick enclosing a letter of introduction to Mr. Marcus Spring of Brooklyn, and carried it over on Thursday. It appeared that Mr. S. was an invalid, Mrs. S. a woman's rights person, and that a few months since they had been looking about for a young gentleman to travel with them in Europe, and take in hand the

1852.

Dec. 9 -



Dec 9. 1852

NEW YORK

Miss E. F. Ware,
Care of James Furness, Esq.,
Philadelphia
Pa.

4 Unity Place, New York, Thursday Dec 9 1852

My dear Em

Your letter dated, alas!, in Philadelphia came safely on Tuesday morning. To think that you should have been a whole hour in this city of New York and I never have seen you! I could tear my hair in the real old fashioned way for vexation. You are quite right in supposing that I was prowling round the depot all the time, returning every few minutes to the door of the ladies' room, trying in vain to find you. The cars were delayed a good deal after they got down to Canal Street so that all the people who had not left them at Twenty-seventh street took carriages some distance from the depot, and the cars at last came in quite empty. I had been through all the cars and had then been sometime posted at the ladies' door, when it occurred to me that you might have got out at the upper station and ridden through the city, stopping at Unity Place on your way. So I hurried home, and hearing here nothing of you concluded that the storm or some cause unknown had kept you, and quietly waited till Monday P.M. when

I repeated my evolutions with of course no better success, the bird had flown.

You can imagine how much disappointed I am especially as I shall not probably have another chance of seeing any of us again this winter, for Annie writes me that it is not at all likely that she will be here this Christmas, and I shall not be able to go home.

I am getting along pretty well and hope to have all my time occupied. I don't know what I shall do then for I haven't any leisure now. But it always happens that the more there ^{is} to do the more can be done, and I suppose I shall find it so.

I enjoy it very much that I am so entirely alone here in a strange place. It gives a feeling of independence that is exhilarating and of responsibility that I believe is one of the hardest things to be sufficiently impressed with. I feel that I have no one to depend upon but myself, and nothing to do but to improve myself, and although such a sort of life may make one selfish, it has great advantages for the formation of good habits and the performance of good resolutions; old ways of thinking and acting being broken up by the change of scene. I have always found

that the entrance ^{on} of a new course, was as much a favorable time for a change of habits as it is a natural occasion for forming new plans and I suppose that this is every one's experience.

For my own part I know that I have often longed for such favorable occasions to commence upon ^{the practice of my good resolutions,} ~~new plans,~~ and that I have never neglected such opportunities without afterwards feeling that I have thrown away a powerful aid, that I have had the folly to refuse to set sail when both wind and tide were in my favor.

The New Year and one's Birthdays are natural occasions for making new plans, but coming as they do without any outward change it is hard then to ~~start~~ turn over an entirely new leaf, and begin a fresh account. But when one's life is broken up in one place and commences fresh in another, the page is turned for us, or rather a new book is opened and it is our own fault if we do not plan its contents wisely, and fill it up as we best can.

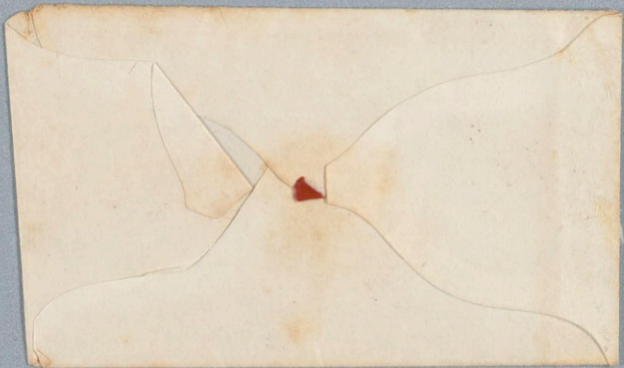
I shall always be glad to hear from you and will always find time to answer you if it be only a line, and tell you whatever of my life here I think may interest you.

Ever your very affectionate brother
W. R. Wall.

Send me your address when you next write. If you don't set this you ~~must~~ will know the reason, as Paddy says.

Emma J. Ware.

Milton Hill



Dec 16. 1852

New York Thursday, Dec 16. 1852

My dear Eric

I have only a moment to write in as I am going to fulfil to-day a long deferred purpose of going up to Fort Washington to see Williamson & he introduced to his fair pupils, and must get ready this morning before I begin my teaching. I have been hoping for a day or two to get a line from you touching the excursion to Philadelphia you proposed in your letter of last week, and which I have been looking forward to with great pleasure ever since I came here. Annie sent me word that she could not

go with me, and I accordingly
thought I would defer it
till February when Horace
was at home and either go
home at Christmas or have
Annie here. The latter plan
Sister frowns upon as filling
Annie's vacation with excitement
instead of rest, and the former
I am not quite inclined to, if
I can be made welcome at
Philadelphia, because I do not
feel established enough here yet
to return home again, I had
rather wait till later, and then
besides they do not expect me
and would not be disappointed
at my not coming.

So I think that, as the Xmas

holidays are to be at least a
week, ~~that~~ if you can get me
an invitation I will come and
spend some part of them with
you. If as I imagine, from
what Annie wrote, the Furnesses
have a family festival on Xmas
day, I can just as well wait
till Monday or Tuesday and spend
the day it self in New York. So
do write me at once whether it
will be convenient ~~for me~~ ^{to have me} to come
because if it should not be perfectly
so, I could go home instead & come
to P. in February or March.

Only don't say anything about my
coming home in your letters, because if
when I do go I want to surprise 'em.

In haste your affectionate brother

W. B. Hall.

Saturday morning it rained, so I did nothing till
one o'clock but read Black House + black
my shoes. Then it held up and I sallied forth
and made two or three calls in the lower part
of the city. Then I came home, printed, eat
a little dinner, took my ^{great} coat on my arm
and my ~~great~~ umbrella in my hand and set
out again at a quarter past three. I returned
home at ten o'clock, having made thirty-
three of the pleasantest calls I ever made
in my life. Every body was in a holiday humor
notwithstanding the rain, and did their prettiest
to be agreeable, a frame of mind which I found
was quite catching. I had looked upon ~~these~~
calls as a very convenient business-like way of
going up civilities, but I found a real spirit
of festivity about it, that was quite exhilarating.
Madame Chaulit I found well enough to be in
the parlour, and she asked most kindly after
you as also did Madame Cheveray, who was
more delightful than ever. I don't wonder
all her pupils call her "Tante".

With affectionate remembrances to my new friends in
the city of brother love (as it certainly appeared to me) Ever affly
yours W. R. W.

New York, Sunday, Jan 2, 1853.

How queer the new date looks!

My dear little Em.

I can't help calling you
little Em, from long habit, though you don't now
much deserve the name, ~~and~~ I don't think my
Philadelphia visit will serve to get me out of
the way of it, for after seeing Cousin Margie
one feels as if there was a particular charm
in being little that no other word can convey,
and regards the term as one of affectionate
endearment. So you won't quarrel with me, I
(joke!) hope, for calling you so.

I don't believe I got credit for enjoying my hol-
idays half so much as I really did. What
with sitting up till it was early and lying
in bed till it was late, with Mince-Pie,
Plum Pudding, ~~and~~ heavy cake and sweet-
meats, and all sorts of indigestible good
things, at unseasonable hours, and so perforce
walks in the hot mist, I was in such a

perpetual state of drowsy stupidity, that I did not all the time appreciate what a nice time I was having myself, and was still further from being very demonstrative on the subject to other people. I wanted when I came away to thank Cousin Maggie for letting me come, and then making so little of a stranger of me and helping me "forget" this district all know me very well before" as she said when I first arrived, ^{but I couldn't.} some day when I think of anything she would value I will send it to her, to show her that I am not ungrateful. Do you find out when her birthday comes, and let me know, shyly.

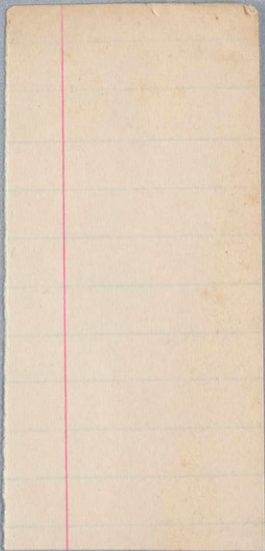
The boat did not ~~start~~ ^{leave the wharf} till 5 1/2, so I had half an hour to sit, shivering, before we started. I got a nice seat in the cabin, right under a candle, hoping to read, but found that the thing wasn't bright enough to do anything but spoil eyes with, so shut up the book and went to sleep for a little while. Then I woke up bright and gave my-

self up to a sort of reverie; there was nothing else to do, and I was glad enough to be confined to my own meditations as the year was closing. I thought over all the past year, and my brief life in New York, which I could see more clearly when away from the spot, and let my mind go slower & slower as I lingered over the very last week of the year, and called up the good faces I had just left behind me. Then I thought somewhat anxiously of the more important trust I am to-morrow to undertake, and tried to force it upon my mind, that now was the time to realize my anticipations about teaching, and to begin to hear all my theoretical speculations.

So on till ten o'clock, when we safely reached this great Babel. I took an omnibus which brought me very near here and arrived at a quarter of eleven. The brilliant display that Broadway made was pleasant after the dark Philadelphia streets and seemed to give me a cheerful welcome. I felt a sort of glad feeling as if I were getting home.

1853

Jan. 25.



[25 January 1853]

manner, it was a perfect specimen of what may be done in the production of so complicated a work of art as an opera is. And then singing herself, the moving spirit of the whole, was charming and admirable beyond expression. She has to act the part of a roguish girl, full of spirits, who runs away with her lover by the aid of the barber, and she does it so exquisitely and archly, and still is so far from being in any degree a hoaxer, that it is bewitching. And then her singing! She trills and warbles from beginning to end just as if it were her natural mode of expressing ~~for~~ her good spirits and light-heartedness. Her voice is perfectly ~~and~~ clear and sweet but not very strong and I should think much better suited for this music than for that of Sucrezia Borgie in which she has ^{been} singing since, and of which there are most contradictory accounts. She sang a duet for the

voice and violin, written for her and Paul Jullien who came in in the "music-lesson" to play his part. He plays most sweetly, better than any one I ever heard, though he is but eleven or twelve years old. He played an air with most difficult variations on the violin and Madame Sontag followed him through the whole with her voice.

She is to give a private concert for a charitable purpose, (the tickets are not for sale, but are to be procured, price two dollars, from the ladies patronesses,) on Saturday evening, which will be a most select thing, and to which Mrs. Bancroft gave me a ticket. I dined at Mr. Bancroft's on Sunday. Mr. Thackeray was expected, but did not make his appearance.

Give my love to - the children and remember me most kindly to all who may make mention of me. I suppose Horace is with you all now. I hope you will like him as much as I do.

Your most loving brother
W. R. Ware.

wanted to read some French and write some letters, and, lastly, as my only presentable clothes were at the tailor's repairing, I quietly staid at home and let the strangers have it all to themselves. It was not showing myself very sensible of Mrs. Delano's thoughtfulness, I know, but I preferred to commit that injustice rather than waste the three hours or more the dinner would have consumed.

I went on Wednesday with Frank Howard and Williamson to see Mme. Sontag, as Rosina in The Barber of Seville. It is the same opera I heard in London, so that I had the pleasantest associations with it, although I could remember none of the music. I enjoyed it extremely in every respect. The orchestra was admirable and the music delightful of the most elegant, lady-like, well-bred air possible, just the thing for a Countess to sing. Then all the parts were well sung, and the whole was put upon the stage in the most admirable

4 Unity Place, Tuesday.

New York. Jan. 25. 1853.

My dear little Ben.

Your dear note has been lying unnoticed, unanswered, that is, nearly a week, and right glad I am to have a quiet evening in my own room that I may answer it. To begin at the end of your letter, I am of course glad if Cousin Margie liked me. Every one likes to be liked even if they don't always like to be told of it, I suppose. But such things are more mortifying than flattering, somehow, I think, like being praised beyond one's deserts. In the same way one feels quite ashamed at appearing by any chance at any time to particularly good advantage, as if he were defrauding bystanders into thinking him much more of a person than he really is, and on the other hand, ^{one} ~~he~~ experiences a sulky sort of gratification ~~at~~ when he is conscious that he never before appeared so well in his life. This was very much the way with me when I was in Philadelphia. So far as I gave any thought to the subject I felt as if I had presented my-

self with my worst foot foremost,
(or had got out of bed on the wrong
side,) so that no ~~shift~~ shuffling would
shift the other foot into place. I didn't
let myself be troubled much, but still I
didn't quite like to have so little return
to make to the kindness of so many a-
greeable people. I think I may not have
been quite well. At any rate I ~~was~~ was a-
greeably disappointed to hear that Cousin New-
gin was pleased with my visit; I really
didn't think you could have enjoyed it
much.

One word more about myself. I think from
what I have heard said from time to time
that I must have a most unhappy way
of looking seriously displeased, if any
thing goes a little wrong, to my mind, and
I think it must have been some pres-
sing thought of that kind, so exaggerated in
my face, that made you imagine I might
be disappointed or displeas^{ed} with my
little sister. I do remember once ^{fearing} ~~thinking~~ that
you were a little less respectful and defer-
ential than you might well be, a fault
one is often apt to fall into when living
so freely with older persons, and after,

perhaps, I thought you were a little disin-
clined to be interested in what was going
on, forgetful of the duty both of being pleased
and of pleasing. There were passing thoughts
which I did not mean should betray them
elves at the time by an anxious face,
and which I would not recall now, ex-
cept to show you that there is nothing im-
portant concealed, as you might think
if I kept silent. I am very glad you asked
me freely about it, I should be grieved if
I thought anything like reserve was between us.

To-day I have refused an invitation to
dine from Mrs. DeLano. You shall see & mine
than that refused to go even though I was
quite engaged and, more than all, when
she came herself to give me the invitation,
and, I being out, came up into my room
and wrote a most pleasant message on
a scrap of spare paper, saying that Mr
Thayer & his friend Howland were to be there.
But the fact is that constant things are
coming along to use up my time and
as it was no novelty to me to dine out, as
you may believe, and as I did not feel
particularly bright, and knew that I could
see Mrs. DeLano just as well some eve-
ning when I would call, and really

here, (I am most anxious to know what our French friends feel about it,) and I am sure you will believe, as I do, and sympathize in my pity and commiseration for the unfortunate daimon, and indignation against those of his relatives, who knowing his existence have left him to die as he has lived, in obscurity. I hope, I do hope, that his name will some day see the light and that his declining years may be cheered by something of that loyal devotion that welcomed his birth, ~~but~~ "the last scene of all ^{to} end this strange, eventful history," may give it a fitting and royal close.

Don't think my head is turned with loyal feeling. I hope that if my lot had been cast under a king, I should have been a brave and loyal subject. As it is, I have to spend my loyalty on other people's kings. Don't you see? They don't any of them know it, but sister, but

I am going home to spend a week, next week! How I shall miss you there! I bear in mind that to-morrow is your — what is it? can it be? your fifteenth birthday? My dear child I wish you and no all many happy returns of this beloved day. Your own brother
W.R. Wall.

and it. You, I don't think it will turn out a flourish
This is a French letter, it had been a week another of my letters
New York, Saturday, Feb. 12. 1858.

My dear Emma.

I have just read something that interests me so much that I cannot read or study, but long for some sympathy, such as I know I should have had from you, if you could have been here for me to read it with you. If I were younger and a little more temper I could sit down and cry as I remember your doing for poor Mary Queen of Scots, just as you did and for just such injustice — the murder of poor Miss Antoinette and this long exile and deprivation of her son. To think that that unhappy boy, who rode on that awful day from Versailles to Paris, shuddering at the ghastly heads thrust up to the carriage windows, while the people shouted that they at least should have bread for this, had got "the Baker, and his wife, and the little apprentice," — that this unhappy boy, brutally maltreated and almost killed by destitution, should have been smuggled into the back woods of America and there left to a savage obscurity, destined ~~only~~ to learn his royal birth

only when the usurper of his throne attempts to
bribe him to surrender his birthright. You have
read the "Peasant and Prince," and learned to pity
the sufferings of the wretched child. Read now the
account in Putnam's Magazine for February of the
life of that Prince, that uncrowned King, spent
in happy ignorance of ~~his~~ misfortune, until its last
years ~~were~~ embittered by the disclosure of its
Royal origin. History does not present a more striking
instance of royal misfortune, nor one more affecting
in its details. The early sufferings in the Temple have
alone been sufficient to unite the sympathies of the world.
Learn now the humble existence which forms the
next ~~portion~~ period of his life until, ^{on} a sudden, we
see, in a remote district of America, surrounded by sav-
ages, beyond the pale of civilization, a prince of the blood
of France ~~is~~ in close conference with King Louis the
Seventeenth, offering him a splendid mass of pottery
for his birthright. But he is none the less a King
for all his life of penury, ^{and answers right royally} "Thou shalt
I and in poverty and exile, I will not sacrifice
my honor."

There is something in the sufferings, in the wrongs of Roy-
alty that touch a different chord of compassion from
~~that~~ of ordinary sympathy. I believe there is in us
all a natural fount of loyalty which only needs
to be touched ~~by a certain sign~~, to gush
forth. I think no other species of injustice so much
arouses our indignation at wrong as the dethronement
of ~~Princes~~ and the withholding from princes of their father's
~~thrones~~ ^{crowns}. We feel as if it were a betrayal of confidence,
that ~~if~~ the dependence of sovereigns ~~is~~ in the fidelity and
loyalty of their subjects, and that it is deserting a
trust confidently reposed in them to destroy that loy-
ty state which is their inheritance. We can bear to
have their power abridged, if need be, that is a thing
that hestitates to their public duties, but respect and
reverence for themselves is their personal inheritance,
and we have no words of indignation for those
who deprive them of it.

I write as if there were no doubt that Louis
XVII ^{is} still alive and here amongst us. I feel
so. I cannot believe that there is any imposture in
this matter. Read this article, ~~of~~ which you have
doubtless heard much, it is almost the sole topic

and it is much easier to believe that a man in his
case should deny such a story, knowing it to be true,
than that one in Mr. W's position should assert it,
knowing it to be false. If you narrow the question
down to this personal issue between the two men,
probability, as well as confirmatory evidence, is on
Mr. W's side. But I don't imagine we know all that
is to be known, yet. It is safe to suspend our judgment
for a while till all the evidence is in.

Good night! I've got a new pen, that isn't quite broken
in yet, and has run away with me. Don't fault
yourself to write to me. I love to hear from you dearly
but don't ever imagine I am getting impatient at not
hearing. I am glad to write when I can, and trust
always that it is the same with you. Good night.
Sunday Eve.

Miss Sedgwick has written an article about Mother's
Memoir in this number of Putnam. It is a painful thing
to have done, but she thought that a notice of it might
extend its usefulness, and has done it, except some
strange peices of carelessness as to details, as well as
it could be done perhaps.

Cousin Susy was tired last night, but I thought
she seemed pretty well otherwise.

I believe I have nothing else to say of interest to
you. Mr. Green was here for some days, but I did not see him.
He did not stay at the Metropolitan, so my various
searches there were fruitless, and for some reason or
reasons unknown he did not call here, though I've heard
from several people that he meant to, and when he
went he left very particular messages for me.

Mar 26 1853
Remember me
to the
good people
about you
+ think
of me as,
as ever,
your most
loving bro.
Their
M.W.
I shall do
all I can
to make
Sister So
to think
them, but
I fear we
shall have
hard work
to bring it
about.
Are you studying
any English
branches, + I-10
how? I am at
a loss about
a loss about
Geography, Geometry
+ Arithmetic.

My dear Em.
Your note arrived just in time to pre-
vent your conscience being burdened with three
unanswered letters from me, for I had been
looking out for a chance to write to you for a long
time. On second thoughts however I thought I would
wait till I had something particular to say, that
particular thing being to tell you when to look
out for a package from me containing a picture
for Cousin Margie that I got in Boston. It is
the engraving from Allston's ^{painting} picture of "Saul and
the Witch of Endor", a very worthy copy of a very
fine picture, and I hope she will like it and you
will approve of my choice. I brought it on from Bos-
ton with me, but have kept it thus long for three
reasons; First, because I wanted to see it myself,
2^{dly}, because I wanted my friends to see it, and
3^{dly} because it wasn't fit for anybody to see till the
glass had been taken off and wiped, being dusty. As I
am away all day, the first operation took sometime, as
you may will, I hope, agree when you see the print that one
look would hardly suffice. As my friends only come to
see me about once a week and then I am sure to be
out, it may easily be seen that the second process would
be a long time in coming to a successful conclusion. Lastly,
as plenty of time, some soap, and a good deal of hot water,

How do you like my card? I'm quite proud of it.

are necessary for the proper cleaning of the glass, of which three requisites the second is the only one constantly on hand, I have not yet succeeded in getting the thing into a fit state to present to a lady, so here it hangs, and will hang till I get time to fix it. So you see, after all, I can't give you the particular information due been keeping you waiting for, and you will have to content yourself with some general matters.

First & foremost the Crystal Palace. By the way, you're not the first person who has undertaken to spell crystal with an h. The building will be pretty large and quite elegant, though I fear its neighborhood to the great solid reservoir, which is of precisely the same size, will make it look both small and flimsy. The iron beams are finished, up to the eaves, but the dome is not yet begun, and all the glass must be put in and the carpenter's work done before they can even begin to arrange the fine things. So I very much fear that ~~the~~ the six weeks that remain before May Day will not suffice for its completion. Even the directors shake their heads, and when the Captain gives up the ship it is no use hoping, you know. An enormous circus, for chariot-races & tournaments, is building about half-way between here and there, which will serve to take off part of the crowd from the A. P. I hope.

I am delighted that you heard Albion and that you enjoyed it so much. She begins here again on Monday with a splendid troupe. I shall not go till Annie comes, however. I had another ticket given me on Monday to hear

Sontag in *Somnambule*, ^{again} which I greatly enjoyed. It was her last night. ~~and~~ the stage was strewn with bouquets, and she was called before the curtain six times! I likewise went again by invitation to Wallack's Theatre & saw Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer!" It is the best comedy I ever saw and the best played. Nothing could be better. Do you see I am in luck, as far as amusement is concerned.

I prosper very well too in other matters. I've not had a cold since I was in Philadelphia, thanks to my daily rides, and am tolerably successful with my teaching. At least other people are satisfied, and that is one thing. Pleasing oneself, however, is quite another, and is not so easily managed.

I called at Mrs. Delano's the day I got your letter, and found, as you said, that Cousin Susy was expected on Friday. So they invited me to dine there to-day, which I did, and have just returned.

I don't think that you need now fear lest they should ~~it~~ prove that we haven't a Dawson among us. I have been very skeptical about it, but it seems to me that the April article is very strong indeed, and it has quite confirmed my faith. At least, everything ~~proves~~ that is proved, admits of an easy explanation on the supposition that Mr. W. is Louis XVII, and it seems that any other theory leaves a hundred strange things unaccounted for. Setting aside Mr. Williams's testimony, things have now got to that stage that the story is quite clearly made out from other sources. The Prince de Joinville's letter is just what was to be expected.

paper.

I mean soon to write again.
At present there is no more
time at the disposal of
your affectionate brother
W. R. Ware.

4 Amity Place

April 23. 1853.

I was unfortunate in not being able
to send the box to-day, so open the
envelope again to enclose some
charades which I beg you will
present with my best compliments
to Miss Annie. The answer also
— don't read if you don't
want to know — Season —
Childhood — and (this by Mrs Torrey)
I produce, this last totally regardless
of orthography. The allusion in
the 2^d verse is to the line in King Lear —
"Woe, Blanche & Desdemona, see they look at me."

Apr. 23 1853.

My dear Em.

I have only time for
a brief note which I hope will
fore long to follow up by another
more worthy expression of my
regard. The print I send is for Cousin
Susy Seely, with my love, I am
looking for Annie on Friday
Saturday, and for Sister the Saturday
after, on her way to you. And I am
longingly looking forward to her
return back again with you. It
seems an age since I was in
Philadelphia, and I feel as if you
had grown all out of knowledge.

The Crystal Palace will not, I fear,
be opened even then. The contractors

have neglected to furnish the
iron, which has put the whole
thing back. Other things however,
in the way of public amusement
are flourishing. Among others the
Hippodrome is nearly completed
and will open on the 2^d of May,
which will really be a sight worth
seeing. Alboni's Opera at Ni-
bilo's has not been successful.
The houses have been thin, com-
paratively, and the enormous ex-
pense of the company has lost
I hear \$50,000 to Barnum, who
is understood to be at the head
of the concern. The tide seems to
be turning, however, for the house
was full and enthusiastic
last night, I am told, to see
the "Great Contralto" in a
real Contralto part, as

Maffio Bosini in "Lucrezia".
The other characters were by Mame-
de Vries, Maurini Salvi etc.
I hope it will run till Annie
gets here, I am saving my opera-
going till then.

I send at last the picture
for Cousin Maggie, which was
badly framed in Boston and has
been re-stretched. It seems that the
saying in regard to Malaga Raisins
that those "dried in the sun are
much better", does not hold good
with respect to engravings, and as
this seems to have by accident
been left in the sun, I fear it
will ^{still} refuse to lie flat behind
the glass, as it has refused since
I have had it here. The Picture-
framer says that the sun-heat
took the "spring" out of the

tree, (literally "palulae neembantes sub tegmine
fagi,") ^{and} set to work with a zeal much better re-
warded than that which had marked the earlier
labors of the day; as Jimmy said: "There were more
bites on shore than ^{there were} in the boat!" The sandwiches, cher-
ry pie, nuts, cherries, + raisins had mostly vanished
before we were ready to re-embark. Then we pulled
lazily home in time to rest and get coal before going
in to water. (I am sorry to have to avoid ^{the expression} that
we went in swimming, as implying more than was
really the fact.) Then half an hour in the cherry-trees
seemed to moderate our appetites ~~to~~ into a condi-
tion fit for presentation at the tea-table. A late
train should have returned me to the city at a
little after ten, P.M. but some delay prevented my
getting home till half past eleven, so I closed two
of the pleasantest days I remember by soundly
sleeping in the New York Hotel. This gave me the lux-
ury of a strange bed, which I highly value.

Two other "pleasantest days" are last Saturday +
Sunday, which you do not need to have described to
you. So hereby ends the faithful chronicle of your
affectionate brother W.R. Wallace.

William

June 12 1853.

New York. June 12. 1853.

Dear Emma -

Your train had hardly vanished into the tun-
nel when I took my seat and followed in your wake,
though at a rather slower pace, so that it was nearly
an hour before I got to ~~the~~ destination, and considerably past
nine when I arrived at Mrs. Brown's. As I could have
anticipated, the boys ~~were~~ ^{had} gone off with a shout when the
wagon came back from the 7 o'clock train empty, ~~so that~~ ^{using}
more than usual diligence, lest I should suddenly ap-
pear from Fort Washington, as I did once before, or taking
the next cars arrive before they were out of hail. They
had made the most of their time, I found, and were quite
out of sight as well as of hearing. The only thing to be
done was to pursue the fugitives, and with Sulley's company, I
started on their track. We had to walk half a mile or more
to borrow a boat, so that it was ten o'clock by the time we
were fairly underway. The boys to whom the boat belonged,
Butler by name, happened to have a holiday and vol-
untarily entered their company and aid. So we had a
very pleasant expedition, rowing by turns, and

about Prince Albert I'm
afraid he is getting to be
old and bad, like
Louis Napoleon.

I don't know what to
ask for instead of Mrs.
Janism. I can't afford
to take that, when I have
~~the alternative~~ of others, but
I don't know what to name,
nor indeed can I tell how
much would be an equivalent.
I should like Dr. Arnold's 3
volumes with the life, or poetry,
or any other work of history, or
good essays (Hume's, ^{essays} perhaps) or
Charles V. in 3 vol. I don't much
care what, so that it is good to
read, & much obliged.
yours affectionately WRM

[Summer 1853?]

When you do write, please tell
me what the piles of money are
staying in your old Sunday evening.
Dear Emma.

I've just been buying some
letter-paper, but not a sheet of it
shall you see until you have
earned a long letter by hard
labor in my behalf. Indeed
I shan't write again at all
till I hear from home, and
not regularly at all. I think
we may safely conclude that
this Sunday letter experiment has
fallen through, completely. It
does not produce regularity, and
has nothing else to recommend
it. For my own part I had
rather write my letters on
week-days.

If it were not safe to suppose
that no news is good news,
I should be anxious to know
what had got you at Milton
that you have let me hear
three weeks with not a line.
Annie's letter from Boston
does not contradict you
in the least. I've come
the uncomplaining way
enough - by enough to make
you think that it is a matter
of perfect indifference to
me whether I ever hear from
home or not. I can't tell
but that such would not
be the case before long
if you should prolong the

present method of treatment
until I became hardened by
repeated, but at present, while
I still persuade myself that
I have reason to look for a
letter when I get in on Tues-
day afternoon, I have only
a weekly disappointment.
If you give up the pretence
of writing on Sunday I shall
be spared the sharpness of
the disappointment at least.
There!
You can't say I've borne
it beautifully, anyway.
Isn't all this a shame

of your having occasion to send a parcel - I have ancient a line

Dear Sister

Mrs. Peckham told me
on Sunday that she
hoped to be able to
invite you to her house,
and I accept the arrange-
ment, so it only
remains for you to
send word when you
will be here, exactly.

With much love yours

W. W. W.

41 Amity Place, May 31, 1853 -

My dear Em.

I wish I could begin, according
to the "Gentle Letter Writer", by acknow-
ledging first the receipt of your favor
of recent date, and thanking you
for the same. But the fates and your
manifold avocations have denied
me that agreeable courtesy, so I
must needs shift for myself for
something to say.

The chief thing to be said is that
I can hardly wait till Saturday
for you to get here, and if I didn't
know by experience that the space
between Tuesday & Saturday is nothing
at all in New York, and so that
to all intents and purposes you
are really just on the point
of arriving in Gotham, I should be

be unreasonably impatient. I really don't know what we shall accomplish in your brief sojourn, especially since the Hippodrome has turned out such a perfect failure. There has not been found a single person, I believe, who would be willing to attend that place of amusement a second time, and during the five or six weeks it has been open the character of the audience has greatly changed for the worse. But the outside of things here is more worth seeing than all the shows ^{on} exhibiting and that I shall be glad to make you acquainted with.

I enclose a bit of Royal gossip that I cut from the "Courier des Etats-Unis" a few days ago, which I think will entertain you if you have not seen it. I afterwards heard of an English version of the same story in the "Tribune", and was entertained at the rendering of

"put him in the corner," by "mettre en pénitence!"

Annie sent me a beautiful edition of "Milton", for a birthday-present. I don't think of anything else of interest that has happened since Sister was here. I got her note of Saturday, and have delayed writing until I should hear from Mrs. Pearson, whose note I enclose. Much love to him;

It has been most exquisite weather here, sometimes too warm, but to-day delightful. I "improved" it to take a sail which "my boys" have been enjoying upon me for some time. The Harlem River, which connects the North + East ditto, runs very near Mt. Fordham, and they carried me by dint of sails and oars down a couple of miles towards the Railroad bridge (the same you crossed in coming from Boston) where I took the cars. I have no time to go on, as this must be mailed tonight, and I am otherwise engaged. Adieu, then, this time au revoir. Yours affly,
Make my compliments to my Phil. friends. W.R.M.

believe that a great orchestra has nothing better
to ~~do~~ ^{than} show off its dexterity in difficult transitions
and that it is possessing a fine musical talent
to be able to trace a familiar tune through the
thousand and one combinations of accelerando
ritardando, sforzando and slambango that M.
Jullien's ingenuity, (the genius of that great composer)
can heap upon it. The instrumentation is indeed
splendid, the time perfect, and the tones delicious,
but you get not gratification higher than the mere
sensual pleasure of sweet sounds. There are all
the appliances for fine music in perfection, but
they are applied to nothing. You have the means without
attaining anything, and it is desecration to exhibit such
a piece of mechanism ~~and~~ under the name of
"high art" & shameful to cultivate a taste for
such stuff.

The room was adorned, (so as to be in perfect keeping,)
with ten dozen blue gauze flags with silver stars, grouped
around five dozen gold shields and five dozen banners,
~~purple, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange & red~~
~~purple, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange & red~~ ^{purple, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange & red} bearing five dozen american eagles.
A hundred yards of flowers ran in festoons round
the front of the balcony and twined up the pillars,
while a dozen tinsel vases and half a dozen
hanging baskets of flowers & silver gauze, with
a profusion of gold laurel wreaths, ingeniously man-
ufactured from ~~metal~~ ^{brass} lace, made the scene look like
Aladdin's Palace at the Boston Museum.

Thanks be to praise, it only lasted two hours & a half and
some sweet singing at church to-day has redeemed music
in my mind and purified my recollection after the sacrifice.
Many thanks for the memo, I shall be gratified whenever I see a subject
33 East 24th Street, Sept. 25 1853. yours truly

Dear Emma,

W. M. W.

If ever, in the course of your life you have read in
the London papers of the great Jullien's monster concerts and longed
to be one of the promenading audiences who were enjoying such a
privilege, or if ever in looking over music you have felt
a growing respect, not unmingled with admiration for the consum-
mate genius who could so fully supply the wants of the age and
produce such an endless variety of Quadrilles, Waltzes & Polkas,
and if, within the last few weeks, such longings have been
made more anxious and such respect refreshed, when you have
seen in the papers that "the celebrated Jullien with a chosen
band of 100 musicians had commenced a series of
Grand Concerts" in this city — if, in short, you have
sympathized with myself in respect for that great name,

banish forever the vain regret and believe that you
have been heartlessly deceived. When Mrs Thayer, a day
or two since asked me to "go with her to Jullien's Concert
on Saturday", it recalled an old regret that I had never
while I was in London gone to hear this unrivalled Leader.
So with hope elate and expectation on tip-toe, I entered
Castle Garden last evening, as the friends of the Evening
Post.

I was very indignant with one of the Daily papers,
a little while ago, for calling Mons. Jullien "a hum-
bug, a magnificent one, it is true, but still a genuine
humbug, of the first water!" Ten minutes of Monsieur's

concert explained the whole matter. It ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{not} ~~not~~ ^{but} that every thing is admirably done, it is fine playing, and no humbug at all, but the thing is got up in the spirit of humbug and is so carried on, and has the effect of pure hum in making people believe that they are listening to first rate music and are cultivating their taste most luxuriantly while ~~the music is~~ ~~meretricious~~ ~~the~~ ~~performance~~ ~~of~~ ~~it~~ ~~what~~ ~~is~~ ~~vulgarily~~ ~~called~~ ~~clap-trap~~, and Mr. Jullien's part of the affair absurd & disgusting altogether. Imagine a little square standing place raised eighteen inches from the floor in the midst of the orchestra, covered with red cloth and surrounded with a splendid ^{silk} moulding. On this stands a gold sphen holding above her head the book containing ^{the music for} the evening's ^{performance}. Just behind is a gold arm-chair, got up ~~so~~ to match the sphen, and splendidly lined with red plush, to match the platform. Between the two stands the round shouldered, clumsily-shaped little Frenchman with a great white inexpressive face & ducky legs finishing in patent-leather shoes. The rest of his habiliments are an embroidered white waistcoat, open very low down, diamond shirt-studs, black clothes and splendid white gloves, ~~the~~ ~~right~~ one of which grasps an ivory baton and ~~the~~ ~~left~~ beats the air on the right while the other wildly gesticulates to the audience on

the other side. As the music proceeds he goes into a graceful frenzy, waves his arms, stamps his foot, bends up his body and then turning round repeats these mountebank performances for the benefit of the other part of the audience. As the closing strain dies away he lets fall his stick, drops his arms, and falls exhausted into the golden arms of the throne behind him amid the plaudits of an excited multitude.

He had a grand American Quadrille "wholly composed by Mr. Jullien since his arrival in this city", which was a pot-pourri of Yankee Doodle, Star Spangled Banner etc etc. in which the poor tunes, were arranged, & arranged & arranged, for every instrument in the orchestra, high & low, quick & fast, crescendo till you were stunned and then diminuendo till you only heard one note of every other bar, and all this over & over again till the very suggestion of a trill or flourish is enough to make me sick, and I want to hear old Hundred till I am ~~over~~ a hundred ^{years old} myself. When the American Quadrille was entered, ~~he~~ played Sail Columbia. (He has trained his audiences to stand up during its performance) and as it concluded ~~stood~~ held up both arms & shook his fists amid the cheers of the audience, in a fury of excitement while neither he nor they cared for it a ^{straw}.

The worst of it is that all ^{this} demoralises the public taste, or at least tends to do so. It gives people fine playing, without fine music, and leaves them to