

# Fields and Jewett in Europe: 1898

by

Annie Adams Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett



Sarah Orne Jewett Press

2024

# Fields and Jewett in Europe: 1898

by

**Annie Adams Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett**

Original material copyright 2024

by

Terry Heller

Coe College

Sarah Orne Jewett Press

1296 30th ST NE

Cedar Rapids, IA 52402

## **Cover Illustration**

In a letter of 10 June 1898, while travelling with Fields in France, Jewett wrote to Sara Norton about a stained-glass window that impressed her when she and Fields were visiting Mme. Blanc near the village of Jouarre. It depicted the biblical David playing on a harp (1 Samuel 16:22-23). Jewett *may* have referred to this window in the Church of Saint-Pierre-et-Saint-Paul at Jouarre. A representation of a harpist appears in the lowest right panel of a 10-panel window in the choir of the church.

The photo here is a detail, showing one panel from a photograph of the entire window by "Reinhardhauke," available on Wikimedia Commons.

[https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Jouarre\\_Saint-Pierre-et-Saint-Paul6906.JPG](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Jouarre_Saint-Pierre-et-Saint-Paul6906.JPG)

License link: <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/3.0/deed.en>

## Introduction

From April through September of 1898, Annie Adams Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett traveled together in England and France. For both, much of the trip was taken up with visiting old friends, many of whom were prominent artists and intellectuals. They spent more than two months - mid-May to late July -- traveling in France. Under the guidance of Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc they toured southern France and Brittany. Particularly taken with Provence, Fields included in her journal a draft of a piece on poets of Provence. Late in July, Jewett's sister, Mary Rice Jewett, and their nephew, Theodore Eastman, joined the two women in Paris, before traveling with them to England.

This book divides into two main parts: A Reader's Version of Fields's diary and a Scholar's Version. The first part, the Reader's Version, presents an annotated transcription from manuscript of Fields's diary and, interspersed at appropriate points, selections from the letters of Sarah Orne Jewett. From this version, the textual notes and paraphernalia of a scholar's transcription have been removed, making for easier reading. Selections from Jewett's letters during the trip fill in some parts and offer her views on places the pair visited together. Jewett's letters tend to differ in subject, in part because she writes for particular readers: her young nephew, a Harvard undergrad, with his interest in history, her younger friend Sara Norton, who was especially worried during these months about the Spanish-American War, and one of her closest friends, the visual artist Sarah Wyman Whitman, for whom Jewett often described the scenes that most impressed her.

Including accounts of both writers shows ways in which they were different people, despite their deep sympathy and affection for each other. Both celebrated birthdays during the trip, Fields turning 64 on June 6 and Jewett turning 49 on September 3. The period abroad was marked by tragedy as well, especially the death of one of Fields's sisters.

The second half, The Scholar's Version, is a transcription of Fields's manuscript, "Diary of a Trip to France." Despite the title, Fields includes her account of several weeks in England. The original of the Fields diary is in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society: Annie Fields papers, 1847-1912, MS. N-1221. This transcription is from a microfilm, available courtesy of the University of Kansas Libraries, Lawrence Kansas: Annie Adams Fields Papers 1852-1912. Folio PS 1669.F5 Z462 1986, Reel 2.

## The Travelling Companions

At various times during the months in Europe, five people spent a good deal of time together. Fields and Jewett were nearly always together. In addition, their main travelling companions were Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc, Mary Rice Jewett, and Theodore Jewett Eastman.

**Annie Adams Fields** (June 6, 1834 - January 5, 1915), was a poet, essayist, biographer, and social worker. Born in Boston, MA, she was the second wife of the publisher and author James Thomas Fields (1817- 24 April 1881), whom she married in 1854. Among her siblings, the painter Elizabeth (Lissie) Adams (1825- 15 June 1898) died while Fields was abroad.

She became an accomplished "literary hostess," helping her husband encourage younger writers such as Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary Freeman, and Emma Lazarus. She also became friends with many of the most impressive writers of her day, including James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Charles Dickens and Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose biography she wrote. She was a philanthropist and social reformer, particularly with the Associated Charities of Boston. This work informed her interest in visiting charitable institutions in England. After her husband's death in 1881 Fields devoted herself to a circle of many artistic friends, especially Jewett, to social work and writing.

**Sarah Orne Jewett** (1849-1909) published fiction, essays and poetry. She is best remembered for her short novel, *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896) and her story, "The White Heron."

After the death of James T. Fields in 1881, Jewett and Annie Fields formed a "Boston Marriage," and Jewett began to alternate residences, in South Berwick with her family and in Fields's two Massachusetts homes, summer in Manchester-by-the-Sea and the remainder of the year in Boston. They travelled abroad together in 1882, 1892, 1896, 1898, and 1900. All of these voyages were to Europe, except in the winter of 1896, when they joined Thomas Bailey Aldrich and others in a grueling but stimulating steam-launch cruise of Caribbean islands.

In France, **Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc** (21 September 1840 - 5 February 1907) served as a guide, as well as a host at her country home and in Paris.

Author of literary criticism and about thirty novels, three recognized by the Académie Française, Madame Blanc also translated

German and American writers, including Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Jewett. She became known in France as an interpreter of American culture, notably in *The Condition of Woman in the United States* (1895-6).

By 1898, Fields, Jewett and Blanc were very close friends. Blanc and Jewett corresponded for eight years before they met for the first time in Paris in 1892. In 1893 and again in 1897 Madame Blanc made extended visits to the U.S. These included stays with both Fields and Jewett, and at Jewett's home in South Berwick in 1897.

In obedience to her father, Mme. Blanc married Joseph Louis Alexandre Blanc (1834 - after 1907) on 26 January 1857 and moved with him to Vienne, France. In *Mrs. Th. Benzon* (1924), Mrs. Paul Fliche says that soon after the marriage, Blanc's father died and his substantial wealth mostly was lost in settling his estate. The Blancs had one son, Édouard Blanc (1858-1923), who became a famous explorer and writer. Blanc and her husband separated in 1859; divorce was not then legal in France. Though the couple was separated, Mr. Blanc apparently was a regular visitor at his wife's country house, where he especially enjoyed hunting.

**Mary Rice Jewett** (18 June 1847 - 28 September 1930) was Jewett's older sister. By 1898, she and Sarah Orne Jewett had lost their parents and their younger sister, Caroline Eastman (1855-1897) and were the guardians of their nephew, Theodore. The sisters shared a residence with their nephew in the family home in South Berwick, ME. Though Mary traveled to Europe on her own in 1889, they often traveled together and shared a circle of friends and family as well as housekeeping and community service duties at home.

**Theodore Jewett Eastman** (4 August 1879 - 9 March 1931) was Jewett's nephew, the son of Caroline (Carrie) Jewett and Edwin (Ned) Eastman (1849-1892). In 1898, he completed his first year at Harvard University (A.B. 1901, M.D. 1905).

---

### A Rough Chronology of the Tour

#### April

- 18 -- Arrival at Plymouth in Devon, UK
- 19 -- Jewett writes Sara Norton from London
- 29 -- Fields and Jewett travel from London to Paris

#### May

- 1 -- Jewett writes Halliburton from Paris
- 6 -- Jewett writes to Theodore Eastman from Paris
- 12 -- Beginning about this time, Fields and Jewett spend several weeks in Provence

#### June

- 6 -- Jewett writes Norton & Whitman from La Ferté, home of Mme. Blanc
- 14 -- Fields's diary resumes from Paris
- 17 -- Depart Paris for La Ferté to stay with Madame Blanc until 28 June
- 23-28 -- Day trips to various towns.
- 28 -- A night in Paris
- 29 -- Depart Paris to Vitré, beginning a tour of Brittany
- 30 -- Arrive at Mont Saint Michel

#### July

- 3 -- At St. Malo, Fields has eye trouble & stays in all day, while Jewett cares for her.
- 4-12 -- Touring in Brittany
- 13 -- Mary Rice Jewett informs them that she and her nephew Theodore, who have arrived in England, are tempted to postpone coming to Paris. Jewett and Fields, however, wish to be settled in Paris before the 14th, Bastille Day
- 20 -- Mary and Theodore expected to arrive in Paris, from England

#### August

- 2 -- Jewett writes to Sarah Wyman Whitman from Paris
- 14 -- They are in Cambridge, England
- 18 -- They visit Brother Robert Collyer in Yorkshire
- 22 -- Jewett goes to Edinburgh, Scotland, with Mary and Theodore, while Fields visits the Kate Bradbury family at Ashton-Under-Lyne

#### September

- 3 -- Blanc writes to Jewett in London
- 8 -- Mary & Theodore go to Salisbury Jewett & Fields to the Humphry Wards, Arnolds & Huxleys for several days
- 9 -- Mrs. Rudyard Kipling invites Jewett and her party to spend a day with the Kiplings
- 10 -- All are now based in London
- 11-13 Various day trips including, on 9/12 to see Henry James at Rye
- 22 -- Fields writes her final diary entry in Liverpool after boarding ship for home.

# Diary of a Trip to France

1898

Annie Adams Fields

## A Reader's Version

{ *Steamship* } K. W. der Grosse\*

April 18<sup>th</sup> P.M.

found us at the pier in Plymouth town. The sky was grey and a cool sea wind was blowing but nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene. Mrs Anna Lea Merritt\* came to the pier to meet Miss Travers\* and ourselves; the first by appointment because they are going at once for a tour in Cornwall -- Mrs M. & I climbed the steep hill steps leading from the shore to the Grand Hotel, turning to watch the beautiful scene around us. I was rather out of breath after six days of rocking on the sea and scarcely standing otherwise; but it was a great refreshment.

Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup>

Pale gleams of yellow English sunshine lighted up the scene from our windows which overlook the great bay with Eddingstone Light\* in the distance. We walked on the Hoe and saw Drake looking out to where the Spanish Armada\* rounded the cape three hundred years ago, also we saw the beautiful monument in honor of the Victory by the English [*missing text*] monument saying no more of Drake

[ *Apparently material is missing* ]

God for the winds of heaven which blew to us the victory. E. R. is inscribed below and still below that the name of Victoria{.}\* The whole air is full of spring today and primroses not only decorate every hedge and wayside slope but every house and garden and button-hole. To account for the latter we discovered it is Primrose Day\* held in memory of the death of Lord Beauchamp. We took the train at 1.45 for London which carried through almost the most exquisite part of England at this season. The soft red of the freshly turned soil, the spring is green and the flowers and songs of birds, which we could hear even though the express went thundering in its way, were inexpressibly beautiful. We ran along by the lovely southern shore, past Dawlish crossing the Dart and the Ex whose [*damaged text*] heron and other birds I could not] recognize were pluming themselves in the misty sunshine and clear water. Finally we turned inland to Exeter where the express stopped for a few moments and where we saw the towers of the Cathedral; then on again, always with the great speed of the English express past the greenest of fields full of sheep

and young lambs, past flowery spots and now & then with a garden getting ready for the market. It was the very perfection of spring beauty and we were never tired of looking; our eyes grew tired before the desire to see could pall.

It was scarcely dark when we reached London and found ourselves once more in a hansom rolling quickly to the hotel. (Bucklands, Brook St. Grosvenor Square) It is overwhelming in coming freshly to London, the sense of masses; of vastness; of the powerlessness of individuals yet the power and worship accorded to those who have the strength to rise.

We were too tired to sleep! We tossed and fretted the livelong night; partly, on my part because I was disturbed to find that a very suite of rooms, engaged for us by Mrs. [ *unrecognized name* ]. Of course we must remember that we are to be her guests in Paris and therefore can say nothing, but I much prefer a simpler mode of life and to be on my own basis. However, some things cannot be helped and if any misapprehension arises because of this I can explain to our friends if I cannot to others. This is one of the difficulties such as married women experience, who often find themselves in luxurious surroundings for which they do not care a penny, in comparison with the pleasure they could have in using a little extra money for some good end.

Wednesday morning -- April 20<sup>th</sup>

To the National Portrait Gallery\* where we stayed absorbed in interest of those great portraits until we were ready to drop with fatigue! Though we felt ourselves to be highly self-denying in coming away at all! Thence to an a. b. c. shop\* to recuperate, and where we saw young women waiters who never could sit down! It was a shocking sight and an evil to be ameliorated if possible. I want to see Lady Henry Somerset\* to ask if something may not be done -- Thence to Westminster Abbey\* where we passed a glorious hour -- There is nothing to approach that shrine for the reverence it excites and the stimulus it must give to every true nature.

Thence home back to the hotel -- tired enough -- no not yet -- we were left at Hatchards book shop Pall Mall\* thinking to ramble home from there. Alas! we walked amused but far too tired and at length took a cab for we had wandered out of the way -- For the rest of the day we "lay low."

Thursday 21<sup>st</sup>

To the National Gallery\* -- and having learned a lesson yesterday -- straight home again -- lunched in the coffee rooms rested and after a

very interesting visit from Rose Kingsley\* who is just off for a vacation in France, took a hansom to Chelsea -- Not finding Georgina Hogarth\* we walked on past Rossetti's and George Eliot's and Mr Grosse's to Carlyle's house. We found a sorrowful widow, but an excellent and widow of her class in charge who most patiently showed us over, from attic to cellar, and out into the garden. We were alone with her and she told us what she had to say which was not too much. We felt nearer to these wonderful human creatures than ever. How simple yet how refined it all was. We gazed at the kitchen chimney corner where he sat with Tennyson to smoke, with deep reverence and I tried to find a stain on the uncarpeted dining-room floor under the spot where Browning\* put the tea-kettle down on the new carpet.

Home just before seven and again too tired alas!

Friday 22d

Determined to do nothing this morning -- Helen Herford,\* the eldest daughter of our old preacher made us a most interesting visit --

War, war with Spain\* -- Alas! alas! The English papers are very comforting. The first result is good -- that is -- for greater good feeling between E. & A. than has existed for years. Indeed the harmony is , if sudden, very admirable.

Saturday { April } 23d

Last night, Susan Travers arrived after a journey in Cornwall, with Mrs. Merritt. She was looking in better condition for the fresh air. The weather was warmer in London but usually clouded and every day except one or two we had sunshine. We went to see Mrs. Allinghams pictures\* and found her there. It was a pleasant meeting. We found Mrs. Ritchie\* had bought one of her pictures and Sarah bought one. It was a delightful morning --

Sunday --

Walked in the Park{.} Sarah was not very well and although we had planned to go to church we did not get there.

Monday 25 --

I did not write up this little record at the time unfortunately and I can no longer remember the sequence of our pleasant London doings. We saw Sargent\* in his studio and took tea there with Dr. Cazalis (Jean Lahore) another French gentleman whom he was painting -- Saw his sketch of Duse\* and heard him say his descriptions for the Library were just ready for the [ *unrecognized word* ]. We took tea with his

mother and his sister Emily also in the pleasant apartment at 10 Carlyle building.

-- Saw Georgina Hogarth and Albert Parson [ *missing text* ] Mrs. Janvier\* -- took tea and luncheon [ *missing text* ] afterward with Mrs. [ *missing text* ] Stratford Dugdale\* where we met Mr George Russell, Mrs Henneker{,} daughter of Lord Houghton and Mr. [ *unrecognized word, and possibly missing text* ] formerly engaged to Miss Ferguson who died last year. We just missed Anne Thackeray who came with her son & daughter to see us. We dined out with the Fisher Unwins\* who invited a good many well known persons to meet us and were most hospitable but there was nobody there who made a very deep impression{.} I went to the Private view of the Kent and the New Gallery\* by special favor{.}\*

Friday 29th

We left at about 2:30 for Paris {--} arriving at the Hotel Bristol at Midnight --

Saturday 30th

This is a beautiful place to stay! Looking upon the lovely Place Vendome. We stayed until Monday May 9th{.}

We saw Madame de Beaulaincourt { né Castellane }, and Madame la Comtesse de Sinéty, Madame Foulon de Vaulx who played for us exquisitely Mozart & Chopin{,} Mlle Blaze de Bury -- all through our dear Thérèse who came at once & every day to see that we had everything to enjoy{.}

### Notes

*opening page*: The beginning of the diary is missing in the microfilm copy. It seems likely that there is at least one missing page, in addition to the torn off lines at the top of this page.

*K. W. der Grosse*: The steamship *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* was a German transatlantic liner that entered service in 1897, serving the route from Bremerhaven, Southampton and New York.

*Mrs Anna Lea Merritt ... Miss Travers*: Wikipedia says: "Anna Massey Lea Merritt (1844-1930) was an American painter. She made portraits, landscapes and religious scenes.... Merritt worked as a professional artist for most of her adult life, 'living by her brush' before her brief marriage to Henry Merritt and after his death."

Susan B. Travers (d. 1904) of Newport, RI. The *New York Times* (December 8, 1904) p. 9, reports the death of Miss Susan Travers of Newport, RI on 7 December. According to the *Times* (December 11, 1904) p. 34, she was the

daughter of William Riggin Travers (1819-1887). Her sister, Matilda (d. 1943), married the artist, Walter Gay. Though a biographical sketch is difficult to locate, Internet searches indicate that she was an art collector and a patron of the Boston Museum of Art, the New York Botanical Garden, and various philanthropic organizations. She assisted Sarah Porter (1813-1900) in founding the Farmington [Connecticut] Lodge Society to bring 'tired and overworked' girls from New York City to Farmington during their summer vacation." This would likely have interested Annie Fields in relation to her work with the Associated Charities of Boston. See Wikipedia for more information about her family.

*Eddystone Light*: Wikipedia says that the Eddystone Lighthouse on the Hoe at Plymouth in Devon is now called Smeaton's Tower, after its designer.

*Drake ... the Spanish Armada ... monument*: Wikipedia says that Sir Francis Drake (1540-1596) was a English "sea captain, privateer, slave trader, naval officer and explorer of the Elizabethan era." He was second in command when the English repelled the Spanish Armada in 1588. A monument to Drake in the form of a bronze statue was unveiled on Plymouth Hoe in 1884. The Armada Memorial on Plymouth Hoe was completed in 1888. A panel on the monument reads: "He blew with his winds and they were scattered." See also Wikipedia on this phrase.

*Victoria*: Queen Victoria of the United Kingdom (1819-1901). E.R. -- Elizabeth Regina -- refers to Queen Elizabeth I (1533-1603).

*Primrose Day*: Wikipedia says: "Primrose Day is the anniversary of the death of British statesman and prime minister Benjamin Disraeli, 1st Earl of Beaconsfield, on 19 April 1881."

*National Portrait Gallery*: Wikipedia says: "The National Portrait Gallery is an art gallery in London housing a collection of portraits of historically important and famous British people."

*a. b. c. shop*: The Aerated Bread Company ran a large chain of tea rooms in Great Britain in the late 19th Century, serving tea and baked goods.

*Somerset*: According to Wikipedia, Lady Henry Somerset (1851-1921) was a British philanthropist who focused on women's rights and temperance. Presumably Lady Somerset would be interested in reforming the situation of female waiters in tea-rooms, both because of her concern with women's rights and with temperance, as tea-rooms offered alternatives to pubs.

*Hatchards book shop Pall Mall*: Wikipedia says: "Hatchards is a branch of Waterstones, and claims to be the oldest bookshop in the United Kingdom, founded on Piccadilly in 1797 by John Hatchard. After one move, it has been at the same location on Piccadilly next to Fortnum and Mason since 1801."

*National Gallery*: Wikipedia says: "The National Gallery is an art museum in Trafalgar Square in the City of Westminster, in Central London. Founded in 1824, it houses a collection of over 2,300 paintings dating from the mid-13th century to 1900."

*Rose Kingsley*: Eldest daughter of British author, Rev. Charles Kingsley (1819-1975), Rose Kingsley (1845-1925) also was an author of books on travel, art and gardening. Wikipedia.

*Georgina Hogarth ... Rossetti's and George Eliot's and Mr Grosse's to Carlyle's house*: At various times, all of these people were residents of Chelsea, an affluent area of South West London.

Georgina Hogarth, (1827-1917), "the sister-in-law, housekeeper, and adviser of English novelist Charles Dickens and the editor of two volumes of his collected letters after his death."

Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti (1828-1882), poet and artist.

George Eliot, Mary Anne Evans, (1819-1880), author and journalist.

While Fields appears to have written "Grosse," this is not certain. It seems more likely she means Edmund Gosse (1849-1928), British poet, author and critic,

Scottish historian and author Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881). The identity of the widow living at his home in 1898 has not yet been discovered. Wikipedia.

*Tennyson ... Browning*: Wikipedia says: Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) "was Poet Laureate of Great Britain and Ireland during much of Queen Victoria's reign and remains one of the most popular British poets."

Robert Browning (1812-1889), English poet and playwright.

Anne Thackeray Ritchie repeats the story of Browning placing a hot tea kettle on the Carlyle's new carpet in *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning* (1892) p. 157.

*Helen Herford*: Reverend Brooke Herford (1830-1903) was a British Unitarian minister and author, who immigrated to the United States, serving in Boston after 1881. In 1892, he returned to England to serve at the Rosslyn Hill Chapel in Hampstead. "Herford's eldest daughter Helen Brooke (1854-1935) was the main founder of the national Unitarian Women's League in Britain in 1908."

*war with Spain*: The Spanish American War commenced in April 1898, beginning with Congressional action on 20 April and the American declaration of war on 25 April. Wikipedia.

*Mrs. Allinghams pictures*: This transcription is uncertain, but seems likely. Wikipedia says that Helen Paterson Allingham (1848-1926) was a British watercolorist and illustrator.

*Mrs. Ritchie*: This transcription is uncertain. Fields and Jewett were acquainted with British novelist William M. Thackeray's daughter, Anne Isabella Thackeray, Lady Ritchie (1837-1919), also a novelist. She married Sir Richmond Thackeray Willoughby Ritchie (1854-1912). Their children were: Hester Helena Makepeace Ritchie (1878-1960) and William Thackeray Denis Ritchie (1880-1964). Wikipedia.

*Sargent*: The American painter, John Singer Sargent (1856-1925), according to Wikipedia was the leading portrait painter of his generation. He eventually maintained a studio in London. His mother was Mary Newbold Singer (1826-1906). He had two surviving sisters, Emily (1857-1936) and Violet Sargent Ormond (1870-1955). According to Corsano and Willman, Mary and Emily Sargent took up residence in London in the 1890s, in a fourth-floor flat "looking over the Thames at 10 Carlyle Mansions" (*John Singer Sargent and his Muse*, 2014, p. 47). He had painted a portrait of Annie Adams Fields in 1890.

*Dr. Cazalis (Jean Lahore)*: Presumably, Fields refers to Henri Cazalis (1840-1909), French physician and Symbolist poet, who wrote under the name, Jean Lahor. The portrait mentioned here has not yet been identified. Wikipedia.

*his sketch of Duse*: Wikipedia says that Eleonora Duse (1858-1924) was an internationally famous Italian actress. Sargent completed her portrait in about 1893.

*Albert Parson*: Because the manuscript page is damaged, Parson's last name is clipped. It may be Parsons. In either case, he remains unidentified.

*Mrs. Janvier*: The American-born artist, author and translator, Catharine Ann Drinker Janvier (1841-1923). Wikipedia.

*Stratford Dugdale ... George Russell, Mrs. Henneker, daughter of Lord Houghton ... Miss Ferguson*: In the absence of context, it is difficult to be sure how to interpret Stratford Dugdale. It is possible Fields refers to Harriet Ella Portman (d. 1903), wife of William Stratford Dugdale (1800-1871), a British politician. Wikipedia.

However, SOJ to Sarah Wyman Whitman of 20 June 1894 indicates that Fields was acquainted with Alice Frances Trevelyan (1843-1902), the wife of William Stratford Dugdale (1828-1882), son of the politician, who died heroically attempting to rescue miners after a British mine explosion. He was a beloved pupil of Benjamin Jowett at Oxford, who maintained a friendship with Mrs. Dugdale after her husband's death. See Google Books: *The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett* (1897).

Mr. George Russell also is difficult to identify. George W. E. Russell (1853-1919) was a British politician as well as a writer, whom they could have met at the home of Stratford Dugdale. But perhaps they ran into George William Russell (1867-1935), the Irish poet, or George Russell (1857-1951), the British horticulturalist.

Mrs. Henneker is Florence Ellen Hungerford Milnes Henniker (1855-1923) a British novelist, the daughter of the poet Richard Monckton Milnes (1809-1885), 1st Lord Houghton. She married a British army officer, Arthur Henry Henniker-Major (1855-1912).

The deceased Miss Ferguson and her betrothed are not yet identified. Wikipedia.

*Fisher Unwins*: This transcription is uncertain, but it seems likely that Fields refers to Thomas Fisher Unwin (1848-1935) an English publisher who founded the publishing house T. Fisher Unwin in 1882. His wife was Jane Cobden. He was the British publisher of Jewett's *The Story of the Normans* (1887).

*Kent ... New Gallery*: The transcription of "Kent" is uncertain, and the item remains unidentified. Though this seems unlikely, perhaps Fields had been invited to an event at Kent House, the home of Louisa Caroline Baring, Lady Ashburton (1827-1903), a Scottish art collector and philanthropist. She and Harriet Hosmer became lovers in 1867, after the death of Ashburton's husband, a relationship that lasted until the 1890s. By 1898, they were living apart, Ashburton in London at Kent House, Hosmer in Massachusetts. Kent House, Knightsbridge eventually became a synagogue. Wikipedia.

The New Gallery was a London art gallery from 1888 to 1910. A "private view" in the 19th century was an opening for a new exhibit, usually by invitation only and possibly with refreshments. Given the date, it is likely Fields attended the opening for the New Gallery's annual Summer Exhibition. Wikipedia. The *Art Journal* of June 1898 indicates that this show included work by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, John Singer Sargent, Alfred East, and George Frederic Watts.



*Madame de Beaulaincourt ... Madame la Comtesse de Sinéty, Madame Foulon de Vault who played for us:*

French Wikipedia says that Sophie de Castellane, Marquise de Contades, then Beaulaincourt, Countess Marles (1818-1904) was a writer and kept a salon. Her father was Esprit Victor Elisabeth Boniface de Castellane, Comte de Castellane (1788-1862), a French military officer and ultimately a Marshal of France. Madame Blanc included an account of the Marquise in an essay that Sarah Orne Jewett helped to translate, "Conversation in France," *Century* 48:4 (Aug 1894): 626-634.

Madame la Comtesse de Sinéty probably is Madame Alice Marie Léonie Ogier d'Ivry Comtesse de Sinéty (1837-1924), wife of Count Joseph Louis Marie de Sinéty (1837-1915).

Whether Fields spelled "Foulon de Vault" correctly is not clear. In 1872 Alice Devaulx married Henri Foulon (1844-1929). Shortly after they married, they changed their names to "Foulon de Vault." Henri Foulon de Vault was a Belgian born industrialist and historian. Alice became a translator, notably of work by Hamlin Garland.

*Mlle Blaze de Bury.* Anne Emilie Rose Yetta Blaze de Bury (c. 1840-1902) is the author of *French Literature Today: A Study of the Principal Romancers and Essayists* (Houghton Mifflin 1898, Google Books). She was the daughter of Marie Pauline Rose (Stuart) Blaze de Bury (1813-1894). The senior Blaze de Bury was born in Scotland and moved to France at an early age. She became a writer of fiction and essays in French and in English, publishing sometimes under the name, Arthur Dudley. Wikipedia. See also *Stanford Companion to Victorian Fiction* p. 71 and Library of Congress.

---

### From Jewett's Letters

*19 April to Sara Norton*

I have seen all your primroses today and thought of you, too! Devonshire and Somerset were all a-bloom, and the brooks were fresh, and I heard a black-bird as the train went by, and I saw by this morning's Plymouth paper that the cuckoo had come and been heard in Brixham; which sounded homelike, because Brixham is a parish of the town of York next Berwick. And the fields were green and the trees showed all their lovely outlines under a mist of brown buds and small green leaves. They never will be so lovely again all summer. Oh, yes, I thought of you, dear! and it really seemed at one moment as if you were looking out of the car window with me.

It was a dull voyage and I rejoiced when it was ended, though I never had so much fresh air as on this new big steamship which brought us over. That is saying much, but going to sea is going to sea in spite of everything. This time I read almost constantly, which one cannot always do at sea, and I liked very much coming into Plymouth, and spending the night there, and walking on the Hoe this morning, with thoughts of Sir Francis Drake and other great persons; but most of all of my poor great-grand-father, who was so unlucky as to be taken by privateers and shut into the wretched prison at Dartmoor, to know all the horrors of those dark days. You will know how eager we were to get news from home, and how disappointing it was to find that nothing was yet settled and that war still seemed near.

### Notes

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911)

Sara Norton (1864-1922) was the oldest daughter of Harvard professor Charles Eliot Norton (November 16, 1827 - October 21, 1908) and niece of James Russell Lowell. Her mother died after bearing her 6th child in 1872. Sara (also called Sally) became an accomplished cellist and one of Jewett's closest friends, visiting at her own home in Cambridge, as well as in South Berwick, and at the homes of Annie Fields. With M. A. De Wolfe Howe, she edited *Letters of Charles Eliot Norton* (Boston, 1913), 2 vols. Richard Cary notes "Miss Jewett often visited Norton and his daughters at Shady Hill, their Cambridge residence, as well as at Ashfield, their summer home in the Massachusetts Berkshire hills. Sara Norton's sisters were: Elizabeth (Lily) Gaskell (1866-1958) and Margaret (1870-1947). Her brother, Eliot Norton (1863-1932), married Margaret Palmer Meyer. Her scholar brother, Richard Norton (1872-1918), a decorated veteran and organizer of the American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps, died in France near the end of World War I. Wikipedia.

The Spanish-American War lasted about ten weeks during the spring and summer of 1898. Rebecca Walsh points out that the Nortons were vigorous opponents of the war. Mr. Norton became a vocal member of the Anti-Imperialist League (which began to form in June 1898). See Jewett's letter to Sara Norton of 10 June 1898. And see Rebecca Walsh, "Sugar, Sex, and Empire: Sarah Orne Jewett's 'The Foreigner' and the Spanish-American War," in *A Concise Companion to American Studies*, Edited by John Carlos Rowe (Malden, MA: Wiley-Blackwell, 2010), p. 304.

*war still seemed near.* Jewett refers to the approaching Spanish American War of 1898.

*21 April to Theodore Jewett Eastman*

Then Aunt Annie and I drove to Chelsea in a hansom to see her old friend Miss Hogarth (Dickens's sister-in-law) but she was away for a few days and so we went into the Carlyle House close by -- it has been kept as a memorial you know, with as many of the old furnishings as possible and we found it very interesting. The narrow street comes out on the Embankment -- a great avenue that runs a long distance on the banks of the Thames, and the river looked cold enough today but when you come we shall get into little steamers and ply up and down from Kew Gardens to the Greenwich hospital .... Miss Kingsley was full of excitement about the war, as we are: you can't think how it troubles us, and being so far away and all. I hate to think of our northern men going down into those steaming islands this summer -- I do hope that it will not have to be. But "there's a providence in it" as old Mrs. Raynes used to say, and I try to think that a good stirring up will be good for some who might drift along comfortably -- The aimless people sometimes get an aim thrust upon them -- -- I can imagine how excited you and all the fellows must be -- What would the fellows in the Naval Academy have done if there had been no war and they had to go back stay & pass their exams? -- but this is a very trivial way of looking at a great affair, and I must not speak so ---- After all, it does seem as if war was the concern of older men -- You will see soldiering enough and plenty of gay uniforms in the London streets -- I think you will like to see the horse guards on sentry duty as you go down St James'.

*6 May to Theodore Jewett Eastman*

I quite long to have you see Paris -- it never looked as beautiful with its high roofs and green trees and all sorts of interesting things going on. Day before yesterday Aunt Annie had gone to see Mrs. Greene, Bertram's grandmother, and Mifs Travers and I did an errand and then she took me where I had never been -- to the old cemetery of Picpus away at the other end -- the old end -- of Paris an hour's drive through the quaintest & least changed streets{.} It is a very old convent of white nuns (les Dames Blanches) and not far from the Bastille region or the guillotine of 1793 { -- } over 1300 people were thrown together into the fosse -- Lavoisier -- the great chemist and André Chénier -- the poet and all the lords & ladies who lost their heads! This is walled off as quiet green garden with a few trees -- just beyond the famous old cemetery where Lafayette & his family sleep under great stones and all the great French families of the

Montmorencys and their kind lie in solemn rows -- it is a little place but very high company indeed!!! and there are long rows of lindens cropped & trimmed so that they meet over head & make a pretty light as you go along the long alleys (allées) {.} We went into the convent chapel -- it is all as quaint and turreted and stone walled as can be -- like the bent little grandmother of some places you saw in Quebec -- The white ladies were saying & singing their vespers in a pretty flock together, and one very old one got out her snuff box and took a great pinch and shut it with a click.

I wished for you very much the night I went to see Coquelin in *Cyrano de Bergerac* -- It is a delightful play & I dare say it will be running when you arrive -- for it is so pleasing to the French and to foreigners alike. Of the time of Louis XV (I think) with charming costumes & *Cyrano* loves a lady but has so long a nose (very neatly made in wax that matches well) that he has no hope of winning her fair hand, especially as she confides to him at a solemn rendezvous in a cake shop that she loves another, a beautiful young Baron. She begs for *Cyrano's* friendly assistance & it is granted most unselfishly. Then the Baron is very dull of speech, though so beautiful, and *Cyrano* goes & makes love for him under a balcony in the moonlight -- telling the Baron who is blindly accepted, just what to say! There is a call to war & the Baron & *Cyrano* go, the latter writing love letters twice a day. The Baron is killed, & much mourned by the lady. Last Act 15 years after: Scene in a convent garden with nuns &c. the lady discovers the whole. *Cyrano* dies and she says, "I have loved but one man & have lost him twice!" In the mean time you have grown so attached to faithful old *Cyrano* & his nose begins to seem just beautiful -- and you have had the most picturesque scenery of old Paris & the cake shop with Gascon soldiers & the baker of cakes who writes poetry & the camp where the sentinels are most effective, and they are all staring & the Lady comes in a green coach & brings a beautiful dejeuner to those she loves !!! -- you would love it as much as I. It is the season's great play. & -- the old theater is crammed every night....

All Paris is sweet with lilacs -- the air was full of them when I opened a window last night, and the great gardens by the Tuileries are so fresh with the historic orange-trees all out in their great square tubs and the laburnums bright yellow and every kid employing himself with a game of marbles & tops.

## Note

The manuscripts of Jewett's letters to Eastman are held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University MS Am 1743.1 Box 4: 116, 3 letters to Theodore Jewett Eastman.

*16 May to Sara Norton*

I send you a leaf that you will know from this most lovely place, and whereas I last spoke of primroses (I am sorry to think how long ago!), I can now speak of the golden lilies of France, which grow wild along these roadsides, and scarlet poppies and young vine leaves and old mulberry-trees, that look rueful as if they thought it very hard to put out nice leaves every year with the other trees, only to have them picked for silkworms. Provence is in full flower and leaf otherwise. We have seen a good bit of it, with several days at Avignon, and some good drives across country. I wish that I could have had you with me one long day, when Miss Travers and I went on pilgrimage to Grignan, where Madame de Sévigné spent her last days with her daughter, and died at last, and was buried. It took us eleven hours to make the not very long journey from Avignon and back again (a rainy morning forcing us to give up a drive and wait for a branch train instead), and we had only half an hour to see the ruined château and exquisite old French gardens; but it was one of the most delightful things I had ever done. The château rises high out of lovely green plain like a very small Orvieto, and a solemn little old tiled village clusters under it, with a tiny market-place where Madame de Sévigné sits in her best clothes and her best manner, so gay, so Parisian, so French, so enchanting and so perfectly incongruous! You feel as if it had not been kind to make her permanent in bronze, -- that some of the crumbly limestone of the village would have been a kinder material by far, except that it is, after all, the crumbling old village that must some day go, and she forever stay. Her little garden, under a bit of high wall, with the fig-tree she writes about, are still there as if she had left them yesterday. The pastures were all covered with thyme, in bloom just now, and the air was blowing down from the snow mountains which shut the valley in; and after the wind and rain of the morning, the sun had come out and cleared a blue sky like Italy. One thinks of Italy always here. I have left myself no time or room on this crumpled sheet of paper to tell you of a most enchanting *farandole* which we saw yesterday, in a village near by, where all the dancers of different parishes had come together. There was never anything more exquisite than the whole thing, the open arena with the afternoon light through the trees and all the country people so gay, so delighted. The costumes and the *grace*

of the whole thing; the Provençal dance-tune would have delighted you.

## Notes

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911)

Sometimes travelling with Fields and Jewett was Susan B. Travers (d. 1904). The *New York Times* (December 8, 1904) p. 9, reports the death of Miss Susan Travers of Newport, RI on 7 December. According to the *Times* (December 11, 1904) p. 34, she was the daughter of William Riggan Travers (1819-1887). Her sister, Matilda (d. 1943), married the artist, Walter Gay. Though a biographical sketch is difficult to locate, internet searches indicate that she was an art collector and a patron of the Boston Museum of Art, the New York Botanical Garden, and various philanthropic organizations. She assisted Sarah Porter (1813-1900) in founding the Farmington [Connecticut] Lodge Society to bring 'tired and overworked' girls from New York City to Farmington during their summer vacation." Wikipedia and Find a Grave.

---

[ *Fields Diary* ]

[ *Draft of a Poem that appears here in the ms.* ]

O night of May in Avignon!  
Again a singer sings there.  
The deathless ease  
Sleeping at life's great heart  
dwells also here.  
In beauty without fear.

---

Today in Provence\*

[ *Part 1* ]

[ *Fields revised material from her journal about visiting in Provence. Though composed later using journal materials, this belongs here in the chronology of her trip.* ]

Beau soleil de la Provence, gai compagni du mistral, toi qui fais couler la Durance comme un flot de Vin de Crau, fais briller ton blond flambeau, fais-toi voir, beau soleil, Ceu! Ceu! fais-toi voir, beau soleil!" F. Mistral\*

How often the story of Provence has been told! From the earliest moment of historic legend a certain radiance has been thrown over the land in literature. The strength, beauty and gayety of its people; its love of dance and song have been recounted. Is anything left to say? Only this: that as today's sunset may surprise us

with delicate or wonderful hues we have never seen before, so something which reminds us that "the poetry of earth is never dead" is always held as a new and personal possession. Provence seems to have this gift and is as fresh to the traveller who cares for these things today as when Roncesvalles warned his magic horn through the mountain valleys of the past.

May was cold and rainy in Paris and we determined to strike for sunshine and the south as soon as possible. Therefore we found ourselves one delicious evening drawing near to Avignon{.} The mountains rose around us, the fields blossomed with flowers, the Rhone rushed with an impetuosity seldom seen except in the early spring or late autumn. It was evening and very dark, and cold still, when we came rattling into the gates of the city, making the only noise there was in the sleeping town; but what with the cracking of the driver's whip, the heavy feet of the horses and the rumbling of clumsy wheels our noise seemed quite sufficient to waken the whole place. The streets were narrow and unlighted save by occasional lamps each of which almost disappeared in turn before another came in sight and our huge vehicle seemed as if it were going to be a tight fit between side and side of stone buildings which recalled the dim half ruined palaces of Florence and of Rome. Finally with additional clatter we turned into the paved courtyard of our hotel which was itself formerly the house of a cardinal.

Here with the fatigue which overtakes the traveller we went to bed to dream of Popes and prisons and awoke in sunshine to hear the nightingales.

When we arose we leaned out of the old casement window and saw the laurel trees below and listened to the drip-drip of the old fountain which had been greening the same old stones and blooming the flowers far out of living memory; a regiment of young soldiers could just be seen under the stone arch of the gateway, stepping with the quick sound of sudden hail-stones; then all was silent again. Birds flitted about, while spring clouds cool and fresh began to overspread the blue sky, now and then {a} servant was heard singing at work, or a waiter with one napkin across his shoulder and another in his hand put his head out of one of the arches; but all these were sights and sounds which only deepened the silence of the picture and could not give it life. In the afternoon the grey clouds had overspread the sky when I walked out of the courtyard and into the quiet little street. A few steps further the great Rhone was rushing on, as it was rushing when human life in a still more turbulent flow was passing over the old stone bridge of which one half has

long ago perished; and there were the ruins of the Papal palaces and all the stones scattered here and there upholding modern walls or helping to stay the houses of the poor and telling the story of a former splendor. What was once magnificent is now beautiful. Time reserves its compensations. The natural features of the place, the great rock which fronts the river and dominates every surrounding, the lovely plain, the distant mountains, all are there, though popes and cardinals and palaces and the grand impolitic King Francis\* have faded long ago. I strayed through a narrow street or two which I must confess lost something of their grandeur by the light of day while they acquired an unconscious charm.

My attention was at length attracted to a small book-shop with Roumanille\* in large letters across the little façade. I did not at that moment know that there were hundreds of families in Provence bearing that name. I only remembered happily that Roumanille was a living spirit of Avignon publisher and poet not now living in the body but one of the earliest to form that national society of the Félibres for the preservation of the language of Provence and to prove the continued and characteristic existence of the Provençal people. I stepped into the shop{.} It was full of books; books that one might wish to read and when I asked for one or two Provençal authors they were produced with alacrity, not however without the ready appearance of a small woman in black who was evidently the genius of the place. I asked her presently tentatively and half suspecting if she could tell me where I might find Madame Roumanille. "I am she," she answered quickly and when I mentioned the name of a mutual friend a kindly smile of greeting overspread her face. I was made to sit down at once in a corner of the little place while we talked together of our friends and of their books. It was still rather early morning and I thought of the numerous cares which must be hers{,} but I was not suffered to go until I promised to return the following afternoon for a second visit our party to see her and her daughter Madame B.

As I walked away I found Avignon no longer a city of the past. Here Aubanel and Roumanille had revived or given voice once more to the life of the people. Aubanel with his lovely songs to whom Mistral wrote on his wedding day;

"Envolez-vous là-haut vers les étoiles"\*\*\*

and Roumanille whose poems and stories of the people have embalmed life their nature and manners in a way which Daudet{,} their still more famous compatriot did not fail to study, to admire, and to reproduce.

Here decidedly was life charm and character; a democracy of a new and unconscious nature; a deliverance from the servitude and oppression of the past and a fresh spring, blossoming in an old race. Félix Gras, too, I remembered, the brother of Madame Roumanille whose "Reds of the Midi" has made his name known in America where his poems are still unread; he also belongs in Avignon. I knew that our friend Mrs Janvier in London had just finished the translation of a second story of which "Reds of the Midi" was but the first of a trilogy and that he was sure to increase the sense of [two deleted words] life in Avignon if we should by chance fall in with him.

It was no chance but the pleasant deliberation of hospitality which as we sat in Madame Roumanille's little parlor the following day caused Félix Gras to come also for a talk across the tea-cups{.} We were sitting in the quaint parlor back of the shop crowded with interesting relics of her husband and his friends when the poet and story-writer came in. He is no longer young but with shining eyes and full command of his powers. He is Juge de Paix [Justice of the Peace] in his native town and he explained to us the method of government now in France with the intelligent loving interest of one who has faith in his country and is anxious to serve her interest to the best of his ability. It was a pleasure to him to know that his story was liked in America and the experience would have been more significant to him if he had ever received any tangible evidence in the form of copyright.

We left Avignon with the feeling that living hearts and purposes were astir there: the old things of the past were but the background, the picturesque surface upon which the real development and progress of the people were grafted, making them richer instead of poorer for the old stem. Nor did we go to a station and coolly turn our back upon the place, but we drove away as if we had deceived ourselves with thinking we might return in a night or two and had only gone to St. Rémy\* for an afternoon drive.

One is able to feel oneself in the heart of Provence in driving across the plain from Avignon to St. Rémy. The fields are crossed by fences of reeds a few yards apart between which the vegetables and flowers grow, the fierce wind driven from the mountains and swept by the strong rushing of the Rhone. There are also long lines of black cypresses, tall as the steeples of country churches which contrast with the white roads, the chalk houses and the green of the olive {--} acres of ground in every direction

enhanced the beauty beyond words. It was such a scene which surrounded us.

The Cevennes mountains gird the plain on one side and the Alpilles on the other as we advanced toward St. Rémy. To those who care nothing for Provence as the land of the finders or "Trouvères": of the sun of beauty and song; as the country of all the world the most renowned for character, strength and health, descriptions signify little; but for those who care for the land where as Mistral says in his "Lion d'Arles", (the mountain overlooking St. Rémy shaped like a lion) there is still a spirit peculiar to itself; for such persons: Provence possesses the same power as poetry itself. The mountain speaks:

"Maintenant, écoute:  
La Provence  
Pour défense  
N'a plus d'ongles. comme moi ....  
Et, sans cesse, pourtant, elle pense  
À Sauter Sur l'échelon.

-----

"Par la ruse ou l'négoce  
Que s'élève qui voudra;  
Par les armes et [ les ? ] tumulte  
Que triomphe qui pourra;  
Toi, Provence, trouvé et chante!  
Et Marquante  
Par la lyre ou le ciseau.  
Répands-leur tout ce qui charme.  
Et qui monte dans le ciel."

This is the key-note of the Provence of today. Her people and her singers still uphold worthily and steadily its character and its beauty. Of the tomorrow of Provence we may not prophecy; today she is still peculiar to herself. St. Rémy is more nearly the center of the true life of the people as it was of old, than Avignon. It is a little mountain town full of running water and rose gardens where the people walk briskly about carrying their burdens in nets or baskets or occasionally pressing the family donkey and a small cart into their service. The close relations which exists between the donkey and the family are very amusing. The cats and dogs also seem to develop new qualities under the family sunshine. We overheard an old woman in Avignon ask her cats in the morning if she had slept well and the donkeys wear the expression of a younger member of the family who is proud of performing his share of the family labors.

In the sunset we walked up the mountain-side past small houses and farms on either side of the way. The fields were shining with ripening grain bordered with poppies, the little dooryards were gay with flowers, the grapes were putting

out new leaves and getting ready to blossom. There was no oppressive warmth, but freshness and new life on every hand. Just beyond the houses and on a spur of the hills overlooking a radiant valley on one side and up to the mountain on the other, stand, what the people of Provence call "les Antiquités."\* They consist of a Roman arch of peculiar beauty, and a monument or tomb dedicated to two persons whose statues still stand in an open portico under the dome of the structure -- These lovely works of art stand alone in their vicinity to record the passing of a great nation. They are as lovely in their decay as they were in the day of their erection and they overlook the petty life of the little village below, as a great mind will sometimes review in stillness the foolish gayety of the young. There, century after century they have made the rugged mountain sides repeat the story of power and splendor which once dwelt among them -- This was the kind of song the Roman people left and Provence is forever more beautiful for their passing. "Les Antiquités" and the "Pont du Gard" near Nîmes are among the finest of the Roman remains to be found anywhere. "Les Antiquités" because of their beautiful position as well as refinement of execution; the "Pont du Gard" from its architectural grandeur which suggests the Coliseum and the noble river which it spans.

Sunday at St. Rémy was kept in the church going fashion in the morning. The women from the neighboring farms wore a gay kerchief over a black corsage and a gay petticoat. On their heads they wore chiefly a small white lace cap with a ribbon folded round which hung at one side{,} a very becoming dress attributed chiefly to the Arlesiennes\* but used much by the peasant women of the countryside. We heard that the "farandole" was to be danced at Château Renard,\* ^near^ the ruins of a mediaeval castle which crowned one of the spurs of the Alpilles several miles away{.} "La Farandole" is not now an affair of every day occurrence and by no means to be lost. The afternoon was like a day in early June in New England and the roads as we drove over them beautiful as well as interesting avenues leading to a most novel scene{.} There were not many persons going from a distance to see the dance and there were no foreigners save our small group. As we approached the village of Château Renard however the excitement began. Everybody was getting ready for the occasion. We were greatly disappointed to hear that only men were to dance and as we came out to the other side of the town and entered an avenue of plane trees and herds that the dancers were in the cafés our idea of the matter sank lower still{.} The arena lay before us shaded by old trees

with the omnipresent small boy hanging about the entrance; there was, as yet no other sign of any unusual event. Our 'cochers' wished to leave us and go to the village but we being ignorant fancied half an hour would be sufficient to exhaust our interest in the dance{.} We compromised at last as we thought very generously by an hour and we left to enter the arena and choose our places among the earliest guests. Above us the grim old castle looked down upon the scene{.} The people soon began to come, whole families including the dog finding seats for themselves with the deepest satisfaction. The cleanliness everywhere was an added beauty and although there were few brilliant costumes there was a general air of refinement in the peasants' dress which was worthy of observation. Soon the sound of a drum was heard and martial music which set every boy again on the alert. Presently groups of brilliantly dressed men appeared in the arena{.} The band took its places and the judges came into the box decorated for the event with national colors{.} Everything was ready to begin. The gay crowd sitting under the shadow of the trees on circular seats after the plan of the Roman arenas at Nîmes and elsewhere and the groups of young men in their beautiful dresses in the centre seven in each group representing the several cities of Provence made a pretty picture gilded by the spring sunshine]. Presently the band struck up the music of "La Farandole"\* a simple but archaic strain always the same and we could see the restless feet of the dancers longing to begin. At a given sign, seven handsome young men dressed in red velvet jackets{,} white trouser and caps, leading a little girl also in red came to the middle of the arena. Then the dance began; the little girl along at the end copying as gracefully and lightly as possible the dancing of the men but of course without their wonderful accuracy. It was an enchanting spectacle of grace and agility.

The seven chosen first took their places in a figure in the middle fronting the music. The leader alone at the head, two men stood at an angle several feet behind him and the rest placed themselves at regular intervals with the child alone behind. There they danced for a few moments each in his lace{.} Suddenly they whirled into line, taking each other by the hand and dancing as they advanced ^the last one always holding the child's hand, thus they went twice round the whole space. The advance is made slowly and with great dignity and skill, each individual repeating the jump and intricate movement of the feet made upon one spot before making the leap by which they advance. It is no simple matter "La Farandole"! Children learn it in their earliest youth; every little scamp

in the audience was trying it in corners of the seats, if they were unoccupied, or by scrambling down between the posts into the arena. Hence it comes that in times of public excitement in the villages when the sound of the drum is heard beating the measure of La Farandole, young and old turn out and seize each others hands and go dancing along the road or up the mountain side. At such moments even visitors are caught and borne along. A simple leap in the air{,} a change of feet and a long step forward all done in good faith will be accepted unnoticed but for the people themselves La Farandole is a work of art. There is something intoxicating in the music and the slow but active advance. The eye cannot follow quite close enough to understand the subtle movement of the feet. It is music in action. There are the tones, the semi-tones, the individual parts and the whole orchestra! Perhaps twenty minutes were absorbed or half an hour by each group of men; but we had lost all count of time in the fascination of the dance and can only guess.

When the first group ended it withdrew in the applause of the multitude. It was soon followed by another in a uniform of blue and white with a little boy at the end. These were men from Maillane the district where Frederic Mistral lives. They were somewhat imperfect in their dancing but the child was so engaging that they also ended with the applause of the people. The child wore little buskins on his feet not unlike an indian moccasin with straps which would untie. When he saw his strings hanging with utter unconsciousness of being observed, he would sit down in the arena wherever he happened to be to tie them up again -- Nothing could have been prettier or more amusing and it was appreciated like a kind of joke on all sides even by the dancers who were not infrequently interrupted by it -- This group was soon succeeded by another, the men of Arles who were the most splendid of all in force and accuracy. By this time we had forgotten the day must come to an end, had forgotten our coachmen, had forgotten to breathe {--} we were all eyes and ears and lost in the pleasure of the scene. It must have been three hours at least after we had taken our places when one of the "cochers" making his appearance reminded me that I had asked them to return early! Ah me, how hard it was to come away with the music still playing the same quaint tune, the groups still appearing in turn and the whole about to make an appearance together at the end! But we were miles away{,} sunset was at hand and we had seen La Farandole.

As we returned through the villages we sometimes saw dancing going on in the public

squares, young girls and young men in the open air while their elders sat about taking coffee or enjoying themselves in a Sunday afternoon talk. The simplicity and natural life of the Provençal cannot be surpassed.

## Notes

*Provence:* I have constructed this section from several pieces Fields includes, to form what seems to be what she may have intended as a "final" draft.

"the poetry of earth is never dead": This line opens British romantic poet, John Keats's (1795-1821), sonnet, "On the Grasshopper and Cricket."

*Roncesvalles:* This Spanish village near the French border is perhaps most famous in history and legend for the death of Roland in 778 at the battle of Roncevaux Pass. Roland, a Frankish military leader under the Holy Roman Emperor Charlemagne, became a figure of legend, notably in *Chanson de Roland*, an 11th-century epic poem.

*Mistral:* Frédéric Mistral (1830-1914) was "a French writer and lexicographer of the Occitan language. Mistral received the 1904 Nobel Prize in Literature." Wikipedia.

Fields quotes from "L'Hymne Au Soleil" in Mistral's *Lis Isclo D'or: Recuei de Pouesio Diverso* (1875, Google Books). The original shifts between Provençal and a French translation. Fields's quotation includes a part that seems not to be in the original, making it difficult to determine her source. Jeannine Hammond of Coe College notes that there are several variant versions of this poem in print.

The passages Fields quotes appear as follows in *The Isle of Gold*:

Grand soleil de la Provence, -- gai compère  
du mistral, -- toi qui taris la Durance -- comme  
un flot de vin de Crau,

Fais briller ta blonde lampe! -- Chasse  
l'ombre et les fléaux --- Vite! vite! vite! --  
Montretoi, beau soleil!

The following passage does not appear in the original in French:

fais-tois voir, beau soleil, Leu! Leu!  
fais-toi voir, beau soleil!"

Instead, it appears as part of a refrain in Provençal:

Fai Lusi toun blound calèu!  
Coucho l'oumbro emai li flèu!  
Lèu! Lèu! Lèu!  
Fai te vèire, bèu soulèu!

Translation by Arthur Symons in "Frederic Mistral," *The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature, Science and Art* 43 (March 1886) p. 310.

Mighty sun of our Provence,  
Gay the Mistral's boonfellow  
Thou that drainest the Durance  
Like a draft of wine of Crau,  
Light thy shining lamp on high,  
Let the shade and sorrow fly  
Soon, soon, soon,  
Rise, fair sun, into the sky!

Hammond provides a more literal translation and notes:

Beautiful Provençal sun, gay comrade of  
the Mistral,  
You dry up the Durance, as if it were an  
out-flowing of Crau wine.  
Make your blond flame shine!  
Show yourself, beautiful sun!  
Quick! Quick! Show yourself, beautiful sun!

In this stanza, the Mistral is the cold, dry northerly winter/spring wind that blows down the Rhone valley, with sustained speeds often greater than 40 miles / hour and gusting as high as 115 mph. The strong wind may sometimes continue for more than two days. The Durance is a major river flowing from the Alps through Provence to the Mediterranean. The Crau is a commune in southern Provence, at the confluence of the two chief rivers, the Durance and the Rhone.

*King Francis*: Presumably, Fields refers to King Francis I of France (1494-1547), who invaded the Papal territory at Avignon in 1536. Wikipedia.

*Roumanille*: Joseph Roumanille (1818 -1891) was a French Provençal poet.

Wikipedia says that he, along with Mistral, the poet Théodore Aubanel (1729-1886) and others, undertook the challenge of making his Provençal language respectable as a literary medium, in part by forming the Félibrige, a literary and cultural association "to defend and promote the Provençal language (also called the Occitan language or langue d'oc) and literature."

He married Rose-Anaïs Gras (1841-1920), sister of Provençal poet and novelist Félix Gras (1844-1901). Their daughter was Thérèse, who married the author, Jules Boissière (1863-1897).

Wikipedia says that Félix Gras achieved popular success in 1896 with the novel *Li Rouge dou Miejour*, which was translated into French as *Les Rouges du Midi* (English Title, translated by Catharine A. Janvier: *The Reds of the Midi*). The American-born artist, author and translator, Catharine Ann Drinker Janvier (1841-1923) also

translated Gras's *The Terror* (1898) and *The White Terror* (1899).Wikipedia.

*les étoiles*: This line appears in the French translation of Mistral's "Les Nocés D'Aubanel" ("The Wedding of Aubanel"), which opens: Dans les bras d l'autre envolé vous, -- Envolez-vous là-haut vers les étoiles; (In each other's arms, fly away. Fly up there toward the stars.) See *Lis Isclo D'or: Recuei de Pouesio Diverso* (1875, Google Books), p. 451. English translation by Jeannine Hammond, Coe College.

*Daudet*: Wikipedia says Alphonse Daudet (1840-1897) "was a French novelist. He was the husband of Julia Daudet and father of Edmée Daudet, and writers Léon Daudet and Lucien Daudet." Wikipedia takes note of Daudet's connections with the literature and culture of Provence and of his conservatism and anti-Semitism.

*Page 4*: The microfilm copy of the journal is interrupted at this point. Following in that copy are unnumbered and numbered pages, not in chronological order that represent Fields working over her description of a visit at the home of Frédéric Mistral (1830- 1914). I have deviated from the order of the pages in the microfilm copy, to continue the journal in chronological order. Fields's work with the Mistral visit appears below, where it belongs in the chronology.

*St. Rémy*: This is a common village name in France, Saint Remigius (c. 437-533) having been Apostle to the Franks (Wikipedia). Fields refers to Saint-Rémy-de-Provence.

*"Lion d'Arles"*: Mistral's "Le Lion D'Arles" appears in volume 2 of his collected works (Google Books, 1899), pp. 315-22. Fields seems, somewhat confusingly, to introduce the quotation twice. The French translation from which Fields quotes reads:

" ... Maintenant, écoute: la Provence, -- pour défense, -- n'a plus d'ongles, comme moi ... -  
- et sans cesse, pourtant, elle pense --à sauter sur l'échelon.

"Par la ruse ou le négoce, -- que s'élève qui voudra; -- par les armes et le tumulte, -- que triomphe qui pourra: -- toi, Provence, trouve et chante! -- et, marquante -- par la lyre ou le ciseau, -- répands-leur tout ce qui charme -- et qui monte dans le ciel!"

Fields's choices of line breaks do not match either the original Provençal or the translation in this edition. Likewise, the changes in capitalization and punctuation seem to be hers.

Jeannine Hammond, Coe College, explains that in this poem, the narrator asks the old lion of Arles about the future of the people of



Provence. The ancient lion has observed the history of Provence through the Roman occupation and to the present, but, now tired and worn, has petrified into a statue. Like Provence, he no longer has real claws, no military power. But the lion assures the narrator that the destiny of Provence is to attain glory not through unwinnable war, but through the cultural glory of its art.

Hammond offers this English translation of the passage Fields quotes:

"... Now, listen: Provence for defense, like me, no longer has claws; however she constantly thinks about jumping into the fray.

By deception or negotiation, which elevates whoever desires

– by arms and conflict -- which brings triumph for the capable.

You, Provence, create and sing! And, celebrating, with the lyre or the chisel, radiate all that charms, and that rises into the heavens!"

*les Antiquités*: Fields refers to the antiquities at Glanum, the ruins of a fortified Roman town in Provence, near St. Rémy, and to the Pont du Gard, a Roman aqueduct across the Gardon River. She compares them to the Colosseum, the great amphitheater in Rome. Nîmes also was, historically, a Roman city and contains a number of significant ruins. Wikipedia.

*Arlésiennes*: This transcription is uncertain. Presumably, Fields refers to residents of the town of Arles in Provence, rather than to the type of fictional character: Arlésienne.

*Château Renard*: The farandole is a Provençal traditional, community folk dance, usually accompanied by flute and drum. Châteaurenard is a French village about 12 km north of St. Rémy-de-Provence. Over the village stands the Châteaurenard Castle. Wikipedia.

*music of "La Farandole"*: Fields places the asterisk at this point. At the bottom of the page is another asterisk followed by this note: For the notes of this music see p. 55 of *Play in Provence* by J. and E. Pennell. Fields seems clearly to have written "Province," though she intends "Provence." All of this material seems to have been inserted at a later date than the original entry. *Play in Provence* (1892, Google Books) by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell consists of written and visual sketches, and p. 55 presents the tune of the farandole.

[ *Today in Provence Part 2* ]\*

Lamartine\* has said; "Il semble que la parole soit la seule prédestination de l'homme et qu'il ait été créé pour enfanter des pensées comme l'arbre pour enfanter son fruit. L'homme se tourmente jusqu'à ce qu'il ait produit au dehors ce qui le travaille au dedans. La parole écrite est comme un miroir dont il a besoin pour se connaître lui-même et pour s'assurer qu'il existe. Tant qu'il ne s'est pas vu dans ses œuvres, il ne se sent pas complètement vivant."

St. Rémy therefore is not without its singer and interpreter. Monsieur Marius Girard\* whose name deserves to be better known in the world of letters married in this little town and lives in the ancient Hotel de Ville. His work possesses a delicate quality and a charm which would be difficult to translate into English but it embalms the spirit and nature of Provence wonderfully. One could lie down by the fire on a bleak New England day and find oneself transported to St. Rémy or La Camargue\* with his book in hand. His descriptions in verse of national occurrences such as the branding of the bulls in his poem called "Aurignan"\* perpetuates these picturesque undertakings. A few verses to "Our Dog" portray the national love of animals, "Plus je connais des hommes, plus j'estime les chiens" is the motto he has borrowed. It is signed "sa mort" and nothing could be more tender than these lovely lines. "Brigitte" dedicated to Madame Mistral embodies the quaint beauty of Provence{:} "Elle était dans la fleur de sa quinzième année" is the motto here. The last verse even in an English translation may perchance give a faint idea of the charm in the whole.

Midday is here -- her bag overflows  
With herbs and flowers; below the cows  
feed in the marsh: with pensive head  
Brigitte upon her barrow sits  
Her skirts tucked up as her befits  
and eats her cherries and her bread.\*

"The Sausage of Arles" clothes the spirit of the place with a new body. It is light, amusing, historic, national, all in a breath; "La Veuve du Douanier" is a most spirited presentation of an old legend of "La Camargue". The motto is by King Francis 1<sup>st</sup>

"Souvent femme varie  
Bien fol est qui s'y fie."

All the mottos{:} notes and legends of the little volume by Girard called "La Crau" prove him the true Provençal, as well as a wide reader and a student of the classics.

Mr. Janvier\* has said of the Félibrige of which Marius Girard is an honored member{,} that

The Provençal movement, gaining force steadily, had assumed substantial shape five years before Mistral's 'Mirèio' appeared. In 1852 a congress of poets was held at Arles, whereat poems were recited by forty poets d'Oc -- including Jasmin, Bellot, Castil-Blaze, Mouquin-Tandon, Crousillat, Aubanel and Mistral ... in 1853 a similar assemblage was held at Aix: ... Finally in 1854, came the crystallization ... when the Félibrige was formally founded by Joseph Roumanille, Frédéric Mistral, Theodore Aubanel, Anselme Mathieu, Jean Brunet, Paul Giéra, and Alphonse Tavan..... underlying the poetry of these poets is their strong desire to foster a patriotism which best can be defined to American readers as a love of country based on state rights..... There was much more in it ... than the desire to revive a beautiful language that had fallen into undeserved neglect. The soul of it was the firm purpose to array against centralization the love of locality, of home.... we have not sought unduly to exalt Provence or Provençal. We have urged our brethren of the other ancient tongues to do what we have tried to do for ourselves -- to add to their own store of literary treasure, to maintain their own customs{,} and preserve their own traditions; and yet, while thus holding fast to their own individuality, to cherish as their most noble possession their right to be a part of France!

"And Daudet," adds Mrs Pennell, "was he not too in Félibre in his day? When they were most earnest in the first years, they went gaily about their work. Daudet has told, once ^and^ for all, of the meetings in Maillane, Mistral's village; in the Aliscamps at Arles, where to the croaking of crickets and the shrieking of engines, Aubanel read poem or drama; in Les Baux, through whose strange broken streets they wandered singing their songs; in Avignon, or in l'le de la Barthélasse, under the shadow of the papal palace."

It would be very tame reading if one were nowadays to describe "Les Baux" or others of the ancient haunts of this vicinity. They live embodied in the poems and romances of that country. Beyond the ruins of Les Baux lies the farm with the mulberry trees, the home of Mirèio: not of course that one may say "here is the very gate," but it was in this beautiful vicinity Mistral has said, he found in his imagination the lovely heroine of his poem.

Another fair cool day, a day like early June in New England, found us driving in the bright afternoon along the "little white road{" leading from the small town of St. Rémy to Maillane{,} the home of Frédéric Mistral. The time and weather conjoined to make a perfect season for the country of Provence. Fields of white poppies and other flowers planted for seed in this district made the way beautiful on either hand. Olive trees with rows of black cypresses here & there, old tiled-roofed farm houses and the mountains always on the horizon, filled the landscape.

The first considerable house we reached was the home of the poet. A pretty garden attracted our attention with a rose eglantine called La Reine Joanne and other gay and fragrant things hanging over the wall. Happy are they who own a magic key to the human heart. The owner of such a key made entrance for us into the poets home where we were gladly received and hospitably entreated not alone as strangers but as friends. We stood in the hall before a bust of Lamartine\* and recalled Mistral's address to the elder poet.

"Si j'ai l'heur d'avoir ma nacelle à flot de bon matin, -- sans crainte de l'hiver, -- à toi bénédiction, ô divine Lamartine, -- qui en a pris le gouvernail!

Si ma proue portte un bouquet, bouquet de laurier en fleur, -- c'est toi qui me l'as fait; -- et si ma voile s'enfle, c'est le vent de ta gloire -- qui dedans a soufflé.

C'est pourquoi, tel qu'un pilote qui gravit la colline d'une église blonde -- et,] sur l'autel du saint qui l'a gardé sur mer, -- suspend un petit navire,

Je te consacre Mireille: c'et mon coeur et mon [ame] âme, -- c'est la fleur de mes années; -- c'est un raisin de Crau qu'avec toutes ses feuilles -- t'offre un paysan.

Généreux comme un roi, lorsque tu m'illustras -- au milieu de Paris, -- tu sais que, dans ta maison, le jour où tu me dis: -- Tu Marcellus eris,

Comme fait la grenade au rayon qui la mûrit, -- mon coeur s'ouvrit, -- et, ne pouvant trouver un langage plus tendre, -- se répandit en pleurs."

It is well to find gratitude made permanent in this way but Mistral also appreciated the elder poet from a larger point of view{.}

The sadness of his later years {is} given in the "Élégie" by Mistral and is [written in a much larger and more serious vein than the above. The French translation is far from giving any just idea of the poem but a few lines will show at least the feeling which inspired the writer --

"Lui, le grand citoyen, qui dans le cratère embrasé -- avait jeté ses biens et son corps et son âme, -- pour sauver du volcan la patrie en combustion, -- lorsque, pauvre, il demanda son pain, -- les bourgeois et les gros l'appelèrent mangeur -- et s'enfermèrent dans leur bourg....

Mai nul ne s'aventura vers la cime déserte. -- Avec les yeux fermés et les deux mains ouvertes, -- dans un silence grave il s'enveloppa donc; -- et, calm comme sont les montagues, -- au milieu de sa gloire et de son infortune, -- sans dire mot il expira."

---

[ *Today in Provence Part 3* ]

*Mistral at Home*

[ *Apparently, Fields later revised and expanded her account of the visit to the home of Frédéric Mistral at Maillane. She inserted five pages into her diary. I have placed them here, where they seem to belong. Note that Fields revises here her account of arriving at the Mistral home. ]*

The dining-room was still more Provençal if possible than the rooms we had visited. The walls were white which with the closed green blinds must give a pleasant light when the day is enough even on gray days. Specimens of the pottery of the country hang around decorated with soft colors. The old carved bread-mixing-and holding affair which belonged in every well-to-do house of the old time was there and one or two old pieces of furniture while the chairs, sofa and table were of quaint shape painted green with some decoration.

These details are all pretty enough but they proved how sincerely Mistral and his wife love their surroundings and endeavor to ennoble them and make the most of them. After sitting at table and sharing their hospitality we went out again into the garden where Madame [ *text breaks off* ]

In a more personal vein, the address to Lamartine by Mistral expresses better his mood of the afternoon when we stood together looking at the bust and recalling each our personal remembrance of the man.

A perfect time and perfect weather in which to see the country of Provence. Fields of great white poppies and other flowers planted for seed in this district made the way beautiful on either hand. Olive trees with rows of black cypresses and old tiled-roofed farm houses, and the mountains always on the horizon filled the landscape. The first considerable house we reached was the home of the poet.

A pretty garden which attracted our attention with a rose eglantine called La Reine Joanne, and other charming things hanging over the wall made us suspicious of the poet's vicinity. Turning the corner of this garden and driving up a short road we found the courtyard and door on the inner side as it were. We heard a barking dog. Take care, said the driver, there is a dangerous dog inside; therefore we waited until Mistral himself came to meet us from the garden. When we told him what the man had said, he was much amused. There was an old dog tied half asleep on a bench and a young one by his side. He said laughing, "These are all and they could not be less dangerous. The elder" (he let them loose while he spoke and they played about us), "the elder I call Bouffe, from Boufflo Beel" (Mistral does not speak any English, nor does his wife) "and the reason is because I happened to be in the neighborhood of Paris once just after Buffalo Bill\* had passed on toward Calais with his troupe [so spelled]. I saw a little dog, unlike the dogs of our country who seemed to be lost but the moment he saw me, he thought I was "Boufflo Beel" and adopted me for his master. You see I look like him,{"} he said, putting his wide felt hat a little more on one side! Yes, we did think so -- "Well, the little dog has been with us ever since. He possesses the most wonderful intelligence and understands every word we say. One day I said to him, What a pity such a nice dog as you should have no children!" A few days later the servant said to me Bouffe has been away nearly two days but he has now come back bringing his wife Ah! I said{,} take good care of them both. In due time this other little dog, his son arrived in the world, and shortly after Bouffe carried his wife away again but kept the little dog. He is a wonderful fellow to be sure." We went into the house and sat down to talk awhile about poetry and books. There was a large book-case full of French and Provençal literature here, but it was rather the parlor & everyday sitting room than his work room. Madame Mistral, of whom we had caught a glimpse standing in the garden as we approached is a pretty and very modest little woman of Provence, simply dressed but of intelligence and once it is easy to see of distinguished beauty. She seems utterly without vanity or folly, but loves her home and her garden. Unhappily, they have no children. Evidently they are exceedingly happy together and naturally do not miss what they have never had. She opened the drawing-room for us, which is the room of state. It is full of interesting things connected with Provence and their own life but perfectly simple, in accord with the country-like fashion of their existence. There is a noble bas-relief of the head of Mistral by Amy{,}\* the drum or "tambour" of the Félibre,\* or for the

Farandole,\* and without overloading, plenty of good things; photographs, one or two pictures, not many, for the house is not that of a rich man, plaster casts, and one or two busts, perhaps the presents of artists, illustrations of "Mirèio,"\* and things associated with their individual lives or the life of Provence. Presently Mistral gave me his arm and we went across the hall. Standing in the place of honor opposite the front door and in the large corner made by the staircase, is a fine copy of the bust of Lamartine,\* crowned with an olive wreath. We paused a moment here while Mistral spoke of Lamartine, and always with the sincere reverence which he has expressed in the poem entitled "Élégie sur la mort de Lamartine{.}" Two verses of this poem may be quoted in the prose French translation to give some idea of the spirit of the whole, but the metre and the music, what makes the poem in short must disappear.

Mistral gathered "Nerto"\* (myrtle) for us beside roses and other more beautiful but more perishable things. "Nerto" is the title of one of his last books (I hear) and the wife doubtless believed that we should cherish a branch of her myrtle especially in memory of the visit. She was quite right -- but these things which are "to last" how frail they are; the things that remain are those which are written on the heart.

We cannot forget those two picturesque beings standing in their garden filling our hands with flowers and bidding us farewell. As we drove away into the sunny plain once more we found it speaking to us with a voice of human kindness echoing from that poetic and friendly home.

The afternoon was fading when we left Maillane and the roses and "Nerto" with which our hands were filled have long ago perished, but there are moments which do not fade out of the memory and the hours at Maillane are among them.

It is not given to all travellers to deceive themselves into thinking that shops, however amusing, antiquities, however antique nor industries however progressive are capable of exciting an interest in the heart sincere enough to repay the ravages and distresses of France. Let the voyager meet a friendly face or grasp a well-known hand, or hear a word spoken which finds a response in the spirit and the irony of his former condition is apparent. He discovers human life for which the earth's surface is in movement; the spiritual development, whither all movement tends, and he forgets all else for a time or relegates the scene into a background upon where the figure of man is made evident.

It was with some such thought that we turned away from Maillane, discovering afresh

that the largest privilege accorded to the wanderer is to find and to know persons who occupy and represent their own -- land. However delightful and instructive it may be to observe the various expressions of man's activity, to observe the man himself, or I should say to feel the action of his spirit upon his surroundings -- this is the true privilege of travel. When Thomas Carlyle was urged to visit America on the ground that he would see Niagara he replied "I can imagine that!"\* It is the spirit of man acting under conditions new to us that we cannot imagine. To understand or at least to view this is the chief reward of the traveller.

It is but a poor return for kindness when after enjoying true hospitality the dwelling house is turned inside out and customs of the kitchen and table and drawing-room are exposed in print to the public gaze. The true traveller who had discovered the one reward of his journeying will regard these things as expressive of personal character and however interesting to himself as belonging like his own failings or weaknesses or powers to himself alone.

#### Notes

essay: Fields quotes from a number of poems in this section. Most of these are presented in their published texts in verse in Provençal and in French prose translations. Because French is the more familiar language and because Fields quotes in French, I will present the French translations in the following notes. Thank you to Jeannine Hammond, Coe College, for extensive assistance with English translations from French.

*Lamartine:* Fields quotes from "Les Confidences" in *The Complete Works of Lamartine*, v. 29, p. 230, by Alphonse Marie Louis de Prat de Lamartine (1790-1869), of which Wikipedia says: he "was a French writer, poet and politician who was instrumental in the foundation of the Second Republic." Her quotation varies slightly from this edition, which reads: "Il semble que la parole soit la seule prédestination de l'homme et qu'il ait été créé pour enfanter des pensées, comme l'arbre pour enfanter son fruit. L'homme se tourmente jusqu'à ce qu'il ait produit au-dehors ce qui le travaille au-dedans. Sa parole écrite est comme un miroir dont il a besoin pour se connaître lui-même et pour s'assurer qu'il existe. Tant qu'il ne s'est pas vu dans ses œuvres, il ne se sent pas complètement vivant."

*English Translation:* It seems that language is the only predestination of man and that it was created to give birth to thoughts, like the tree gives birth to its fruit. Man torments

himself until he has produced outside that which works inside himself. His written word is like a mirror that he needs so as to know himself and to make sure he exists. For, until he is able to see himself in his works, he does not feel completely alive.

*Marius Girard*: Marius Girard (1838-1906), a French poet who composed in French and Provençal. His residence, the Hotel de Ville would once have been the town hall. Wikipedia.

*La Camargue*: This transcription is uncertain. La Camargue or Port Camargue is a coastal village in Provence, about 40 km southwest from St. Rémy.

*"Aurignan"*: Girard's poem appears in *La Crau: Poésies & Légendes Provençales, 1879-1889* (1894, Google Books) pp. 106-121.

"Notre Chien" ("Our Dog") appears in the same volume pp. 123-7; Fields quotes the epigraph: "The better I understand mankind, the more I esteem dogs."

A similar statement has been attributed to Anne-Louise Germaine Necker, Baroness of Staël-Holstein, known as Madame de Staël (1766-1817), the Swiss-French novelist and essayist. She may well have meant something different: "The more I know men, the more I like dogs." However, versions of the quotation abound. Wikipedia.

At the end of the poem, Girard writes that the poem was composed at Saint-Remy, "le 28 septembre 1879, jour de sa mort" (day of his death).

"Brigitte" also is in this volume, pp. 148-9. Again Fields quotes the epigraph, which is by André Lemoyne (1822-1907), French novelist and poet. The line, "She was in the flower of her fifteenth year," appears in "La Première Femme" in *Poésies, 1855-1896: 1871-1883: Légendes des Bos et Chansons Marines* (1883, Google Books) section 2, stanza 3, pp. 30-3.

*bread*: The passage Fields rather loosely translates from "Brigitte," in French translation reads:

Il est midi! elle a son plein sac  
d'herbes et de fleurs. -- Là-bas les vaches  
paissent dans les paluds. -- Brigitte,  
retroussant le bas de sa jupe, s'assied sur  
la brouette et vite finit de manger ses  
cerises et son pain.

A more literal English translation: It is midday! She has filled her bag with herbs and flowers. Below the cows graze in the marsh.

Brigitte, her skirts tucked up, seated on her barrow, quickly finishes eating her cherries and her bread.

"Le Saucisson d'Arles" appears in *La Crau*, pp. 155-165; "La Veuve du Douanier" (The Customs Officer's Widow) on pp. 175-181. The "motto" Fields quotes means: Woman is so changeable that it is foolish to trust her.

*Mr. Janvier*: Thomas Allibone Janvier (1849-1913), was an "American story-writer and historian, born in Philadelphia of Provençal descent." His wife was the American-born artist, author and translator, Catharine Ann Drinker Janvier (1841-1923), translator of Félibrige member, Félix Gras. Wikipedia says that the Félibrige was a literary and cultural association "to defend and promote the Provençal language (also called the Occitan language or langue d'oc) and literature."

*bust of Lamartine*: Wikipedia says that Alphonse Marie Louis de Prat de Lamartine, (1790-1869), "was a French writer, poet and politician who was instrumental in the foundation of the Second Republic." Mistral dedicated *Mirèio* to Lamartine.

Mistral's copy of a bust of Lamartine has not been identified. The more likely possibilities are:

Jean-Louis Brian (1805-1864), 1843 in marble

François Jouffroy (1806-1882), 1843 in marble

Samuel Adam-Salomon (1818-1881), 1854 in marble.

None of these, however, includes an olive wreath. Perhaps, if Mistral owned a copy of one of these, he had placed the wreath upon it himself.

For Mistral's "Elegy upon the death of Lamartine," see *Lis Isclo D'or: Recuei de Pouesio Diverso* (1875, Google Books), pp. 385 9.

*Buffalo Bill*: William Frederick "Buffalo Bill" Cody (1846-1917) was an American scout, bison hunter, and showman.

*Amy*: An image of this relief of Mistral by the French sculptor Jean Barnabé Amy (1839-1907) appears in the Wikipedia article on Mistral.

*the drum or "tambour" of the Félibre, or for the Farandole*: Probably this is an instrument from the 1895 Felebrigian festival, which included a program of music and dance. However, this is not certain, but an extrapolation from Fields's suggestion that there was a special reason for preserving this particular drum.

The farandole is a Provençal traditional, community folk dance, usually accompanied by flute and drum.

*illustrations of "Mirèio":* Wikipedia says *Mirèio* (1859) is Mistral's most important work. This "long poem in Provençal consisting of twelve songs, tells of the thwarted love of Vincent and Mireille, two young Provençal people of different social backgrounds."

*Nerto:* Mistral's verse narrative, "Nerto," (English, Myrtle) appeared in 1884 and was dedicated to Madame Mistral. Perhaps because Fields was unfamiliar with it as yet, she seems not to grasp Madame Mistral's interest in the book. Harriet Waters Preston had published an extended discussion of the work, translating large sections in "Mistral's Nerto," *Atlantic Monthly* 54 (November 1884), pp. 595-610.

*Thomas Carlyle ... Niagara:* Scottish author Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881) never visited the United States or Niagara Falls, a large falls on the Niagara River, between Ontario, Canada and the state of New York. The source the anecdote has not yet been located. Wikipedia.

---

[ *Today in Provence Part 4* ]

A few days later we found ourselves en route for Arles and waiting to change cars at Tarascon.\* Wherever one is obliged to go by train in Provence which no traveller should do if can help himself, he seems to be obliged to wait at Tarascon and the waits are by no means brief. We can fancy that Daudet in some such idle hour found Tarascon. It is a quaint town enough but after one visit of an hour or two its sight-seeing properties are exhausted. To be sure there is the old city of Beaucaire also at the end of the bridge with the ancient tower of the Montmorency crowning its height{,} but beautiful as this view is, its external interest is even more quickly exhausted than that of Tarascon. Have we not La Tarrasque to be seen in the latter? After viewing a most ancient cathedral porch and dark remains of antique life and passing a nun with a face comely as a dream, after observing the preternatural self-esteem and consciousness of which simple follies Tarascon was the somewhat cruelly ironic presentiment, we were asked in a tentative manner by our "cocher" giving us to understand that he was a rare exception in wisdom and knew "La Tarrasque" to be but a dream of Don Quixote,\* if we should like to visit it. There was still a long hour at our disposition before the train for Arles should appear, therefore we gladly assented. The monster has a house all to himself{,} a huge ridiculous thing with red jaws and stuffed skin

doubtless built up partly with a memory of Victor Hugo's sea-devil and partly to amuse their famous countryman Daudet whose satire they did not after all take too seriously\*

In spite of the Tarrasque and the wonders of Tarascon time was still to spare when we returned to the station to find there our poet Mistral\* once more. He was also on his way to Arles where he is building a museum of old Provence, not the Roman Provence this time but a museum to preserve the memory of the antique people & life. It must be admitted that this life is changing many ways; the comparative variety of the peasant woman's costume being a sign. Mistral hastened to put us into his railway carriage and to continue the conversation of a few days previous.

"No book I have written" said he has given me the pleasure and satisfaction in the doing which I get from this Museum now beginning at Arles." It will preserve the memory of the life of his fathers and of his own youth, the memory of his country in short. We asked after the beautiful and congenial wife. "Ah! She is very busy today," he said "in her peasants' dress superintending the shearing of the sheep."\*

There was a fair going on in the city when we arrived; more costumes than usual were to be seen in the busy streets and men and women from distant farms were crowding in, some by the railroad{,} some on foot bearing their bundles and some with donkeys which appeared quite as burdensome a method of travel as any. Monsieur Mistral was bound to his museum where he invited us presently to follow, but Arles was an unknown land to us and he was full of affairs, therefore we parted in order to see the city and to join him again later. When we reached the Museum after our sightseeing, he had already finished his work and had been carried off by friends to breakfast. We did not see him again. We saw the beginning of his pious work however which is established in rooms made fresh and bright for the purpose in the old "Tribunal." Everything calculated to preserve the memory of the past faithfully, is to be assembled here. Already a picturesque aspect is given to the whole by the introduction of a huge fireplace at one end of the great hall where two old people are sitting in the dresses of their day. Evidently he intends to make the place express the humanity of Provence as well as its history. This gives an air of gayety to the old place which reminds one of what Mrs Pennell\* has said, one of the charmed and most charming of modern writers on Provence: "In nothing so much as in their gayety are the

people true to Mistral, Mistral true to them. He could not, even when he sang the tragic love of his Provençal maid, suppress the light laugh, which, là-bas, goes with every sentiment the most tender, the most passionate. The spirit of his country -- âme de Provence, -- which he invokes, is joyous and proud and gay, and is heard in the noise of the Rhône and its wild wind. Every Frenchman wants all the pleasure the world can give. But the Provençal takes it with that gladness he inherits from remote Greek ancestors whose beauty survives in the Arlésienne and the Martigau."

The broad highway of Arles on the day of our visit was bristling and bustling with life and with colour. Sheep, vegetables, stuffs, every variety of goods were hospitably offered. It was the day of the grand spring fair! Booths lined the way while we walked or drove between them listening and observing. The weather was perfect. The idea of fancying one can see Arles at all in rainy weather is not to be tolerated. It is impossible. Let the wise traveller retire himself to the museum at Nîmes, or to his good hotel and his books at Avignon, but let him not think to see Arles until the sun shines and the women put on their costumes and the old cloisters of their beautiful St. \_\_\_\_\* are streaked with light.

A fair is the great point of attraction on a "fair" day and we wandered slowly down its length until we suddenly found all the chatter and gayety behind us. Rows of ancient plane trees growing more ancient as we descended, made a dark shade on either side and huge stone tombs with silent gaping mouths succeeded to the opening of the vaults. Some of these sarcophagi were covered with the antique stories and wonderful\* preservation, but the larger number were left empty and open with their tale untold. This is the Alyscamp\* or Roman burial place. Finally the sad procession ends in an antique church, partly Roman, partly medieval, with mostly modern inscriptions relating to almost every period in the world's history. Nothing is very well preserved in Arles, I was glad to find! The old ground really looks old and is not smeared all over with modern plaster, nor filled with restored tombs. They are left with the aspect of decay with which time has crowned them.

It is probably owing to this power of letting things alone in a measure that the Roman theatre and the arena at Arles\* are so much more interesting than the remains at Nîmes. In the theatre where two columns stand, between which it would seem the actors spoke their part, their figures thus framed in a setting worthy of the noblest poetic conception, one can seem to reconstruct the whole and people it with living

faces listening to the great words of Sophocles or Eschylus.\* There was no danger of dancing dogs on alternate nights which subjected Goethe to a feeling of degradation where his "Tasso" was put upon the stage!\* One could almost hear the poet's verse declaimed and see the stately figures move. Those two superb columns, the semi-circle of stone seats, the sky of summer above all give the scene as if it were yesterday. There are few remains of Rome which speak to us so vividly as the theatre at Arles. The arena is not far behind. The seats of the Caesars are there unbroken. The dungeons are unchanged; "here were the Christians, there were the beasts." It is indeed a place to visit and to remember always.

The distance from Arles to Nîmes is not great in these days of railroads and Nîmes is a large and beautiful city. It has lost much of the quaintness of the past but happily it contains the Roman "Maison Carrée"\* which will continue to attract many a traveller who may know little and care not at all for the songs and story of the Trouvères,

The arena as I have said is well preserved and is still used for an occasional bull-fight. The people however begin to be ashamed of the savagery of the ancient contests and content themselves with milder sights -- A bull fight was advertised to our great satisfaction for one sunny afternoon where "no one was to be killed" as our informant assured us. It was too great an opportunity to lose and we found ourselves sitting in the Roman seats with a large restless audience sometimes crowding into the seats and sometimes wandering about in the intervals up high against the sky just as the people must have filled those seats and stood or wandered outlined against the blue centuries ago when Christians confined in the now empty dungeons were "butchered to make a Roman holiday."\* Common seats have been put in, covering the broken surfaces of past centuries and wooden gates and fences give a sordid aspect in detail but the grandeur of the whole cannot be lost while the great stones remain. Presently at the sound of music the low gates flew open and a bull came pawing head down into the arena. From the opposite side Matadors, young athletes very Spanish in appearance ran forward to challenge him to combat. We held our breaths. The first man waved a cloak before the bull who ran at it furiously and not hitting the man rushed for him but he dextrously evaded the horns & vaulted over the high fence which surrounded the enclosure while another teased the bull with a second cloak. Some of the escaped with difficulty, but in the owing to their great agility and alertness no one was injured.

Six bulls in succession were brought into the arena and each one was grappled with successfully; the Spaniards managing to stick their bristling rods in the creatures sides before they were allowed to depart. The men showed astonishing activity and strength but it was evidently not at all the same exciting affair as the branding of the bulls in the Camargue country, nor was it whetted with the horrors of a genuine bull fight where horses are mangled and men sometimes injured.

The memory of a day at the Pont du Gard\* seems only a delicious dream, one of those glimpses of a world seen in sleep which we never forget and yet can never know in waking hours. It was like a June day again in New England. "When clouds are highest in the air"\* and the sun is warm. When every flower that one has ever known is either just ready to bloom or is already in perfection; nothing is over ripe; nothing is tired, when a river wears the colors of the peacock's neck and rocks are dark and the may is white. How majestic the arches rose, three deep above the stream; high they seemed as the sky itself and strong as if they were the rocks of ages and not placed one upon another by the hand of man. We felt like children, like ants, like one of the vast army of builders who once swarmed here and builded and then vanished forever. Forty miles away other arches of this great aqueduct have been discovered. Forty miles away the people drank the water brought from clear springs and were refreshed. It was inconceivable. We wandered about the place and gathered the most perishable and exquisite of white roses that faded in an hour in memory of the spot. We wandered down the river bank; we saw the water glimmering in sunlight below us on the one side while the nightingales sang in a thick laurel hedge on the other; we strayed on in this dream of the past until we found ourselves at the open courtyard gate of a château sleeping in the Sunshine. It was a mediaeval tower, with immemorial ivy but the door of the salon was half open and we felt the Sleeping Beauty\* was within. We did not waken her; we only stood in our dream watching the birds and the butterflies as they rose from the green tangle into the blue sky and then we turned to retrace our steps. A friendly old dog came out to companion us until at the sound of a whistle he returned again; then all was as before. Presently the vast arches dawned upon us again, again we watched the dissolving river and distant towers appear beneath them, again they all sank as we turned the spur of the hill and we found ourselves wondering if it were all true indeed this vision of the Pont du Gard.

From Nîmes again the journey is not long to Aigues-Mortes\* -- that city of dead waters utterly unchanged since the day of its creation by^ Louis the Eleventh; nor is it [ for ? ] a point of distance from there to Saintes-Marie to Les Martigues and La Camargue; but far be it from any pen to write of these places which Mistral has made alive again. Frederic Mistral is the first living poet of Provence. And altogether the most vivid pictures of the land and its people can be found by the readers of his books. It was at the church of Saintes-Marie{s} whither holy pilgrims still go in crowds that Mirèio found her death{.} And it was through the wild country of the Rhone that he describes her flight.\* Hawthorne has embalmed early New England forever in his *Scarlet Letter*; Cooper the life and struggles with the Indians; Irving and Miss Mitford the days of old England; Lamartine in his *Raphael* the romantic land of Savoy at Aix les Bains, and Mistral not least has perpetuated the country he loves so well in his spontaneous and enduring poetry.

[ *After a blank space on this page are Fields's asterisk and this note.* ]

There is a sacred legend of this country which need not pass as a fable or a dream. Why may it not be true? "The Jews did themselves exactly and without wishing it what was needed to send missionaries to this land. After the Ascension of our Lord they seized Lazarus, Martha, Magdalen, Marcella, their servant, and Maximus, one of the Seventy-two disciples of our Lord, put them into a boat without sails or oars and abandoned them thus to certain shipwreck upon the vast sea. But guided by the hand of God, the bark brought them safe and sound to Marseilles where they landed. This miracle and the preaching of the holy strangers converted to the Christian religion first the inhabitants of Marseilles and later those of Aix and the neighboring districts."\*

#### Notes

*Tarascon*: The route from Saint-Rémy-de-Provence to Arles via Tarascon is about 35 km. All are towns in Provence.

Wikipedia also says that Tarascon offers tourists the old church of St. Martha and a medieval castle, along with other interesting architectural sites. Across the Rhône from is Beaucaire, a town with Roman history and medieval buildings, among other sites of interest. Henri I de Montmorency, the tolerant Roman Catholic governor of Languedoc, held the town in the 1570s.

*Don Quixote*: Spanish author Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (1547-1616) is the creator



the character Don Quixote of La Mancha, in his novel of that name (1605-15). Quixote is represented as having gone mad as a result of reading chivalric romances. His dreams and hallucinations become a main factor in his extraordinary adventures. Wikipedia.

*Tarrasque*: Wikipedia says "The Tarasque is a fearsome legendary dragon-like mythological hybrid from Provence, in southern France, tamed in a story about Saint Martha ... in the Golden Legend."

Wikipedia says Victor Hugo (1802-1885) was a French romantic author remembered for such novels as *Les Misérables* (1862) and *The Hunchback of Notre-Dame* (1831). His sea-devil (an octopus) appears in *Toilers of the Sea* (1866).

Fields also refers to Daudet's satirical novel, *Tartarin de Tarascon* (1872), which follows to picaresque adventures of Tartarin, a character somewhat like Don Quixote.

*Mrs. Pennell ... Mistral*: Fields refers to *Play in Provence* (1892, Google Books) by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell ( p. 22). Fields made minor alterations in copying.

*St.*: Fields leaves a blank in the manuscript, presumably intending to fill it in later. Probably, she meant to mention the Church of St. Trophime.

*"wonderful"*: Fields's revisions of this paragraph are difficult to sort out, and the resulting sentences are less than certain. A mark before "wonderful" may be an insertion mark or a quotation mark; in neither case, however, does it seem meaningful. She may have meant "wonderfully preserved."

*Alyscamp*: Wikipedia says: "The Alyscamps is a large Roman necropolis, which is a short distance outside the walls of the old town of Arles, France. It was one of the most famous necropolises of the ancient world." This also is the location of the medieval Church of Saint Honoratus, an early Archbishop of Arles.

*Sophocles or Eschylus*: Both are Greek rather than Roman playwrights, Aeschylus (c. 525-455 BC) and Sophocles (c. 497-406 BC).

*Goethe... "Tasso"*: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749- 1832), a German writer and statesman, completed *Torquato Tasso* in 1790. Goethe disliked performing dogs. See The works of J.W. von Goethe: Letters from Switzerland. Letters from Italy. Iphigenia in Tauris. Torquato Tasso. Goetz von Berlichingen, (1902) pp. 219-20. Wikipedia.

*Arles*: Arles in Provence is particularly known as an important city in the ancient Roman empire,

with a canal to the Mediterranean to make it a useful port. Many Roman ruins remain. Nîmes, about 35 km northwest of Arles, also was a colony of the Roman Empire, with many remaining ruins.

*Maison Carrée*: An ancient Roman temple at Nîmes. A Trouvère or troubador was an itinerant poet or entertainer in France in the Middle Ages, 12th-14th century.

*Roman holiday*: Fields quotes from the narrative poem by British Romantic poet, George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824), Canto IV of *Child Harold's Pilgrimage* stanza 141 (1812-1818).

*Pont du Gard*: The Pont du Gard is a Roman aqueduct across the Gardon River in Provence.

*highest in the air*: Fields paraphrases the second stanza of Alfred, Lord Tennyson's (1809-1892) romantic ballad of 1842, "Lady Clare" (Gutenberg): It was the time when lilies blow, / And clouds are highest up in air.

*Sleeping Beauty*: From the classic fairy tale by the French author, Charles Perrault (1628-1703).

*Aigues-Mortes*: Aigues-Mortes is about 40 km south of Nîmes in Provence. The town's name translates in English to "dead waters." Wikipedia says the town's founding may have been Roman and dates a monastery at the site to Charlemagne. Louis IX established a port there in 1240. Fields appears to be in error when she names Louis XI of France as a founder of the town.

Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer and La Camargue, both are within 50 km easterly from Aigues-Mortes. By Les Martigues, presumably Fields means Châteauneuf-les-Martigues, another coastal town about 110 km east of Aigues-Mortes, near Marseilles. Wikipedia says that the Camargue also is the name of a "natural region" south of Arles, now a regional park.

*Mirèio*: Wikipedia says *Mirèio* (1859) is Mistral's most important work. This "long poem in Provençal consisting of twelve songs, tells of the thwarted love of Vincent and Mireille, two young Provençal people of different social backgrounds."

*flight*: Fields inserts an asterisk here which points to the note that follows the end of this paragraph.

*Hawthorne ... Scarlet Letter ... Cooper ... Irving and Miss Mitford ... Lamartine ... Raphael ...land of Larou at Aix les Bains*:

Wikipedia says: American author, Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) published *The Scarlet Letter* in 1850.

Of the American author, Jams Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851), Wikipedia notes his series of novels, *The Leatherstocking Tales*, as among those that deal most extensively with interactions of European colonists and Native Americans.

Fields's references to Irving and Mitford are somewhat puzzling. Most American readers would assume she means the American author, Washington Irving (1783-1859), but he is not especially known for depictions of "old England." Whether Fields refers to some other Irving is not clear.

Fields's handwriting creates doubt that "Miss Mitford" is the correct transcription. If it is, perhaps she refers to Mary Russell Mitford (1787-1855), an English author best remembered for her vivid sketches of village life in rural England.

Wikipedia says that Alphonse Marie Louis de Prat de Lamartine, (1790-1869), "was a French writer, poet and politician who was instrumental in the foundation of the Second Republic." Mistral dedicated *Mirèio* to Lamartine. He published his semi-autobiographical romance, *Raphaël*, in 1849. It is set in the region of Aix-les-Bains in Savoy.

*districts*: This tradition of St. Martha as the bringer of Christianity to southern France appears in *The Golden Legend* and other sources of legend and tradition. These sources seem to agree in asserting that Jews, rather than the Romans, attempted to kill the group of future missionaries, inadvertently sending them on their mission. Hence, the seeming anti-Semitism of the legend, though not questioned by Fields, was not invented by her.

This small representation of a Tarrasque is in the collection of the Museon Arlaten in Arles, France, the museum founded by Mistral in 1899. There are other different representations. Photographed in 2023.



---

## From Jewett's Letters

19 May to Theodore Jewett Eastman

Aunts have just been to a Bull-fight! and I wished much for you and send you a few handbills of the next one to distribute among chosen friends. When we were in Avignon somebody told us that occasionally the Spanish bull fighters came over the border and that all the world flocked to see and the first thing my eye fell upon when I got out of the train here yesterday & was waiting for the omnibus to start for the hotel -- was a large poster speaking of a great affair this day to celebrate the great church festival of Ascension Day! It seemed a very unbecoming ceremony, but quite characteristic of this part of the world. And moreover what particularly interested me was this: the Grande Course was to be held in the old Roman amphitheatre here, which is much like the Colosseum at Rome -- only smaller, and it has been used for such outdoor shows ever since Roman times. All this part of the south of France was full of rich Roman colonies as I dare say you know far better than I, and even in the little Provençal town of St Rémy where we have just been there was a really exquisite Roman monument and triumphal arch -- This morning we went out to see the famous Pont du Gard which is a huge slender Roman aqueduct -- three stories of arches -- crossing a valley, and here in Nimes are most elaborate Roman baths and the famous Maison Carée like a Greek temple which is one of the most lovely things I ever saw --

Well! we were a little late and the six matadors had made their entrance and were engaged with a lively black bull who gave them plenty of work with hopping over the high fence and clipping across the arena to get out of his way. The matadors were perfectly splendid looking fellows{ -- } one of them was a head taller than the others and quite princely in his behavior but he saved himself a little more than the rest. They were all dressed in red or blue or green of different shades with solid embroidery of gold & silver that glittered well in the sun and their picturesque black hats! We saw five of the six bulls and then it began to get chilly as it does here when the sun gets low ---- but all the afternoon it was really a most brilliant sight -- the gay colors of the womens dresses against the old gray stone work and the crowd of faces and the edge of old crumbling masonry up against the blue sky. And little boys would sneak down to the first class front seats next the arena and be spied presently by a terrible old person with a long whip and sent back to their proper ten-cent

places with awfully convicting remarks and there would be great yells of joy when one of the bulls took to his heels in an emergency with the picadors and leaped clean over the barriers --

20 May to Sarah Wyman Whitman

We have been loitering through this lovely country of Provence with its young vines and old olive trees and we have lived in Avignon and at St. Remy and spent an afternoon with M. Mistral who lives in a great house behind fields of grain and grass and poppies and rows of mulberry trees and grey olives line his own Mireio. And as you drive along the road to go and see him golden lilies of France grow in the brooks and beyond the hedgerows there are acres of big white poppies, a crop of white nuns, one might say they looked like, all standing in pious rows in the sun. But of all the things I have seen, I wished for you yesterday the most; I was walking along a shady road by the riverside, above the Pont du Gard, (that masterful old Roman ruin which you must know better than I did before I came). It was a very shady road, and the only travellers besides A. F. and me were nightingales, singing most cheerful and rustling in the branches overhead. And now just let me tell you something: the underbrush was box, growing in great bushes, and the air was about as sweet as it could be with that dry strange, sweet, old scent that tries to make you try to remember things long before you were born. And we went walking on and presently we came to great gates and still walked on with innocent hearts and a love of pleasure and we crossed a moat full of flowers and green bushes, and the other side of the old bridge beyond two slender marble columns with exquisite capitals was another gateway and a courtyard and an old chateau asleep in the sun. All the great windows and the hall door at the top of the steps were open and round the three sides and up to the top of the tower green vines had grown with room enough to keep themselves separate, and one of them near by was full of bees and you could hear no other sound. It was La Belle au Bois Dormante [ *The Sleeping Beauty* ]: you just kept as still as you could and looked a little while and came away again. And the stone of the chateau was reddish, and the green was green and the sunshine was of that afternoon softness that made the whole sight of the old house flicker and smile back at you as if you were trying hard to look at something in a dream. It was in a lovely corner of the world far out from any town -- as we drove back to the -- world! we came over high pasture lands, where wild thyme was growing, (own cousin to the box in the woods) and we could look off at little high brown

cities on the hills with one campanile, as if they had been cities in Italy.

----- And one day, from Avignon I went to the old Chateau de Grignan, where Madame de Sévigné used to come to stay with her daughter and where she died at last and was buried. The chateau was ruined in the Revolution, but there is the dear lady's little garden as if she had gone to heaven and left it only last year. Her fig-tree that she writes about sometimes looks very flourishing, and all her wallflowers are tumbling over the battlements like a brook. I shall have a great deal to tell you some day about Chateau de Grignan! Wild thyme grows in that country too; it is a very, very out of the way corner of the world, and we were all day getting there and getting home again to Avignon. And besides all this we have seen Arles and seen Tarascon and other towns of Provence, and we saw a farandole a-dancing on a happy Sunday afternoon.

Now we are going to Aix-les-Bains because dear A.F. is still so hoarse, and once it did her a great deal of good there, and for me, I shall like to see Aix again and to rest a while, and Susy will take a look at things and then go back to Paris.

### Notes

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge. MA: Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904, recipient. 25 letters; 1892-[ 1900 ] & [ n.d. ]. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (126).

Sarah de St. Prix Wyman Whitman (5 December 1842 - June 25, 1904) was one of the principal visual artists in the circle of Jewett and Fields, and after Fields, one of Jewett's closest friends. She was a professional designer of stained glass windows and gravestones, a painter, and an illustrator of books. She designed covers for Jewett's *The King of Folly Island*, *Betty Leicester*, *Strangers and Wayfarers*, and *The Queen's Twin*. Jewett dedicated *Strangers and Wayfarers* "To S. W., Painter of New England men and women, New England fields and shores."

In *A Studio of Her Own* (MFA: Boston, 2001), Erica E. Hirshler says that after 1892, Whitman maintained the Lily Glass Works at 184 Boyston St., near Park Square, about half a mile from the Fields house at 148 Charles St. (p. 39). Jewett and others referred to this workplace as "the studio."

The Mount Auburn Cemetery web site includes this entry: Mount Auburn Monuments Designed by Sarah Wyman Whitman.

Whitman's husband, Henry Whitman (1839-

21 July 1901), was a successful wool merchant in Boston and Cambridge.

In 1898, Whitman was at work on the central panel of the Lowell Memorial Window at First Parish Unitarian in Brookline, MA, "donated by Judge John Lowell and Lucy Buckminster Lowell in memory of their three deceased children," completed in 1899.

Find a Grave, Wikipedia, Bailot, "Sarah Wyman Whitman"; Morris, "Sarah Wyman Whitman's Book Covers"; and Moye, "Stained Glass by Sarah Wyman Whitman at Central Congregational Church."

*6 June to Sarah Wyman Whitman from La Ferté sous Jouarre, home of Mme. Blanc*

[T]he big fountain is making all the noise there is, and all the birds are singing in the big walled garden and beyond that, from my window in a little room out of my bedroom where I can write you a letter, one can look off over the most lovely piece of French country; a long slope of a hill going up to the sky muffled in green trees with here and there a line of gray wall or the sharp gable of an old farmhouse. And an interruption to the green with a piece of old weather-beaten red tiling of a roof. Which is to say that this is a quiet corner of old France, and the oldest bells in the world ring now and then very sweet and far off. Thérèse says that they sound as they do because they are the other side of the Marne, and "have to come through the water"! At any rate they are like a dream of bells and I heard them first early on Sunday morning, yesterday, when I waked up. The old town of Jouarre is on another hill a mile or two farther down the river and there is a square tower of the convent as old as the time of Charlemagne. Meaux is between us & Paris with the grave of Bossuet in the cathedral, and beyond us is Rheims. I do not think it is very far away -- and Nancy, where we mean to go by and by....

We had a good fortnight at Aix les Bains and A.F.'s throat is so much better that I no longer consider it, or think she is going to keep me up at night with an attack of croup! She had been so hoarse and looked so pale that I did not know what to do with such a sad little person, but now the fine, bright French sunshine has come it might cure her at any rate....

As for Aix -- it was as amusing and oddly English as ever, and I found my old friends all alive, the funny old peasant women at the baths and in the market with their brown smiling faces and white caps. I went to the Grande Chartreuse again, that lonely place in the mountains and slept in a cold convent cell and thought that the cliffs overhead might tumble down in the night. It

is a wonderful piece of France and when one thinks of disappointed lovers and courtiers going there to end their days and to keep silence and wear the white Cistercian habit{,} of their leaving the Paris of that day for the Grande Chartreuse it seems something amazing -- human enough one may say, but first a refuge and place of comfort, and then a prison and place of long despair. I wish that you could see it as one comes to it up the long, deep, forested valley, with its gay light tourelles and peaked roofs, as unexpected against the solemn mountain side as the statue of Mme de Sévigné that I told you about in the grim little place at Grignan, but when you get nearer there are terrible walls and you feel that many a heart has broken behind them in winter weather and loneliness.

I hear of her [ *Sara Norton* ] being ill with colds, and her last letter sounds very tired and downhearted about the war with a sort of despair, poor little Sally as if it were a thing that she and I or somebody ought to have helped and not a war that in the great mysterious march of things had to be. Nobody knows why there had come a frightful thunderstorm into a good summer day and nobody knows other things! but certain uncontrollable forces brought this war about -- it was not exactly anybody's bringing nor could it be anybody's hindering. I believe that Mr. Norton was right too in many things he said, and that he did good by saying them to many foolish person{s} who would make things worse if they had their way....

#### Note

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge. MA: Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904, recipient. 25 letters; 1892-[ 1900 ] & [ n.d. ]. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (126).

#### *6 June to Sara Norton from La Ferté sous Jouarre*

It is a fresh cool day here, with a lovely French sky and bright sun, and this is such a lovely place! I am delighted to be with Madame Blanc, and it is almost like coming home. You would like the old walled-garden, with its "pleached walks" and great fountain, and prim box-borders, and the dwarf fruit trees with young fruit, and the bird's nest where the bird is "anxious when you look at her, but *not* frightened enough to fly away," as Madame Blanc said yesterday. The nightingales twitter and talk a good deal by day, and at the foot of their garden you can unlock a door and find yourself in a country lane that leads up the long slope of a great green hill. There are two dear little brown hunting-dogs --

bassets -- who live like lords in a neat yard at the garden foot, by this same door, and you can take them with you if you watch them well, and remind them not to kill marketable chickens at the first farm-house. This is a country of wide views; you see three or four brown villages at a glance; two of them have only a couple of fields to separate them, but I suppose when a person marries and goes to the other village it is like going among strangers altogether, just as they say good-bye, almost forever, when they marry in another island in Venice. You see that I have great pleasure in being here. One loves a bit of real country, or else one is indifferent, -- it is much more exciting to know a new piece of country than to go to a new large town.

#### Note

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

---

#### [ *The Journal Resumes* ]

Paris June 14<sup>th</sup> 1898-

S{arah} and I went with Thérèse last evening to one of the somewhat celebrated Monday dinners of M. et Mme Delzant.\* They call those dinners "Les Celibatains". They have continued every winter for fifteen years and are a kind of home-like refuge for men of talent who would otherwise have no such glimpse of life, no such sympathy in the great world of Paris. Once a week certain writers and artists who have made themselves known to M. Delzant, or whom he has sought, are made to feel sure of a dinner here on Monday and a warm welcome. Nobody dresses: the ladies wear their everyday clothes, Madame Delzant habitually affecting a nun-like costume which suits her style very well. Her life is nun-like literally, wasted in good deeds; her health is very delicate yet she imposes every task upon herself for the poor and suffering. Therefore her plain black dress with muslin collar and cuffs not stiff as if they were just put on, or startling in form, but of the most refined simplicity, makes it easy for the ladies who frequent the Delzants' salon to go in the simplest clothes. The men also were in afternoon dress. I dare say all this conduces to making some of the shy men who frequent their salon feel more at home; certainly everything was very easy and agreeable.

The hour was half past seven and we arrived punctually, but we took our time in climbing the six long flights of difficult stairs before we reached the domicile of our friends. A young man who had jumped hurriedly out of a carriage at the door and sprung lightly up before

us proved to be Vanor,\* a scholar lecturer & newspaper man, well known in Paris. Although we went up much more slowly we were still early. The sunset light was clear and beautiful in the handsome rooms as we entered; which enabled us to look about before dinner and enjoy a very unusual private collection of books and pictures. There were beautiful paintings by [Horner, Ingres\* and others, also lovely etchings and engravings. It was such a collection as only a man who knows the artist as well as his work can bring together. The books too were wonderfully bound, in original as well as beautiful covers; nevertheless M. and M<sup>me</sup> Delzant do not allow themselves to go too far in these things. They have a large income and they spend a considerable proportion of it for others. Madame Delzant came from the South where she has inherited a ch<sup>ateau</sup> of the most mediaeval description at a place called Parays. Here her friend Madame Blanc occasionally visits her finding the heat quite intolerable but the life of the most primitive and restful description.

{A} critic who was expected did not make his appearance earlier. As soon as he appeared we went to dinner where I was given the seat of honor between M. Rosny\* and M. Delzant. We were ten at table; beside M. Vanor, M. Rosny and ourselves were M. Aicard,\* a native of Provence who has just finished an admirable translation of Othello. He seems to have a genuine poetic gift. His sister also was there and a M<sup>lle</sup> Berenger, sister of the author of that name. She is a normal school-teacher in high repute for her excellent service to the state.

The dinner was good and sufficient but plain as possible, no flowers, no decorations; the maid waited with another to help. The talk was however very lively and good. The Woman's Conference at Versailles\* was alluded to but I fancy nobody knew much about it there except perhaps M<sup>me</sup> Berenger and ourselves. Of course the talk was chiefly absorbed by the men whom Madame Delzant kept going in quite a masterly fashion. Some one had alluded to the paper on astronomy read by Miss Klumpke\* at Versailles, whereupon M. Rosny bound to converse on some topic began to speak of the elevating effect on character produced by the study of astronomy. After a while the topic changed by M. Rosny but not his manner which was that of being expected to talk to the table which was not the case because M. Aicard, M. Vanor & M. & M<sup>me</sup> Delzant were all quite ready -- not to speak of the callers! but although {the guests were} much excited\* our hostess soothed the troubled waters not by turning the conversation but by asking questions of one and

the other. She has very positive views of her own but she does not always express them, preferring to call out the views of her guests. I thought her conversation and manners delightful. As for M. Delzant, who is a large blustering kind of man, full of bonhomie, he is always cheerful and kindly but has nothing of much importance to say. M. Aicard was too far from me to make it easy to understand him but like all Provençals he is inclined to be very expressive and hot in talk. Those of us who did not smoke went to the drawing room again -- the others were shut up in an adjoining salon. M. Rosny came with us and shortly after M. Delzant also.

Very soon a few other guests came in -- a Greek gentleman who had been in Boston -- a friend of the Feltons, Howes, Miss Calliope\* etc. Miss Blaze de Bury\* followed{,} a poseuse, full of wit and keenness and self-esteem. She has grown up with the idea that the world turns in her orbit. She is said to have talent, but her mind has a sloppy quality which is not fruitful of good.

Dr. & Madame Maillet came next. He is the great grandson of Madame Roland.\* She is of an excellent Boston family. He is pledged to the cause of temperance in France; not total abstinence. They are poor and of simple outspoken manners but highly intelligent. She told a very pretty story of a young deaf mute in whom she is interested and who wished very much for a silk petticoat. As she spoke she touched in illustration the plain little woolen skirt she was herself wearing, and said, "the sense of touch was so keen in this poor friend that she longed to have silk about her.{"} M<sup>me</sup> M's own fine fingers resting on the little woollen dress as she spoke added much to the pathos of the story. It reminded me of Walter Savage Landor's\* saying to me once "I would ask the Devil for the sake of another, I would only ask God for myself!" Madame M. begged a little dress from a friend and gave it to the girl. She then proceeded to describe the joy of the entire family. "I could only wish,{"} she added, "that the giver could have seen the happiness her dress gave{.}"

Many of the most valuable persons in Paris now are Protestant and like Wagner & Madame M. Bretons\* -- M. & M<sup>me</sup> Delzant appear to have a certain sympathy with them and Sabatier\* may often be met at their house. I think it quite possible that M. Delzant is not an ardent Catholic; it would seem that this must be the case or it would not please him to receive men of no convictions or of the opposite faith altogether.

The conversation prolonged itself until eleven o'clock, when possessed by a weariness and seeing Sarah quite ready, I proposed to (Mme. Blanc) that we should leave. I saw at once that she was not ready, evidently the programme had not been fully carried out. In a few moments I discovered the reason. M. Aicard was introduced by M. Delzant as having consented to read a portion of his "Othello" to the company and this he proceeded to do in a very artistic and dramatic manner. M. A. will be able to give points to any actors who will appear in his play. I could wish that Salvini,\* the great Othello of our time could be called from his retirement and give it once more in Paris. The act chosen by M. Aicard for reading was the one where Iago arouses the jealousy of Othello{.} His rendering was greatly appreciated by the small but attentive audience and the reader himself was pleased and flattered. M. Rosny had slipped away before the reading began but not before he had found time to present his romantic soul to Mme B.! Later M. Aicard gave the death of Desdemona. He has all the fire of Provence in his veins and the story of Othello fits the nature of his own land as if it has been born there. Shakespeare painted that story of the temperament of the South as he alone could do it and it suits Provence like the glove to the hand.

We left about one o'clock and were in bed at two which for early birds like ourselves was doing very well.

At 3:30 on the following day June 14<sup>th</sup> we went to Avenue Marceau.

### Notes

*M. et Mme Delzant:* Alidor (1848-1905) and Gabrielle Delzant resided in Paris and at Parays ((Lot-et-Garonne). He was a lawyer, a bibliophile, editor, and author and wrote. among other works. a biography of the brothers Goncourt.

Gabrielle (1854-1903) was cited by Violet Paget for the "admirableness of her brains" and her "extraordinary charm of high breeding." Madame Delzant, an aspiring author, compiled extensive memoranda and rough drafts of books on Port Royal and the Princesse de Liancourt but did not live to publish them. Her husband edited *Gabrielle Delzant: Letters, Souvenirs* (1904). Source: Richard Cary.

See also "Paget in Parays" (1960) by Archille H. Biron.

*Les Celibatains:* French for single, unmarried people.

*Vanor:* Georges Van Ormelingen (1865-1906), lecturer and author, published under the name Georges Vanor.

*Horner, Ingres:* This transcription is uncertain, but Fields may refer to the Danish painter, Johan Hörner (1711-1763); whether the Delzants held any of his paintings has not been confirmed. Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres (1780-1867) was a French history painter in the Neoclassical style. Wikipedia.

*M. Rosny:* Presumably, this is one of a pair of Belgian-French brothers who wrote under the names J.-H. Rosny jeune (Séraphin Justin François Boex 1859 -1948) and J.-H. Rosny aîné (Joseph Henri Honoré Boex (1856-1940). They are considered to be founders of modern science fiction. Wikipedia.

*M. Aicard ... sister:* Jean François Victor Aicard (1848- 1921) was a French poet, dramatist and novelist. See also "La poésie de Jean Aicard." For a notice on a performance of his translation of Shakespeare's *Othello*, see *The Nation* 68 (6 April, 1899, pp. 262-3). Information about his sister has not yet been located. Wikipedia.

*Mlle Berenger, sister of the author of that name:* Henry Bérenger (1867 -1952) was a French poet, essayist, editor and politician, who was at one time French ambassador to the United States. Though this is not certain, it is possible that the sister Fields met was Marie Bérenger (1865-1944), who served in the French Resistance during World War II and died in the Ravensbrück concentration camp after her second arrest. Wikipedia.

*The Woman's Conference at Versailles:* Almost certainly, Fields refers to the Versailles Conference of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union of 9 June 1898. See *Report of the ... Biennial Convention and Minutes of the Executive Committee Meetings of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union*, 4-6, 1897, pp. 50-1. Google Books.

*paper on astronomy read by Miss Klumpke:* Dorothea Klumpke Roberts (1861-1942) was an American-born astronomer, who studied in Paris and became Director of the Bureau of Measurements at the Paris Observatory. Which paper she read at Versailles in 1898 is not yet known. It seems unlikely that she presented this paper at the WWCTU conference in June. Wikipedia.

*much excited:* Fields's syntax here is confusing. I have attempted to straighten it out enough to be readable, but readers studying this passage should consult the full transcription and the manuscript.

*Greek gentleman ... Feltons, Howes, Miss Calliope*: The unnamed Greek gentleman has not been identified. To which Felton family Fields refers is uncertain. There were several prominent Felton families residing in Boston at the turn of the century. The same is the case with the Howes. The transcription of Calliope is uncertain; perhaps it is Callope. In any case, this person has not been identified.

*Miss Palfrey*: This person has not been identified. Among Fields's acquaintances was Sarah Hammond Palfrey, novelist and poet (1832-1914).

*Miss Blaze de Bury*: Anne Emilie Rose Yetta Blaze de Bury (c. 1840-1902) is the author of *French Literature Today: A Study of the Principal Romancers and Essayists* (Houghton Mifflin 1898, Google Books). She was the daughter of Marie Pauline Rose (Stuart) Blaze de Bury (1813-1894). The senior Blaze de Bury was born in Scotland and moved to France at an early age. She became a writer of fiction and essays in French and in English, publishing sometimes under the name, Arthur Dudley. See also *Stanford Companion to Victorian Fiction* (Google Books, p. 71) and Library of Congress.

*poseuse*: French: a female poser, a person pretending to be what she is not.

*Dr. & Madame Maillet ... Madame Roland*: Wikipedia says Jeanne Manon Roland (1754-1793) and her husband, Jean-Marie Roland de la Platière, supported the French revolution. She died on the guillotine during the Reign of Terror. The transcription of Maillet is uncertain. Little has been learned about the Maillet couple. In Baptist reports on missions in France, Pastor A. Maillet ("formerly of the Reformed Church") and his wife are mentioned for their temperance work at Niort, a commune in western France. While it seems likely these are the people Fields met, this has not been confirmed, nor is there yet any known relation between Dr. Maillet and Madame Roland. Likewise, little information has yet been located to identify his apparently Boston-born wife. In the report of the 1898 Versailles meeting of the WWCTU, cited above, Madame Maillet is listed as a speaker. The missionary documents betray strong anti-Catholic feeling, which may help to explain Fields's curiosity about the Delzant's Catholicism and their association with presumably vocal Protestants, partisans of the "opposite" religion, like the Maillets.

*Walter Savage Landor's*: Wikipedia says Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864) is remembered mainly as an English poet, though he published in a variety of genres. Rita Gollin in *Annie Adams Fields* says that Fields met Landor in

Florence, Italy during her "grand tour" in about 1859 (28-9). Whether Landor's aphorism has been published elsewhere has not been determined.

*Wagner & Madame M. Bretons*: While this has not been confirmed, it seems likely Fields refers to Charles Wagner (1852-1918), a French Protestant pastor and author of inspirational books. Madame M. Bretons has not yet been identified. Possibly, however, Fields has misspelled the name. If it is "Breton," she may be referring to someone connected with the French politician and inventor, Jules-Louis Breton (1872-1940), known in France and the United States for his rationalism and anti-clericalism. Wikipedia.

*Sabatier*: Fields probably refers to one of the French Protestant theologian brothers, Louis Auguste Sabatier (1839-1901) or Charles Paul Marie Sabatier (1858-1928). Wikipedia.

*Salvini*: Tommaso Salvini (1829 -1915) was an Italian actor, who performed throughout Europe and the United States, speaking in Italian rather than in English. His most famous role was as Shakespeare's Othello. He retired in 1890. Wikipedia.

---

*Material appears to be missing.*

---

in the house of Mme Claire de St. Victor, the daughter of the author of "Hommes et Dieux" "Anciens et Modernes"\* etc. His work has been very precious to me. He was one of the few men who possessed true imagination and I went to his daughter's home with a sense of a "pilgrim"!

Madame Saint-Victor's mother was a sister of the great Rachel{.}\* Therefore it was quite natural to be invited there to see three "petite comedies" written by friends, (unpublished) and played by friends. There were to be two representations and we were left to choose either afternoon or evening. We chose the afternoon because it involved no "toilette". We were almost the first to arrive and could choose our seats. There was only a blind man with his attendant who came earlier and was seated on the side at the extreme end close to the stage where he could hear but could not well have seen if he had eyes. The hostess was very cordial. She is evidently very much attached to Th.B{[anc]} but she was occupied in making the arrangements, at the last moment it was decided to shut out the daylight. Therefore the men were putting in the electric wires while we assisted{.} Naturally the play did not begin for an hour, but as almost everybody was very late it began



about as soon as the last guests were seated. It was quite a distinguished company with many Jewesses. There were gentlemen of title, there was the beautiful Madame J. M. de Herédia and her handsome daughters\* though much less handsome than herself, M. Edouard Blanc\* and many others whose names are well known in society here but which I could not quite understand. The very interesting Madame Coignet\* went with us. She is an old woman but a woman of knowledge and serious life, a protestant, with fullness and gaiety enough for her years in her conversation, though never light. The drawing room in which the plays were given was a large room, richly hung with red damask. The hundreds of small chairs of white painted wood perhaps of the time of Louis Seize\* now again in fashion had red velvet seats. The stage which was at one end of the long room on a raised platform was separated by a red damask curtain with a rich gold fringe and heavy gold cords and tassels -- at one side hung a superb Paul Veronese\* which was left to Madame Claire by her father, also exquisite reliefs in wax which were his{,} perhaps by Clodion.\* They were not however much "in our line" but we were at least able to appreciate their cleverness. One young woman Madame Trousseau,\* daughter of Tamburini the great singer and wife of a famous oculist in Paris showed remarkable talent. We walked home in the cool sunset rejoiced to get into the light and air once more.

We found ourselves in a small but very pleasant company at the dinner table of Madam Coignet. Her son-in-law is in the government and talked about the changes in the parliament or the house of deputies as I should perhaps say. I thought he was more republican than the ladies. He was a man greatly in earnest and I can imagine a good magistrate and a gentleman withal. Madame Blanc said privately to us that when Gambetta\* first came into power he was very rude in his manners and was not ashamed, but he altered to that degree that by the time the Prince of Wales\* was received here by the new government that the latter said Gambetta interested him much and he found him a perfect gentleman.

Madame Coignet is a scholar as I have said. She has a gift we are told for history and that her books are of permanent value.

She had been reading an article on Shelley in the *Revue de Paris*\* and for the first time in her life had been able to understand something of his genius. We enjoyed much talking about him and his poetry. It was a delightful evening and gave me a better idea of true French life at its best than I have seen before I think. The

dinner was exceedingly pretty with the best wines as usual in such houses.

## Notes

*Mme Claire ^de^ St. Victor, the daughter of the author of "Hommes et Dieux" "Anciens et Modernes":* Paul Bins, Comte de Saint-Victor (1827- 1881) was a French critic known as Paul de Saint-Victor. His collections of essays include *Hommes et Dieux* (1867) and *Anciens et Modernes* (1886). He married the actress Sarah Félix, and their daughter was Claire de Saint-Victor (1859-1943). In 1880, she married Maxime Dreyfus. Wikipedia.

*the great Rachel:* Elisabeth Félix (1821-1858), also known as Mademoiselle Rachel and the Great Rachel, was a French actress, as was her sister, Sarah Félix, mother of Claire de St. Victor. The Great Rachel is remembered in part for her affairs with prominent politicians, notably Napoleon III, President of France in 1852-1870. Wikipedia.

*Madame J. M. de Herédia and her handsome daughters:* José-Maria de Heredia (1842 -1905) was a Cuban-born French poet. He married Louise Cécile Despaigne (1848-1928). Their daughters were:

Marie de Régnier (1875-1963) who became a "free spirit" poet and novelist, writing under the name Gérard d'Houville.

Louise de Herédia (1878?-1930), who in 1899 married Pierre Lou (1870-1925), a French poet perhaps best remembered for his *Chansons de Bilitis* that composer Claude Debussy (1862-1918) set for piano and voice in 1897-1898. After divorcing Louÿs in 1913, she married Auguste Gilbert de Voisins (1877-1939), another French author and translator. Wikipedia and French Wikipedia.

*M. Edouard Blanc:* Richard Cary in "Miss Jewett and Madame Blanc" (1967, pp. 468, 480) quotes from Grace King, *Memories of a Southern Woman of Letters* (1932), for a description of Mme. Blanc's son: ". . . noted as a traveler and lecturer, and a distinguished member of the Geographical Society. He was known for his new discoveries in the country of the Pamirs. He was a tall man, a giant in frame, but not at all handsome. He talked well, with much of his mother's charm of manner. His apartment was in the story above his mother's. His large salon was filled with bookcases. In a particular case were books bound especially according to his own design, in white parchment, with his monogram on the back. They were all rare and on scientific subjects. He led, we were told, the life of a recluse; he seemed perfectly indifferent to every subject except literature" (139-40).

*Madame Coignet*: Clarisse Joséphine Gauthier Coignet (1823-1918) was a French feminist philosopher, educator and historian. Her works include *A Gentleman of the Olden Time*, *François de Scépeaux, sire de Vieilleville, 1509-1571* (1887).

She was the second wife of François Coignet (1814-1888). They had a son and two daughters: Lucy (1850- ) who married twice, the second time to Auguste Kleine (1849-1925) and Claire (1860-1946), who married Eugène Garnier (1854-1907).

By his first marriage, François Coignet became the father of a son and one surviving daughter, Élisabeth Coignet (1843-1931). She married Eugène Yung (1827-1887), an author and editor.

Which of these sons-in-law is the one mentioned later is not yet certain. In 1898, Auguste Kleine was director of personnel at the Public Works Ministry, but it remains possible that Garnier or even Yung may have served the government in some capacity that year.

*Louis Seize*: Louis XVI (1754 -1793) was the last King of France before the French Revolution, during which he was beheaded.

*Paul Veronese*: Wikipedia says: Paolo Caliari, known as Paolo Veronese (1528-1588), was an Italian Renaissance painter, based in Venice, known for large-format history paintings of religion and mythology, such as *The Wedding at Cana* (1563) and *The Feast in the House of Levi* (1573).

*reliefs in wax ... perhaps by Clodion*: Claude Michel (1738-1814), known as Clodion, was a French Rococo sculptor, best known for his terracottas.

*Madame Trousseau ... Tamburini*: Antonio Tamburini (1800-1876) was an Italian operatic baritone. Tamburini married the contralto Marietta Gioia-Tamburini, with whom he often performed. One of their daughters was Nina Marie Ange Tamburini (1864- after 1910), who married an eminent French ophthalmologist, Dr. Armand Henri Trousseau (1856-1910).

*Gambetta*: This is somewhat confusing. While one may assume Madame Blanc is speaking of Madame Coignet's son-in-law, it seems rather that she is speaking of Léon Gambetta (1838 - 1882), a French statesman who became Prime Minister of France (1881-2).

*Prince of Wales*: King Edward VII (1841-1910) of the United Kingdom -- at that time the Prince of Wales -- met with Gambetta in 1880. See "King Edward and Gambetta" in the *New York Times* (6 August 1902), p. 1.

*Shelley in the Revue de Paris*: Almost certainly, Coignet was reading André Chevrillon, "La Nature dans la Poésie de Shelley," which appeared in the *Revue de Paris* in 1898. The essay was reprinted in his *Etudes Anglaises* (1901). Chevrillon (1864-1957) was a French scholar of English and the author of travel writing and literary criticism. See *The Reception of P. B. Shelley in Europe* edited by Susanne Schmid and Michael Rossington (2008, p. 33, Google Books).

---

### From Jewett's Letters

*10 June to Sara Norton*

I wish that I could take you to see the brown old town of Jouarre, on a hill near here, with one of its convent towers as old as Charlemagne's time, and a curious old crypt, covered in the days of the Revolution and forgotten, and then rediscovered some years ago. There are some wonderful old tombs of the lady abbesses, and one of them was a young Scottish Princess who looks as if she had just climbed to the top of her high tomb and fallen asleep there, -- a most dear and touching shape, -- so young that time itself has looked on all these years and never laid a finger on her, or a troubling thought of age. Then, in a very old little church close by, is some old glass. One bit of a window is King David playing on a harp, and I am sure that you would say that it is exquisite as it can be in colour and feeling, and the sense it gives of great rapture, as with music. I long for some kind of copy of it to take away; if ever you can find an afternoon to spare in Paris, you must come to see so beautiful a thing. I cannot forget it; but all this beauty is in a corner of an old grey village church, where the windows have been mended with glass of another sort, and hardly anybody comes from the outside world. Madame Blanc had long ago discovered this wonderful old window with the King David, and was so glad when we found it, too, and cared about it as she did. I wish that Mr. Ruskin could have seen it and written about it.

I have not left myself half room to tell you of some old French ladies, who interest me very much. There is one -- Madame de Beaulaincourt -- who is the subject of much affectionate delight! She is the daughter of the Maréchal de Castellaine, who was a famous soldier in his day, and this dear person is a great soldier, too, by nature; with a wonderful distinction and dignity as she sits in her house with all her old portraits, and (I am sure) some friendly ghosts who come and go and remind her of great French histories of courts and camps. She was

the friend of Madame Blanc's mother, and is very fond of my friend. One so easily can see *today* in a strange country, but *yesterday* is much harder to come at, -- so that I delight in going to some very old houses in Paris, and especially to Madame de Beaulaincourt. But La Ferté and the garden, and the old church bells, and the towers of Jouarre, are very hard to leave.

I hope now, more than ever, for some better news of the war. I feel quite as you do, but I think I can see better and better every day that it was a war which could not be hindered, after all. Spain has shown herself perfectly incompetent to maintain any sort of civilization in Cuba, and things are like some sultry summer days, when there is nothing for it but to let a thunder-shower do its best and worst, and drown the new hay, and put everything out of gear while it lasts. The condition is larger than petty politics or mercenary hopes, or naval desires for promotion, or any of those things to which at one time or another I have indignantly "laid it." I feel more than ever that such a war is to be laid at the door of progress, and not at any backward steps toward what we had begun to feel was out of date, the liking for a fight. I think that it is all nonsense to talk about bad feeling here in France, as it is certainly in England; for however people deplore the war in general and pity Spain, they generally end by saying that it was the only way out -- that we *had* to make war, and then we all say that it *must* be short! If we could drown a few newspapers from time to time, it would keep up our drooping hearts and make us willing to bear the hearing of foolish details, and even painful details. It seems like a question of surgery, this cure of Cuba -- we must not mind the things that disgust and frighten us, if only the surgery is in good hands. You know how much I saw of those islands two years ago? I cannot feel that the natural conditions of life are hard in the way they can be hard to poor Russians, for instance: a West Indian cannot freeze -- he is impatient of clothes -- he can pick a good dinner at almost any time of year off the next bush. But he can suffer in other ways, and Spain has made Cuba suffer in those ways far too long.

#### Note

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

---

[ *Fields Diary* ]

16<sup>th</sup> of June 1898

After a morning of shopping we drove to Avenue Henri Martin at Passy for luncheon with Mrs.

Frohlich\* an American woman who made money by her able management of a large school in America and who married a Jew. She now translates for Th.B{blanc}. She lives with her daughter who married also a Jew with money though he is not living and she has not a great fortune but enough to give her one of the prettiest apartments in Paris. Mrs. F. is quite able and does better for TH. than anybody else she has happened to find although her work is not of the very best. It is almost impossible however to find anyone who possesses an admirable English style who has the time and ability and willingness to translate.

At night we went to dinner with Madame de Beaulaincourt,\* a very great lady indeed. She is the daughter of the Marquis de Castellane, Maréchal de France and has known all the high French society since the time of the 1<sup>st</sup> Napoleon. This is my regiment! she said pointing to a picture of advancing soldiers which hangs over her table. She has been a great horse woman all her life and a person of most independent thought and speech. M. Bertin & M. Vallière\* both men of high standing in literature and manners came to dinner. And we had such good things to eat, with marvellous cheese-cakes to end with, before the fruits. She has a country seat at Acosta\* where luxuries in the way of fruits, flowers and vegetables, are constantly sent to her.

Friday June 17<sup>th</sup>

We left Paris early for La Ferté expecting to find M<sup>me</sup> Foulon de Vaulx\* at the station. She sent word however that she would follow us on the next train and we were not sorry. The fatigues of the three days had been too much for Sarah\* who took cold in coming from ~~the~~ dinner the previous evening and ~~and~~ was poorly all day. We drove in the afternoon to an interesting and decaying chateau Mont Bise\* which was a picture indeed. A more perfect picture of old France decaying and decayed can scarcely be found. The present descendant of the Marquis de Mont Bise does not like the place which I can easily believe. It needs drainage. The woods are damp and breed ferns, but for beauty they are unrivalled. As far as the eyes can see alleys of trees stretch, all cut "en charmilles."\* The place stands high enough but there is a lake almost on a level with the house which now looks quite stagnant. This is only one of many houses which are for sale in France. There seems to be nobody to buy these lovely old estates exquisite as they are. The place inherited from Madame Plessis by M. André de Vaul\* is also to be sold -- a place full of beauty, very large and without drawbacks such as belong to a forsaken estate. The price is

\$40,000 and indeed they would sell it for much less. Th. walked to the station at night with M. F. de V. & came back alone.

June 18<sup>th</sup> La Ferté

We walked out in the afternoon. Sarah not feeling quite well stayed at home. We were lost in the exquisite feeling and walked about five miles. It was delicious.

June 19<sup>th</sup> Sunday

Th. went to early church but Sarah had a cold and we stayed at home. Mrs. Johnson and her daughter,\* wife of the sub-editor of "The Century" came to pass the day. Th. took the young lady a long country walk, showed her the house of George Ohnet, a pretty villa near here, but Mrs J. was not very well and stayed at home with us.

We enjoyed a beautiful dinner as usual in the evening with very exquisite spirits and wines send by Monsieur Blanc.\* The [Nectarines *corrected*] were finer than any I ever saw.

Monday. 21<sup>st</sup>

Th.B. at work every morning until 12. Sometimes she is up and at work at five A.M.

Two young ladies came by appointment from New Orleans, a Mrs May and Mrs Mellen\* - - very bright and beautiful young women{,} one more at home with French, the other with English{,} but speaking either language with equal ease. Spanish also is common to them. We were much pleased with these bright women. Walked with them in the afternoon; and Th. walked to the station with them at night. The weather has thus far been delicious, not too warm for the most perfect enjoyments in the air all the day long.

Tuesday 22<sup>d</sup>

Warmer. Sarah still very ill with her cold. I ran out for a mile or two during the day but Th. wrote all day with few interruptions, except two hours at the dejeuner until nearly sundown.

Wedy --

Sarah better, not well enough yet for Meaux. Th. & I have had some very delightful walks. One day we stopped in the little village of Reuil\* just beyond this place at a cottage door. She had been looking to find a cottage for a friend, a lady who wished to come and be near her for the summer and was told that Monsieur Belloni\* could direct her. We found an old man over eighty living with one woman to take care of him who told her as she talked with him that he had been the private secretary of Listz.\* He came a poor boy from Italy to Paris with the idea

of making his own living by transcribing music, perhaps playing some instrument or something of the kind. Listz was looking for a secretary and he asked the person to whom Belloni had applied. Listz took him, found him very useful, and at last one day when he needed money Belloni told him he played so remarkably that he would organize three concerts for him in Belgium. It was the beginning of Listz's career. When Belloni was asked who was to support his young pianist -- he said, "No one, he was a genius and could support himself." It was an unknown thing in those days for a pianist to give a concert entirely by himself{;} Listz, however, made such a success that his name went far and wide to Paris and advertire\* three concerts there. This was great daring, but he went to Berlioz\* and one other of the great musicians there in Paris and asked them to lend their name and assistance for the first concert. But this cost money said Th.{;} not so much he replied. Franconi\* was my friend and he did it gladly for me. To the wife of Berlioz to whom { I } could not offer money I gave a velvet dress and a diamond pin.\*

We had a crowded house the first night -- for the second we advertised all the tickets sold before we had quite begun to fill the house! The result was a perfect success for the two nights and there was money enough in consequence. There began many experiences, first with Mme d'Agoult,\* (who wrote long after under the name of Daniel Stern a story called Nelida which gives her story of Listz)\* and afterward a strange affair in Russia. We had come to Moscow to play; the concerts began and a great lady, a Princess,\* [ *unrecognized words* ]. After they were over she invited Listz to her chateau some distance away to visit her. He accepted. The secretary went also, of course. The visit was greater [ *unrecognized word or words* ] Poor Belloni said he was very tired and anxious with the delay, especially as he had arranged for other concerts -- one day the Princess said to him that she feared he found it very dull. He said yes because business called him elsewhere. Very well, she replied you shall go and leave Monsieur Listz with me. This appeared inconceivable but when he asked Listz what they were to do{,} to his chagrin and amazement Listz told him he might go to Paris and wait for him there. We should not fulfil any other engagements for this time -- There was nothing to do but to leave under the circumstances, but Belloni was asked to take charge of a young Russian lady\* who was waiting to go to Paris. This he consented to do. However on the coast of Holland the young woman told him one day she was to take a little boating excursion with a friend; as they were to leave for Paris in a few

hours the time looked rather short -- However she went and never returned. She left all her money (6000 fr.) in his hands which he later gave to her bankers in Paris. Years after, when he was over in Italy with Listz he saw this lady by chance. As she passed him she said "What a fool you were not to keep the money" -----  
----- These things give one a hint of what such a life must have been. Belloni had nothing hard to say of Listz but seems to have loved him with all his sins -- What a commentary on such a career it is to find the faithful servant nearly utterly left poor except for what his old servant can give him. He owns thousands of letters of Listz and portraits of the ladies and friends who surrounded him --

Belloni evidently has all he positively requires, but some carved furniture and the articles of which I have spoken show that he has known quite another life than this in his poor cottage with his dog -- He is very cheerful and seems to have been a true friend and an honest man so far as he understood these things.

I should like to make a brief record here of Sunday June 12<sup>th</sup> at La Ferté which was a Fête day. There was a procession of children in the church which was very beautiful indeed in a simple way as the people are all peasants, or if there are any exceptions as in the case of Th.B. they are so few as not to be perceived -- There is a very good Curé\* here, a republican which makes him popular and two assistants or Vicars; the nuns too which teach the girls' schools were great helpers in the church procession. In less modernized parts of France they build small altars or reposons on this day (le Fête Dieu)\* in front of every well-to-do house and the procession stops at each one. The service on this occasion was all in the church. They went to each altar for a little service. The fairy little girls drawn up on either side of the route bore baskets of rose leaves which they strewed before the feet of the priests. It was something belonging to the far past in its origin but it is still kept up as an act of faith. The church and the [ *unrecognized word* ] educate France, certainly we feel sometimes that it is done in a mistaken way. There is much to be said on the other side. Obedience and manners however become a second nature to the whole nation, but the power of initiative in thought and in individual action is of course a thing not to be looked for. The distance is emphasized between thinkers and leaders and the people, but the outward condition of the poor en masse is superior to that in other countries.

In the afternoon we walked to the little village of Reuil where the service of the first communion was performed. The church is one

of the oldest mediaeval edifices. It was the chapel of the great Castellaine family when their Château was standing here and Mme de Boulaincourt for years attended services here during the months she lived at La Ferté. It is defaced by cheap modern paintings and artificial flowers, but there is one excellent picture of the old time and on the day in question the interior was filled with real flowers so that the old place was a living picture once more. The excellent Curé from La Ferté told the children that their good Vicar of whom he was very fond had invited him to come and he could not refuse anything which would give pleasure to his friend. His talk to the children was simple and full of feeling. He spoke with his back to the altar while the little girls crowned with flowers over their white veils sat in front of him. The little church was crowded just as the larger one was in the morning. We walked home again by the river bank. The sun was at last ready to give us all the heat we could bear. La Ferté is very very pretty --

#### Notes

*Mrs. Frohlich:* This person has not yet been identified.

*Madame de Beaulaincourt ... daughter of the Marquis de Castellaine:* French Wikipedia says that Sophie de Castellane, Marquise de Contades, then Beaulaincourt, Countess Marles (1818-1904) was a writer and kept a salon. Her father was Esprit Victor Elisabeth Boniface de Castellane, Comte de Castellane (1788-1862), a French military officer and ultimately a Marshal of France. Madame Blanc included an account of the Marquise in an essay that Sarah Orne Jewett helped to translate, "Conversation in France," *Century* 48:4 (Aug 1894): 626-634.

That Madame de Beaulaincourt has known "everyone" since the time of the first Napoleon is something of an exaggeration, since Napoleon Bonaparte died in 1821, when she was about three years old. However, she *does* come from his time.

*M. Bertin & M. Vallière:* Mr. Bertin could be Alexandre Bertin (1854-1934), a French painter, or Horace Bertin (1842-1917), a journalist and poet, or someone else of that name. No one named Vallière has been identified as the other likely guest. Maurice Lefebvre-Desvallières (1857-1926) was a Parisian playwright and man of letters. Wikipedia.

*Acosta:* Le Château d'Acosta -- now demolished -- was about 43 miles west of Paris at Aubergenville.

*Mme Foulon de Vaulx:* Whether Fields spelled "Vaulx" correctly is not clear. In 1872, Alice

Devaulx married Henri Foulon (1844-1929). Shortly after they married, they changed their names to "Foulon de Vaulx." Henri Foulon de Vaulx was a Belgian born industrialist and historian. Alice became a translator, notably of work by Hamlin Garland.

*Sarah:* Sarah Orne Jewett.

*Mont Bise:* The transcription is uncertain. The mountain, Mont Bise, is near Geneva, Switzerland. Nothing has yet been learned about a Marquis of Mont Bise or the family château near La Ferté sous Jouarre.

*trees ... cut "en charmilles":* Refers to trees trimmed to form hedges or alleys, as in a maze.

*The place inherited from Madame Plessis by M. André de Vaul:* The transcription of "Vaul" is uncertain. There is a mark after the word that could be "ex" or "t" or something else. In any case, the identities of this place and these people remains unknown. Perhaps Fields refers to the famous Château du Plessis-Bourré, which was, in fact, on the market more than once during the second half of the 19th century.

*Mrs. Johnson and her daughter:* Robert Underwood Johnson (1853-1937) was associate editor at *The Century Magazine* in 1898. His wife was Katharine McMahan (1856-1924), and their daughter was Agnes (1880-1968), who married the architect, Frank Howell Holden (1870-1937). Wikipedia.

*George Ohnet:* Georges Ohnet (1848-1918) was a French novelist and editor. He lived at the Château des Bondons near La Ferté sous Jouarre. Wikipedia.

*Monsieur Blanc:* Madame Blanc's son, Édouard Blanc (1858-1923).

*Mrs May and Mrs Mellen:* Mrs. May and Mrs. Mellen were regularly mentioned in the society pages of New Orleans newspapers at the turn of the 20th century, where they are described as hosting gatherings and as singing.

*Reuil:* Reuil-en-Brie.

*Monsieur Belloni ... private secretary of Liszt:* Franz Liszt (1811-1886) was a Hungarian composer and professional musician, especially noted for his virtuoso piano performances. Fields consistently misspells his name in this entry. Gaëtano Belloni became his secretary and manager in 1841. While Alan Walker in *Franz Liszt: The Virtuoso Years, 1811-1847* (1987, Google Books) confirms that Belloni "became the chief architect of Liszt's performing career" (365), his account does not exactly square with Fields's report that Belloni helped

Liszt revolutionize the practice of solo piano concerts.

Little more is known about Belloni. It is notable that Walker and the few internet sources to provide information give his life dates as 1810-1887. In that case, Fields met with a man 11 years dead.

*advertire:* This transcription is uncertain. Fields seems to have used an archaic spelling of the French "avertire" to mean advertised.

*Franconi:* Probably this is Laurent Franconi (1776-1849), son of Antonio Franconi (1738-1836), who established an equestrian theater, the Cirque Olympique, in Paris. This venue also was used for concerts in the 1840s.

*Mme d'Agoult ... Daniel Stern ... Nelida:* Marie Catherine Sophie, Comtesse d'Agoult (1805-1876), was a French romantic author who published under the name, Daniel Stern. Her novel *Nélida* (1846) presented a fictionalized account of her five-year liaison with Franz Liszt, with whom she had 3 children. Wikipedia.

*a Princess:* Though this is not certain, Belloni's description seems to fit the beginning of Liszt's relationship with Marie Catherine Sophie, Comtesse d'Agoult, who was a Russian princess.

*young Russian lady:* The identity of this person has not yet been determined.

*Curé:* French: parish priest.

*le Fête Dieu:* This is the feast of Corpus Christi, celebrating the real presence of the body and blood of Jesus Christ in the celebration the Eucharist, which is held on the Sunday after Trinity Sunday, approximately 60 days after Easter.

---

June 23d

Took fast train in the early afternoon for Meaux, the home for 15 years of Bossuet\* the great archbishop. Meaux still presents its old walls and the Marne flows through it with a rapidity like that of the Rhone at Avignon; quite unlike its quiet self at La Ferté. The city is surrounded with noble trees often cut "en charmilles" but of late years many lindens are to be seen and horse chestnuts in natural condition. The leaves of the trees here are denser and finer than they are usually in New England. The soil must be very rich, for roses not to speak of numerous flowers beside grow in wonderful luxuriance and with few pests to injure them. It was a lovely June afternoon in Meaux. Service was going on in the empty cathedral, the voices of the priests sounding like bees in a window pane. The light

was streaming in through the long graceful windows which lost all their colored glass during the revolution, but the fine leaden tracery is extremely beautiful in itself, with common glass grey with age. Unhappily some common colored windows are to be seen -- doubtless votive offerings, but the larger number are plain. The arches are the great glory of the place. Huge as they really are, they give one a sense of slenderness and grace from their uninterrupted heights. The archbishop's chair remains, where Bossuet sat, the dark carved wood pulpit wherefrom he preached, and a rather poor modern statue to his memory which is to be replaced by something better in 1900. Parts of the cathedral belong to the earliest centuries of the Christian Era. The plan of the outside was not very unlike that of Notre Dame\* but it was never finished. The facade has not been restored fortunately and it wears something of the look of "old care" as Th.B. said.

Quite as interesting as the cathedral was the house of the archbishop\* built in the earliest period, with its lovely gardens where at the end of the garden house in which Bossuet lived and walked. There is an old walk between yew trees there which he is said to have much frequented. It looks as if no one had used his study since his death and as if few feet wandered in the alley of the yew.

We spent an exquisite hour in this spot recalling the life of the great preacher. We do not feel about him as we do about Fénelon,\* but Th.B. thinks him a much greater man. She prefers his sermons to the funeral orations which have made him so famous. We are obliged to yield something because of our inferior knowledge, but to us the simple teachings of Fénelon are worth more than all the splendors of oratory. However we remember that the stars differ in glory. Fénelon is as much alive today and speaks to the religious nature of men as clearly and simply as Jesus himself does. He is still a holy interpreter of the truth of the gospels. We have not been touched in the same way by Bossuet. There are two or three very interesting\*\* portraits in the Archbishops palace but no good representation anywhere of Bossuet himself. There are no stairs in the building. One ascends as in the campanile at Venice\* over a paved incline. Many a time doubtless some heavy old churchman has gone up donkey back to his apartment. The rooms open out upon a stone balcony overlooking the gardens. Nothing could be more retired or more beautiful.

We came away unwillingly, passing the former house of the canons,\* now undergoing restoration, one of the oldest parts of the whole construction, and crossing the Marne at two very

picturesque spots, the water very clear swift and beautiful below. There are some old mills built across the stream which are not in use,} its picturesqueness, although in one spot it was hard to forgive their having been built on the remains of an ancient stone bridge which must have been far more beautiful than the mills. We came away with exquisite pictures of Meaux in our minds. It is a place to visit.\*

\*\* a portrait of Madame Henrietta Maria\* is here, given to Bossuet after his wonderful funeral oration. He was her father confessor. Also there is a picture of an old Cardinal by one of the first painters of France and two other good portraits. ^by unknown artists^

### Notes

*Bossuet*: Wikipedia says: Jacques-Bénigne Lignel Bossuet (1627-1704) "was a French bishop and theologian, renowned for his sermons and other addresses. He has been considered by many to be one of the most brilliant orators of all time and a masterly French stylist." He was bishop of Meaux 1681-1704.

*Notre Dame*: Almost certainly, Fields means to compare the Meaux Cathedral with Notre-Dame de Paris.

*house of the archbishop*: The Episcopal Palace at Meaux can be viewed on the town's Wikipedia page.

*Fénelon*: Wikipedia says: François de Salignac de la Mothe-Fénelon (1651 -1715), "was a French Roman Catholic archbishop, theologian, poet and writer."

*interesting\*\**: Fields places an asterisk here pointing to her note at the end of page 16 describing several portraits.

*campanile at Venice*: The bell-tower of St. Mark's Cathedral.

*former house of the canons*: It is not clear to which building Fields refers, perhaps to Le Vieux-Chapitre.

*visit*: This insertion seems to have been added at a later time.

\*\* a *portrait*: An asterisk by Fields indicates her continuation of a discussion of portraits in the Episcopal Palace at Meaux.

*Henrietta Maria*: Henrietta of England (1644-1670), youngest daughter of King Charles I of England, who was executed in 1649, during the English Civil War.

The "Portrait of Bossuet" by Hyacinthe Rigaud (1659-1743) is at the Musée Bossuet in the Episcopal Palace. Wikipedia.

Information about the other portraits Fields mentions has not yet been discovered.

---

Friday June 24<sup>th</sup>.

Left La Ferté after "déjeuner" for Reims -- passing through the famous vineyards which yield the champagne of the great world. The landscape is of wide valley fields with no variety planted with miles on miles of grape vines which grow in a dry looking like a mingling of stones and lime. It is one of the mysteries of creation and like the old tapestries of the Cathedral at Reims or Bayeaux\* seems a survival of the past to us who must view these things from the standpoint of the new world. The incessant labour required which bends the bodies of men & women down until they stoop almost to the ground; the personal attention needed by every vine to bring it to perfection; the long shadeless hours in fields where no trees are suffered to grow for miles; all these things savor of life different indeed to that of farmers in our own land.

At Ay a [ *unrecognized word* ] grape is found which is delicious, very light and somewhat sweet, not unlike the vines at 'Asti' of the North of Italy. On arriving at Epernay\* where we changed cars, and again at Rheims, champagne was offered at the station as red wine or water is offered elsewhere.

We went at once to the Cathedral on reaching Rheims, and stood speechless before the façade which for unity and completeness is almost unrivalled: the solid carving of the lower portion{,} the sense of magnificent wholeness and weight contrasts perfectly with the lightness and open effect of all that is above. Pictures cannot give this but it is one of the striking features of the original. The Cathedral appears to have been finished after the designs of the architect Robert de Coucy\* who did not live to see it in completion -- this was natural enough since it was one hundred years in rebuilding after the fire which destroyed the first erection in 1200. It seems as if something [of all the untold ages were recorded in these cathedrals speaking [ *unrecognized words* ] appear like epitomes of the round world itself, a picture in [ *unrecognized word* ] stone of the life of man. As we entered hundreds of children were singing a well known hymn tune rather badly and the teachers [ *three unrecognized words* ] and to say their catechism made the everyday world a very present factor while we saw where Clovis was baptised and gazed on the vestments used in the coronations of all the Kings of France until the very last of the Bourbons.\* Tapestries decorate the walls of great age. Gobelins\* was [

*unrecognized word* ] Rheims [ *unrecognized word* ] decorations they believed to be out of taste hanging below the wonderful arches which require neither pictures nor colors except the colors from the glass windows of antiquity which always will be the wonder and the pride of France. For splendor and beauty or of hue there are few things to approach them. Only the upper ones remain. The construct is so great that no one needs to be told this and we could see what lessons they had given to some of the re-creations of modern glass work.

We lingered long in the old place seeing in front of the Cathedral a statue of Jeanne d'Arc by Dubois\* which at last represents the subject. It is most inspiring and lovely. At last a man of imagination has done the work! Dubois is still living. This fills one with desire to see what else the man has done. It appears that he is a great painter as well.

Leaving the cathedral we came after some searching into a still older part of Rheims in appearance certainly a [ *unrecognized word* ] which has not been rebuilt and facing an antique place utterly without grass or trees we found the old church of St.-Rémy. We expected little after the Cathedral, but we found something much older, almost deserted and solemn in its antiquity. No fire has devoured the pillars at the bottom which looked like Egypt. Much of the work is of the 4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> centuries{,} the upper portions of the 11<sup>th</sup> or 12<sup>th</sup> {,} there is very little later than this except the necessary restoration of our own time. We were quite overwhelmed by this old place where the glass also above the clere-story is exquisite. How it has happened that the sense of color has been so lost during later years seems impossible to imagine -- it may be that the materials for making the crude glass were no longer to be found. Now in America the crude glass is of exquisite quality and La Farge{,} Mrs. Whitman and Tiffany\* are again making beautiful the churches of the new world. Returning we dined excellently well in the "Buffet{"} at Epernay with light wine of Ay and honest food. It was ten o'clock as we walked home through the silent streets of La Ferté. There had been a fair during the day. We saw some of the last vendors setting out to the train to go home with what remained of their vegetables and goods, but the town itself was fast going to sleep. The houses and little cafés were mostly shut and there were no drunkards in the streets.

June 25<sup>th</sup> Saturday

Mary Garrett and Miss Thomas\* came from Paris to pass half the day. Dear Th.\* was suffering from headache but it grew better during



the day -- It rained early but cleared in time for us to walk out after luncheon and gather roses.

June 26 Sunday

Th. still with headache but happy to hear that Gabrielle Delzant had graduated with honors (the daughter of her friend who is at a convent school){.} She is expecting Mr. Graham the artist\* today -- and has now gone herself to high mass. Her headache is not yet quite gone however. Monsieur Delzant & his daughter are going for a trip in Bretagne much like our own -- The mother will not go but is turning her face southward to Parays in Gascoigne where the heat in summer is intense but it is her native place, the chateau belongs to her family and she is sufficiently accustomed to it not to suffer as others may do.

June 27 Monday

Came news of my dear sister Lizzy's death\* on a postal card!! The telegraph failed us and reported "bien" instead of dead the fatal word. She left this world on the 15<sup>th</sup>. Thérèse and I took a long walk talking of her and of the high mysteries. The clouds hung low. The river was beautiful with its setting of green hillsides and a few [ *unrecognized word* ] a little movement and life. The rain began to fall and we sought refuge in the little church at Reuil, but we could only stand under the wide stone porch. For a wonder the door was locked. Fortunately the heavy cloud moved away from our path (although it poured at La Ferté) and we walked swiftly home in the face of a cool blowing wind very pleasant to walk in -- In the evening, our last evening we talked much of the condition of the religious life in America and here -- of the dying condition of many Protestant churches with us and of the opposition and state of the church here which seems good for the large number. We read Tennyson's "In Memoriam"\* one canto & the verses to J.S. and then went early to our rooms.

## Notes

*Cathedral at Reims ... Bayeux:* Notre-Dame de Reims Cathedral, and Bayeux. and the Bayeux Tapestry. The Bayeux tapestry, from the late 11th century, depicts the events of the Norman conquest of England in 1066. Fields sometimes uses the alternate spelling: Rheims. Wikipedia.

*Ay ... Epernay:* Ay, Marne is a village in France, a center of French champagne production; it is near Épernay.

*Robert de Coucy:* Robert de Coucy (d. c. 1311) was a French master-builder from Reims, who became responsible for rebuilding the Reims Cathedral at some point after the burning of the

earlier church in 1211. Presumably, Fields has been told that de Coucy's father, Robert de Coucy the elder, also a master-builder, made the plan for the new building. Wikipedia.

*Bourbons:* The Gallery of Kings in the Reims Cathedral contains 56 statues of the French monarchs since Clovis I (466-511), the first king of the Franks. He was baptized in 508, on Christmas Day.

*Gobelins:* Wikipedia says that Gobelins is "the name of a family of dyers, who in all probability came originally from Reims,"

*Dubois:* Paul Dubois (1829-1905) was a French sculptor and painter. His equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, which stands in front of the Reims Cathedral, was completed between 1867 and 1877. Wikipedia.

*old church of St.-Rémy:* Probably Fields refers to the church of the Abbey of Saint-Remi.

*La Farge{,} Mrs. Whitman and Tiffany:* American glass artists and craftspeople, John La Farge (1835-1910), Sarah Wyman Whitman (1842-1904) and Louis Comfort Tiffany (1848-1933). Wikipedia.

*Mary Garrett and Miss Thomas:* Mary Elizabeth Garrett (1854-1915) was an early patron of Bryn Mawr College and the Johns Hopkins Medical School. Fields and Jewett were frequent visitors at her summer cottage at Dark Harbor, Maine. Jewett's *Betty Leicester's English Xmas* was privately printed for The Bryn Mawr School (of which Miss Garrett was a founder), and was dedicated "To M. E. G."

Garrett's intimate friend was Martha Carey Thomas (1857 -1935), an educator, suffragist and linguist, who became the second president of Bryn Mawr College. Wikipedia.

*Th.:* Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc.

*Gabrielle Delzant:* Alidor (1848-1905) and Gabrielle Delzant resided in Paris and at Parays. He was a lawyer, a bibliophile, editor, and author and wrote among other works a biography of the brothers Goncourt.

Gabrielle (1854-1903) was cited by Violet Paget for the "admirableness of her brains" and her "extraordinary charm of high breeding." Madame Delzant, an aspiring author, compiled extensive memoranda and rough drafts of books on Port Royal and the Princesse de Liancourt but did not live to publish them. Her husband edited *Gabrielle Delzant: Letters, Souvenirs* (1904). Source: Richard Cary and "Paget in Parays" by Archille H. Biron (1960).

Writing in 1901, Paget notes that the Delzants had two daughters, the elder

Genevieve, the younger unnamed. Presumably, the younger was named after her mother.

*Mr. Graham the artist:* This person remains unidentified.

*Lizzy's death:* Elizabeth Adams (b. 1825) died on June 15, 1898

*Tennyson's "In Memoriam":* Wikipedia says: Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) "was Poet Laureate of Great Britain and Ireland during much of Queen Victoria's reign and remains one of the most popular British poets." His long poem, "In Memoriam" was completed in 1849.

This passage is obscure in the manuscript, and the transcription is quite uncertain. It appears that Fields and Blanc read aloud an unspecified passage from "In Memoriam" and also an earlier Tennyson poem, "To J.S.," which is addressed to Tennyson's friend James Spedding upon the death of his brother, Edward.

---

June 28<sup>th</sup>

Left for Paris.

We put up at the Hotel "Terminus"\* that we might be quite ready to leave the next morning early without the discomfort of changing the luggage from place to place. We found ourselves in luxuriously furnished rooms without light or air and it was a rainy dark afternoon; at best we felt as if we were in a cellar. However we had our tickets to buy for the trip and certain businesses to do and so we were content enough, but it was provoking not only to be ticketed as if one were in prison, but to find that persons who called to see us could not find us in spite of my leaving the names carefully written out at the office and that a telegram for which I paid extra was never sent. Such vast caravanserais\* cannot be called comfortable exactly; yet the food at the "Terminus" was remarkably good, the beds comfortable and the prices not exorbitant.

Wednesday 29<sup>th</sup> of June.

we left early, with the Summer sun shining at last, for the antique city of Vitré and Les Rochers, the château of Mme de Sévigné\* which is in the vicinity. It is a long journey even by rail from Paris. Therefore we are not surprised to discover that the writer of the famous letters only took the journey nine times in the course of her life. This gives one an idea of the long years together which she must have passed at Les Rochers -- some of that time in great solitude.

It was about three o'clock of a lovely summer afternoon, one of the very few pleasant

afternoons of this strange Summer when we reached Vitré. At four we took a carriage at once to drive to Les Roches about four or five miles away over a road which even now is not of the very best. What must it have been in those old days when little care was taken of these things. The sun was still high when we stopped at the gates of the chateau and descended to ask a guide from the farm house close at hand. A very kind good woman came out to welcome us, giving us to understand that it was a pleasure rather than otherwise to welcome persons who came to visit the place. The Chateau is inhabited by an intelligent family, descendants of the old stock who have taken pride in preserving the estate as far as possible according to the old conditions. Some of the many trees are still alive which Mme de Sévigné watered and although many have died of course they are replaced and arranged in the same manner as during her lifetime. We were first carried to the chapel and showed the old and the new parts, then into the one room of the house where she wrote the letters and which is given up to her memory. The only room with the adjoining passage which strangers may enter. This room has been fitted up with the greatest care and the window looking out to the garden as she sat. Here is her bed with the truly exquisite curtains and cover embroidered by Mme de Grignan, also two chairs wrought by the same loving hand. We felt that we knew the daughter better after seeing how she had bent for many a long hour over this work, knowing the happiness it would give her mother who was surrounded by these proofs of her love. The portrait of Mme de Sévigné by Mignard\* is here - I believe this is thought to be the original, and there are other family portraits. Her toilette table is also preserved -- indeed the whole room wears the air of a place which has been loved and occupied -- not too long ago. From the house where we loved to linger we went out into the gardens and the park.

Mme de Sévigné herself, I believe designed the park and gardens. They are carefully kept in as perfect a condition as possible, although the climate is far from mild and the place stands high, much exposed to cold winds. They are obliged to carry the orange trees and many other things under cover for the winters. The spring this year has been so cold and wet that the garden did not even yet wear that easy air of never being disturbed which is half the grace of a true garden. To the readers of the letters the grounds are full of interest; here are the "alleés" which she named, the names still fastened upon the trees at the entrance of each: the walls where she spent so large a part of her summer afternoons and where when she lingered there

once in the desolate autumn of her desolated life and sat long after the sun had disappeared {--} she contracted troubles which made her feel old before her time. Now, the afternoon was in full beauty{,} reminding us as we returned among the roses, of the happier period of her many happy days; the air was full of the smell of new hay and as we turned away from the place the sunset was covering it with golden light.

We drove back through the ancient streets of Vitré feeling that we were sharing the pleasures of others, not only seeing new things. In this old town Thérèse Blanc and her mother the Comtesse d'Eu lived during the winter of 1870 (?) when the Germans occupied Paris.\* Few things in this quaintest city of Brittany escaped their observance and for quaintness it is not to be outdone. Inconceivably old indeed were the houses in which the people were really still living. The costumes and manners of the people suit themselves to the houses. How any corner of the earth can remain for centuries so unchanged it is difficult to believe. In some respects it is as unchanged a spot as even France can show. The women live as much as possible out of doors and have that hardened look of the skin which one sees in Italy. They knit eternally -- not in their sleep perhaps -- but otherwise their hands are perpetually at work.

Our inn was old enough too -- either the very same or adjoining the spot where M<sup>me</sup> de Sévigné is likely to have rested while her servants went on to open and air the Chateau at Les Rochers. There was a lovely moon which made the night more attractive. Unhappily I was suffering with my eyes. I was not too badly off however to start away by the eight o'clock train on our way to Mont St. Michel.

July 1<sup>st</sup>

We came to Mont St. Michel in the early afternoon. Rather an eventful trip from Vitré landed us at Fougères for four hours but we were comfortably cared for at an inn "hotel des Voyageurs" (a good name repeated from Vitré) and it rained so we were contented enough. A good quick walk along through the streets of Fougères a "shoe-town" and not especially interesting for France was a refreshment. The Catholic element with its childish worship of figures, I will not call them idols, always lends a picturesque element to the dullest place. But Fougères is really very ancient and if we had not gazed our eyes away the day before in the old streets of Vitré we would have much more to say about Fougères. Came through Pontorson\* and on by stage to Mont St. Michel. This world famous place is made most habitable by the excellence of its hostess Madame Poulard

(Ainé).\* They call the house -- "à l'omelette" or "Mère Poulard." We found a beautiful strong woman perhaps forty-five years old who has made the fortune of St. Michel in these later days. She reminds us of our dear Celia Thaxter,\* though without her education and refinements, but with a grace and charm and power which is like hers -- A kind of noble carriage in performing menial duties is very like Celia -- Such duties are no longer menial in such hands. The Salle à Manger is full of pictures and sketches given her by artists to whom she has given in return we may be sure the care and attention they could have found no where else.

Today the sun shines and we think that summer has at last arrived. In this glorious place which is so grey and old and full of sad and war-like elements it is much to have the sunshine. There is no sea however. The high sea is to be seen only every other week the servants say which sounds much more like washing day than like the course of nature and we cannot quite explain it for ourselves. The soft gray sands wet and dry in spots with myriad reflections even under the gray sky of yesterday is a miracle of beauty. We have two little rooms adjoining in what is called the red house, with a balcony, much like a bird cage! The top of an old plane tree full of birds is just outside and a fig tree heavy with figs just beyond in a sheltered corner. The silence is perfect -- the voices of children -- an occasional bell -- now & then the chatter of servants -- this is all{.} There are only 200 souls living in the entire place. We long to stay here and gradually learn it and love it. The abbey which crowns the summit of the wonderful rock is one of the most splendid monuments of the middle ages. The State of France has now taken it in charge and it is undergoing repairs. The untouched portions are of course most profoundly interesting. Nine hundred persons once occupied this now empty shell -- The family, supported by both church and state{.}

July 2<sup>d</sup>

Still at Mont St. Michel. It is such a beautiful place. Last night we descended to the street after dinner where the kitchen is of the famous hotel here and sat in a little sort of open café opposite whither we beckoned Madame Poulard for a talk. We found her as intelligent in conversation as in appearance, a most delightful creature. She said that Bishop Potter\* sent her a book one day in remembrance, which evidently had been a source of pride & pleasure{.} We live here up in the air. The top of the abbey is about 650 feet & [ *unrecognized words* ] must be about half way

that more travellers do not stay here for the sea and quiet -- There is a surface bustle of persons who come and go daily but one could be very quiet here. We have stayed as long as possible and leave with the greatest regret.

When we walked out to the omnibus on the long road built like a break water above the sands only a few years ago (previously the whole world if it wished to come here must wait for the tide) we found such a strong sea wind blowing that we took shelter at first under the walls of the "Mont" until the horses appeared, for it looked as if we should be blown off otherwise. When we reached the vehicle which is kept at a safe distance we could not tell why, we found the curtains were down and we crept in quite comfortably. Two English ladies then came walking up who could not speak a word of French and did not know what to do or where to go, so we took them under our wing as it were and put them safely on their way to Dinard\* where they were to pass the night while we stayed at St. Malo. I have seldom seen more helpless craft beating about on the sea!

#### Notes

*Hotel "Terminus"*: A hotel next to a train station in France.

*caravanserais*: Roadside inns for commercial travelers along Asian and North African trade routes, especially along the Silk Road.

*Mme de Sévigné*: Fields appears inconsistent about placing accents over the "e's" in Sévigné. I have rendered what I see.

Wikipedia says Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, marquise de Sévigné ( 1626 -1696) "was a French aristocrat, remembered for her letter-writing. Most of her letters, celebrated for their wit and vividness, were addressed to her daughter. She is revered in France as one of the great icons of French 17th century literature."

Her daughter, Françoise, married François Adhémar de Monteil, Comte de Grignan.

*portrait of Mme de Sevigné by Mignard*: According to Wikipedia, Pierre Mignard (1612-1695) achieved a reputation as a popular but uninspired portrait painter. He produced a portrait of Sévigné as well as of her daughter.

*occupied Paris*: Fields refers to the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1. Wikipedia says that Paris fell to the Prussians on 28 January 1871 after a siege that began on 19 September 1870.

*Fougères*: From Vitré to Mont-Saint-Michel on the coast of Brittany via Fougères is about 75 km.

*Pontorson*: A town near Mont-Saint-Michel.

*Madame Poulard*: Anne Boutiaut (1851-1931) a French chef specializing in omelets at her hotel at Mont-Saint-Michel, La Mère Poulard. In 1898, she would have turned 47. Wikipedia.

*Celia Thaxter*: Celia Loughton Thaxter (1835-1894), was popular painter and poet, author of *An Island Garden* (1894). See *Sandpiper: The Life of Celia Thaxter by Rosamund Thaxter*. Jewett edited a posthumous collection, *The Poems of Celia Thaxter* (1896). Wikipedia.

*Salle à Manger*: French: dining room.

*Bishop Potter*: Episcopal Bishop of New York, Henry Codman Potter (1834-1908). Wikipedia.

*Dinard*: A coastal village in Brittany.

---

St. Malo. Sunday. [ July 3 ]

An interesting little fortified place and a good old hotel de France at Chateau Malo{.}\* While we were walking yesterday P.M. my eyes seemed so seriously affected that we consulted an oculist Dr. Ellenphous\* who found they were in a bad condition and prescribed cocaine, compresses (hot) and rest at once. So all day Sunday we devoted ourselves to the eye{,} dear S.O.J. getting and doing everything -- By night when the doctor came again he said I was doing well and we could go on which gave us great joy --

We could see the tomb of Chateaubriand\* from our window. It is on the outer side of an island, a spot for which he asked and which was in full view of our windows. In the course of the day too we saw the room which was occupied by him in this hotel with its old furniture -- still elegant and sunny and airy.

Monday Morning [ July 4 ]

Left St Malo in black spectacles by ferry for Dinard -- a lovely modern watering place standing high on the pretty shore overlooking river and sea. The climate is said to be as equable as the views are exquisite. It is not a place to detain the traveler except for rest and refreshment but it must be a perfect summer resort and as such is greatly appreciated.

The afternoon found us at Dinan one of the old Breton towns very pretty as well as unheard of. The river Rance is here most lovely{.}

Tuesday Morning [ July 5 ]

Left Dinan for Tréguier -- \* Found our England ladies at the station. It was a day of omnibus trains and waits and we took luncheon together out of doors under an arbor at a small town called Lamballe\* but in the P.M. we parted again at Guingamp\* -- they to see the place that night and return later to Dinan. In Pontrieux the station beyond G- we found a most comfortable Diligence\* in which we drove 10 miles to Tréguier where we passed the night{.}

Tréguier -- We found ourselves a hotel overlooking the principal street -- paved from side to side with rough stones over which donkeys, and men women or children in wooden shoes passed in endless procession. Every afternoon they carried dishes covered with paper or cloth up to a bakery and -- every evening they brought each their dish back for supper. It was a town of poor peasants -- honest human creatures, but innocent of knowledge -- naked of learning like Adam\* though not in paradise. Our room was large enough and hung round with portraits of the Presidents of the French Republic, clean too in all essentials but very poor. Evidently it was the best room, the one where political speakers were accustomed to stay, but I doubt if any lady had found her way there, unless possibly Madame Darmestetter who went on a pilgrimage to Tréguier before writing her life of Renan.\* After our long journey we did not venture out in the evening but after a dinner in a queer old stone dining hall opening on the street where all the children could pause and rest their hands on the bars and gaze at us to their fill, and where we could in return become acquainted with the faces of all who passed. The morning was fresh but the sun as we found, was not enough when we walked in good season to the market place close to the Cathedral. No place at this moment in France can give a more unchanged picture of peasant life. Tréguier is away from railroads, it has little to distinguish it except the astounding age and beauty of its Cathedral and its being the birthplace of Renan. These two things were sufficient to repay us for visiting it, but there are few persons who will be sufficiently attracted by such reasons, to give time and money for this after all the imagination of man should do the larger part {of} his travelling and there is nothing more fatiguing than constant change of scene; nothing less conducive to right living -- Nevertheless we were glad to have seen Tréguier; to have wandered in the boiling sun around the market-place observing the quaint costumes and the people who wore them. The cathedral stood at the side with some huts still clinging to it wherein the people of the old time lived. Some of them have been taken away, but enough remain to show the ancient custom.

Inside it was still and cool; you step down into it; the more modern street having risen several feet above its level. The old arches, the old stones, some bits of glass, but above all the sense of vast antiquity very slightly disturbed by restoration, were indeed impressive. The market-women who had gone to buy came in with their purchases in hand and stayed to say their prayers, others who were selling found someone to take their place that they might not lose their chance -- There were few men or women who came to the market and returned without visiting the old place.

Leaving the cathedral we went in search of the birthplace of Renan. There is a stone upon the house with an inscription. The town is evidently subdued on the whole to Romanism; therefore it was with some surprise that we saw the stone. There is an old bakery or shop in the street where still live the daughters and granddaughters of Renan's former neighbours and friends. The character of the place cannot have changed very much since his day. It is perhaps a little less clean, a little less flourishing, but it was always a very modest abode. The granddaughter showed us his room and his study and showed us letters he had written to her mother when her mother the friend of Renan's mother died. They were full of kindness and deep feeling for these humble friends of his youth. Then we went into the tiny garden where there was a wide pleasant prospect and fresh air. How often Renan must have walked up and down its alleys and paused to think of a future which was not to be limited by those conditions. It was a moving spot and we lingered long among the few flowers and green vegetables. The girl did not know anything about Henriette. She seemed never to have heard of her but to us the little home spoke more of her and of the mother than of Renan himself. Yet I could think of little else but of the boy who with his dreams and his studies lived at the convent school here when he was not at home and weakened the effect of catholicism upon the minds of men -- He was surrounded by a world full of superstition and forms, one that neither knew nor apparently wished to know the simple truth of the gospels, and his whole nature received an impetus against the conditions by which it was surrounded which never failed to inspire him in the life to come. Nor was he alone in that. His sister Henriette must have been driven by the same influences because when they met after a few years while he had been at college and she at her work as a governess in Poland, they each feared to meet the other and to confess that they were no longer moved by the faith in which their childhood had been nourished. He was however a debtor, unconscious or otherwise to

the church which had given him opportunities to acquire knowledge. Without this foundation what would have become of him in that poor Tréguier!

We left town in the afternoon by diligence -- it was apparently the only method. Peasants & soldiers one of the latter drunk were our companions, but on the back seat with us was a little boy who had just finished his school term and was going home to a small village a few miles beyond for vacation. He was a good little fellow if not over bright and I could see through him what Renan's life was at the school. He was learning English. What book do you read I asked? At first he could not remember but when I asked him what it was about he said; "What iss Got "What iss Got"{}\*" It was evidently a little book of religious essays. We watched the little chap walk away in his wooden shoes and knapsack toward his home and we could fancy him eating his supper presently with his family. Renan's life went on in the same lines and we knew his history from how we parted with our small friend as we never could have done without our brief visit to Tréguier.

From Lannion where we left the Diligence was a railway trip of a few hours to Morlaix\* where we found a very good hotel and a nice dinner when we arrived at nine o'clock in the evening. There were not too many visitors so they were very good to us. Morlaix is on a river and only five miles from the English channel{} therefore although it was full summer and pretty warm weather we were comfortable enough even in a hotel. Like railway carriages, hotels may usually be considered rather warm places in summer. They do not stand in the sun in precisely the same way, but the passages are apt to be close or uncomfortable. The climate of France may be considered mild with very few exceptions however and Morlaix was delicious during our stay. There is nothing in the way of architecture more delightful than the old houses of this place. The houses at Vitré were as old but here lived the famous Anne of Bretagne,\* Duchess of Bretagne in her own right and later by her marriage the Queen of France. Her house here is in the most exquisite taste, with a staircase which is quite a wonder of architectural comeliness. It is of course more or less a ruin but preserved with great care as it is. The people confused the Duchess Anne with their Saint Anne and keep her memory and traditions as if they belonged to the church, but the history of the duchess belongs to France as marking one of her most interesting epochs{} that of the union of the great duchy of Bretagne with the kingdom forever. Of course, there are many other houses of the same period in Morlaix{} all

of them more or less elaborate and there is one which must have vied with the house of the duchess in splendor. It seems to have belonged to one of the wealthy burghers of that time. We walked about the old place until we were very tired, going into its noble old churches, observing its great viaduct across the river valley, watching the people until it was time to return to déjeuner. We were warm as well as tired but after a comfortable rest and excellent luncheon, the latter being the rule and not the exception in France, we took the train in the afternoon for St. Pol de Léon and Roskoff \* -- It was a perfect summer day. Reaching Roskoff between three and four when it was still warm we climbed upon the terrace of a quaint hotel overlooking the sea and sat an hour watching the people and the stones and sands which the tide had left, looking out on the beautiful summer ocean and the island near us -- The place itself is old and poor with a beautiful church close to the hotel to which we presently wandered with votive ships upon the walls, and other tributes of those who go down to the sea in ships.\* The place was so wild and so little known yet with a sufficient harbor, that it was chosen as a spot on which to land unobserved persons of distinction. Here it was that Mary Queen of Scots\* was brought as a child and here are the ruins of a chapel which is called by her name. Roskoff was most picturesque. High, windy, stony, but with a beautiful sea all about it and many traditions to make it memorable. O how hardly have kings and queens bought and held their power! All the more it becomes a subject of amazement that so late as in our own times, Napoleon and his Empress\* should have dared to perpetuate the wasteful splendors which are supposed to be [ *perhaps two or three unrecognized words*]. Twice have I heard persons say speaking of their children in America -- "You know they must live and spend according to their station" -- This is only a continuance of the same spirit which will be sure to destroy the men and women who hold it. We have no station except that of children of the most high and the followers of Christ -- all else belongs to the broad way of worldliness and destruction. When shall we learn to use our time and money to this one great end, to further his life, his teaching in this world. Only this can lead to peace and happiness --

We drove back as the afternoon lengthened to St. Pol de Léon where there are two superb churches. It is a very small town but the churches which make its character and distinguish it are kept up well. They are of the very oldest time and the chief spire is tall enough to be seen at a great distance. Here also one feels the fresh sea wind. This is a

place not to be forgotten, being of great age and extraordinary picturesqueness & we lingered about here until a late train before returning to Morlaix to sleep.

## Notes

*Chateau Malo*: Wikipedia says that the Chateau of Saint-Malo now houses the town museum.

*Ellenphous*: This seems to be what Fields wrote, but it is such an unlikely name, and no information about such a person has been discovered.

*tomb of Chateaubriand*: Wikipedia says: François-René (Auguste), vicomte de Chateaubriand (1768 -1848), "was a French writer, politician, diplomat and historian who is considered the founder of Romanticism in French literature." His tomb is on the island, Le Grand Bé, off the coast of St. Malo.

*Dinan*: A walled town in Brittany.

*Tréguier*: A port town in Brittany.

*Lamballe*: This transcription is uncertain, but the village of Lamballe is on the route from Dinan to Tréguier, which is journey of about 117 km.

*Guingamp*: This transcription is uncertain, but the village of Guingamp is on the route from Dinan to Tréguier.

*Pontrieux*: Though uncertain, this transcription almost certainly is correct. The village of Pontrieux is on a possible route from Guingamp to Tréguier.

*Diligence*: In continental Europe, a diligence is a kind of stage coach.

*Adam*: See the story of Adam and Eve in the first five chapters of Genesis in the Bible.

*Madame Darmestetter ... Renan*: Wikipedia says: Agnes Mary Frances Robinson (1857-1944) was known as "Agnes-Marie-François Darmestetter after her first marriage, and Agnes Mary Frances Duclaux after her second." She "was a poet, novelist, essayist, literary critic, and translator." Her *Life of Ernest Renan* appeared in 1898.

Wikipedia also says: Joseph Ernest Renan (1823-1892) "was a French expert [in] Semitic languages and civilizations (philology), philosopher, historian, and writer, devoted to his native province of Brittany. He is best known for his influential historical works on early Christianity...." Renan was born in Tréguier; his older sister, Henriette, became a teacher and moved to Paris.

*Morlaix*: Tréguier to Morlaix in west Brittany is about 60 km.

*Anne of Bretagne*: Wikipedia says: Anne of Brittany (1477-1514) was Duchess of Brittany and became queen consort of France when she married Charles VIII.

Saint Anne is revered as the mother of St. Mary and the grandmother of Jesus.

*St. Pol de Léon and Roscoff*: Saint Pol-de-Léon and Roscoff are French towns northwest of Morlaix, about 20 and 30 km, respectively. Fields appears to have written "Lion" rather than "Léon" throughout, though this is not certain. I have transcribed this as "Léon."

*votive ships ... sea in ships*: A votive ship is a ship model displayed in a church. Psalm 107: 23-4 reads: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." Wikipedia.

*Mary Queen of Scots*: Mary, Queen of Scots (1542-1587), also known as Mary Stuart, was a Catholic rival to the Protestant Elizabeth I, Queen of England and Ireland (1533-1603), Mary was kept safe in France during her childhood. Eventually Elizabeth countenanced the imprisonment and execution of Mary.

*Napoleon ...his Empress*: As Fields specifies events of her own time, she probably refers to Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte (1808- 1873), President of France from 1848 to 1852 and, as Napoleon III, the Emperor of the French from 1852 to 1870. His wife was Eugénie du Derje de Montijo. Wikipedia.

---

## From Jewett's Letters

### *3 July to Sarah Wyman Whitman*

... [W]e have spent the last days of our visit at La Ferté, and one night in Paris and then started westward to spend a fortnight or so in Brittany before Mary & Theodore come to Paris. First we continued the Madame de Sévigné pilgrimage by going to Vitré to see Les Rochers, where she lived so much and wrote so many of her letters. I feel now as if I knew her very well that dear lady -- and as if her old orange trees were mine and the pretty echo in the garden. "She is always new like the spring" as Edward Fitzgerald wrote once. Vitré itself is an enchanting old town and the green country most beautiful about it -- it was a day of great white clouds like one day when you saw the Hamilton house! ----- As for St. Malo, I should think it more pleasant if we were not kept here by A.F. having an attack of rheumatism in her eye which pounced upon her just before we went to Mount St. Michel (from Vitré) but was not bad enough there to prevent our doing what we wished and thinking "the

mount" a most perfectly satisfying place: even after all we had read and heard of it we could not believe our own eyes when they saw such beauty -- not only the mount itself but the wide gray sands with their ribbon of sea water and the rushing tides. I think that we should have lingered a good while if it were not for this poor eye which happily a very good oculist is taking care of now -- but not saying whether it will be well enough to go on tomorrow as we hope. You will know what a shock of sadness and sorrow must have come with the news of dear Miss Lizzie Adams's death -- she was very near to A.F.'s heart, and very dear -- they were born to be near to each other always, but time and fate have brought things to be otherwise -- of which things it is no good to speak. Poor A.F.'s cry to me that if she "could only have had dear S.W. make a little sketch of Sister Lizzie's face", with that sweet and quiet look she loved best would have gone to your heart as it did to mine, but after all I think there is great comfort in thinking of that gentle soul's being at rest, she was much less strong when I last saw her and more years would have brought her more feebleness and the difficulties of age. I think that Annie feels this very strongly & takes comfort from it, but she has felt the sudden news very much. ----

#### Note

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge. MA: Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904, recipient. 25 letters; 1892-[ 1900 ] & [ n.d. ]. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (126).

---

[ *Fields Diary* ]

[ 9 July ]

The next day we reached Brest in time for luncheon and to look about the great city but left again in the afternoon for the pleasure of sleeping at Quimper.\* Quimper is all we could have fancied and more. We looked out of our windows upon rows of trees with the river between them and felt the fresh breeze of evening. Here we saw many varieties of the peasant costume. The womens caps are a great source of interest. They are all clean to begin with and the various shapes fill one with wonder. We were told that if we would go to Douarmenez to Pont-Aven\* and a few other places not far away on the coast we should see still more and it was our intention to see these places without fail; but Quimper was attractive and we had an idea that Quiberon would be the best place after all. So on Saturday\* we went to Quiberon, travelling in the Sunset down the

length of the wild, winding peninsula with beaches on both sides leading to the town of Quiberon. It was very wild and beautiful, but darkness fell before we arrived at a poor little hotel in the heart of the town. The guide book said it was on the shore, so we were disappointed to find no sea. It was a solemn little place to be that night because we were told that a young girl, the niece of the landlady was dying and all night long we were fancying the last sad offices. We decided that we could not remain of course and must take the early morning stage back -- giving up Belle Isle and striking for Carnac.\* It was a great disappointment, but when I ran down to the shore in the morning under a cold grey sky and in the face of a tiresome wind, I saw only a dreary bit of beach covered with mean shops bathing houses, poor cafés and presenting no attraction{.} The connection with the poor royalists\* who ventured to land at this lonely spot only to meet their enemies and to be slaughtered by them on the cruel sands, was the only association with the spot. We fled from it as soon as possible -- At one moment we thought we would not get away because the omnibus was late. We started to walk to the station. We had heavy bags and Sarah could not walk that morning and we were wearily giving up the chase when the omnibus overtook us! We brought away no pleasant memories of Quiberon except of the peninsula where the sea must often be splendid.

Sunday Morning 10th of July

In very good season we found ourselves at Carnac. The railway journey up the peninsula was a short one and we found quaint old carriages ready to take us about all day{after we} first ate our breakfast and afterward wherever we wished to go in the neighborhood of the Morbihan\* or little bay -- The Inn was old and quaint and clean of the old Breton type and cheap as we had not found them elsewhere. We were tired and hungry having had a poor night and poor refreshments in the morning but after a while we began to revive in this comfortable spot. There are probably no surviving places in France (perhaps in the world) more antique than this village and its surrounding. The church and many of the houses show a surprising antiquity. Of course the great prehistoric stones are proof of this. While we were at luncheon who should come in as regular inhabitants of the hotel with Miss Alice Curtis and Miss Olivia Bowditch!!\* They had travelled 500 miles on their bicycles beside many long railroad rides before arriving at this spot which they found as interesting as we did. They had been there some weeks. They said



their room was to them an ideal place!! How glad we should have been to pause there also but we were expecting Mary Jewett and Theodore\* from England on the 20<sup>th</sup> and we felt eager to give them a cordial reception in Paris. So after déjeuner, bidding our friends farewell with reluctance, we sallied forth to see the wonders of Carnac. We had already seen some of the marvellous stones before breakfast{,} walking through the long lines of solemn upright monuments which stretch away for miles in the sombre landscape blown by the sea winds. We had seen enough to be filled with their wonder and to wish to know more; so we went at once to the Musée -- on our way we were joined by an interesting looking man in peasants' dress who proved to be Mr. Rousic who was a boy when Mr. Milne\* the English archeologist first found his way to this place. Mr. M. found him so intelligent that he took him with him{,} helped him to study and in the end made him guardian of the museum{,} which he was able to create in Carnac. Nothing in our journey has made a deeper impression upon us than this young man and his museum and the history of Mr. Milne. We were able to obtain through him some knowledge of what we had seen. At length it is proved that these long lines were an ancient burial place; the tall monoliths were commemorative pillars for various purposes probably sometimes in memory of brave men{,} sometimes of battles; in fact they were erected as we raise columns in our own day-- but the proofs of these things the study [ *several unrecognized words* ]: the absorbing pleasure of this research into the lives of pre-historic races animates this man as it has animated learned men of all ages and he has himself in spite of his small opportunity become a man who can take his place among the savants of his time. I hope we may be able with the help of the ladies who have been there so much longer to encourage him by making him known among his peers.

The afternoon was full of interest, driving on to visit other monuments with which the shore was covered; even some of the islands in the Morbihan contain the most famous of all. We had intended to go to Givernay\* I think this is the name of the most famous but the tide was out, it would have been difficult to land therefore{;} before dark we drove away inland to a little town called Auray\* to sleep. We were leaving much unseen but we had seen enough to allow us to understand the rest. It is a coast full of associations and of wild natural life, but it was better for us to linger there no longer.

Monday 11<sup>th</sup>

We took the train for Nantes which Sarah wished to see because Paul Jones sailed away

from there and if she writes his story as she hopes to do she will like to have seen the Loire before it sinks into the sea.\* We found Nantes unexpectedly interesting with a noble old Cathedral{,} with the renaissance monument to Anne of Brittany and a modern monument by Dubois to Gen. La Moricière.\* These two monuments on the opposite sides of the cathedral are of excessive beauty and quite worthy of coming to Brittany to see. They are in strong contrast, though both very noble. The latter has the fault, which is the fault of the architect, not the artist Dubois{,} of being too high for its situation. It is very difficult to gather a full idea of it but we found [ *several unrecognized words* ] -- We took a good nights sleep before starting to see even the Cathedral and we spent the next day until perhaps three o'clock in seeing the monuments and driving by the side of the Loire to get the best possible idea of the river which is exquisite here -- We went back to see the noble renaissance tomb erected by A. of B. to her parents. We could not bear to leave it.

#### Notes

*Brest:* An important seaport city in Brittany

*Quimper:* A village in Brittany about 70 km south and east from Brest.

*Douarnenez ... Pont-Aven:* Pont-Aven is a village in Brittany. Douarnenez is another village, between Brest and Pont-Aven; however this transcription is only a guess, the name of a village in the area that resembles what Field has written.

*Quiberon:* This coastal town in Brittany is about 125 km east and south from Quimper.

*Belle Isle ... Carnac:* Belle Île is on the island of Bangor, about 20 km by sea south of Quiberon. Carnac is a coastal village off the Quiberon peninsula north of Quiberon. At Carnac is a stone circle from the late stone age or early bronze age. Wikipedia.

*poor royalists:* The Wikipedia article on Quiberon explains that the town was the site of an attempted Royalist exiles' invasion, aided by the British, against the French Revolution in July 1795. A statue in the town of the winning General, Lazare Hoche, commemorates the revolutionary victory.

*Morbihan:* The Gulf of Morbihan, east of the town of Carnac.

*Miss Alice Curtis and Miss Olivia Bowditch:* Alice May Curtis (1871-1961) was a photographer. Curtis lived with Olivia Yardley Bowditch (1842-1928) in the Bowditch family home at 506 Beacon Street until about 1908.

The couple traveled often in Europe, where Curtis took photos. Bowditch was the daughter of Dr. Henry Ingersoll Bowditch (1808-1892), Harvard Professor of Clinical Medicine, and Olivia Jane Yardley (1816-1890). The family was deeply involved in various reforms, including abolition and woman suffrage. Wikipedia.

*Mary Jewett and Theodore:* Mary Rice Jewett, older sister of Sarah Orne Jewett, and Theodore Jewett Eastman, their nephew.

*Rousic ... Mr. Milne:* James Miln (1819-1881), a Scottish antiquary, excavated various sites in Brittany including at Carnac in the 1860s. He took as an assistant the young Zacharie le Rouzic (1864-1939). After Miln's death, his brother, Robert, helped establish the J. Miln Museum in Carnac, where Rouzic became director. Rouzic is the author of *The Megalithic Monuments of Carnac and Locmariaquer; their Purpose and Age* (1908). Wikipedia and French Wikipedia.

*Givernay:* Fields was uncertain about the name, and this transcription also is uncertain. It seems likely, however, that she refers to the Gavrinis, a small island in the Gulf of Morbihan, noted for its megalithic monuments.

*Auray:* Auray is about 14 km northeast of Carnac.

*Nantes ... Sarah ... Paul Jones ... Loire:* Nantes, about 130 km east and south of Auray, is a major port city in Brittany on the River Loire. John Paul Jones (1747-1792) was a Scottish immigrant to the British American colonies who became the first well-known naval commander in the American Revolutionary War. He became a main character in Sarah Orne Jewett's (1849-1909) final novel, *The Tory Lover* (1901).

*Anne of Brittany ... Dubois to Gen. La Moricière:* Wikipedia says: Anne of Brittany (1477-1514) was Duchess of Brittany and became queen consort of France when she married Charles VIII. It seems there is not a monument to Anne of Brittany in the Nantes Cathedral, though there is a monument to her parents that she commissioned. It seems clear that Jewett, Fields, and perhaps others, interpreted one of the figures at the corners of the tomb to represent Queen Anne, though they were meant to represent the cardinal virtues: Justice, Temperance, Fortitude and Prudence. See Chapter 21 of Jewett's *The Tory Lover* (1901).

Paul Dubois (1829-1905, a French sculptor and painter, completed a cenotaph to General Christophe Léon Louis Juchault de Lamoricière in 1866 for the Nantes Cathedral. Whether Fields correctly spelled the general's name in

the manuscript is not clear. General de Lamoricière, a native of Nantes, made his reputation in the Algerian campaigns after 1830 and became acting governor-general of Algeria, before entering French politics. Wikipedia.

[ 12 July ]

That night the 12<sup>th</sup> we slept at Chartres.\* The next day 13<sup>th</sup> we feasted on the beauty of the Cathedral. We were greatly tempted to stay longer in Chartres. The old hotel was very quaint, making us think of England but although we had word from Mary that she was to linger a few days on her way we did not know where we were to be in Paris and were anxious to find a harbor before the 14<sup>th</sup>\* the French 4<sup>th</sup> of July -- So on we went to Paris finding an excellent refuge in the hotel de France et Choiseul Rue St. Honoré\* before night. It was however a very tiresome day. What with the deep pleasure of Chartres and our morning in the Cathedral, the afternoon going to Paris (it was damp and raining by turns) hunting up tickets (complémentaires) from the railway officials, seeing and getting settled in our new rooms, we found enough to do. We were enchanted too with watching life on the Rue St. Honoré from our windows but it was very noisy and we found it difficult to sleep. Added to all else I was obliged to interview Mme [Touraine or Fouraine ?] where we should have gone if there had been rooms ready for us. I was obliged to tell her that it was quite unlikely we could go to her at all and to get the trunks and boxes. She was disappointed; altogether we were quite too tired probably to sleep very well.

14<sup>th</sup> in Paris --

went out early to see the natives of Strasbourg in Alsace put wreaths on the great statue on the Place de la Concorde{.}\* With the exception of this little walk we passed the day at home until evening -- then we drove about to see the illuminations which were very beautiful.

July 15<sup>th</sup> Paris

Tried on dresses and hats and went out upon business -- Always amused with the street where we begin to feel we have neighbors. In the evening we watch the shopkeepers opposite{,} some of whom live in the small entresol over their shops.

July 16<sup>th</sup>

We turn ourselves busily to seeing Paris -- The Luxembourg\* first -- dresses, errands, come in the morning before dejeuner.

July 17<sup>th</sup>

St. Roch\* and little service together.

[ *July* ]\* 18<sup>th</sup>

Monday -- Louvre\* -- etc. --

[ *July* ] 19<sup>th</sup>

Hear of Mary's arrival but they are lingering in Oxford, Boseleigh\* -- London etc.

July 20<sup>th</sup>

Louvre again --

[ *July* ] 21<sup>st</sup>

Luxembourg again -- Dine with the Brunetières.\*

[ *July* ] 22<sup>d</sup>

See Mrs Greene\* -- who invited the newcomers with Sarah to go to her on Sunday

[ *July* ] 23<sup>d</sup>

Th. [*Theodore*] & Mary arrive at midnight --

Sunday 24<sup>th</sup>

Go with Mary to hear Pastor Wagner\* preach at his little Protestant church -- deeply interesting both service and sermon -- "Whoever shall put his hand to the plough and looking back"\* ----- not to be forgotten.

Monday 25<sup>th</sup>

Doing last things and preparing for a little journey into Touraine.

Tuesday 26<sup>th</sup>

Th.B. and ourselves started, the first for Orleans and ourselves for Amboise, to meet again at Amboise the next day. It was a warm lovely day and Nelly Prince\* came to the station to welcome us. We all went to the Inn together where Nelly sat and talked after breakfast until the moment came for her return to her home in the Chateau La Roche at Chargé where she is living. She urged Sarah to go back with her and Mary and I followed at six o'clock. About half a mile or less from the house we found them waiting for us at the roadside. Theodore and C. Prince had gone to bathe while Nelly and her daughter and S.O.J. sat by the riverside but when the time came to expect us they came to watch. We were all rejoiced to sit on the grass and watch the beautiful river and talk as if we were at home. At night we dined at their pretty chateau -- very old -- very picturesque and sufficiently comfortable.

We shall never forget our little walk in the fading sunset from the river to the chateau. We went through the garden where a little of everything grows -- enough of everything to keep their table well supplied. Nothing could be prettier than the ripening fruits and vegetables and flowers

through which we gradually ascended to the walls covered with ivy and grape and flowers to the level of the house. The place dates back to the sixth century but the larger part of the work now existing probably belongs to the 16<sup>th</sup> century. It is a picture indeed. The round towers, the quaint windows the dark hall and staircase, every casement framed in green, while the furniture inside is most of it of the times of Louis Seize. They have adapted themselves wonderfully to the old place and are really fond of it -- After sunset we had a very pleasant dinner together{,} returning to sleep at Amboise.

The next day we planned to go to Chaumont\* but Th. did not arrive as we hoped. Happily she came at the moment we were leaving and did not at all mind going away again at once to see the Chateau and to dine again at La Roche. We had been all over the interesting Chateau close\* & at Amboise in the morning.

Chaumont is one of the most splendid of the royal chateau{s}. At present it is inhabited by rich people who keep it in fine order and allow it to be seen; also strangers are suffered to wander about the park which seems very generous indeed. We stayed until nearly sunset; first going into the great house across the drawbridge and being shown the evidences of very great age -- then came the additions of the later periods or the rooms of Diana, Catherine, Mary and the astrologer Fuggieri -- all deeply interesting{;} Then the vast stable and the beautiful view and the grounds -- nothing could be more splendid. At dusk we were again at La Roche where the dark masses of foliage began to look black against the sunset sky.

Again a very cheerful dinner with the exiled household where there must often be great sadness. They love each other most sincerely however and that makes even exile possible.

Mary was not well. We decided to postpone more sightseeing until she was better. Th. went to the Amboise Chateau and I went to the old church of St. Denis\* with Sarah in the afternoon. How calm the old place was and how beautiful with its carving and remains of ancient glory!

Friday --

Started for the chateau of Azay le Rideau and Langeais\* but some one being mistaken about the hours we went to Tours and to Loches\* instead. We were not sorry! We might have stayed longer perhaps in Tours but we saw the Cathedral again a wonder of beauty, and the quiet place in front where Balzac\* has placed some of his figures -- Loches is however one of the most extraordinary spots in the world and we took time enough to see it -- Nothing could give

a more perfect picture of the life of the old time: a city within its gates and under the walls dungeons, places of torture, and other horrors, while there were some fine rooms fit for kings and queens and a noble view from the top. It is a useless thing to write about Loches in plain prose. It is a place the memory of which must be laid up with other wonderful things in the memory to serve us in a different way. One cannot restrain one's admiration at the preservation by the French people of their monuments in spite of the havoc they have occasionally wrought in Paris. Through hundreds of years and vast expense their great Cathedrals and churches, their royal buildings and historical monuments have been wrought over and over patiently and at vast expense in order to preserve history in this form for their children's children.

It was a day not to be forgotten{,} this one at Tours and Loches -- The Princes came back with us to dinner and the day ended with a lovely sunset and a walk with Thérèse on the river-bank. In some respects Loches is the most remarkable of the French royal chateaus. It was in existence at the time of the Romans. It is an historic scripture --

Sunday July 31<sup>st</sup>

Th. went to church in the morning while we held a little service at home. Before noon we left in a "break"\* with the Princes for a day at Chenonceau.\* We were joined by Vielé-Griffin and his wife. He is a young poet of real talent of American parentage who has lived in France since he was eight years old. He has written many volumes already which have [ *unrecognized word* ] Thérèse [ *several unrecognized words* ] partly because they are unlike the French poetry of the past. Th. insists that they cannot be called French poetry at all because he sets aside all tradition and uses forms which she considers no forms. We shall see! I was told [ *several unrecognized words* ] he has expressed in his poems{.} He is true, pure, modest determined and I cannot help thinking will win his way. His wife is a witty, skilful little French woman, still very young with four pretty little daughters. She does not recover from her disappointment that one of them is not a son and is French enough in the way she expresses it. He fell in love [ *several unrecognized words* ] very young and although she is not the woman to understand what he is doing exactly. She appreciates his excellence & is fond and devoted -- We took our luncheon by the riverside in the garden of a small inn carrying what we were to eat in large hampers. The Griffins brought characteristically the delightful white wine of the country and delicious peaches

[ *several unrecognized words* ] plenty. We were a gay and happy company! Mme G-- made in two moments a delicious mayonnaise dressing for the [ *unrecognized word* ], Mr. Prince a wonderful omelet, Sarah assisting in the culinary department.

After luncheon we were rowed down the river to Chenonceaux in the afternoon light. It was exquisite indeed and by far the best way of seeing the most beautiful but the least interesting of the royal chateaus. The carriages drove to the end of one of the long "alleés" of trees to meet us and we drove home in the sunset. I was in the carriage with Mr. Griffin and thoroughly enjoyed my talk with him. I shall be much surprised if he does not make his mark -- not only among the forty "jeunes" of Paris\* but among the men of letters of his time.

Monday Morning

Th. & I went to call at the G-s. They live in a strange little out of the way place {--} you drive about a mile and a half from Amboise to a small village once clustered probably around a handsome chateau. You drive between limestone walls winding in and out hardly wide enough for a carriage and reflecting the heat on such a warm day as we found there. We stopped at length at an old gate. It was opened by a servant and we found ourselves in a common courtyard up one side of which was a flight of stone steps against the buildings. Turning to the left as we reached the top of these was an entrance, and inside were a corridor running parallel to the courtyard and good sized rooms facing down the valley on the outside with a grand view -- It was a strange nook, doubtless the remains of a great house, but nothing had been done to it and it had thus become simply a cheap refuge wherein he was not likely to be disturbed and where nature could be enjoyed during his solitary walk or on the wide terrace which stretched along on a level with the rooms and above the village. He has a strange old mother who lives with them, a vulgar disagreeable old creature who is evidently a source of constant trouble and feeling of disgrace -- yet she is an American woman who once belonged in Boston !!! Perhaps death will be good to them and will take her before long -- we can hope so for their sakes -- They were very good to her but I could see how they suffered{.} She has I believe all the money{.}

We left for Blois in the afternoon{:} dear Nelly and Helen coming to see us off. It was still day when we arrived {--} therefore we hurried off without delay to see the Chateau of Blois.\* The memory of Catherine di Medici who lived and

died there I believe and of the murder by Henri III of the Duc de Valois and of the imprisonment of his brother the cardinal, also the flight of Marie di Medici still haunts the old rooms.\* They are very splendid and admirably restored with every circumstance carefully registered of events which have happened within the walls. The courtyard is perhaps the finest place in the world to observe the historical changes in architecture from the 6th century to Louis the 14th {;} we see the changes and modifications of the years -- We lingered until nearly dark about the Château and in the vicinity. Home to dinner and to bed.

August 2d Tuesday

Th. was up and dressed and at the old church observing it and saying her prayers long before we were up. I was very tired but came down at the time appointed. The others came straggling, but we got off early to see the great chateau of Chambord.\*

It was a cool delicious beginning of a very hot day when we all seated ourselves in a fine landeau and drove across a noble bridge of the time of Louis 14th and ten miles along the riverside to Chambord. This huge residence with 440 rooms stands on a flat open field, but its architecture is such that it can be seen at a great distance. It is often criticized as being all in its roof, but it struck me as being arranged in this way to strike the eye from a distance. It belongs to the Bourbons who keep an architect for general work there. It is a kind of last resort of royalty. The village and everything in the immediate neighborhood recognize no republic. There are women all over France who still embroider enormous tapestries and carry them there with the name of their city or county inscribed to testify to their allegiance. Once a year the two dukes who represent the line Bordi and perhaps Milan (two Italian dukes) come here to hunt and invite their friends. Edouard Blanc\* is sometimes one of them. The place is very bare inside but it is well preserved architecturally and for the present this will continue. It is indeed an evidence of past splendor nor is it very wonderful that it should have been pillaged by the Commune.\* The forest about it has been very beautiful in spite of the land being poor which prevents the most showy trees being planted but the scrub oaks are tall and it has a character of its own. Probably it is very good shooting ground.

At night we took the train from Blois to Paris. It was leaving a scene of enchantment and the delicious air of the country behind us. Thérèse who added so much to our pleasure returned with us. It has been a great acquisition

to have her on this special journey, though the whole of France is known to her in a most extraordinary way. Her keen memory and clear sight -- her unfatigued brain in spite of her constant labor are always a source of wonder.

### Notes

*Chartres:* This famous cathedral town is about 300 km east and north from Nantes, and about 100 km west and south from Paris. The Cathedral of Our Lady of Chartres is particularly famous for its stained glass.

*14th:* Bastille Day is celebrated on 14 July as the anniversary of French independence.

*hotel de France et Choiseul Rue St. Honoré:* Now a historical monument, the Hôtel de France et de Choiseul à Paris 1er Arrondissement.

*Place de la Concorde:* Wikipedia says that on the Place de la Concorde, a public square in Paris, is a statue representing Strasbourg by James Pradier. After France lost Alsace-Lorraine to Germany in the Franco-Prussian War (1870-1), the statue was draped in black mourning and/or decorated with wreaths on state holidays until after World War I, when France regained the region.

*Luxembourg:* Presumably, they visit the Luxembourg Gardens of Paris.

*St. Roch:* The Church of St. Roch in Paris, on Rue St. Honoré.

*Louvre:* The Louvre Museum, according to Wikipedia, the world's largest art museum.

*Boseleigh:* Though this is not certain, it is what Fields seems to have written. What she means by it has not been determined, though it would seem to be a location in England.

*Brunetières:* Presumably, Fields refers to Ferdinand Brunetière (1849 -1906), the French writer and critic.

*Mrs. Greene:* This may be Anna Blake Shaw (1817-1901), sister of the wealthy Boston businessman and art collector, Quincy Adams Shaw (1825-1908) and wife of William Batchelder Greene (1819-1878). She may be related to Bertram William Batchelder Greene (1878-1909), who had become a close friend of Theodore Jewett.

These identifications remain uncertain, though it is established that Berty Greene and Theodore Jewett were friends.

*Pastor Wagner:* Probably Fields refers to Charles Wagner (1852-1918), a French Protestant pastor and author of inspirational books. His Temple Protestant du Foyer de

l'Âme was at 7 Rue du Pasteur in Paris. Wikipedia and French Wikipedia.

*Whoever shall put his hand:* Luke 9:62 in the Bible reads: And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.

*Orleans ... Amboise:* Orléans, about 110 km southwest of Paris, is located on the Loire River, in Touraine-Amboise, the Loire valley wine region. Amboise is also on the Loire, about 100 km southwest of Orléans.

*Nelly Prince:* Helen Choate Prince, (1857-1943), granddaughter of Rufus Choate, and wife of Charles Albert Prince (1852-1943) the Boston lawyer, spent summers at the Higginson cottage in West Manchester. After 1893 she removed to Paris, publishing *The Story of Christine Rochefort* (1895) and three other novels. Their daughter was Helen Choate Prince Blake (1882-1909). (Note by Richard Cary).

Later in the diary (p. 36), Fields indicates that the Princes are "exiled" in France. Whether this exile is involuntary has not yet been discovered.

*Chateau La Roche at Chargé:* Chargé is a village about 4 km east of Amboise. The Château de la Roche at Chargé is a 15th-century castle that became a hotel in the 19th century, a favorite retreat for artists and writers.

*Chaumont:* The Château de Chaumont, a 15th-century castle at Chaumont-sur-Loire. Wikipedia says: "Marie-Charlotte Say, heiress to the Léon Say sugar fortune, acquired Chaumont in 1875. Later that year, she married Amédée de Broglie, who commissioned the luxurious stables in 1877 to designs by Paul-Ernest Sanson, further restored the château under Sanson's direction and replanted the surrounding park in the English naturalistic landscape fashion. She donated Château de Chaumont to the government in 1938."

Residents have included Diane de Poitiers, who was mistress of King Henry II, and Catherine de Medici (1519-1589), who brought a number of astrologers to be her guests, including Nostradamus. However, it was Queen Marie de' Medici (1575-1642), wife of King Henry IV of France, who brought to court Cosimo Rugeri, who in France was called Ruggieri. Wikipedia.

*Chateau close:* Probably Fields refers to the Château d'Amboise, the major attraction of Amboise, the castle of King Francis I of France, who is remembered, in part, for providing Clos Lucé as a home to Leonardo da Vinci in the final years of his life.

*church of St. Denis:* The Basilica Cathedral of Saint Denis in Amboise.

*Langeais:* Langeais, in the Loire valley, is about 60 km west of Amboise. The Château d'Azay-le-Rideau in nearby Azay-le-Rideau is a 16th-century castle set on an island in the Indre River.

*Tours ... Loches:* Tours is a city of the Loire valley about 25 km west of Amboise. Among its notable attractions is the Tours Cathedral of Saint Gatien. Among its more famous residents was the novelist Honoré de Balzac (1799-1850), who set two stories in the city: *Le Curé de Tours* and "Maitre Cornélius."

Loches is about 47 km southeast from Tours and 40 km south of Amboise.

*break:* Probably Fields refers to a brake, a type of carriage ("break" in French), "used in the 19th and early 20th centuries in the training of horses for draft work."

*Chenonceau:* The Château de Chenonceau. Fields spells this in several ways.

*Vielé-Griffin:* Francis Vielé-Griffin (1864-1937), an American-born, French symbolist poet. Richard Candida Smith in *Mallarme's Children* says that Vielé-Griffin married a Belgian woman, and fathered four daughters (281). Reinhard Clifford Kuhn in *The Return to Reality: a Study of Francis Viele-Griffin* (1962) recounts his wedding Marie Louise Brocklé de Grangeneuve in 1893 (p. 43). Wikipedia notes that his mother was Teresa Griffin. His father was Egbert Ludovicus Viele (1825-1902), a civil engineer and politician from New York. The father later divorced Griffin and remarried. The disagreeable "mother" who lives with the poet and his family is Teresa Griffin. Kuhn also summarizes the divorce and Teresa Griffin taking her children to France; the year of her death is not yet known.

*"jeunes" of Paris:* The forty most eminent young people.

*Chateau of Blois:* The Château Royal de Blois is about 35 km northwest of Amboise.

*Henri III ... the Duc de Valois ... his brother the cardinal ... flight of Marie de' Medici:* King Henry III of France lived for a time in the palace at Blois. where in 1588 he arranged the deaths of Henry I, Duke of Guise and his brother, Louis II, Cardinal of Guise. Henry IV's wife, Marie de Medici, was exiled to Blois by her son, Louis XIII. Fields seems to have confused the Duc de Valois (17th century and later) with the Duc de Guise. Wikipedia.

*chateau of Chambord*: The Château de Chambord at Chambord, Loir-et-Cher, France, is about 16 km east of Blois.

*two italian dukes ... Edouard Blanc*: The identities of the Italian dukes are not yet known.

It is not clear whether Fields refers to Madame Blanc's estranged husband, Édouard Alexandre Blanc (b. 1834) or to her son, Édouard Blanc (1858-1923). It would seem more likely to be the husband, as he was an avid hunter.

*the Commune*: The Paris Commune ruled France during the French Revolution from 1792 to 1795.

---

### From Jewett's Letters

2 August to Sarah Wyman Whitman

[We] came to Blois and saw the chateau there and this morning went to forsaken Chambord which stands in its wide plain magnificent and lonely -- the dream of royalty it seems like to me, with the pathos of splendid ruin. That it is being restored does not spoil all this: not one bit, I hardly know why; it is like a feast that has no guests to honor it, a strange forgotten splendor of old France. Didn't you feel that at last you found France when you got to Touraine? -- Paris is Paris and Brittany is Brittany and as for Provence, it is half Italy -- but one knows the country of the golden lilies at last when one sees the Loire --

It has been a long hot afternoon coming away from this enchanting country ....

#### Note

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 6, Item 277.

---

[ *Fields Diary* ]

Wed. 3d-Paris --

Sat. 6

Dressmaker etc. came and all our work is finished in three days -- for Mary [also *corrected*] -- I see dear Mrs Greene\* perhaps for the last time. I can see she thinks so -- call upon Brunetières, Vanderbilts, Sinétys\* and whoever else has been kind to us --

Sun 7th

Went to La Ferté\* in the morning. It had been very warm in Paris! The coolness of the country, the pretty garden full of flowers, the strolls with

Thérèse by the river were most refreshing -- The little household seemed very glad to get us back again.

Mon --

Sarah took Theodore & Mary to Rheims -- They went directly after luncheon and did not return until evening. I had taken a little cold and was not quite well, therefore{.}

Tuesday 9th

When we were to have gone, Sarah and I to Acosta,\* I was too ill to start. This was provoking because we could not get off to England as we intended, but we had a lovely quiet day at home and

Wed 10th at four we returned to Paris --

Therese had been working since five o'clock at her desk!!! She promises to join us in Paris tomorrow Thursday 11th and take Sarah to Acosta --

This morning we went to see the Chapelle Expiatoire where the ladies of Louis 16th and Marie Antoinette were carried after their execution -- the bodies also of the Swiss guards who defended them are here. It is a most touching place. Nothing in Paris brings the story home more clearly. Once a year a service for the souls of the dead is performed here and the place is filled to overflowing. The Orleans family who [ *unrecognized word* ] were the instigators I am told\* of the death of Louis and his wife, now represent royalty at this service. Surely it is the very irony of history.

Friday 12th We intend to cross the channel to England.

#### Notes

*Mrs. Greene*: Mrs. Greene probably is Anna Blake Shaw (1817-1901), sister of the wealthy Boston businessman and art collector, Quincy Adams Shaw (1825-1908) and wife of William Batchelder Greene (1819-1878).

*Brunetières. Vanderbilt, Sinétys* : Presumably, Fields refers to Ferdinand Brunetière (1849 - 1906), the French writer and critic.

Which of the prominent and wealthy Vanderbilt family Fields knew in Paris is uncertain. William Kissam Vanderbilt I (1849-1920) moved from New York to France in the late 1890s. More likely, perhaps, are George Washington Vanderbilt II (1862-1914) and Edith Stuyvesant Dresser (1873- 1958). He was the builder of Biltmore in Ashville, NC. An art collector who was often in Paris, where the Vanderbilt family kept a home, he married Dresser on June 1, 1898 in Paris.

A close friend of Mme. Blanc was Madame Alice Marie Léonie Ogier d'Ivry Comtesse de Sinéty (1837-1924), wife of Count Joseph Louis Marie de Sinéty (1837-1915).

*La Ferté*: The home of Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc (21 September 1840-5 February 1907), who used the *nom de plume* "Th. Bentzon."

*Acosta*: Le Château d'Acosta -- now demolished -- was about 43 miles west of Paris at Aubergenville. It was the country home of Mme. Blanc's friend, Sophie de Beaulaincourt. See Key to Correspondents.

*Chapelle Expiatoire ... after their execution*: The Chapelle expiatoire marks the cemetery that was the first burial place of King Louis XVI and Queen Marie Antoinette after they were executed in 1793, during the French Revolution, but they were later moved to the Basilica of St. Denis.

Wikipedia says of Louis XVI: "Louis was condemned to death by a majority of one vote. Philippe Égalité, formerly the duke of Orléans and Louis's cousin, voted for Louis's execution, a cause of much future bitterness among French monarchists; he would himself be guillotined on the same scaffold, Place de la Révolution, before the end of the same year, on 6 November 1793."

---

August 12<sup>th</sup> evening --

Arrived at Mrs Greenslades\* 40 Clarges Street to find a kind reception -- but very close dampish rooms. -- Good of their sort but not inviting in midsummer and with such heat. In the morning we were all very tired Saturday August 13<sup>th</sup> but I suggested getting on to Cambridge at once. This seemed to discourage the whole party who fell silent but after a while plans were made for leaving Sunday afternoon, the intermediate hours to be passed in getting all the rest possible. So we compromised and started forth, Sarah with Mary, Theodore by himself and I also alone. We met very cheerily at luncheon. Mary had seen St. Pauls and been to the [ *unrecognized word or words* ] etc etc.

Sunday.

We all went to Westminster Abbey and heard Canon Gore\* preach. We drove down in two hansoms through the pleasant parks. It was a warm day but the Abbey was cool and never more beautiful. I sat near the monument to Thackeray's Lord Castlereagh put up by his brother with an exquisite inscription. I understand more clearly than ever before the value of such a place, such monuments, such inscriptions. No youth, no man{,} no woman

could sit and study these monuments to England's good and great men & women without a new fountain of endeavor springing in the heart. We were not allowed to walk about much after service but we wandered in at the door of the nave and saw the busts to Kingsley, the Arnolds Father & Matthew{,} Wordsworth and a few others.

I was overwhelmed as never before by the sight of the poor who came to the service on that day. There were many who could not get in and their dejected appearance as they retreated from the aisle where I sat cannot be forgotten. I did not see the same readiness in the more fortunate to move up and "to consider the poor" which it seems to me that we find at home. At least I hope we are more considerate for I saw with sorrow several places where the people might have sat more closely in order to accommodate others. I shall not forget one pale tired man with a wrinkled brow, old before his time{,} leading by the hand a wretched anaemic looking little boy. He crept out with an air of its being "his luck{,}."

We walked home and although I was a little tired I was refreshed by the air, but the others were not and weary and I felt I had not done what they preferred. It is a constant struggle travelling with three other persons whose ideals and interests are not yours. Patience. Dear S.O.J. and I have had a delightful time together for four nearly five months and are determined now to make the others enjoy themselves if possible. It is rather uphill work however ----

Sunday P.M. 14<sup>th</sup> of August

we found ourselves in Cambridge. What a treat it was to be under green leaves and in the fresh air once more. I could have sung aloud. We walked in the "backs" until dusk and then went into St. John's Chapel where a service was going on.\* We had been too late for Kings or Trinity and the new chapel at John's is not as interesting. We soon found, however, that it was a vesper service with music. The voices were lovely and we enjoyed it thoroughly. We stood awhile as we came out and while they were singing the anthem alone by the side door. The sky was pale primrose color quickly fading{,} the lovely plum red of the old bricks in the Quad of which Ruskin speaks,\* was still to be felt rather than fully seen. The bats "went round in fragrant skies"\* while the voices rose and fell, delighting in the song of praise and in their 'own young powers.\* We have enjoyed few things so much.

Tuesday 16<sup>th</sup>

Fresh and warm / how uncommon this really warm weather is in England! Went to see Kings



College Chapel which I enjoyed as if for the first time. It is an exquisite place. Thence to Jesus College to Sydney Sussex and Pembroke.\* How exquisite are the gardens of the last. I then drove out to see Mrs Sidgwick who has succeeded Miss Clough as President of College.\* I found her a woman of some power, of a great devotion to her work and of pleasant manners. She is living in a new house, built since I was here six years ago. There are beautiful bronze gates erected to the memory of Miss Clough and the President's house forms the arch over these gates. In this way her room commands the quadrangle of the college. The view is very pretty indeed. It would not be easy for anyone to move through the Quad without being seen from the President's home.

After a brief but pleasant visit, I drove back to the hotel {--} joined the party who had been to see Trinity Chapel meanwhile and went at once to the station for Ilkly.\*

Tuesday 16<sup>th</sup>

We arrived very tired last night{.} The journey was warm and long, but we slept well in the cool fresh air of Ilkly.

Started directly after luncheon for Timble where dear Robert Collyer was to speak about Robinson Gill who gave the library\* we helped to dedicate (as it were!) six years ago. It is a long drive from Ilkly perhaps ten miles, up & up out of the Wharfedale valley, past the old Denton park where the Fairfaxes began{,} leaving the Middelton park on the left{,} one of the old Roman Catholic families who have held their place about six hundred years. Now the Middeltons are gone and the place will probably be cut up. New villas will then be built on the old grounds and the old things will have passed away; indeed the tale is much the same as that of the old place of which Mrs Humphry Ward writes in her new story of Helbeck.\* On we went as I say, past Denton and up to the great moor. In spite of the heat of the day there was an exquisite breeze blowing here; the heather was purpling all about us and the freshness of everything revived us wonderfully. There are few scenes more impressive than that of those wide moors, silent, dark even in sunshine with their furry cover, soft, thick, as if to keep the bones of the old earth warm. As far as eye can reach they rise and rise and swell, not into mountain heights of peaks but with the soft roll of a wide high sea -- We kept on for a long distance descending at last into the little village of Timble. The service had begun, for the day was waning and the driver and Theodore had walked up several hills and we all walked down one. However we were in season for the address and

very good and interesting it was, telling the people how the sterling honesty and determination of the man had made him what he became, a power in the world. He said the mark of Robinson Gill on his work was sufficient. Two years before his death{,} he was deceived by some wicked men for whom he signed notes and lost a great deal of money. This trouble and the greater sorrow of the death of a grown son, caused his death probably at the last. He did not tell the tale in a sad way, but in a noble encouraging tender fashion which the people drank in as if it were the water of life. There were some tears but the whole was bright and loving and strong and good for every one of us --

John Dickinson and his wife\* two of the last people of Timble came to us after the address. She had been playing the cabinet organ; he is registrar of deeds and general representative of church & state in the village. A strait speechless little man but full of his own opinions and thoughts which can be wrung out of him on occasion!! His wife is a very clever woman, busy as a bee, with her house and her neighborhood, her little girl and her garden. She reads too and knows many things. They invited us home to tea which she proceeded to get for us. She had a rabbit pie already baked and tea cakes, but John must go and blow the fire, for it had gone out and she could not get tea without it. SO John blew the bellows and she and a neighborhood girl prepared everything while we took our chairs out into the little garden and sat on the turf surrounded by flowers until tea was ready -- after tea Mrs Dickinson said she would take us to Swinsty Hall\* an old place of the time of Henry 7th and earlier which is still inhabited. We walked in the setting sunlight across the soft old fields climbing two walls and at last saw the hall before us with the entrance on one side. The flagstones leading across the front yard to the door were greatly worn although of hard stone, and the doorway itself was of the time of Haddon Hall\* -- The paved way was not narrow but wide as the dignified porch and the rooms inside, dark with old carved oak were made yet darker by the mullions in the windows and the tiny panes. One small space in all this window, which was nearly as large as one side of the room could open. This swinging part was only about the size of two of the sheets upon which I am writing. The whole place was chiefly interesting to us as being like the homes left by the yeomen, our grandsires who came over to settle in the new country to brave the terrors of emigration for the sake of finding room for their faith and that of their children. I felt as I had never quite felt before when I left the old house. Some of our ancestors perhaps dwelt in this very house.

It was night and heavy clouds, looking as if a thunderstorm were close upon us, hung over Ilkley when we started to return. Nothing came however, although the scene was quite dark and awful. In the night there was a little rain, but it went elsewhere{,} leaving us to enjoy two or three more days of unusual heat and damp.

Wednesday 17<sup>th</sup>

Invited Rev. Orton-Smith to luncheon, for which see above. Rested in the afternoon.

Thursday 18<sup>th</sup>

Brother Robert came in the afternoon and we walked out with him to see the old monuments of the town. He stopped to see a large number of persons, or they stopped him by the way. At the place where the old castle stood he said to a woman "they have taken away the few stones of the old wall which used to be just here" I don't know [ *unrecognized word* ] she said but there is a bit of wall here below which you can see." We followed here a bit down the slope while she found it for us. It enabled us to understand the Roman position pretty well & as we stood there for the sake of friendliness to the woman Robert Collyer said " "You're not as old as I and I suppose you do not remember where the other stones were which seem to have disappeared{.} "Naw," she said "thank heaven, I'm not as old as you are by a long way and I don't know anything about them." -- When the people here are brutal they are very brutal. I was dismayed -- but he took it very sweetly and I could not help thinking that she looked more out of repair than he did by far, with poor teeth and far less strength!\*

Friday August 19<sup>th</sup>

Drove with brother Robert to The Strid\* where we stopped{,} ran down to the river's edge which was quiet and free from visitors and beautiful as the warm sweet day could make it although the water was low. There we sat while he took our Wordsworth at our request and read the story so simply & beautifully told in "What is good for a bootless bene"\* -- then we went on to the village of Burnsall far up Wharfedale and surrounded by the moors where we took luncheon with Mr. Bland who has a small Inn.\* Brother Robert had sent word we were coming. They were thrown into great excitement by the news and when we arrived hungry as hounds there was not the smallest sign of anything to eat. Bland has a clear beautiful blue eye which looks upon his own land, day by day and loves it. He has always been a tiller of the soil until of late years he has been able to get a house of his own. The practical business falls much upon his poor overworked wife and this I think he does not understand. "There's one thing I do in the

house." he said. "More than anyone else, I take all that kind of labor out of their hands, that is the talking" !!!

He carried us to see the little church with the saxon font and other very curious monuments{,} but on the way he began to recite his own verses. Brother Robert had warned us of this weakness, because the verses though very good in feeling were not of especial value, so he warded off as many as possible, nevertheless we were tired and hungry and Theodore began "dancing about," as a boy will -- "You're not listening" he said, I will begin again!"

Finally he proposed to take us a walk on the moors where we could sit down and hear more. "I won't go a step" said Brother Robert "till we've had luncheon!" So we marched back to the house and it was two o'clock before the feast was spread. They had sent to Skipton for mutton! when their own bacon and eggs and simple things they used themselves would have answered well enough. However after much more verse reciting and inspection of a curious gold coin "an angel" found to be of the time of Edward 4th\* which Mr. Bland had discovered on the edge of an old refuse heap -- also an old ring of about the same period was very curious --

It was a lovely afternoon as we drove back past Bolton Abbey where we stopped. It was showering but with the gold sunlight coming quickly out upon the shining grass and old cedars -- What a wonder of beauty the place seemed! Like all things and places where Nature plays the chief part it is impossible for the mind of man to conceive and to remember the full loveliness of it{.} She is always more beautiful than one believes real. This afternoon, the sun and shadow, the sound of the river around the stepping stones, the noble arches of the ruin, the soft turf in the enclosures, the entrancing pictures framed in by the architecture at every turn, all these things were as fresh as if we had never seen them before. I think the presence of the old Cistercian monks\* in their white gowns did not seem far away. One could have walked out from behind one of the arches without surprising me.

We took another road home, past apple trees{,} wide and altogether on the other side of the river over what seemed to me a much earlier road than the one of the morning. We tried to find old Anne who used to keep Bolton for the Earl of Devonshire\* but who is now pensioned off with a pound a week which she thinks ample but she was away for the day. We reached Ilkley at last before sundown just tired enough to be glad to rest.

We found a rather rude note from Ascough Fawkes\* of Famley Hall declining to show his Turner pictures.

Saturday --

dear Brother Robert left us to return to Leeds. We accompanied him half way in order to see Ripon and Fountains Abbey which we consider more than a fair exchange for Famley Hall, which we none of us regretted for an instant.

Ripon is one of England's most interesting cathedrals. We found a young man there to show us about who is a pattern of what a guide would be. When we parted he would take nothing for himself in spite of the time he had given us. The old saxon underground chapel, one of the oldest in England was indeed worth seeing, beside the beautiful and mingled architecture of the cathedral itself. There is a quaint figure of Janus First on one of the columns and the carvings in the choir are of 1400 in some parts. We dined in Ripon and drove on in warm sunshine to Fountains Abbey. How exquisite it was there and how beautiful the drive words fail to say -- We were rather over heated and over tired and the [ *unrecognized word* ] was damp so I must needs take cold which troubled me for the few following days --

#### Notes

*Greenslades*: This transcription is uncertain; this person has not yet been identified.

*Canon Gore*: Charles Gore (1853-1932), Anglican Bishop of Oxford. In 1898, he was canon of Westminster Abbey in London.

*Thackeray's Lord Castlereagh*: Robert Stewart (1769-1822), Viscount Castlereagh, a British politician, is buried in Westminster Abbey, in the center of the north transept. A white marble statue of Stewart with an inscription was added to his grave site. Fields's connecting Stewart to the British novelist William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863) is somewhat confusing. Thackeray was acquainted with Frederick Stewart (1805-1872), also known as Viscount Castlereagh, after the death of his uncle, Robert Stewart.

*Kingsley, the Arnolds Father & Matthew*, *Wordsworth*: Charles Kingsley (1819-1875) was a priest of the Church of England, for many years Rector of Eversley in Hampshire, a professor of history at Cambridge University, and a novelist, perhaps best remembered for *The Water Babies* (1863).

The father of British poet, Matthew Arnold (1822-1888), was the educator Thomas Arnold, the elder (1795- 1842).

William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was a British Romantic poet.

*"backs" ... St. John's Chapel ... King's ... Trinity*: The Backs is a picturesque area in Cambridge, UK, where several colleges of the university back onto the River Cam. St. John's chapel is, presumably, the chapel of St. John's College, Cambridge, which was built in the 19th century. See also King's College and Trinity College, Cambridge, both of which have chapels dating from the European renaissance.

*Ruskin*: This transcription is uncertain. Wikipedia says: John Ruskin (1819-1900) "was the leading English art critic of the Victorian era, as well as an art patron, draughtsman, watercolourist, a prominent social thinker and philanthropist." Though Ruskin lectured at Cambridge University, he studied at Oxford.

*"went round in fragrant skies"*: This line comes from the third stanza of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "In Memoriam 95":

And bats went round in fragrant skies,  
And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes  
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes  
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

Wikipedia says: Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) "was Poet Laureate of Great Britain and Ireland during much of Queen Victoria's reign and remains one of the most popular British poets." His long poem, "In Memoriam" was completed in 1849.

*'own young powers'*: It is not certain that Fields has placed this phrase in quotation marks, though it appears so. It is possible, though not certain, that Fields had read R. C. Jebb's essay on Pindar in *Journal of Hellenic Studies* 1-8 (1880-1887), in which this phrase appears.

*Jesus College to Sydney Sussex and Pembroke*: Jesus College and Sidney Sussex College at Cambridge University. Pembroke College, Cambridge, is noted for its gardens.

*Mrs Sidgwick ... Miss Clough ... College*: Fields refers to Newnham College, Cambridge, a college for women at Cambridge University. Anne Jemima Clough (1820-1892) was the first principal (1871-1892). She was succeeded by Eleanor Mildred Sidgwick, (1845-1936), physicist, whose husband, philosopher Henry Sidgwick (1838-1900), was a co-founder of Newnham.

*Ilkly*: Wikipedia says: "Ilkley is a spa town and civil parish in the City of Bradford, West Yorkshire, in Northern England." Fields usually spells this correctly.

*Rev. Mr. Orton-Smith:* Probably, Fields refers to Canon Irton Smith (d. 1933), who served as vicar at Ilkley's St. Margaret's Church 1890-1908, according to J. F. Hewitt's "The Early History of St. Margaret's."

*Timble ... Robert Collyer ... Robinson Gill ... the library:* Timble, Yorkshire, is a village about 10 miles northeast of Ilkley. Robert Collyer (1823-1912), Yorkshire-born Unitarian clergyman of New York City, wrote extensively on theological subjects, as well as verse, and biographies of Hawthorne, Whittier, Thoreau, Lamb, and Burns. He had a long correspondence with the Jewett sisters, and he came annually for a stay with Annie Fields at Gambrel Cottage in Manchester.

Robinson Gill (1829-1897) of Timble immigrated to the United States, where he became a successful businessman and a member of All Souls Universalist Church in Brooklyn. In 1892, he built the Robinson library in Timble to benefit his home community and provide a memorial for his maternal ancestors. Robert Collyer spoke at the opening of the library in 1892 and at this memorial service at Timble, following Gill's death. Paula Blanchard, in *Sarah Orne Jewett*, indicates that Fields and Jewett attended the original dedication in August of 1892 (p. 264).

In a letter of 21 August, 1898, Collyer writes:

This last week I have been busy. Made the memorial address for Robinson Gill at Timble, and the next day was at Fewston. . . Mrs. Fields, Miss Jewett, and her sister Mary came down from London to be at Timble, and then returned to Ilkley, where I joined them. We got a splendid team and went up the Dale 12 miles to Burnsall, a lovely ride. Master Bland, an old friend of many years, keeps a sort of hotel, so I telegraphed we would lunch there. But no thank you! This was an event! They sent some miles for a quarter of lamb, had a plum pudding also and pies and other dainties, cream and what they call 'sike like' in the dale. . . . Master Bland is a poet and is much given to reeling off his poems at very great length, but I warned the ladies, so they laid plots to head him off when there was a chance and yet to please him meanwhile. He is down on the Vicar, poor fellow. I mean poor Vicar. They quarrel like cat and dog. He took us round the vicarage with great pains, so that the Vicar might see us no doubt, and then he will get word to him somehow of his distinguished company. It was all very funny when you know what the fine old yeoman was up to. . . (*The Life and Letters of Robert Collyer*,

pp. 292-3) The library of Harvard University holds Sarah Orne Jewett's copy of *The Townships of Little Timble, Great Timble and the Hamlet of Snowden* (1895) by William Grainge.

*Wharfedale valley ... Denton park where the Fairfaxes began ... Middleton park:* Wharfedale is the upper valley of the River Wharfe in Yorkshire.

The poet and translator Edward Fairfax (c. 1580-1653) was from Denton in Yorkshire. Wikipedia says that his half-brother, "Thomas Fairfax, 1st Lord Fairfax of Cameron (1560-1640) was an English nobleman, soldier, diplomat, and politician, his title being in the Peerage of Scotland."

Middleton Park (Fields's spelling varies) today is a public park in Middleton Leeds, a remnant of the manorial estate dating from the Norman Conquest. By the 18th century, the Middleton's owned extensive holdings in the area of Ilkley.

*Mrs. Humphry Ward:* Mary Augusta Arnold (Mrs. Humphry) Ward (1851-1920), who was a niece of the British poet, Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) and daughter of the English literary scholar Tom Arnold (1823-1900). Her novel, *Helbeck of Bannisdale* appeared in 1898.

*John Dickinson and his wife:* John Dickinson (1844-1912) kept diaries that were edited to become *Timble Man: Diaries of a Dalesman* (1988). They provide a history of the village, mainly 1878-1912. His wife was Fanny Holmes (1859-1927).

*Swinsty Hall:* Swinsty Hall had been in the Robinson family from the 16th until the 18th century; it is within 2 miles of Timble. The hall would be too recent to be from the time of King Henry VII (1457-1509). See also *Historic England*.

*Haddon Hall:* Wikipedia says: "Haddon Hall is an English country house on the River Wye near Bakewell, Derbyshire, one of the seats of the Duke of Rutland. The oldest parts are from the 11th century, but there are additions through the 17th."

*The Strid:* An area surrounding a waterfall in the River Wharfe near Bolton Bridge, about six miles north and east of Ilkley. This is the location of Bolton Abbey, the site of Bolton Priory, a 12th-century Augustinian monastery.

*bene:* The opening line of "The Force of Prayer; or, The Founding of Bolton Priory, A Tradition" (1807) by the British romantic poet, William Wordsworth (1770- 1850). The poem tells of an inconsolable mother who founds the priory and discovers her grief is eased thereby. It ends:

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart  
That shall lack a timely end,  
If but to God we turn, and ask  
Of Him to be our friend!

*Inn:* See the letter in the note above on Robert Collyer. John A. Bland published at least one poem, "Burnsall Scenery" in the *Yorkshire Anthology* (1901, Google Books), compiled by Joseph H. Turner, p. 258.

"*an angel*" ... *Edward 4th*: Wikipedia says: "The angel was an English gold coin introduced by Edward IV in 1465."

*Cistercian*: The Cistercian Order was founded in the eleventh century by Robert of Molesme, as an offshoot from the Benedictine Order. They were distinguishable visually by their white robes worn over their habits. It is not clear why Fields connects these monks with the Augustinians who occupied Bolton Abbey.

*Earl of Devonshire*: It is not clear to which Earl of Devonshire Fields refers. In 1898, the current Earl was the British statesman, Spencer Compton Cavendish, 8th Duke of Devonshire (1833-1908). His cousin, the previous Duke, was William Cavendish (1790-1858).

Old Anne may have worked for either or both. Fields also seems to refer to a property that Anne kept for the family, but the transcription is difficult. As yet, no family property name has been found that resembles "Buxton." However, the earls of Devonshire have historic connections with the town of Buxton in Derbyshire, which is about 80 miles south of Ilkley. Perhaps more likely Fields has written Bolton; the Bolton Priory was the property of the Cavendish family in the 19th century, but this opens the question of in what sense old Old Anne was keeper of the Priory.

*Ascough Fawkes*: Ayscough Fawkes (1831-1899), grandson of Walter Ramsden Hawkesworth Fawkes (1769-1825) of Famley Hall, a Yorkshire landowner, writer and Member of Parliament. Walter Fawkes befriended British painter, J. M. W. Turner (1775-1851) and became owner of a large collection of his work.

*Ripon and Fountains Abbey*: Ripon, Yorkshire, is a cathedral city about 28 miles north and east of Ilkley. The nearby Fountains Abbey is a well-preserved ruin of a Cistercian monastery.

---

### From Jewett's Letters

*21 August to Georgina Halliburton*

We had a delightful long time in France, and went to the Loire and Touraine after Mary & Theodore came & Madame Blanc went with us

which made it pleasanter still. Then we went to La Ferté & all made Madame Blanc a last visit, and then it was so hot in Paris that we hurried away, and found London so much hotter that we came to Cambridge and then up here among the moors where Mrs. Fields and I had been once before. It is near Bolton Abbey and Fountains Abbey and Haworth where the Brontes lived and is a most lovely place. Mary has liked it every so much. Tomorrow she & Theodore and I are going to Edinburgh, and Mrs. Fields is going to make a week's visit to a friend of ours, and then join us in Stratford-on-Avon where we are going to stay all together at the Vicarage. You see that we are full of pleasant plans, but I begin to long to get home, and to think more about October than September{.}

### Notes

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA: Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (260).

Georgina Halliburton (1 May 1849-1910) was a lifelong friend of Jewett. Residing in Portsmouth, NH. she was the daughter of Susan Halliburton Peters (1830 - 9 April 1898) and James Pierrepont Halliburton (1824-1849). After the death of Mr. Halliburton, Georgina's mother married George Wallis Haven (1808-1895). Mr. Haven's first wife had been Helen Sarah Bell (1822-1846), who was the mother of another close Jewett friend, Edith Bell Haven Doe (1840-1922). Georgina's half-brother was Dr. George Haven (1861-1903). Find a Grave.

---

### [ *Fields Diary* ]

Sunday [ *21 August* ].

Did not stir all day. Very warm moving about but the air is very pure at Ilkley and we enjoyed it.

Monday.

Sarah, Theodore & Mary left for Edinburgh which they reached at evening -- Mrs Griffith (my dear Katie Bradbury)\* came on to see me and to pass the night at Ilkley. In the afternoon Mrs Armitage\* who has written excellent books on Architecture archaeology and history came for afternoon tea which we had in the garden and enjoyed immensely. She is an excellent woman of fine character and talent. Katie found a capital nurse.

Tuesday August 23 afternoon

we left Ilkley for Ashton under Lyne.\* The distance is not great but we were obliged to change cars and the trains were not punctual so

it was late (about five) when we arrived. The tea was still in the drawing room however and very grateful we were for it -- Dear little Mrs Bradbury and her two maids, especially Maryanne were on the lookout for us under the ivy [ *unrecognized word*, porch ?] at the front door and we were both hugged and kissed as if I were one of their dear own as indeed I feel myself to be. Mr Griffith came to the train to meet us on his bicycle and absent-mindedly put me into the wrong private carriage! At dinner we met a sister of Mr. Griffith and a Miss Paget\* who is a very sweet lady -- cousin to Algernon Swinburne\* -- She is doing Egyptian drawings for our friends here -- Mr. Bradbury is away for the night on a weekly consultation with the manager of his mills.

Wednesday --

A lovely day although never very fair it appears just here. We started in good season to find Mr. Bradbury and to see Bakewell and Over Haddon\* -- Again on omnibus trains and changing, having luncheon on the train which Katie brought on -- arrowroot\* for me{,} comfort{,} endless good things for herself. Reaching Bakewell early in the afternoon we saw the old church{,} one of the oldest and strangest -- norman and early English -- Saw a saxon cross and read some queer inscriptions in the church yard and then we went to an old quaint bake shop and refreshed ourselves with tea and cakes before taking a carriage to Over Haddon -- How quaint and old-fashioned things were about there! The tea and cakes were good however and refreshed us before our start for Over Haddon. What a lovely drive it was, up and up into hills overlooking the Lathkill,\* a small river making exquisite pictures on its path. The village is called Over Haddon and really overhangs Haddon Hall, but it is some distance away and the inn itself is tucked up from observation in a most surprising fashion -- It is kept by the two Miss Wildgoose!\* and until these geese fly away to heaven where I am sure their good deeds will carry them, it will be a home of refuge for those persons who know of it -- one of the most amusing facts is that it is the only licensed place about where drink can be had only I am sure one look at the Wildgeese would frighten a drunkard away. The cleanliness is not an absence of dust but a positive quality there. Katie left me at this solitary and exquisite spot to wander over the pastures overlooking the river while she drove back to Bakewell to meet her father who did not arrive by the first train. She walked back with him about seven o'clock -- just in time for dinner. Meanwhile I wandered about the lovely place and when the mists gathered about the setting sun I went to my delightful

bedroom and sat gazing out at the exquisite scene and reading by turns until almost the moment of going to meet them. They were a little late and Mr. Bradbury was tired but we were soon very jolly at table where there was delicious mutton -- peas (out of their garden{}), potatoes cooked to a turn, simply boiled, but pretty and delicious -- Then there was a tart, at one end and a tapioca pudding at the other -- nothing could be better!

The sun had quite set after dinner and the small lamp and candles were not conducive to reading -- beside we were all tired with a long day of travel -- so to bed we went in good season in order to wake up to the pleasure of a good out of doors time tomorrow.

Thursday morning

Lathkill is one of the loveliest spots in England. A silence like Eden\* was on everything when I arose; the sun was streaming mistily across the green downs which stretched like velvet rising and falling from east to west dropping into the valley of the little river; beyond again were woods and pastures rising to the horizon. It was cool and fair and we met refreshed at breakfast time. We drove in good season to Youlgrave,\* place of early Saxon and Norman association, with its interesting antique church, and having explored this we went on again to visit the strange barrows at Arbervale.\* Arbervale was a wonderful spot pre-historic now, or about the period of Stone Henge{.} The stones are all flat but the position is very [ *missing word* ? ] and extremely impressive. We walked in the dewy short flower-strewn grass across two or three large fields before we came to the spot. It was beautiful to see how Mr. Bradbury saw the flowers, loved them and knew them by name. He gathered a dwarf gentian\* about three inches high and handed it to me. I put {it} into a paper to bring home some of the flowers were gathered for association's sake; but the white harebells can only live in the memory of those who saw them. They were exquisite beyond speech{.} I have never seen anything more lovely.

We returned to Miss Wildgoose for luncheon and rest after our ten mile expedition but we kept the fly in order to see Haddon Hall in the afternoon since it was very near. How lovely it was in that late August sunshine! I seemed to understand its history too better than ever before and to be able to people it in its early splendors. We drove from Haddon to Bakewell again where only the day before we had gone over the antique church, and again we had tea at the small bakeshop on the little street which cost two pence half penny each! with fine cakes and

buns thrown in. Mr. Bradbury was in a state of hurry, he feared we should lose the train. However as usual we waited half an hour but we reached Ashton in time for driving the carriage & the good Barr\* meeting us at the station.

Friday

A rainy day at Riversvale. Did not go out.} It was cold and there were fires about the house. It seemed like late autumn. I found time to read and write a little and to sit in the drawing room and look over some of the "squeezes"\* of the marvellous Egyptian inscriptions and to talk by turns with our friends. Old Mrs Bradbury is older than her husband and being a sensitive bigoted, invalid seems 80. She has great softness and sweetness of manner but she appears to be somewhat tyrannical and troublesome in her domain. She is very fatiguing and exhausting to her household although she lives chiefly in her own room. Mr. Bradbury is in full possession of his powers -- a man who reads and thinks, has the care of huge manufactures of cotton and iron is one of the men to be counted upon in all patriotic movements devoid of self-care or show, a true lover of knowledge, a devoted husband and father; a strong religious man, he is a man whose friendship one may be proud to have gained. Katie, Mrs Griffith, his daughter, is a most interesting and lovely character. While she was still quite young Miss Amelia Edwards,\* then a woman of fifty of Irish birth and many strange experiences, full of talent and of charm met her at an evening party. She saw at once what a sweet devoted creature she was and she determined to win her to her side if possible. Katie became as truly absorbed in Egyptian knowledge as Miss Edwards herself and at last consented to go with her to America where she engaged herself to give a series of lectures in the States. Miss Edwards represented herself as an excellent traveller and no trouble to anyone, whereas she could do nothing for herself. On the steamer Katie had one sad moment. She saw the whole thing, how dependent Miss E. was; how she was the only person to do the severe labor which lay before them. Miss Edwards was disorder in person as to external things. Her lectures were however perfect both in style of writing and in delivery. She could not dress herself nor undress; she must have her bed remade by Katie at midnight every night; she travelled every day and lectured every night except Christmas week; altogether it was a tale which can never be told of the labor and self forgetfulness of that young woman. Then Miss Edwards broke her arm which never knitted properly and two years after her return to Europe she died. Then there was a long period of trouble breaking up the house at Westbury on

Trym where Miss Edwards had lived for years with an old lady and where her library was. There were baskets full of terrible letters to be read and when all was over Katie determined to burn everything and never to write Miss E's life which at first she intended to do. "She became a better woman every year of her life, after we came together," Katie said one day. "I am sure of that and it gives me happiness now. I have discovered that we may keep on growing until we die. This is what is intended. Our time of death only comes when we stop our own growth."

After Miss Edwards had gone and her beautiful library was moved -- partly to Somerville College\* the woman's college at Oxford under Agnes Maitland,\* and the larger part and the most beautiful to Riversvale, during Katie's life, Katie devoted herself to furthering the work of Egyptologists. She increased the ardor and scope of her own studies and denying herself luxuries gave her days and nights to the work so far as was consistent with her duties to her father and mother and the house at Riversvale. Six years ago we believed that Flinders Petrie\* the most distinguished now among the discoverers, wished to marry Katie. We did not like him personally and hoped this would never be. Shortly after came a letter saying that she had married F. Llewelyn Griffith, a young man of fine character and bound also to distinguish himself in this work. We had never seen F.L.G. and could not of course make up our minds about it, but during this visit we have found him a man of unusual character and sweetness.

Saturday 27th

Still raining. The climate of Riversvale is very damp and chilly -- I fear not very wholesome -- I walked a mile or so within the grounds when the rain held up, but it soon began to pour in torrents -- In the afternoon my dear S.O.J. Mary & Theodore arrived from Edinburgh. Katie was anxious to have them pass the two nights here before going on to Stratford our next promised visit. It was a pleasant evening. Miss Paget is staying here also who has made drawings in Egypt for several years. She belongs to a great family of this name, but she is a very modest lady and speaks little of her grand connections. She gave us some good ghost stories connected with some of the old houses. However -- one of these ghosts is at Leven -- the seat of the Howards,\* where Mrs H. Ward wrote a part of "Helbeck"; the Howards being cousins of Miss P --

Sunday 28th

The travellers were tired and did not go to church. Only Theodore Mr. B. & myself. It was still chilly and damp and I managed to begin a cold -- but we enjoyed the day altogether -- sitting in the large drawing room in the afternoon and learning about Egypt while Mr. B. talked very pleasantly about his favorite books{,} English antiquities and illustrated what he had to say with old books, photographs, drawings etc. Then there were Miss Edwards's autographs to look over. The time passed quickly -- There were family prayers in the evening.

Monday 29<sup>th</sup>

Left early in the morning, still chilly & rainy for Stratford. We went to Rugby\* which we saw and where we took luncheon ( [ *unrecognized word* ] had in the [ *unrecognized words* ] !) but what with the walks and what with the changes we were the entire day in reaching Stratford. I felt pretty well used up with cold -- However we dressed for dinner and enjoyed the evening with Mr. and Mrs Abuthnot and their cousin Mrs. Douglas\* -- The only guest beside ourselves. The house is a huge place -- very handsome.

30<sup>th</sup>

at the Vicarage -- Unfortunately quite ill with a cold and unable to get up in the morning. In spite of this the party sallied forth ^to^ the birthplace etc -- Coming down to luncheon although feeling very weak we had a pleasant hour and afterward went out on the lawn to be photographed. Thence we started for the church but after seeing the grounds of Mrs Charles Flower's house which Mr. A calls his Naboth's Vineyard,\* a charming spot contiguous to the church and then the church itself which was most carefully shown and explained to us by the good Vicar, around whom a large company gathered, I found myself quite faint and obliged to return home. I was very sorry! We were to have gone out on the river in a boat and done all manner of delightful things; however I rested and was ready for dinner when we were joined by a churchman and his wife Mr. and Mrs Penny. He might have stood for one of Du Maurier's\* drawings of a vicar.

Wed 31<sup>st</sup> --

Left for London The day was lovely like Tuesday -- sunny clear & cool; but I was still unwell and went to bed again Sept 1<sup>st</sup> with a very bad cold. Did not get up all day. Mary & Theodore saw Warwick before joining us.

Sep 2

Still in bed until they all went away after luncheon on some pleasant expedition. Then I got up remembering that tomorrow was Sarah's

birthday,\* took a cab, went to the British Museum{,} found the address of the best maker of casts, drove there{,} got Thackeray's hand and a copy of a lovely Indian ivory -- then drove to C.G. market{,}\* bought flowers and returned a little tired but much pleased{.}

Sat. Sepr 3<sup>d</sup>

Sarah's birthday; breakfast with flowers and pretty presents. Arthur Holland his wife and Helen Herford\* came to dinner.

Sepr 4<sup>th</sup> Sunday

Still very warm but to me very pleasant. The party went without me to the Foundling Hospital\* and in the afternoon I took a little walk.

London with its pathos and its deep interest holds me strongly as ever{.}

### Notes

*Mrs. Griffith ... Katie Bradbury:* Kate Bradbury (1854-1902) resided at Riversvale Hall near Ashton-Under-Lyne in Great Britain. She married Francis Llewellyn Griffith (1862-1934) in 1896. Both were Egyptologists. See Wikipedia and *Riversvale Hall: The Story Of A Victorian Country House*.

*Mrs. Armitage:* Ella Sophia Armitage (1841 - 1931) was an English historian and archaeologist.

*Ashton under Lyne:* Ashton-under-Lyne is a market town near Manchester, about 55 miles south of Ilkley.

*Miss Paget ...Algernon Swinburne ... Mr. Bradbury:* Rosalind Frances Emily Paget (1844-1925) was a British artist who provided drawings to supplement the work of several Egyptologists, including Bradbury and Griffith.

Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837- 1909) was an English poet, playwright, novelist, and critic. His relationship with Paget has not been verified.

Mr. Bradbury is Kate Bradbury's father, Charles Timothy Bradbury. His wife was Elizabeth Ann Tomlins. Wikipedia.

*Bakewell ... Over Haddon:* Bakewell is a small market town in Derbyshire, about 40 miles from Manchester. The village of Over Haddon, about 2 miles south of Bakewell, is the location of Haddon Hall, a country house that is one of the seats of the Duke of Rutland.

*two Miss Wildgoose:* While it is clear Fields says there are two women named Wildgoose operating this inn, Fields's decision not to use other plurals is puzzling. Annie Wildgoose was the publican at the Lathkil Hotel according to the 1901 census, at which time she was 46 years



old. Perhaps her mother, Esther, also was living in 1898? But she would be Mrs. Wildgoose, and she is not listed in the 1901 census.

*arrowroot*: The transcription of this sentence is doubtful, the meaning uncertain. Wikipedia says Arrowroot is a starch derived from various -- mainly tropical -- plants, used medicinally and as food. In the Victorian era, the starch was popular in England, used in "biscuits, puddings, jellies, cakes, hot sauces, and also with beef tea, milk or veal broth."

*Lathkill*: River Lathkill is now in the Peak District National Park in Derbyshire.

*Eden*: Fields refers to the Garden of Eden as depicted in the opening chapters of the Bible, in Genesis.

*Youlgrave ... barrows at Arbervale ... Stone Henge*: Wikipedia says: "Youlgrave or Youlgrave ... is a village in the Derbyshire Peak District, lying on the River Bradford, four kilometres south of Bakewell."

Fields seems clearly to have written Arbervale, but no such place has been located. Her description suggests that perhaps the party visited Arbor Low, a Neolithic henge monument in Derbyshire, about 4 miles east of Youlgrave. Stonehenge also is a prehistoric stone monument, including nearby barrows.

*dwarf gentian ... white harebells*: *Gentianella* and a white variant of *Campanula rotundifolia*.

*Barr*: presumably a Bradbury employee. This person has not been further identified.

"squeezes": According to Wikipedia, a squeeze is a reverse copy of an inscription, "made by applying moist filter paper and pushing into the indentations by percussive use of a stiff brush."

*Miss Amelia Edwards*: Amelia Ann Blanford Edwards (1831-1892) was an English novelist, journalist, traveller and Egyptologist. See Kate Bradbury for details about the relationship between Edwards and Kate Bradbury Griffith. She was born "in London to an Irish mother and a father who had been a British Army officer before becoming a banker." She "embarked on an strenuous lecture tour in the United States in 1889-1890. These lectures were later published as *Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers*." Find a Grave notes that before contracting the influenza of which she died in 1892, she had undergone surgery for breast cancer. Wikipedia notes that alongside her grave is that of her companion, Ellen Drew Braysher (1804-1892),

*Westbury on Trym*: Fields appears to have written Westbury on Tyne, but Edwards's home was at Westbury on Trym, near Bristol.

*Somerville College*: Somerville College, Oxford University is home to an Amelia Edwards Collection.

*Agnes Maitland*: Wikipedia says: Agnes Catherine Maitland (1850-1906) was the principal of Somerville College, Oxford, England (1889-1906).

*Flinders Petrie*: Wikipedia says: Sir William Matthew Flinders Petrie (1853-1942), "commonly known as Flinders Petrie, was an English Egyptologist and a pioneer of systematic methodology in archaeology and preservation of artifacts."

Fields and Jewett had visited England six years earlier, in 1892.

*Leven -- the seat of the Howards*: Wikipedia says: "Levens Hall is a manor house in the Kent valley, near the village of Levens ... in Cumbria, Northern England." It was at one time the seat of Colonel Fulke-Greville Howard, and was "reportedly haunted by a Grey Lady."

*Mr. and Mrs Arbuthnot and their cousin Mrs. Douglas*: Almost certainly this is George Arbuthnot (1846-1922), an Anglican clergyman who served as vicar at Stratford upon Avon (1879-1908) before becoming Archdeacon of Coventry. His wife was Margaret Evelyn Luckock (1867-1951), daughter of H. M. Luckock, Dean of Lichfield.

Mrs. Douglas has not been identified.

Stratford-upon-Avon in Warwickshire is best known as the birthplace of William Shakespeare. Wikipedia.

*Mrs Charles Flower's house ... Naboth's Vineyard*: Charles Flower (1830-1892) was a brewer in Stratford-upon-Avon, who was largely responsible for promoting the town as Shakespeare's birthplace and home. He was instrumental in opening the Shakespeare Memorial Theater. His wife was Sarah Martineau (1826-1908). See also "The Pioneering Flowers of Stratford-upon-Avon."

The story of Naboth's Vineyard appears in the First Kings 21 in the Bible. King Ahab desires Naboth's Vineyard, but Naboth will not sell it to him.

*Mr. and Mrs Penny ... Du Maurier*: The transcription of "Penny" is uncertain. Though there is as yet no confirmation for this, it is possible that Rev. Arbuthnot has invited a well-known clergyman to meet his guests: Rev. Alfred Penny (1845-1935), Rector of St. Peter's Collegiate Church, Wolverhampton, who had been a Melanesian missionary, and was the author of *Ten Years in Melanesia* (1887). See *The Church of England Pulpit and Ecclesiastical Review* 39: 46. His second wife (1895) was

Mary Frances Baker, daughter of Rev. Ralph Bourne Baker.

Wikipedia says: "George Louis Palmella Busson du Maurier (1834-1896) was a Franco-British cartoonist and author, known for his drawings in *Punch* and for his novel *Trilby*." *Peter Ibbetson*, his first novel (1891) was adapted for stage, film and opera. Du Maurier drew a large number of illustrations for this novel.

*Sarah's birthday*: Sarah Orne Jewett was born on 3 September 1849.

*British Museum ... Thackeray's hand ... a lovely Indian ivory ... C.G. market*: The British Museum in London is one of the world's largest history museums. Presumably someone at the museum was able to help Fields choose a cast maker. She purchased a cast of the hand of British novelist William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863), possibly at D. Brucciani & Co. According to the notes on Brucciani's cast at the British Museum: "Plaster casts were often made of the deceased's hand, one of the most memorable parts of the body. The novelist, Thackeray, died on 24 December 1863. On Christmas Day, at the instigation of Sir Henry Thompson (1820-1904), a cast of his hand was taken by Brucciani. Thompson thought that this plaster cast was 'characteristic, recalling for me the original with its long & delicate fingers, the form of the nails etc.-very forcibly.'"

Fields then purchased flowers at the Covent Garden Market.

*Arthur Holland his wife and Helen Herford*: Arthur Holland (1850-1926) was a Pittsburgh, PA iron and steel merchant, son of the Unitarian minister, Frederick West Holland. His wife was Sara Ormsby Burgwin (1859-1940). Arthur Holland's aunt, Sarah May Holland, was Annie Fields's mother. (Holland Family Papers)

It seems likely that Helen Herford was an active Unitarian in London. In *Unitarian Word and Work* (1912, p. 19), she is described as "the efficient organizer of the British League," who regularly attends the Rossllyn Hill Chapel at Hampstead. No further information about her has yet been located.

*Foundling Hospital*: A major London orphanage.

---

### From Jewett's Letters

*22 August to Annie Adams Fields from Edinburgh, Scotland*

We have just finished a long table d'hoté dinner -- without Miss Jess [ *Jessie Cochrane* ] who wrote that she should be coming to Edinburgh tomorrow. As I telegraphed you, we

had a very comfortable journey by way of Carlisle to my astonishment for I expected to come by Durham & Newcastle as usual. We had a luncheon basket at Carlisle with great effect upon our spirits -- and we enjoyed very much our sight of the great hills and valleys. It has been a hot day here but it seems much cooler to us than Ilkley and tomorrow we shall hope to see Jessie at luncheon time and to do something pleasant both morning & afternoon. Mary & Theodore both went out after we came. ... Theodore is much impressed with the Edinburgh shops! and means to take beautiful photographs of the Castle which we are just opposite. Mary seems very cheerful and pleased to come back here and I hope that our days will go on well.

### Note

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Massachusetts Historical Society in Annie Fields papers, 1847-1912, MS. N-1221, "Loose Letters, 1852-1916." This transcription is from a microfilm, available courtesy of the University of Kansas Libraries, Lawrence Kansas: Annie Adams Fields Papers 1852-1912. Folio PS 1669.F5 Z462 1986, Reel 3.

---

[ *Fields Diary* ]

London. 11 Half Moon St. Sep. 5th

Although we have until the 19<sup>th</sup> here, as long a stay as we have had anywhere, the days are so full that they seem very few. Mary Porter\* dined with us, all the money which she put into her banker's hand for her summer vacation has been lost -- five hundred dollars which is a great deal to her.

Sep. 6th

Went to Edward Clifford's\* studio. He has an old house at 37 Kensington Square which he has filled with beautiful things. He is a most kindhearted genial man, who if he had married and if he had children would have found such a natural scope among his own and might have made his career a very different one. Now he is absorbed in his art and in giving full rein to the natural benevolence of his disposition. The very thing which caused him to throw up everything for the purpose of carrying love and succor to Father Damien\* at the risk of his own life still beckons him on and he is spending himself in little kindnesses as well as great. His rooms are lined with landscapes -- careful drawings of flowery fields which are unrivaled. Burne Jones\* said that when he painted his picture of heaven he should borrow the fields from his friend Clifford. Indeed they are worthy of all this -- He

has become evidently a great success. His portraits of women and children are so beautiful that he will always have as much as he can do in this direction. Every inch of his walls excited our lively interest. At last he took us into his bedroom -- up two flights, where his attic windows look over the trees at the Square and beyond there was a beautiful steeple dimly seen through the misty sunshine. It is the most beautiful steeple in London he said{,} so I prefer this upper bedroom. Those below are occupied by two friends, who are rarely in town{.} Therefore he really has the house to himself. There is a small garden behind which he has laid out very prettily, and at the end where there is a bright wall he has inserted a looking glass surrounded with colored tiles which reflects the flowers and gives a sense of space which is delightful. He showed us the old fire places which he had brought from a former time which was dear to him, fireplaces surrounded with tiles and with precious stones inserted which were evidently arranged by his own hand{.}

Before he allowed us to "come away{"} he gave us a card to his friend Lady Ashburton\* who asked him to do so it seems for tomorrow. She is to leave town in the afternoon but she would like to receive us early -- "Her pictures are unrivalled{"} said Mr. Clifford and if when you arrive she is unable to see you herself she will be delighted to have you see her treasure{.} He ran out into the street with us without his hat in order to show us where Thackeray\* lived once in that vicinity and finally allowed us to go with an air of having done nothing he wished to do for us, not understanding of course all the pleasure we had received first from his great kindnesses and second from his most interesting work.

Late in the afternoon, but early for dinner elsewhere we went in two trambuses\* which were the lightest and most comfortable vehicles (with their rubber tires) ever invented, to Toynbee Hall to dine. Canon Barnett and his wife had most kindly invited us to dine through the instigation of Mrs. Ernest Hart,\* the sister of Mrs Barnett. We found a large foundation which was begun originally by Canon & Mrs. B in '73, long before Toynbee Hall was built. They came to St. Jude's church when they were married, this function having been postponed by her until they could have a parish at the East End and throw themselves into the work of trying to bring some light into that dark vicinity. They threw themselves into their labors with such vigor that in less than two years they were utterly worn out and were obliged to go away for a vacation in Italy and it was the result of this vacation which started the Travellers Club. The following year - the Club not then being thought of Mrs B.

carried out the idea which came to her she said standing in the piazza before St. Marks of the joy it would be to show these glories to other devoted fellow-workers; therefore in the following summer they went again with a party of 81! persons who spent only \$55.00 that is an average of between 10 and 11.00 pounds each in seeing a long list of wonderful places in Italy and Switzerland.\* Again and again she arranged these parties until the Travellers Club was organized which took the labor off her hands, but she said no one could conceive the happiness they had with their company of 81 workers.

Fifteen years ago Toynbee Hall was built, a beautiful place where are lodged, counting in the surrounding houses refitted for the purpose{,} upwards of 70 continuous residents. In the Hall proper are about 30 residents and they all men of more or less achievement. The others are of a somewhat different class who live or can live including everything for sixty pounds a year, with comfortable rooms of their own, and the use of all the halls and libraries and students rooms and all the luxuries in short which belong to the foundation. We went into one of these rooms belonging to a Mr. Monk who showed us about under Mr. Ward.\* Mr. M. had lived several years in this room and it was a study to see how comfortable he had made himself. Mr. Ward has lived at the hall since it was built, nearly fifteen years. He is a member of the County Council, a barrister and a busy man enough all day, but he devotes his leisure hours to Toynbee. Of course Canon & Mrs Barnett represent the English church in the foundation, but one of their most influential members\* because of his distinguished scholarship and abilities (he was [*unrecognized word*] at Oxford and is said to know everything !!) is a Jew and a man of peculiar power over the young men of his own faith. He can lead them "wheresoever he will" and he wills the noblest and best things for them. In the evening when we went to sit in the wardens drawing room{,} beautifully furnished with oriental woodcarving given them by Mrs. Ernest Hart and a portrait of Canon Barnett by Watts,\* beside other good things, this Jewish gentleman took a party of many men into the large hall of Toynbee where we were first received and spent that evening in giving them some instruction. We saw them grouped around him with their pipes and they seemed to be hanging on his words. During the evening we went over the buildings -- everything except the church -- library -- sitting rooms -- living rooms, chemical laboratory -- etc. It is a noble foundation. Perhaps we do not need precisely the same thing in America. It is quite certain that we haven't it, though New York probably

comes nearer to it than we do in Boston where we have a great deal of poverty, but we have no class to whom our museums are inaccessible; the city is so much smaller, and the impoverished better class cannot be said to exist.

## Notes

*Mary Porter*: This may be Mary Porter Gamewell (1848-1906), author of *Mary Porter Gamewell and her Story of the Siege in Peking* (1907). She seems to have been widely known by her maiden name, "Miss Mary Porter," even after her marriage in about 1883, perhaps because she had established herself under that name as a missionary to China during her first twelve years at Peking, beginning in 1871. She served under the Women's Foreign Missionary Society for the Methodist Church, and her brother, Dr. Henry Porter, and his wife also were missionaries in China. Ill-health brought her to the United States during the 1890s, when she may have visited Boston in her efforts to raise funds for the China missions.

*Edward Clifford's*: Wikipedia says Edward Clifford (1844 -1907) was an English artist and author, famous for his watercolor portraits, also was an evangelist and activist, particularly in the cause of treating leprosy. He visited Father Damien in Hawaii in 1868. Wikipedia.

*Father Damien*: Wikipedia says Jozef De Veuster (1840-1889) was a Belgian Roman Catholic priest, who took the name Father Damien. He is best remembered for his ministry to the leper colony on the Hawaiian island of Moloka'i (1873-1889), for which he was canonized as Saint Damien of Moloka'i.

*Burne Jones*: British Pre-Raphaelite artist, Sir Edward Coley Burne-Jones (1833- 1898). Wikipedia.

*Lady Ashburton*: Wikipedia says, Louisa Caroline Baring, Lady Ashburton (1827-1903) was a Scottish art collector and philanthropist.

*Thackeray*: Presumably, Clifford refers to William Makepeace Thackeray (1811- 1863), a British novelist, best remembered for his novel, *Vanity Fair* (1848). Wikipedia.

*trambuses*: Though this term is not widely used, it seems likely that Fields refers to motor-buses, which began to appear in London in April of 1898.

*Toynbee Hall ... Canon Barnett*: Toynbee Hall, a charity and property in the East End of London, "works to bridge the gap between people of all social and financial backgrounds, with a focus on working towards a future without poverty.... It was the first university-affiliated institution of the

worldwide Settlement movement; a reformist social agenda that strove to get the rich and poor to live more closely together in an interdependent community." Wikipedia.

It was founded in 1884 by Samuel Augustus Barnett (1844-1913) and, his wife, Henrietta Octavia Weston Rowland (1851-1936).

*Mrs. Ernest Hart*: Wikipedia says that Ernest Abraham Hart (1835-7 January 1898) was an English medical journalist and reformer. His second wife was Alice Marion Rowland, sister of Henrietta Barnett. *Wikipedia* notes: "Rowland had herself studied medicine in London and Paris, and was no less interested than her husband in philanthropic reform. She was most active in her encouragement of Irish cottage industries, and was the founder of the Donegal Industrial Fund."

*Travellers Club*: The Toynbee Travellers Club, later the Cooperative Travelling Society, began in 1888, with the purpose of providing cooperative educational travel for residents of Toynbee Hall and East End neighbors of limited means. The degree to which it achieved this purpose is disputed. See *Canon Barnett, His Life, Work and Friends* by Henrietta Barnett (1918) and Robert Snape, *Leisure, Voluntary Action and Social Change in Britain, 1880-1939* (2018, pp. 41-2).

*Switzerland*: The transcription of these numbers, while it seems accurate, produces incomprehensible math.

*Mr. Monk ... Mr. Ward*: Mr. Monk presumably is J. E. Monk, who was a volunteer at Toynbee Hall for about 20 years, ending in 1901. Little more has been learned about him. Henry Ward (1849-1936) was a London engineer and politician, who served on the County Council from the Hoxton Division. (Toynbee Record, Google Books, 12-14).

*influential members*: That Fields is unable to name this "Jewish gentleman" seems odd. Probably she refers to Harry/Henry Samuel Lewis (1861-1940), though he took his degree from Cambridge University. Wikipedia.

*Canon Barnett by Watts*: George Frederic Watts (1817-1904) was an English painter and sculptor associated with the Symbolist movement. An image of the portrait appears in the Wikipedia article on Samuel Augustus Barnett.

---

## From Jewett's Letters

2 September to Sarah Wyman Whitman

[W]e have got back to London after a week in Edinburgh and a week on the moors and a week

between two visits at Riversdale and at the Stratford on Avon vicarage. And now London has cooled off, and we find it very comfortable except poor dear A.F. who gets cold in English draughts and has had to stay in bed two days with little consolation save the Morning Post when she would rather have the Times, and some nice fresh lavender which a man goes by crying prettily through the street. And as for lavender nothing makes me think more of one's own house-keeping and I begin to think a great deal more of October than of this present September. ...

A.F. did not go to Edinburgh with us but stayed at Riversdale at the Hall, and enjoyed it much. She has grown more deeply interested than before in the Egypt Exploration & Survey affairs of which she will tell you. Katie Bradbury's Mr. Griffith is a delightful man, a scholar of the best sort.

#### Note

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 6, Item 277.

---

#### Sepr. 7th

Drove at eleven o'clock by appointment to Kent House, Knightsbridge to the house of Lady Ashburton, a woman much loved by Carlyle, Browning, and Lord Coleridge,\* not to speak of the women of her time. She has been especially intimate with and fond of Harriet Hosmer\* and inquired most tenderly if we knew anything further of her life and work that could be gathered from her letters.

Lady Ashburton invited us in spite of the fact that she was to leave town the same day a few hours later. She said she would like us to see her pictures even if she could not herself see us. The servants ushered us into a large square hall upon which the front door opened, but an ingenious screen of carved indian work lined with glass and with a door in the middle prevented the air from flowing directly into the hall and divided it gracefully. There were splendid works of art in this hall where we consoled ourselves as best we might for a time, because the servants said "My lady was going away" and evidently the housekeeper disapproved of informing her of our coming. However they soon saw there was nothing else to be done and we were ushered up a noble staircase lined with covered pictures and past a magnificent greek relief, the size of life of Hector

& Andromache\* to the dining-room where so many of the great men and women of England had been gathered together. Here were two full length Vandycks\* in his very best manner, a magnificent sea-field between them of the landing of William the Third in England,\* a Leonardo da Vinci a replica of the famous lady with the smile (and O! how much finer this is than the one usually reproduced) a Giorgione, the finest I have ever seen of the Prof<sup>r</sup> of Anatomy at Bologna, the lady of great fame.\* (I must look up her name.) The small original of Love and Death by Watts\* also an exquisite portrait by him of the daughter of Lady Ashburton the Marchioness of Northampton which he presented to the mother, -- a very large painting of consummate beauty the painter unknown was possibly Constable,\* and many others which I did not have the time to note{.}

The old lady presently looked into the room over a [ *unrecognized word* ] and said "Dear Mrs Fields may I ask you to give me five minutes!" When she appeared again it was to say she had been detained on business and that she was hurrying to get ready as early as possible having engaged to carry a party of friends to Salisbury "where our soldiers are to be reviewed you know{.}" She is a woman of upwards of seventy years with sweet blue black eyes and mouth and strong character. She at once carried us to see a Botticelli\* -- a holy family -- of rare beauty{,} talking of other things also as we passed into her private room. She had much to say of Miss Hosmer, who has lived much with her, but the constructing of a machine for perpetual motion\* and her study of the subject so perplexed and filled her brain that she could talk of nothing else for a time: then Lady Ashburton feared it was reacting upon herself and there seemed great danger of Miss Hosmer's "going off her head" as the quaint English expression is. In the end she declined to talk about it but as she was utterly absorbed, really, she concluded to go to America away from everyone. Since then although she writes occasionally Lady Ashburton feels that she has no real knowledge of her condition -- We found our hostess pushed to the last extremity for time to get away and although she was most insistent we stayed only long enough to bring with us an impression of a large sweet benevolent spirit, dominant in her own place, who had attracted the love and admiration indeed of some of the greatest men of our time and had made her house not only an artistic centre but a home with affection. She is evidently free from the conventions of religion but full of spiritual insight and aspiration.

After leaving Kent House we drove to Frederick Hollyer's\* and found a few photographs we were acquiring to carry home.

The weather was excessively close and warm. At four I went to the National portrait gallery and saw an exquisite portrait of the Countess of Pembroke{,} "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother" -- "Nor Spring nor Summer beauty hath such a grace" etc --\*

## Notes

*Carlyle, Browning, and Lord Coleridge*: Scottish author Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881) and British authors, Robert Browning (1812-1889), and Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834).

*Harriet Hosmer*. Wikipedia says that Harriet Goodhue Hosmer (1830-1908) "was a neoclassical sculptor, considered the most distinguished female sculptor in America during the 19th century."

*Hector & Andromache*: The Trojan Hector appears in Homer's *Iliad*, with his wife, Andromache. The eldest son of King Priam, he led the Trojans in their defense of Troy.

*Vandycks*: Wikipedia says that Sir Anthony van Dyck (599-1641) "was a Flemish Baroque artist who became the leading court painter in England, after enjoying great success in Italy and the Southern Netherlands."

*landing of William the Third in England*: The Dutch Prince of Orange, William of Orange (1650-1702) landed in England, with his wife Mary, on 5 November 1688, in what became the "Glorious Revolution" that finally established the British throne as Protestant. Wikipedia.

*Leonardo da Vinci ... lady with the smile*: The Italian Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), completed the "Mona Lisa" (c. 1503-1506), which is owned by the Louvre in Paris. Wikipedia.

*Giorgione, ... the Prof of Anatomy at Bologna*: Giorgio Barbarelli da Castelfranco (c. 1477/8-1510) was an Italian painter from Venice. Wikipedia.

Untangling Fields's list has proven difficult. When does she intend to name specific works? When do her commas set off a description? Did Giorgione paint a portrait of a female professor of anatomy at Bologna, Italy? Not likely. Probably the earliest female professor of anatomy at Bologna was Anna Morandi Manzolini (1714-1774). The best-known portrait of her is the wax modeled portrait she made of herself. If there is a painting representing her, I have not discovered it.

*Love and Death by Watts*: Wikipedia says that George Frederic Watts (1817-1904) was an English painter and sculptor associated with the Symbolist movement. Watts produced several versions of "Love and Death," one of which, from 1885-7, is held by the Tate Gallery of London.

*daughter of Lady Ashburton*: Louisa Stewart-Mackenzie married Bingham Baring, 2nd Lord Ashburton (1799-1864). Their daughter, Mary Florence Baring (1860-1902) married William Compton, 5th Marquess of Northampton.

*Constable*: John Constable (1776-1837) was an English landscape painter.

*Botticelli*: The Italian, Florentine painter, Alessandro di Mariano di Vanni Filipepi (c. 1445-1510), known as Sandro Botticelli

*perpetual motion*: Wikipedia points out that a perpetual motion machine would violate the first and second laws of thermodynamics and, therefore, is impossible, though inventors from the medieval period to the present have attempted the feat. For Hosmer's interest in developing such a machine, see Kate Culkin, *Harriet Hosmer: A Cultural Biography* (2010, pp. 161-2).

*Hollyer*: Frederick Hollyer (1838-1933) was an English photographer and engraver, known in part for his portraits of literary and artistic figures. In 1892, he made the familiar portrait of Jewett at a table, reading a book, that Annie Fields included in her collection of Jewett letters.

*Countess of Pembroke*: Wikipedia says that Mary Sidney Herbert, Countess of Pembroke (1561-1621) was "one of the first English women to achieve a major reputation for her poetry and literary patronage." Her brother was the poet and scholar, Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586). Fields quotes from English poet John Donne's (1572-1631) "Elegy IX: The Autumnal," which opens:

No spring nor summer beauty hath such  
grace  
As I have seen in one autumnal face.

It is possible that Fields wrote "No" rather than "Nor" for the first word, but the manuscript seems clearly to say "Nor."

---

## Thursday 8th

Excessively hot. Mary & Theodore went to Salisbury hoping to see the review but they knew they could see the Cathedral\* if not the soldiers. Sarah and I stayed in all day until 4 when we left for Stocks Tring and found Dorothy\* at the station when we arrived soon

after six. She was very affectionate as ever but the years have matured her of course.

A few minutes later after a pretty drive through the village of Stocks with its duck pond and old stocks and quaint church, we reached the beautiful old house and grounds where Mrs. Ward now lives. She came out by the little garden gate to welcome us; still young, but leaning slightly on a cane and suffering more or less with something like sciatica. Pain has left its traces upon her spirit more than elsewhere; she wears a look of patience and her manner is very quiet and not at all exuberant as, knowing her nature, I am sure it once was. She is nevertheless cordial and sweet, perhaps one feels all the more any expression of feelings, because of her reticence{.} She is very pretty -- lovely hair and eyes, and hands and feet and figure. Her dress was very simple and appropriate just as she had worn it in the garden since the morning -- a black alpaca skirt and thin black waist with a white silk muslin and lace waist over it, the sleeves slightly full and finished at the neck and arms with beautiful lace -- also down the front -- and a pointed girdle or belt of black silk -- She was having tea in the garden with her father and the elderly Irish lady whom he married ten years ago, Leonard Huxley and his wife (Mrs Ward's sister,) Dorothy, Janet, and Arnold, her children all grown -- three little Huxley boys playing about with a bath chair on the lawn and in the house, to appear later, for sister Miss Ethel Arnold, Miss Chambers\* her secretary and the German governess for the Huxley children -- It was a large family but she evidently loved to have it so and it was a real satisfaction to be able to be good to those nearest us. One of the cottages on the place she keeps as a summer refuge for some girls and there were four in residence. We were as quiet however as if we were the only guests{.} It was such a family group that there was no sense of effort and we took our tea and chatted by the way as if we been there all our lives. Afterward in the fading light -- (it was after six before we realized the hour{ } ) -- we walked into the wood to see the overarching trees in the "allées" before the light faded quite away. It was unspeakably beautiful. It was seven o'clock when we went to our rooms but as dinner was not until quarter past eight we had sufficient time to rest and dress and look about us. The rooms were very large, furnished with the simplicity and with sufficiency which England understands -- The luxury of this house is largely in its pictures. There was a beautiful drawing by Constable over the fire-place and drawings from his pictures hanging about the room. There were also plenty of well-selected books. The windows were large and in spite of the great heat of the

day the air was fresh and sweet if not cool. How still it was by the garden as night came on! Nothing stirred: the great trees were motionless, the stars shone and earth looked as unmoved as they: perhaps there may have been a little cry of an owl or bat but the morning dawned without a sound just as the night had passed. We did not suffer from heat nevertheless: but we could have the windows open and I drew the curtains and shades aside, as I always do as soon as the lights are put out that if I awake I may see and know whatever the senses can receive of the progress of the stars or the movements of nature below the moon. It was a beautiful dinner with much agreeable talk. Miss Ethel Arnold is one of the best talkers and most interesting of women. We knew her as young and gay when she came to America many years ago, but she has her father's restless spirit in her. She has never been willing to tie herself down to work "I loathe making money by my pen" she said and now since I must do something I am going to take up a trade. I am going to be a photographer." As she spoke I felt that with talent enough to succeed with anything to which she might wish to devote herself there was always that lack of persistent energy which ^has^ prevented her father from taking any serious place in the world and which will always stand in her own way if she cannot rise above the drowning waters of facility and wandering. Her face wears a dissatisfied expression and ill health could soon leave more distinct traces. Who can blame a woman with such heredity? Yet the contrast between herself and her sister Mrs Ward is strangely marked. Just as the nature of her father, Dr. Arnold's\* eldest son, was in marked contrast to that of Matthew who was I believe the youngest.

The night was absolutely calm and fresh and after a quiet sleep of a few hours I rose and drew the curtains and looked out. Not a leaf had stirred it seemed in those long hours but a breeze was rising and the air was more refreshing than we had known it for many days. How delicious it was fresh from the woods and fields after our days in London! The room too was inviting with its original Constable, its many engravings chiefly from the same master and its delightful books -- Dressing and a little talking to oneself was ended by writing letters and drinking an excellent cup of tea and a bit of bread which was brought to me at eight o'clock{;} at quarter past nine we went to breakfast where all the family was assembled except for Mr Ward, he being still away in Holland whither he had gone to observe the crowning of the young queen and to see the Rembrandts\* which are collected there this year in honor of the occasion: a perfect collection in one sense -- that is pictures

representing every year of his life and consequently marking more or less every change in his own style and of his soul. It is a very uncommon feat which has been accomplished in behalf of their great artist. The English owners have been especially generous in allowing their invaluable pictures to go.

It was a remarkably pleasant breakfast-table{.} Young Arnold Ward appeared at his very best{,} serving everyone (no servants appear either at breakfast or luncheon in England) and the whole occasion becomes at once as cosy and informal as possible. After a half hour or so spent in the drawing room and hall looking at some pictures by Burne Jones\* acquired since his death and at other very valuable pictures, Mrs Ward appeared and I found myself an hour later sitting on the lawn alone by her side. She was in her cosy chair with her books and papers about her, among them letters from Frederick Harrison, St. George Mivart, Lord Kelvin\* and others about Helbeck of Bannisdale,\* her last story -- also with an article in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century by a Jesuit Father Clarke making a strong fight against the drift of the tale. We talked long and earnestly together on these subjects collateral with her work. She wishes there were a spokesman who could build up on philosophical foundations a new form of faith but no such man appears{.} I suggested that the development of what may be coldly called humanitarianism with us, the recognition of man by man, the unfortunate by the fortunate and this and not dogma was to make the new religion -- She agreed fully to this but of course does not see it, as one may see it from our American standpoint. We were still talking of these things and reading her letters from men of distinguished minds about her book when we were told that luncheon was ready. We turned, and on the lawn near a group of beautiful trees and not too far away was a table bountifully spread with everything which could be thought of that was cool and delicious -- We all approached when lo! we discovered that the wasps had heard the news before us. The viands were covered with them. We tried to beat them away and suggested moving part of the things elsewhere, but the battle still went on and proved a losing one on our side for fear of being stung. At last it was suggested that we should each take a dish and transport the whole with a few trips into the dining-room. This was hardly sooner said than done {,} It was quite a merry [ *unrecognized word* ] but we were again seated in the dining-room quite ready to do justice to all the good things --

In the afternoon a picnic was planned upon the estates of Lord Brownley.\* There was a

break\* with two horses{,} a coach{,} a pony carriage and several bicycles. The park has a great deal of bracken in spots -- fields of it -- and magnificent beeches. We halted on the top of a fine hill overlooking a lovely open country without a chimney in sight -- only a green sweep of upland valley.

It was a lovely spot. The young ladies laid the tablecloth on the soft turf and made the tea: then they spread bread with butter and jam and cut the cake and we all ate, old and young as if we had never seen that nice luncheon table of a few hours before -- after tea, Mrs. Ward who had soon risen from the ground where we were sitting, on the side of a mossy bank, dry and comfortable and had taken a long chair because she was more or less in pain, rose and led the way towards a woodland. The yellow sunset was striking among the trees which were old beeches and falling directly on the ground. There was a strange unreal purple light over everything such as one only sees in beech woods; it was inexpressibly lovely and the figures moving along the path made the scene one allied to life and yet like something born of the imagination. We drove home by another road past a very primitive church and not far from a grand seat of the Rothschilds\* and Mrs Ward told us of some of the splendors of the famous balls and games carried on there where she is often called to bear a part with her young people.

We returned only in season to rest a little and again dress for dinner. Dent's pretty edition of the *Religio Medici* of Sir T. Browne was on the table and I read there quietly about half an hour.

Miss Ethel had been ill during the day and only joined us at dinner. When the warm evening found us again in the drawing room, Sarah amused us by a cockney rendering of *Cassabianca*\* which she invented and was amusing enough. Then Dorothy and Arnold gave a kind of charade, in which they talked about certain well known phrases or proverbs which we were expected to guess and if anyone thought he had guessed he was at liberty to join in the conversation. Then Dorothy sang, prettily enough but without much feeling until her mother came and played for her in a most spirited fashion{.} This quickened poor Dorothy's fainting soul; but I do not think she has talent though she is a sweet girl -- Arnold, the son, seems to me very promising. I believe he means to go into diplomatic life and there is great chance of success for him I think.

Mrs Ward has suffered so much with sciatica and other nervous pains that she is easily tired and by eleven we were all going to



our rooms. This was however our last night and there were many kind last words to be spoken.

Sat. 10<sup>th</sup> was another warm dry morning though the air was fresh enough at Stocks. We had a pleasant breakfast table{,} everybody even Mrs Ward coming down. The Huxleys pretty boys came to get their peaches (they are peaches themselves according to the Cambridge slang){.} Ethel was interesting, old Mr. & Mrs. Arnold liked to talk of Ireland and Mrs Ward herself was full of affectionate care for her departing guests. The whole company came out to see us comfortably into the pony carriage and Dorothy drove with us to the station.

We found letters and cards at Clarges St. when we returned but nothing from Miss Hogarth;\* nevertheless, we drove to Eglantine Terrace in the afternoon and found her expecting us in her little new house. She had lost our address but considered we had arranged sufficiently before her departure. She is growing very old -- Emma her maid also old but looking about the same{,} came to the door with a pleasant welcome. It was a pretty place with large front yards along a row, making quite a green open space at the front, much larger and more airy than can be seen usually except in country houses{,} and a charming little garden at the back. As there are rows of the back gardens also there is a chance for all the light and air which can be found anywhere in this part of the world. Then the house itself though containing very few rooms is not small, nor narrow anywhere. It looked very bright and clean{.}

Even on the hottest of afternoons it was very comfortable. All her interesting possessions -- her portraits of Dickens & his children, the testimonials given him in Edinburgh and Birmingham, pictures by Katie -- portraits of persons associated with Dickens, of Mary the original of "Little Nell," his wife's youngest sister, are again gathered and re-hung! There are not many things of great value from an artistic point of view, I dare say she has long ago given things of this kind to the children, but almost everything is of a real personal value as connected with the history of her brother-in-law. In her bedroom is the couch upon which he died.

It was a sad farewell for I felt quite sure that we were not likely to see each other again.

In the evening Theodore and Mary returned from their visit to Canterbury where they had found it very warm.

## Notes

*Salisbury ... Cathedral:* The Anglican Cathedral of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Salisbury

(constructed 1120-58) is particularly known as an example of early English architecture.

*Dorothy:* Dorothy Ward (1874-1964) was the daughter of the novelist Mary Augusta Arnold (Mrs. Humphry) Ward (1851-1920), who was a niece of the British poet, Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) and daughter of the English literary scholar Tom Arnold (1823-1900). Her other children were Arnold (1876-1950) and Janet Penrose Trevelyan (1879-1956), who became her mother's biographer. Wikipedia.

Mary Ward and Jewett had corresponded regularly in the previous decade, notably in 1896, when Jewett was at work on *The Country of the Pointed Firs* and Ward was completing *Sir George Tressady*.

Dorothy Ward "helped with the work of the Passmore Edwards Settlement (now Mary Ward House) which her mother founded, and with children's play centres and a school for invalid children. She accompanied her mother to visit war zones in France during the First World War." Elizabeth Silverthorne in *Sarah Orne Jewett* (1993), says that Dorothy Ward paid a long visit to Jewett and Fields in the early spring of 1902 (p. 194). The Ward's home was Stocks House in Aldbury, Hertfordshire. Old Stocks was the local manor house before Stocks House. Tring is a nearby market town.

Mary Augusta Ward's sister, Julia Arnold, married Leonard Huxley, and their sons were Tevelyan (1891-1914), Julian (1887-1975) and Aldous Huxley (1894-1963).

Tom Arnold's second wife was Josephine Maria Benison. Another of Tom Arnold's daughters was Ethel Arnold (1864-1930), journalist, author, and suffragist. She and sister Julia were subjects of Lewis Carroll's photographs, and in about 1898, she took up photography. Ethel and Mary Augusta disagreed sharply about woman's suffrage.

Wikipedia.

*Miss Chambers:* Ethel Arnold's secretary has not yet been identified further.

*Dr. Arnold's:* The father of Matthew Arnold was Thomas Arnold, the elder (1795-1842), who married Mary Penrose (1791-1873). An educator, he served as Headmaster of Rugby School (1828-1841). Fields seems to have reversed the ages of Dr. Arnold's children. The youngest was their daughter Julia Sorell (1824-1888).

*crowning of the young queen ... the Rembrandts:* Wikipedia says that Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands (1880-1962) was Queen from 1890 to 1948. She was crowned 6 September 1898, after she turned 18, her mother serving as regent until that date.

Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn (1606-1669) is widely considered the greatest of the Dutch master painters. There was a large exhibition of his work in Amsterdam in 1898 as part of the inauguration of the young queen. Wikipedia.

*Burne Jones*: British Pre-Raphaelite artist, Sir Edward Coley Burne-Jones (1833- 1898).

*Frederick Harrison, St. George Mivart, Lord Kelvin*: The transcription of the first two names is uncertain. Still, the context seems to confirm that Fields refers to Frederic Harrison (1831-1923) a British jurist and historian, a leader in support of Positivism, and St. George Jackson Mivart (1827-1900), an English biologist remembered for his efforts to reconcile Darwinian evolution with his Catholic faith. William Thomson, 1st Baron Kelvin, (1824-1907) was a Scots-Irish mathematical physicist and engineer. Wikipedia.

*Helbeck of Bannisdale*: Ward's novel appeared in 1898, and it was reviewed by St. George Mivart. There he discusses the *19th-Century* review by Rev. Father Clarke, S.J.

*break*: Probably Fields refers to a brake, a type of carriage ("break" in French), "used in the 19th and early 20th centuries in the training of horses for draft work."

*Lord Brownley*: This transcription is uncertain. It seems likely, however, that Fields meant "Brownlow," referring to Adelbert Wellington, third Earl Brownlow (1844-1921), whose estate, Ashridge, was about 5 miles east of Tring. Wikipedia.

*grand seat of the Rothschilds*: According to Wikipedia, the Rothschild family, beginning with Amschel Rothschild (1744-1812), became fabulously wealthy and came to own several estates in the United Kingdom. However, I have not succeeded in identifying a "seat" of the Rothschilds within any easy distance of the Ward's estate.

*Dent's pretty edition of the Religio Medici of Sir T. Brown*: Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682) was an English author and physician with interests and expertise in science, medicine, and religion, and classic literature, remembered for his *Religio Medici (The Religion of a Physician)*, published in 1642. J. M. Dent & Co., a London publisher, brought out a Temple Classics edition in 1896.

*Cassabianca*: According to Wikipedia, English poet Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793-1835) was the author of "Casabianca" (1826). This narrative poem, also known as "The Boy Stood on the Deck," tells of the heroic child of a naval captain who refuses to abandon his post without

an order from his dying father during the 1798 naval Battle of the Nile in the Napoleonic wars. It was a popular poem for memorization in the 19th century. By Jewett's time, it also had been parodied frequently.

*Miss Hogarth*: Georgina Hogarth, (1827-1917), "the sister-in-law, housekeeper, and adviser of English novelist Charles Dickens and the editor of two volumes of his collected letters after his death." Her new home at Eglantine Terrace is somewhat mysterious, and has not yet been confirmed. The transcription of "Eglantine" is uncertain. When Hogarth came to reside with Dickens, their residence was at Devonshire Terrace.

---

### Sunday 11th

Went in the afternoon to the village of Totteridge by train whither Mrs Ernest Hart\* had sent her carriage to meet us and take us to her place Fairlawn. We found ourselves in the quietest of villages although but ten miles from Charing Cross. It was quite inconceivable. The truth is except one keeps a carriage and drives in and out as Mrs Hart does it is a little inaccessible. The train carried us very slowly, stopping everywhere through the East of London\* so I can quite understand her almost daily drive which is through green lanes and parks every step of the way coming in quite the other side of London through Regents Park at last I believe.

Once there, a gate opening in a high brick wall showed us an exquisite garden, one of the largest and finest we have seen I mean with the largest spaces devoted entirely to flowers and the view out the other side where we find ourselves on a hill looking towards London is exquisite indeed -- The house was, when Mr. Hart first took it, a very old cottage of the quaintest type; to this they have skilfully added sufficient room and the whole effect is most beautiful. Just now, being very high, and a drought such as has not been seen here in many years prevailing{,} everything is looking at its worst. We can see that easily without hearing the gardener's disappointments. Mrs Hart showed us some of the extraordinary things the house contains -- pictures books, (but the artistic view of things is not their vocation exactly) Egyptian curiosities and an amazing Japanese collection. She has made a catalogue of Japanese engravings which she would like to sell and which I am carrying back home thinking that some collectors would be delighted to fill out the gaps from her mines. We took tea at a table in the garden, where the setting sun was making everything glorious, and after an interesting time we bade her adieu and drove away again in her

pretty carriage through the most exquisite country and pretty villages to another station only five miles from London. It was altogether a most interesting excursion.

Monday Sept 12<sup>th</sup>

We left London about eleven o'clock for Rye to pass the day with Mr. Henry James.\* He was waiting for us at the station with a carriage and in five minutes we found ourselves at the top of a silent little winding street at a green door with a brass knocker wearing the air of impenetrable respectability which is so well known in England -- another instant and an old servant Smith (who with his wife has] been in Mr. James's service for 20 years) opened the door and helped us from the carriage. It was a pretty interior -- large enough for elegance, and simple enough to suit the severe taste of a scholar and private gentleman.

Mr. James was intent on the largest hospitality. We were ushered upstairs over a staircase with a pretty balustrade and plain green drugget\* on the steps; everything was of the severest plainness but in the best taste, "not at all austere," as he himself wrote us.

We soon went down again after leaving our hats, to find a young gentleman who is Mr. James's secretary,\* with him, awaiting us. This young man is just the person to help Mr. James. He has a bump\* of reverence and appreciates his position and opportunity. We sat in the parlor opening on a pretty garden for some time until Mr. James said he could not conceive why luncheon was not ready and he must go and inquire, which he did in a very responsible manner and soon after Smith appeared to announce the feast -- Again a pretty room and table. We enjoyed our talk together sincerely at luncheon and afterward strolled into the garden. The dominating note was dear Mr.\* James's pleasure in having a home of his own to which he might ask us.

From the garden of course we could see the pretty old house\* still more satisfactorily. An old brick wall concealed by vines and laurels surrounds the whole irregular\* domain: a door from the garden leads into a paved courtyard which seemed to give Mr. James peculiar satisfaction; returning to the garden and on the other side, at an angle with the house, is a building which he laughingly called the temple of the Muse. This is his own place par excellence. A good writing table and one for his secretary, a type-writer, books and a sketch by Du Maurier\* with a few other pictures (rather mementos than works of art), excellent windows with clear light, such is the temple! evidently an admirable spot for his work.\* After we returned to the parlor Mr.

James took occasion to tell Sarah how deeply and sincerely he appreciates her work; how he re-reads it with increasing admiration. "It is foolish to ask, I know," he said, "but were you in just such a place as you describe in the 'Pointed Firs'? --" "No," she said, "not precisely; the book was chiefly written before I visited the locality itself --" "And such an island?" he continued. "Not exactly," she said again. "Ah! I thought so," he said musingly; "and the language -- It is so absolutely true -- not a word overdone -- such elegance and exactness." "And Mrs. Dennet\* -- how admirable she is," he said again, not waiting for a reply. I need not say they were very much at home together after this. Meanwhile the carriage came again to the door for he had made a plan to take us on a drive to Winchelsea, a second of the Cinq Portes,\* Rye itself also being one. The sea has retreated from both these places, leaving about two miles of the Romney Marsh between them and the shore. Nothing could be more like something born of the imagination than the old city of Winchelsea. It is very high and you drive through one of the oldest of England's gates as you reach the top of the hill. The old place has shrivelled and shrivelled until it is now one of the dearest and smallest of the villages. Three of the gates are still standing and crumbling: there is also the remains of an old abbey and church which was never finished even in its best days. Now one transept or chapel is used and kept in repair where a small congregation may worship. The green church-yard is full of old tombstones and the tall arches of the unfinished abbey stretch their arms across it. Year by year it is dropping away in the silence. Just outside the old gate looking towards Rye and the sea from a lonely height is the cottage where Ellen Terry\* has found a summer resting place and retirement. It is a true home for an artist -- nothing could be lovelier. Unhappily she was not there but we were happy to see the place which she described to us with so great satisfaction.

From Winchelsea Mr. James drove us to the station where we took the train for Hastings. He had brought his small dog, an aged black and tan terrier with him for a holiday. He put on the muzzle, which all dogs just now must wear, and took it off a great many times until having left it once when he went to buy the tickets and recovered it, he again lost it and it could not be found. So as soon as he reached Hastings he took a carriage again to drive us along the esplanade, but the first thing was to buy a new muzzle. This esplanade is three miles long but we began to feel like tea, so having looked upon the sea sufficiently from this decidedly unromantic point of view, we went into a small shop and enjoyed more talk under new

conditions. "How many cakes have you eaten ?" "Ten," gravely replied Mr. James -- at which we all laughed. -- "Oh, I know," said the girl with a wise look at the desk. "How do you suppose they know," said Mr. James musingly as he turned away -- "They always do"! And so on again presently to the train at Hastings, where Mr. McAlpine appeared at the right instant. Mr. James's train for Rye left a few moments before ours for London. He took a most friendly farewell and having left us to Mr. McA. ran for his own carriage. In another five minutes we too were away, bearing our delightful memories of this meeting.

[ *Fields inserted here a few virtually unreadable lines. See Scholar's Version for details.* ]

## Notes

*Mrs Ernest Hart:* Alice Marion Rowland (Mrs. Ernest) Hart, newly widowed in 1898, was an author and philanthropist, providing aid to the Irish poor by supporting local industry in County Donegal. Her husband, Ernest Abraham Hart (1835-7 January 1898) was an ophthalmic surgeon and medical journalist.

*East of London:* What Fields means is a little puzzling, as Totteridge is north of central London, the route from Charing Cross Station running roughly northwest about 13 miles.

*Henry James:* The American author, Henry James (1843-1916), the brother of the philosopher and psychologist, William James (1842-1910).

*drugget:* a coarse woollen fabric.

*secretary:* In his transcription of passages from Fields's and Jewett's day with Henry James, in *Memories of a Hostess*, Mark A. DeWolfe Howe adds the secretary's name, Mr. McAlpine.

The Scot, William MacAlpine was James's first typist, remembered for producing the typescript of James's *The Turn of the Screw*, which first appeared during January-April 1898 in *Collier's Weekly*.

*bump:* This is Howe's transcription, and it probably is correct. Presumably, Fields refers to phrenology, an already long discredited theory that the shape of the human skull revealed characteristics of the brain and personality. Though discredited, the theory continued its currency in popular culture into the Twentieth Century.

*house:* A note above this word, probably by Howe, "use" indicates his recognition of this difficult to read word.

*sketch by Du Maurier:* Wikipedia says: "George Louis Palmella Busson du Maurier (1834 -8

October 1896) was a Franco-British cartoonist and author, known for his drawings in *Punch* and for his novel *Trilby*." *Peter Ibbetson*, his first novel (1891) was adapted for stage, film and opera. Du Maurier drew a large number of illustrations for this novel.

*Dennet:* Fields's placement of quotation marks here seems confusing. I have made what sense I can of them. See the Scholar's version for more detail.

Regarding Mrs. Dennet, there is no character of this name in Jewett's *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896). "Dennett," with the two "t's" is a somewhat frequent name in Jewett's writings, and that name appears twice in *Pointed Firs*, referring to a neighbor in chapter 17 who may close Mrs. Todd's windows should unexpected bad weather occur while she is away at the Bowden reunion, and as the maiden name of the woman who provides the party with doughnuts as they travel to the reunion. Almost certainly, James means to refer to Mrs. Todd, who is the central character of Jewett's novella.

*Cinq Portes:* Wikipedia says:

The Confederation of Cinque Ports ... is a historic series of coastal towns in Kent and Sussex. It was originally formed for military and trade purposes, but is now entirely ceremonial. It lies at the eastern end of the English Channel, where the crossing to the continent is narrowest. The name is Norman French, meaning "five ports". They were: Hastings, New Romney, Hythe, Dover, Sandwich. However, Rye, originally a subsidiary of New Romney, changed to become one of the Cinque Ports once New Romney was damaged by storms and silted up....

The five ports are supported by the two so-called Ancient Towns of Rye and Winchelsea, whose councils traditionally maintained defence contingents for the realm of England.

*Ellen Terry:* Dame Alice Ellen Terry (1847-1928), was an English actress. She became the leading Shakespearean actress in Britain. Wikipedia.

*McAlpine:* Fields appears to have written "Alpiney."

---

## Tuesday 13th

Left London again before Noon for Eversley, the little village where Charles Kingsley\* lived and spent his energies largely for his people -- It was rather a long journey to Wellington College a small station a few miles from Eversley. We arrived in time for luncheon at the hotel which

was clean and fairly good but the large boys school opened the next day and it was rather over full. However we managed to shake into place and as soon as luncheon was over we took a carriage for Eversley{.} In about half an hour we found ourselves in the village which has remained perfectly unchanged or perhaps dwindling rather than increasing. They had been very unfortunate in their rectors since Kingsley's time, the present incumbent having capped the climax. He has a drunken wife, perhaps also drinks himself{,} can do nothing for the people, has allowed the little rectory which must have been a gem when they lived there to fall almost into ruin.

We found Rose Kingsley in a cottage on Parfitts Farm where she has been passing the summer; sometimes her sister Mrs Harrison is with her and sometimes her cousin Miss Vyrgan.\* The last was with her at this time who, although we were sorry not to find Mary, proved a fine sweet woman who is painting away diligently upon the fine subjects which Eversley affords.

When we at last found the cottage & pushed open the gate we saw no one but as the doors and windows were wide open and only the flowers to hear we called and dear Rose put her head out of the second story window to say she had just been out bicycling and was changing her dress -- but would hurry down in a twinkling. The truth was the drive had been shorter than we were told and in order to keep our appointment with her we had hurried away earlier than was necessary. She was really rejoiced to see us and when she appeared in her fresh mourning alas! for a dear brother the news of whose death in Australia has only lately reached there, she looked to me younger and less worn than when she was last in America in spite of her sorrow. She is full of the idea of building a pretty brick cottage here in Eversley where she finds the people love her for her father's sake as well as her own and where for a part of the year she and her sister can find shelter and repose and enough work beside, outside themselves to make them happy. She showed us the places and we rejoiced with her that she was able to do this. She has found an acre or two of land in a pretty spot near her father's school and not far from the Rectory and church, the only bit of freehold land in the place, therefore she is very happy indeed about it. We sallied out very soon again to visit the church yard and look into the church: the rectory we could only see from the outside. Kingsley's grave and that of his wife remain as we saw the spot depicted in Mrs Kingsley's life of her husband. There were fresh flowers on the many

graves and a wreath on theirs of fine red and white dahlias. My mother and father she said first taught the people here the pleasant custom of putting flowers upon the graves. They still continue it. Almost every tree in the church yard had been planted by Kingsley and his wife. Even the sweetbriar of which she gave us each a bit was put down by his own hand {--} also a fine Wellingtonia\* of which there are many now in the vicinity { ( on ) a splendid estate planted by Mr. Walters of the Times\* and now inherited by his son.) Nothing could be more lovely than this spot which Kingsley cared for so carefully and so tenderly. He became a part of it. His children grew up here and on this pretty lawn now gone to destruction in front of the Rectory under some grand old firs, Kingsley entertained the group of interesting men who were in the habit of finding him at home. We walked all round the little demesne, seeing the pond which is embalmed in the Water Babies; the little stream the children loved and all the spots alive with tender meanings for Miss Kingsley; then we drove to Bramshill Park the seat of Sir Anthony Cope,\* which was Kingsley's great play-ground. The Sir William Cope of his day was Kingsley's warm friend and so he was able to enjoy the park as if, and perhaps more! it were his own -- The present owner is a Roman Catholic and not over desirous of seeing strangers in his place. He is of course kind enough to Miss Kingsley but not universally generous. One reason I dare say is that they are very poor. They can barely keep the house in decent repair, not to speak of the grounds to which I fancy {to} which scant or no attention is paid. It appears that when the country was searching for a grand estate to present to the Duke of Wellington\* he was offered a choice between Bramshill Park and Strathfieldsay. He chose the last, the first being a very poor soil and difficult to manage. Nevertheless the wild picturesqueness of this would not be easy to rival and it is evidently excellent shooting ground. Partridges rose up round our feet as we walked through the bracken and rabbits and hares darted across the path{.} We have seen nothing in England more striking than that great home. The hand of decay is laid upon it. Still beautiful it stands rather like a monument of the past than like anything which has to do with the great future. James the First planted the firs and the house was built in his time and Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth are somehow associated I believe with the place but the Copes have lived there for centuries though never Miss Kingsley said in direct line and the letters

[ *Missing text, at least one line* ]

on the grave old iron gates probably of many hundred years ago. We wandered about there{,} Miss Kingsley telling us how often her father made this his pleasure ground and how one of his later poems called *The Delectable Day*\* was written an evening after some hours of pleasuring all together here --

We returned to the cottage for tea where we talked of many things and ended by reading the poem just alluded to. R. put it into my hands to read and went away herself. "I could not bear it," she said --

We brought away a few bits of flowers in our hands but the true remembrance needs no help. The little group of friends stood in the road and watched us until we lost sight of each other at a turn in the road. It is difficult for us to understand Kingsley's life without visiting this spot. A place remote from his peers where he lived gladly working for the poor about him and writing from time to time the wonderful things which made his name to be remembered.

We slept at Wellington College{.}

## Notes

*Charles Kingsley*: Charles Kingsley (1819-1875) was a priest of the Church of England, for many years Rector of Eversley in Hampshire, a professor of history at Cambridge University, and a novelist, perhaps best remembered for *The Water Babies* (1863). Jewett read his novel, *Hereward the Wake* (1866), in preparation for her popular history, *The Normans* (1887).

*Rose ... Mrs Harrison ... Miss Vyrgan*: Rose Georgina Kingsley (1845-1925), called R. below, the oldest child of Charles Kingsley, a traveler and author. Mary St. Leger Kingsley (1852-1931), her younger sister, was a popular novelist, writing under the name Lucas Malet. Mary Kingsley lived much of her adult life, after separating from her husband William Harrison (d. 1897), Minor Canon of Westminster, with her cousin, the singer and, later, novelist, Gabrielle Vallings (1886-1969). Mary Kingsley, therefore, sometimes is called "Mrs. Harrison."

Their brothers were Maurice (1847-1910) and Grenville (1848-1898).

The name "Vyrgan" seems so distinctive that one would quickly locate any associate of the Kingsleys by that name, but that is not the case. Perhaps the transcription is incorrect, or Fields mistook the name?

*Wellingtonia*: Fields may refer to a species of *Sabiaceae*, a family of flowering plants, but it is quite possible that she means the giant sequoia.

*Mr. Walters of the Times*: Wikipedia says that John Walter (c. 1738-1812) was the founding editor of the *Times* of London. His son was John Walter, Jr. (1776-1847), who followed his father as *Times* editor.

*Bramshill Park ... Sir Anthony Cope*: Bramshill House in Hampshire. The extensive grounds included woods and formal gardens. The Cope family owned the estate from 1699 to 1935, and it became the family seat. There were several "Sir Anthony Copes"; the one living in 1898 was the 13th Baronet (1842-1932). Fields notes that Kingsley was a friend of Sir William Cope, the 12th Baronet (1811-1892). Her connecting the property with British royalty -- Henry VIII, Elizabeth and James I -- has some justification, though clearly the current house is from the reign of James I.

*Duke of Wellington*: Wikipedia says that Arthur Wellesley, 1st Duke of Wellington (1769- 1852) "was an Anglo-Irish soldier and statesman who was one of the leading military and political figures of 19th-century Britain, serving twice as Prime Minister. His victory against Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo in 1815 puts him in the first rank of Britain's military heroes."

Wikipedia also says that in 1817, "a grateful nation" gave Wellington the Stratford Saye estate in Hampshire.

*The Delectable Day*: Kingsley dated his poem, "The Delectable Day," November 6, 1872. See *Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memories of his Life*, Volume 2 (1877), p. 393.

---

[ *Probably 14 September 1898* ]

[ *missing text* ]

[By Mrs Anne ?] we were thoroughly uneasy so we drove to the station for London where we arrived about eight o'clock.

[ *missing text* ] we drove to the famous boys school founded by William Wickham and called Wickham College -- where Matthew Arnold\* and boys have been sent{.} Some names are now known to fame and many who are unknown{.}

Thursday --

Sarah, Mary & Theodore went to Windsor to pass the day. They saw also Eton and Stoke Poges.\* I stayed in London{--} went to the National Gallery but rested otherwise. It was still very warm --

Friday

Sarah and Theodore went to Rottingdene near Brighton to pass the day with the Kiplings.\* He recited to them a new poem *The Bear* with a

face like a Man (Russia{ }) which S. thought as powerful as anything he had done. It was a propos of the scheme of disarmament lately put forth by the Tsar.

Saturday -- 17th \*

Sarah and I went to Aldworth to have luncheon with the Tennysons\* (Hallam and his wife){--} another lovely day -- arrived in time for luncheon and found a very warm reception -- I really never looked at the house when Alfred Tennyson & his wife were here, but now there seemed time enough! On the staircase hangs a very noble collection of Holbeins woodcuts engraved by Bartolozzi.\*

In the parlor are two portraits of Tennyson -- one by Lawrence and one by a French painter{,} also Lady Tennyson's and the children by Watts -- In the room where I last saw her there are now woodcuts of Hallam's children by Kate Greenaway & Mrs Allingham and cheerful homelike things as if they often sat here.

After luncheon Hallam carried us once again into his father's study which stands much as it was when we saw him there{.} There is a long row of reliefs of the Roman emperors on the wall as you enter, (behind a long screen which kept the draft from the door away from the old man) from Trin Coll. Cambridge\* and other things connected with his life and memory. Somehow it was very sad to go into that room again, very impressing of our last brief hour with him. We went out into the garden to have coffee, where we had a very intimate talk as between old friends. Hallam was very nervous about [ *unrecognized word or words* ] his father's place but he says the thought which now chiefly possesses him with respect to it is, how amused his father would be and how he would laugh at the solemn way in which certain things are presented. He can almost seem to hear his laugh, he says, as he turns over the pages now. He and his wife drove with us to the station. No welcome could have been more cordial; they would have gladly kept us over Sunday if we could have stayed but the rest of our party were waiting and it was time for us to return. How beautiful this place is! How lovely the country all around here!

Dined with Arthur Holland and his wife\* at the Hans Crescent Hotel.

Jessie Cochrane\* arrived from Ireland this morning, at [ *unrecognized words* ].

Sunday Morning 18th

We promised to go to Hampstead today to see the Herfords,\* but we are all too tired. Sarah has taken cold --

The next morning, instead of rain which there was every reason to expect the day proved exquisite beyond words. We got up early to take a certain train which proved not to be ours, so we took a carriage and enjoyed an incredibly beautiful morning drive through a forest of pines and firs, with glimpses of water here & there and a few small villages until we reached the town where we could take a train for Winchester which we reached soon after dinner. As usual -- in English hotels you can have luncheon whenever you like. Cold -- always at hand, and this is the ordinary luncheon of every day -- so we sat down and refreshed ourselves before going out. It was a pretty old fashioned place {--} the windows of the dining room giving on the garden and in the garden an aviary with many interesting and beautiful foreign birds --

After a little pause here we started to see the old Council-hall and table of King Arthur, which if not his exactly is so old that nobody can trace its day of building{.} Experts have exercised their wits and judgment upon it, until now it is placed with [ *unrecognized word* ], only the round top\* being in existence against the wall of the great hall high up and fastened there with strong iron clamps. The hall itself is a wonderful -- old place, built in old Norman times and still used on great occasions.

Then we went into the Cathedral and saw the tomb of William Rufus and strange burial boxes containing bones of Canute, Hardycanute,\* and others. Chief, however, the wonder of the aisles with their glorious arches and the feeling of Roman Catholicism lingering there, impress one at Winchester{.} It is an overwhelming place and one to dwell in from time to time, and to see like a ship that passes in the night.

Then we drove about two miles out to visit a home for old men, St. Cross Hospital one of the endowed charities of hundreds of years ago. Mrs Gaskell has an excellent description of this place in her story called Sylvia's Lovers.\* One of the old pensioners showed us through the chapel and into the park where we saw one of the streams where Izaak Walton\* fished (we had seen his grave in the Cathedral) and finally the rooms where this particular old man lives. He has one daughter who is allowed a place also [ *several unrecognized words and perhaps some missing text.* ]

## Notes

*Wickham College:* Wickham College probably is Winchester College, an independent boarding school for boys in Winchester, Hampshire, and a "feeder" institution for New College, Oxford. It is

sometimes informally called Wickham's or Wyckeham's School. It was founded in 1382 by William of Wykeham (c1320-1404), Bishop of Winchester.

English poet, Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) attended Winchester for a year in 1856.

*Stoke Poges*: Eton College is a boarding school for boys in Windsor, Berkshire. Stoke Poges is a village about 6 miles north of Windsor. Rugby School, associated with Matthew Arnold and his family, in the village of Rugby, is about 90 miles northwest of Windsor.

*17th*: Fields goes off by a day in her dates beginning here. I have corrected her dates in this version. See the Scholar's Version for what she actually wrote.

*the Kiplings*: Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936), British poet, novelist and journalist, moved to Rottingdene in 1897. Kipling is not known to have written a poem of the title, "The Bear with a Face like a Man." However, he did publish in 1898 "The Truce of the Bear," which repeats the phrase "the Bear that walks like a Man," and includes a number of similar phrases, such as "stands like a Man," etc.

The Peace Palace International Law Library website recounts Tsar Nicholas II of Russia's proposal to mitigate a European arms race:

On 24 August 1898, at their weekly reception at the Foreign Office in St. Petersburg, the ambassadors and ministers of the major nations accredited to the Russian Court were presented a written statement to be forwarded to their respective governments. In it, the Tsar invited the governments to join an international conference on peace and disarmament. According to the Tsar, he thought it would be better for the prosperity and progress of mankind if governments sat down and talked and concluded agreements instead of being divided and hostile towards one another.

*Tennysons*: Wikipedia says: Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) "was Poet Laureate of Great Britain and Ireland during much of Queen Victoria's reign and remains one of the most popular British poets." He married Emily Sellwood (1813-1896). Their two sons were Hallam and Lionel, and their last home was at Aldworth.

Wikipedia also says Hallam Tennyson, 2nd Baron Tennyson (1852-1928), son of Alfred Tennyson, served as governor of South Australia (1899-1902) and Governor-General of Australia (1902-1904). His first wife was Audrey Boyle (d. 1916). Their children were: Alfred Aubrey Tennyson (1891-1918); Major Lionel Hallam Tennyson, 3rd Baron Tennyson (1889-

1951); and Harold Courtney Tennyson (1896-1916).

*Holbein*: Wikipedia says that, though his father also was an artist, Hans Holbein the Younger (1497-1543) was the more successful German artist and printmaker. Though "Bartolozzi" is very difficult to read in the manuscript, almost certainly this is the name Fields intended. Wikipedia says: Francesco Bartolozzi (1727-1815) "was an Italian engraver, whose most productive period was spent in London." Among his works was a set of portraits by Hans Holbein the Younger.

*portraits of Tennyson ... Lawrence ...by a French painter .. Lady Tennyson's and the children by Watts*: Samuel Laurence / Lawrence (1812-1884) was a British portrait painter. His 1840 portrait of Tennyson, in collaboration with Edward Burne-Jones, now is in the Tate Gallery, London.

The French portrait remains unidentified, though perhaps it was by Amedée Forestier \*1854-1930), an Anglo-French artist and illustrator. See a lithograph from this drawing.

George Frederic Watts (1817-1904) was a British painter who made the well-known portrait of Tennyson in the National Gallery. Watts Portrait of Hallam and Lionel.

Wikipedia says that Kate Greenaway (1846-1901) was a British artist and writer, best remembered for her children's books. Wikipedia also says that Helen Paterson Allingham (1848-1926) was a British watercolorist and illustrator. The two close friends were acquainted with the Tennyson family.

It is possible that the portraits of Hallam's children were photographs rather than paintings.

*Trin Coll. Cambridge*: Fields appears to have abbreviated Trinity College Cambridge, where Tennyson and Arthur Hallam were fellow students and became friends.

*Arthur Holland*: Mrs. Sara Ormsby Burgwin Holland (1859-1940) was married to Arthur Holland (1850-1926) of Concord, MA, son of Frederick West and Harriet Newcomb Holland. Arthur Holland's aunt, Sarah May Holland, was Annie Fields's mother. (Cary, Holland Family Papers)

*Hans Crescent Hotel*: This hotel in Knightsbridge, London, opened in 1896.

*Jessie Cochrane*: Cochrane was a gifted amateur pianist from Louisville, Kentucky, who became something of a protégée of Mrs. Fields. After long and frequent trips to Europe, she would visit Mrs. Fields at 148 Charles Street and *Gambrel Cottage* in Manchester-by-the-Sea (see Warner's letter about his luncheon with



Miss Cochrane, Dr. Holmes, and Mr. Howells, in Fields's *Charles Dudley Warner*, 165). Miss Cochrane attempted some writing but apparently did not achieve publication. One of her photographs hangs above the bureau in Miss Jewett's bedroom in the Memorial House at South Berwick. (Richard Cary)

*the round top*: Fields refers to the legendary top of King Arthur's Round Table, which scholars agree dates from the 13th Century, not the time of King Arthur. This table-top hangs in Winchester Castle. Wikipedia.

*William Rufus ... Canute, Hardycanute*: Buried in mortuary chests in Winchester Cathedral are a number of kings of early England, including William II (Rufus) who ruled 1087-1100, Cnut, who ruled 1016-1035), and Harthacnut, who ruled (1040-1042).

*St. Cross Hospital*: Wikipedia says: "The Hospital of St Cross and Almshouse of Noble Poverty is a medieval almshouse in Winchester, Hampshire, England, founded between 1132 and 1136. It is the oldest surviving charitable institution in the United Kingdom."

*Mrs. Gaskell*: Wikipedia says the English writer, Elizabeth Gaskell (1810-1865), published her novel, *Sylvia's Lovers*, in 1863.

*Izaak Walton*: Wikipedia says Izaak Walton (c. 1593-1683) was an English writer, best remember for *The Compleat Angler* (1653 and after). He is buried in Winchester Cathedral.

---

### Monday 19<sup>th</sup>

Packed, bade adieu to London and dear Jessie and went to Riversdale, Ashton under Lyne -- near Manchester. Here we found a carriage waiting for us and a little later the dearly beloved household on the doorstep -- how comfortable it was to find a home and to know that our long journeys on land were at last ended. There was my room and there was Sarah's opposite with lovely flowers and time enough to dress for dinner where we met the whole family circle again well and happy. Mr. and Mrs Bradbury, also & Mrs Griffith, "Katie," and Mr. Davis who draws Egyptian things for them. On the table were exquisite grapes and flowers again which Katie had gathered & arranged. They have found that Miss Paget could do other work but not the copying of those strange E. inscriptions. It is very rare to find anyone to do this. Such accuracy is required.

### Tuesday 20<sup>th</sup>

Mr. & Mrs Griffith went with us to Manchester for luncheon with Miss Gaskill and afterward to see

the [ *possibly missing text* ] collection (extraordinary tools of the 12<sup>th</sup> dynasty -- 2400 years BC, and library at Queens College.\* The Misses Gaskell\* live in the same home where their father and mother lived for many years. They are now both over fifty and good geniuses for their native city. Mr. Broadfield,\* one of their guests, told me their generosity was without limit. They were constantly giving everything in their power. They know something about art and when they are in Italy which not infrequently happens in the winter they are sometimes able to pick up fine works of art at small prices. They are always willing to give these away to the Manchester Museum, but a Michael Angelo by della Robbia,\* as they believe, he would not let them give. We found it very good whoever may have been the artist. They have also a good picture of their father, who was a Unitarian minister in Manchester for some years before his death{,} also one of the younger Miss G-- by a Miss Dacre and two of Mrs Gaskell, one by Richmond\* and the other a bust. There are pictures of them altogether satisfactory but the bust is very spirited and to be preferred to Richmond's picture which is rather insipid as usual with him. Beside Mr. Broadfield who has a very pleasant face and was one of the editors of the Manchester Examiner with Alex. Ireland which finally went to pieces he told me, was a Catholic gentleman perhaps Randolph by name){,\* the Griffiths and ourselves -- very easy and pleasant. We felt as if we had known these ladies all their lives for their ways of living and thinking and their friends were our ways and our friends. They were most generous and hospitable hearts and Sarah and I felt that we had found real friends. We were sorry to part.

As I have said we went to the College on leaving them{,} Mr Griffith is to give some evenings there this winter so we could kill two birds -- he to perfect his arrangements while we saw the library & classroom{,} At the first which is a fine new building we saw a room entirely devoted to the private working library of E. A. Freeman\* the historian. This interested Sarah very much.

The Egyptian Museum has some entirely unusual things -- some of the richest mummies I have ever seen in wonderful preservation among the rest --

We returned to Riversdale for dinner finding good Mr. Bradbury after his long day. In the evening

[ *damaged page with at least two damaged and obscured lines of text at the top.* ]

an extraordinary collection of childrens books about a century old which she would find for us.

Two or more fairy books in queer marbled paper covers were found and they were so extraordinary, so amusing, that we read them aloud with paroxysms of laughter -- That such books were ever considered proper for children passed all comprehension -- we read and laughed and read again until it was time to go to bed with ever increasing wonder.\* How sorry we were to say good night -- and the next day how sorry to say farewell! Katie overwhelmed us with every possible thing we might need for the voyage and among the blessings of these dear friends we left after luncheon and found ourselves in smoky damp Liverpool before night. Our ship was to sail the next day and we were to meet Theodore and Mary at the hotel. I was very tired and went at once to bed not to rise until the next morning.

Sept 22

It was a fair day, not at all cold, but refreshing. We walked to Bold St. to look for a few last things, and then took a cab and drove to see the palm house\* given to the people of Liverpool by Mr. Yates Thompson{.} It was a lovely place -- Back to the hotel, luncheon and to the good ship *New England*\* where I have written these last words --

1898 --

#### Notes

*Davis*: Mr. Davis, the artist, has not yet been identified.

*Queens College*: While the transcription is uncertain, it is almost certain that Fields refers to Queen's College, Oxford, where Professor Griffith did his work.

*Misses Gaskell*: Wikipedia says that the unmarried daughters of the English writer, Elizabeth Gaskell (1810-1865), were Marianne (b. 1834-1920?), Margaret Emily (b. 1837), and Julia Bradford (b. 1846). They resided in Manchester, where their father, William Gaskell (1805-1884), had been a Unitarian minister. Wikipedia also notes that David Dunbar (1793-1866) sculpted a bust of Mrs. Gaskell in 1832

*Mr. Broadfield*: Presumably, Fields refers to Edward J. Broadfield (1831-1913), but he was not an editor of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*. An educator and musician, he contributed regularly to the newspaper and to other publications and was at one time involved with the management. Alexander Ireland (1810-1894), mentioned later on this page, was a Scottish journalist and man of letters who wrote biographies of Ralph Waldo Emerson and

Thomas Carlyle among others. After moving to Manchester, he became publisher and business manager of the *Manchester Examiner*. The last edition of the paper appeared in 1894.

*Randolph*: The Catholic gentleman and fellow guest at the Gaskell luncheon has not yet been identified.

*Freeman*: The transcription of the insertion is uncertain, a guess based on knowing that Edward Augustus Freeman's *The History of the Norman Conquest of England, Its Causes and Its Results* (6 volumes; 1867-1876), was Jewett's most authoritative historical source for her popular history, *The Story of the Normans* (1887). Edward Freeman (1823-1892) was Regius Professor of History at Oxford University.

*Michael Angelo by della Robbia*: This is difficult to sort out. The Della Robbia family, beginning with Lucca della Robbia (c. 1400-1482) were Italian sculptors who worked in glazed terracotta. Whether any family member created a terracotta version of a work by the Italian artist Michelangelo (1475-1564) has not been discovered. However, it is the case that the Gaskell sisters, Meta/Marianne and Julia, did purchase a 19th-century copy of a della Robbia altarpiece in Venice in 1898, which they then gave to the Whitworth Art Gallery in Manchester.

*Miss Dacre ... Richmond*: Wikipedia says Susan Isabel Dacre (1844-1933) was an English painter. The portrait of William Gaskell is likely to have been done by Annie Louise Robinson Swynnerton (1844-1933), another British portrait painter. Wikipedia identifies George Richmond (1809-1896), a British portrait painter, as having done a portrait of Mrs. Gaskell. His 1851 portrait is reproduced in the Wikipedia article on Gaskell.

*palm house*: Wikipedia says: the Palm House, in Sefton Park, Liverpool, is a three-tier domed conservatory, given to the city by the Liverpool millionaire, Henry Yates Thompson (1838-1928). The conservatory and grounds are distinguished in part by a number of statues of explorers, scientists and others.

*New England*: The ship *New England* of the Dominion Line arrived in Boston on 30 September 1898, after a 6.5 day crossing. The ship was launched in April 1898, making its maiden voyage on the Liverpool to Boston route on 30 June 1898.

# Diary of a Trip to France

Annie Adams Fields

1898

Scholar's Version of the Transcription

## Organization of the Microfilm Copy of the Manuscript

The original of this diary is in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society: Annie Fields papers, 1847-1912, MS. N-1221. This transcription is from a microfilm, available courtesy of the University of Kansas Libraries, Lawrence Kansas: Annie Adams Fields Papers 1852-1912. Folio PS 1669.F5 Z462 1986, Reel 2.

The microfilmed diary is fragmentary and in scrambled order. Fields seems to have given considerable effort to reworking the section on touring Provence. This and other entries on travel in France appear in chronological sequence. Some of the remaining parts also appear in order, but others, notably the final approximately 20 pages of the microfilm images are randomly organized and come from both the beginning and the end of the six-month journey. The opening lines of the diary are missing and there are other gaps as well.

I have attempted to re-arrange the available entries in chronological order.

*Microfilm page numbers:* Microfilm pages are not numbered as such. When a location on the microfilm is given to aid future researchers, it is relative and imprecise for a variety of reasons. Such numbers often will be off by several pages and can only *help* one find an exact page in the 1898 diary section of the microfilm.

## Editorial Choices

Annie Fields

- numbers most of her pages. I give her page numbers, but place them centered in brackets, rather than as she does, usually in the upper right corner of the page.
  - often does not indent where she appears to begin a new paragraph. I have added indentation where it seems clear she intended a new paragraph.
  - rarely uses apostrophes in possessives. I have presented her possessives as she does.
  - often uses = for hyphen. I've regularized all of these.
  - seems sometimes to use "a" for "and" or "&." I am not always sure exactly what she has done, but I have used "&" for these.
  - often writes "Mifs" for "Miss." I have regularized that spelling.
  - occasionally places quotation marks in subscript at the beginnings of quoted words and phrases. I have regularized these according to contemporary American usage.
  - often gives dates such as 29<sup>th</sup> and French titles such as M<sup>me</sup> with the underlined letters in superscript. I have retained her underlining when she uses it, but not the superscript.
  - usually begins her entries on the same lines as her dates. I have chosen to separate out the dates on their own lines, to make the diary easier to scan for dates and entries.
  - uses "x x x" of varying numbers to indicate ellipses. I have changed these to currently standard ellipses.
- { } = editorial clarifications.
- [ ] = editorial information and commentary.

## Diary of a Trip to France

[ Page 1; 144 in microfilm,

Maybe the opening page ]#

[ damaged page with at least two obscured lines of text at the top. ]

ship K. W. der Grosse [damaged text]. April 18<sup>th</sup> P.M. found us at the pier in Plymouth [ town ? ]. The sky was grey and a cool sea wind was blowing but nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene. Mrs Anna Lea Merritt came to the pier to meet Miss Travers and ourselves; the first by appointment because they are going at once for a tour in Cornwall -- Mrs M. & I climbed the steep hill steps leading from the shore to the Grand Hotel, turning to watch the beautiful scene around us. I was rather out of breath after six days of rocking on the sea and scarcely [ standing ? ] otherwise; but [ it was ? ] a great refreshment.

Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup>

Pale gleams of yellow English sunshine lighted up the scene from our windows which overlook the great bay with Eddingstone Light in the distance. We walked on the Hoe and saw Drake looking out to where the Spanish Armada rounded the cape three hundred years ago, also we saw the beautiful monument in honor of the Victory by the English [missing text] monument saying no more of Drake

[ Page 2 ]

[ missing text ] God for the winds of heaven which blew to us the victory. E. R. is inscribed below and still below that the name of Victoria{.} The whole air is full of spring today and primroses not only decorate every hedge and wayside slope but every house and garden and button-hole. To account for the latter we discovered it is Primrose Day held in memory of the death of Lord Beaconsfield. We took the train at 1.45 for London which carried through almost the most exquisite part of England at this season. the soft red of the freshly turned soil, the spring is green and the flowers and songs of birds, which we could hear even though the express went thundering in its way, were inexpressibly beautiful. We ran along by the [ deleted word ] ^lovely^ southern shore, past Dawlish crossing the Dart and the Ex whose [damaged text] heron and other birds I could [ damaged text not ] recognize were pluming themselves in the [ misty ? ] [ sunshine corrected ]

[ Page 3, 141 in microfilm ]

and clear water. Finally we turned inland to Exeter where the express stopped for a few

moments and where we saw the towers of the Cathedral; then on again, always with the great speed of the English express past the greenest of fields full of sheep and young lambs, past flowery spots and now & then with a [ garden ? ] getting ready for the market. It was the very perfection of spring beauty and we were never tired of looking; our eyes grew tired before the desire to see could pall.

It was scarcely dark when we reached London and found ourselves once more in a hansom rolling quickly to the hotel. (Bucklands, Brook St. Grosvenor Square) It is overwhelming in coming freshly to London, the sense of masses; of vastness; of the powerlessness of individuals yet the power and worship [ accorded corrected ] to those who have the strength to rise.

We were too tired to sleep! We tossed and fretted the livelong night; partly, on my part because I was disturbed to find that a very

[ Page 4, 138 in microfilm ]

suite of rooms, engaged for us by Mrs. [missing text, unrecognized name]. Of course we must remember that we are to be her guests in Paris and therefore can say nothing, but I much prefer a simpler mode of life and to be on my own basis. However, some things cannot be helped and if any misapprehension arises because of this I can explain to our friends if [ I ? ] cannot to others. This is one of the difficulties such as married women experience, who often find themselves in luxurious surroundings for which they do not care a penny, in [ comparison ? ] with the pleasure they could have in using a little extra money for some good end.

Wednesday morning -- April 20<sup>th</sup>

To the National Portrait Gallery where we stayed absorbed in interest of those great portraits until we were ready to drop with fatigue! Though we felt ourselves to be highly self-denying in coming away at all! Thence to an a. b. c. shop to recuperate, and where we saw young women waiters who never could sit down! It was a shocking sight and an evil to be ameliorated if possible. I want to see Lady Henry Somerset to ask if something may not be done -- Thence to [ deleted words ] Westminster Abbey where we passed a glorious hour --

[ Page 5, 136 in microfilm ]

There is nothing to approach that shrine for the reverence it excites and the stimulus it must give to every true nature.

Thence [deleted words] ^home^ back to the hotel -- tired enough -- no not yet -- we were left at Hatchards book shop Pall Mall thinking to

ramble home from there. Alas! we walked amused [but *corrected*] far too tired and at length took a cab for we had wandered out of the way -- For the rest of the day we "lay low."

Thursday 21<sup>st</sup>

To the National Gallery -- and having learned a lesson yesterday -- straight home again -- lunched in the coffee rooms rested and after a very interesting visit from Rose Kingsley who is just off for a vacation in France, took a hansom to Chelsea -- Not finding Georgina Hogarth we walked on past Rossetti's and George Eliot's and Mr Grosse's to Carlyle's house. We found a sorrowful widow, but an excellent and [ *unrecognized word* ]

[ *Page 6, 134 in microfilm* ]

widow of her class in charge who most patiently showed us over, from attic to cellar, and out into the garden. We were alone with her and she told us what she had to say which was not too much. We felt nearer to these wonderful human creatures than ever. How simple yet how refined it all was. We gazed at the kitchen chimney corner where he sat with Tennyson to smoke, with deep reverence and I tried to find a stain on the uncarpeted dining-room <sup>^</sup>floor<sup>^</sup> under the spot where Browning put the tea-kettle down on the new carpet.

Home just before seven and again too tired alas!

Friday 22<sup>d</sup>

Determined to do nothing this morning -- Helen Herford, the eldest daughter of our old preacher made us a most interesting visit --

War, war with Spain -- Alas! alas! The English papers are very comforting. The first result is good -- that is -- for greater good feeling between E. & A. than has existed for years. Indeed the harmony is [ *missing text* ], if sudden, very admirable.

[ *Page 7, 126 in microfilm* ]

Saturday [April] 23<sup>d</sup>

Last night, Susan Travers arrived after a journey in Cornwall, with Mrs. Merritt. She was looking in better condition for the fresh air. The weather was [ warmer ? ] in London but usually clouded and every day except one or two we had sunshine. We went to see Mrs. Allinghams pictures and found her there. It was a pleasant meeting. We found Mrs. [ Ritchie ? ] had bought one of her pictures and Sarah bought one. It was a delightful morning --

Sunday --

Walked in the Park{.} Sarah was not very well and although we had planned to go to church we did not get there.

Monday 25 --

I did not write up this little record at the time unfortunately and I can no longer remember the [ sequence ? ] of our pleasant London doings. We saw Sargent in his [ studio ? ] and took tea there with Dr. Cazalis (Jean Lahore) another French gentleman whom he was painting -- Saw his sketch of Duse and heard him say his [ descriptions ? ] for the Library were [just ready for the ? ] [ *unrecognized word* ]. We took tea with his mother and his sister Emily also [ in the ? ] pleasant apartment at 10 Carlyle building.

-- Saw Georgina Hogarth and Albert Parson [ *missing text* ] Mrs. Janvier -- took tea and [ luncheon ? *missing text* ] afterward with Mrs. [ *deleted word and missing text* ]

[ *Page ? probably 8, 131 in microfilm* ]

Stratford Dugdale where we met Mr George Russell, Mrs Henneker{,} daughter of Lord Houghton and Mr. H. ^ [ *deleted word ^L-G* [ *unrecognized inserted word, and possibly missing text* ] formerly engaged to Miss Ferguson who died last year. We just missed Anne Thackeray who came with her son & daughter to see us. We dined out with the Fisher [ Unwins' so *punctuated* ] who invited a good many well known persons to meet us and were most hospitable but there was nobody there who made a very deep impression{.} ^I went to the Private view of the Kent and the New Gallery by special favor{.}^ #

Friday [ April ] 29<sup>th</sup>

We left at about 2:30 for Paris {--} arriving at the Hotel Bristol at Midnight --

Saturday 30<sup>th</sup>

This is a beautiful place to stay! Looking upon the lovely Place Vendome. We stayed until [ Monday ? ] May 9<sup>th</sup>{.}

We saw Madame de Beaulaincourt [ né Castellane so *spelled* ], and Madame la Comtesse de Sinéty, Madame Foulon de Vaulx who played for us exquisitely Mozart & Chopin{,} Mlle Blaze de Bury -- all through our dear Thérèse who came at once & every day to see that we had everything to enjoy{.}

#### Notes

*opening page*: The beginning of the diary is missing in the microfilm copy. It seems likely that there is at least one missing page, in

addition to the torn off lines at the top of this page.

*favor*: At about this point is an insertion in the right margin, most of which has been lost with the frayed paper. The words "We saw the" are visible.

---

[ *Draft of a poem that appears on or near p. 125 of the microfilm.* ]

O night of May in Avignon!  
~~Again New England adds her.~~  
Again ~~the light of light~~ ^ a singer sings [ *strains* ?  
^wilt^ to these or there^ the deathless  
ease  
Sleeping at life's great heart  
dwells also here  
In beauty without fear --

Annie Fields

May 12<sup>th</sup> 1898

#### Note

Finding "the poem" in this complexly revised manuscript is difficult. My guess is this:

O night of May in Avignon!  
Again a singer sings there.  
The deathless ease  
Sleeping at life's great heart  
dwells also here.  
In beauty without fear.

---

[ *A page, numbered 1, that is heavily revised and then apparently deleted, with an X drawn through the entire page. Though the page is transcribed here, it is not annotated.* ]

#### Today in Provence

The history of Provence has been written again and again ^[ *deleted word* ]^ This district of France has endeared [ itself *partly circled* ] from the earliest moment of historic legend to the human heart. The strength{,} beauty and gayety [ *deleted words* ] peculiar to its people have made literature radiant with legend and with song. [ *one and 1/3 lines deleted* ] I am only writing a chapter ^now^ to add to what has gone before; a picture of this lovely country in the [ *unrecognized word* -- *sunshine or summer* ? ] of 1898; not for the sake of increasing the knowledge of the world [ *deleted line reading in part*: if one were fitted to do so ... an achievement] but to remind others [ *several deleted words* ] that "the poetry of earth is never dead" but that beauty{,} elegance [ *unrecognized word* ] and poetry itself are as much alive today as when Roncesvalles [warned his magic horn ?] through the mountain valleys of the past.

May was [ *deleted word* ] rainy in Paris and we decided to strike for South as soon as possible. "Going South" our friend replied, "you will find it very warm; everybody is returning from the [ *several unrecognized words* ]." But we are not going to stay [ *deleted word* ] ^ [ upon the shores ? ] [ *several unrecognized words* ] ^we replied {--} we are to be among the mountains of Provence. "Take all your thin [ clothing ? ]" was the reply, "Those white roads are very [ rough ? *deleted* ] ^hot^". Early in May we found ourselves one delicious evening drawing near to Avignon. The mountains rose around us, the fields blossomed with flowers; the Rhone rushed with an impetuosity seldom seen except in the ^early^ spring or late autumn. [ *Several deleted words* ] It was very dark and cold when we ~~found ourselves~~ came rattling into the gates of the city, making the only noise there was [ *deleted words* ] in the sleeping city ^town^; but what with the cracking of the driver's whip, the heavy feet of the horses and the rumbling of clumsy wheels ^our noise^ seemed quite sufficient to waken the whole city ^place^. The streets were narrow and unlighted save by occasional ~~gleams~~ ^lamps^ ^each of^ which ^in^ almost ^turn^ disappeared in turn before another came in sight and our huge vehicle seemed [ *deleted words* ] as if it were going to be a tight fit between side and side of huge stone buildings which recalled the dime half ruined palaces of Florence and of Rome. Finally with additional clatter

---

[ *Fields restarts this section of her journal* ]

[ *Page 1* ]

#### Today in Provence

How often the story of Provence has been told! From the earliest moment of historic legend its a ^certain^ radiance has been [ *deleted words* ] ^thrown over the land^ in literature. The strength{,} beauty and gayety of its people; its love of dance and song ^have been recounted^. Is anything left to say? [ *deleted sentence which may have read* "we ask ourselves," *though it was altered before deletion.* ] [ *Only altered to be capitalized* ] this: that as today's sunset may surprise us with delicate or wonderful hues we have never seen before, so the [ *deleted word* ] ^something^ which reminds us that "the poetry of earth is never dead" is ^always^ held as a new and personal possession. [ *Deleted words* ] ^Provence seems to [ *two deleted lines* ] ^have this gift and is as fresh to the traveller who cares for these things today^ [ *deleted words* ] as when Roncesvalles [warned his magic horn ?] through the mountain valleys of the past.

May was cold and rainy in Paris and we determined to strike for sunshine and the south as soon as possible. Therefore we found ourselves one delicious evening drawing near to Avignon. The mountains rose around us, the fields blossomed with flowers, the Rhone rushed with an impetuosity seldom seen except in the early spring or late autumn. It was evening and very [ dark *corrected* ], and cold still, when we came rattling into the gates of the city, making the only noise there was in the sleeping town; but what with the cracking of the driver's whip, the [ heavy *corrected* ] feet of the horses and the rumbling of clumsy wheels our noise seemed quite sufficient to waken the whole place. The streets were narrow and unlighted save by occasional lamps each of which almost disappeared in turn before another came in sight and our huge vehicle seemed as if it were going to be a tight fit between side and side of stone buildings which recalled the dim half ruined palaces of Florence and of Rome. Finally with additional clatter [ *deleted word* ] we turned into the paved courtyard of our hotel which was itself formerly the house of a cardinal.

Here with the fatigue which overtakes the traveller we went to bed to dream of Popes and prisons and awoke in sunshine to hear the nightingales.

[ *Un-numbered page* ]

Today in Provence

Beau soleil de la Provence, gai [ *compagni corrected, final spelling not clear* ] du mistral, toi qui fais couler la Durance comme un flot de Vin de Crau, fais briller ton blond flambeau, fais-toi voir, beau soleil, Ceu! Ceu!

fais-toi voir, beau soleil!" F. Mistral

( Ceu! is spelled with an L. not C. )

[ *Page 2* ]

[ *Begin a long deletion at the top of the page;*

*the final version of these lines appears at the end of the new page 1 above* ]

we turned into the paved courtyard of [ *deleted word* ] [our?] hotel which was itself formerly a noble [ *deleted word* ] ^the house of a cardinal^.

Here with the fatigue which overtakes the traveller we went to bed to dream of Popes and prisons and awoke in sunshine to hear the nightingales.

[ *End of long deletion* ]

When we arose we leaned out of the old casement window and saw the laurel trees below and listened to the drip-drip of the old fountain which had been greening the same old

stones and ~~could~~ ^[ *unrecognized words, perhaps* blooming the^ flowers far out of living memory; a regiment of young soldiers could just be seen under the stone arch of the gateway, stepping with the quick sound of sudden hail-stones; then all was silent again. Birds flitted about, while spring clouds cool and fresh began to overspread the blue sky, now and then [ *deleted word* ] {a} servant was heard singing at work, or a ~~another~~ ^waiter with one napkin across his shoulder and another in his hand put his head out of one of the arches; but all these were sights and sounds which [ *deleted word* ] only deepened the silence of the picture and could not give it life ^[ *deleted word* ]^ . In the afternoon the grey clouds had overspread the sky when I walked out [ *several deleted words* ] of the courtyard and into the [ *deleted word* ] ^quiet^ little street. A few steps further the great Rhone was [ *deleted word* ] rushing on, as it was rushing when human life in a still more turbulent flow was passing over the old stone bridge of which one half has long ago perished; and there were the ruins of the Papal palaces and all the ~~old grey~~ stones scattered here and there upholding modern walls or helping to stay the houses of the poor ~~which still~~ ^and^ telling the story of a former splendor. What was once magnificent is now beautiful. Time reserves its compensations. The natural features of the place, the great rock which fronts the river and dominates every surrounding, the lovely plain, the distant mountains, all are there, though popes and cardinals and palaces and the grand impolitic King Francis have faded long ago. [ I *written over* We ? ] strayed through a narrow street or two which I must confess lost something of their grandeur by the light of day while they acquired an unconscious charm.

My attention was at length attracted to a small book-shop with Roumanille in ~~rather~~ large letters across the little façade. I did not at

[ *Page 3* ]

that moment know that there were hundreds of families in Provence bearing that name. I only remembered happily that Roumanille was a living spirit of Avignon [ *several deleted words* ] publisher and poet [ *several deleted words* ] not now living in the body but one of the earliest to form that national society of the Félibres [ *so spelled* ] ^for^ the [ *preservation ?* ] ^of^ the language of Provence and to prove the continued [ *deleted words* ] ^and [ *characteristic ?* ]^ existence of the Provençal people. I stepped into the shope. It was full of books; books that one might ^[ *want or wish* ] to^ read and when I asked for one or two Provençal authors they were produced with alacrity, not however without the ready appearance of a

small woman in black who was evidently the genius of the place [ *several deleted words* ]. I asked her [ presently ? ] ^ tentatively and [ half suspecting ? ] ^ if she could tell me where I might find Madame Roumanille. "I am she," she answered quickly and when I mentioned the name of a [ *deleted word* ] ^mutual^ friend a kindly smile of greeting overspread her face. I was made to sit down at once in a corner of the little place while we talked together of our friends and of their books. It was still rather early morning and I thought of the numerous cares which must [ *several deleted words, in part: the obligations of such a woman* ] ^be hers^{,} [ *corrected followed by several deleted words* ] ^I was not suffered^ to go [ *several deleted words* ] ^until I promised to return^ the following afternoon for a second visit [with *corrected from* which ? ] our party [ *several deleted words* ] to ~~visit~~ see her and her daughter Madame B.

As I walked away I found Avignon no longer a city of the past. Here [ *deleted words* ] Aubanel and Roumanille had revived or given voice once more to the life of the people. Aubanel with his lovely songs to whom Mistral wrote on his wedding day;

"Envolez-vous là-haut vers les étoiles"

and Roumanille whose ^poems and^ stories of the people [have *corrected*] embalmed [ *deleted word -- life or light?* ] ^their nature and^ manners [ *deleted word* ] in a [ *deleted word* ] ^way^ which Daudet{,} their still more famous compatriot did not fail to study, to admire, and to reproduce.

Here decidedly was life; ~~here was~~ ^and^ charm & ~~here was~~ ^and^ character; a democracy of a new and unconscious nature; a deliverance from the servitude and oppression ^of^ the past and a fresh spring, blossoming of in an old old race. Félix Gras, too, I remembered, the brother of Madame Roumanille whose "Reds of the Midi" [has *corrected*] made his name known in America ^where his poems are still [ unread ? ]^; he also belongs in Avignon. I knew that our friend Mrs Janvier in London had just finished the

[ Page 4 ] #

translation of a second story of which "Reds of the Midi" was but the first of a trilogy and that he was sure to increase the sense of [ *two deleted words* ] life in Avignon if we should by chance fall in with him.

It was no chance but the pleasant deliberation of hospitality which as we sat in Madame Roumanille's little parlor the following day caused ~~him~~ Félix Gras to come also for a talk across the tea-cups{.} We were sitting in

[the *corrected*] quaint parlor back of the shop crowded with interesting relics of her husband and his friends when the poet and story-writer came in. He is no longer young but with shining eyes and full command of his powers. He is ~~Justice of Peace~~ ^Juge de Paix^ in his native town and he explained to us the method of government now in France with the intelligent loving interest of one who has faith in his ~~government~~ ^country^ and [ *is corrected* ] anxious to serve her interest to the best of his ~~power~~ ability.

[ *Begin a deletion of several lines* ]

It was a pleasure to him to know that his story was liked ~~at home~~ ^in America^ and the [ *unrecognized word* experience ? ] would have been more significant ^to him^ if he had ever received any tangible evidence in the form of copyright.

[ *End of long deletion* ]

We left Avignon with the feeling that living hearts and purposes were astir there: the old things of the past were but the background, the picturesque surface upon which the real development and progress of the people were grafted, making them richer instead of poorer for the old stem. Nor did we go to a station and coolly turn our back upon the place, but we [ *drove corrected* ] away as if ^we had deceived ourselves with thinking^ we might return in a night or two and had only [ *deleted word* ] gone to St. Rémy for ~~the lovely~~ ^an^ afternoon drive.

[ Page 5 ]

One is able to feel oneself in the heart of Provence in driving across the plain from Avignon to St. Rémy. The fields are crossed by fences of ~~osier~~ ^reeds^ a few yards apart between which the vegetables and flowers grow, ~~which require protection from~~ the fierce wind driven from the mountains and swept by the ~~fierce flowing~~ ^strong rushing^ of the Rhone. [ *Two unrecognized words appear in the right margin at this point.* ] There are also long lines of black cypresses, tall ^as^ the steeples of ~~our~~ country churches which contrasting with the white roads, the chalk houses and the green of the olive {--}

[ *deleted word,*

*followed by an unrecognized inserted word*

*and another unrecognized word*

*and then begins a long deletion.* ]

[ acres ? ] of ground in every direction enhanced the beauty beyond words. It was such [ *unrecognized words* a scene ? ] which surrounded us.



[ End of long deletion ]

The Cevennes mountains girding the horizon  
^plain^ on one side and the Alpilles on the other  
as we advanced ^toward St. Rémy^. To those  
who care nothing for Provence as the land of the  
finders or "Trouvères": of the sun and ^of^  
beauty and song; as the country of ^all^ the [ *deleted insertion* ] world ^the most renowned  
for ^real beauty of character, as well as beauty  
of force strength and health, names and  
descriptions signify little; but as ^for those who  
care for^ the land where ^as^ Mistral says in his  
"Lion d'Arles", (the mountain overlooking St.  
Rémy shaped like a lion) it is that speaks [ *Fields  
draws a line around the right side of the  
quotation from Mistral and inserts the  
continuation of this sentence.* ] there is still a  
spirit peculiar to itself; for such persons [ =  
*seeming to intend a colon* ] Provence  
possesses the same power as poetry itself. The  
mountain speaks:

"Maintenant, écoute:  
La Provence  
Pour défense  
N'a plus d'ongles. comme moi ....  
Et, sans cesse, pourtant, elle pense  
À Sauter Sur l'échelon.

-----  
"Par la ruse ou l négoce  
Que s'élève qui voudra;  
Par les armes et [les ?] tumulte  
Que triomphe qui pourra;  
Toi, Provence, trouvé et chante!  
Et Marquante  
Par la lyre ou le ciseau.  
Répands-leur tout ce qui charme.

[ Page 6 ]

Et qui monte dans le ciel."

This is the key-note of the Provence of today.  
[ *Deleted word* ] ^Her^ people and [ *deleted word* ]  
^her^ singers still uphold worthily and steadily  
its character and its beauty. Of the tomorrow of  
Provence we may not prophecy; today she is  
still [ *deleted words* ] peculiar to herself. St.  
Rémy is [ *deleted insertion of perhaps three  
words* ] more nearly the center of the true life of  
the people as it was of old, than Avignon. It is a  
little mountainous town full of running water and  
rose gardens where the people walk briskly  
about carrying their burdens in nets or baskets  
or occasionally pressing the family donkey and a  
small cart into their service. The [ *close  
corrected* ] relation^s^ which exists between the  
donkey and the family are very amusing. The  
cats and dogs also seem to develop new  
qualities under the family sunshine. [ *Several  
deleted words* ] We overheard an old woman in

Avignon ask her cats in the morning if she had  
slept well and the donkeys [ wear ? ] the  
expression of a younger member of the family  
who is proud of performing his share of the  
family labors.

In the [ *sunset corrected* ] we walked up the  
mountain-side past small houses and farms on  
either side of the way. The fields were shining  
with ripening grain bordered with poppies, the  
yards little dooryards were gay with flowers, the  
grapes were putting out new leaves and getting  
ready to blossom. There was no oppressive  
warmth, but freshness and new life on every  
hand. Just beyond the houses and on a [ spur ?  
] of the hills overlooking a radiant valley on one  
side and up to the mountain on the other, stand,  
what the people of Provence call "les  
Antiquités." They consist of a Roman arch of  
peculiar beauty, and a monument or tomb  
dedicated to two persons whose statues still  
stand in an open portico under the dome of the  
structure -- These lovely works of art stand  
alone in their vicinity to record the passing of a  
great nation. They are as lovely in their decay as  
they were in the day of their erection and they  
overlook [ *the corrected* ] petty life of the little  
village below, as

[ Page 7 ]

a great mind will sometimes review in stillness  
the foolish gayety of the young. There, century  
after century they have [ *made the ?* ] rugged  
mountain sides repeat the story of power and  
splendor which once dwelt among them -- This  
was the kind of song the Roman people had to  
leave ^left^ and Provence is forever more  
beautiful for their passing. "[ *Les corrected* ]  
Antiquités" and the "Pont due Gard" near Nîmes  
are among the finest remain ^of^ the Romans [ *deleted word* ]  
^remains^ [ *several deleted  
words* ] ^to be found^ anywhere. "Les  
Antiquités" because of their beautiful position as  
well as refinement of execution; the "Pont du  
Gard" from its architectural grandeur which  
suggests the Coliseum as well as from the  
loveliness of the spot whereon it stands ^and the  
noble river which it spans.^

Sunday at St. Rémy was kept in the church  
going fashion in the morning. The women from  
the neighboring farms wore a gay kerchief over  
a black corsage and a gay petticoat. On their  
heads they wore chiefly a ^small^ white lace cap  
[ *three deleted words* ] with a ribbon folded  
round which hung at [ *one corrected* ] side{,} a  
very becoming dress attributed chiefly to the  
Arlesiennes [ *the rest of this sentence is inserted  
in the right margin* ] but used much by the  
peasant women of the countryside. We heard  
that the "farandole" was to be danced at

Château Renard, <sup>near</sup> the ruins of a mediaeval castle which [ crowned one *corrected* ] of the spurs of the Alpilles several miles away{.} "La Farandole" is not <sup>now</sup> an affair of every day occurrence <sup>and by no means to be lost</sup>. The afternoon was like a day in early June in New England and the roads as we drove over them beautiful as well as interesting avenues leading to a <sup>most</sup> novel scene{.} There were not many persons going from a distance <sup>to see the dance</sup> and there were no foreigners save our small group. As we approached the village of Château Renard <sup>however</sup> the excitement began. Everybody was getting ready for the occasion. We were greatly disappointed to hear that only men were to dance and as we came out to the other side of the town and entered an avenue of plane trees and herds that the dancers were [ *several deleted words and a deleted insertion* ] in the cafés our idea of the matter sank lower still{.} ~~A large circus was~~ <sup>The arena lay</sup> before us shaded by old trees with <sup>the</sup> omnipresent small boy hanging about the entrance; there was, as yet no other sign of

[ Page 8 ]

~~excitement.~~ <sup>any unusual event.</sup> Our [ *unrecognized word, 'cochers' ?* ] wished to leave us and go to the village but we being ignorant fancied half an hour would be sufficient to [ *several deleted words* ] <sup>exhaust our interest in the dance</sup>{.} [ *We corrected* ] compromised <sup>at last as we thought very generously</sup> by an hour and we left to enter the ~~circus~~ <sup>arena</sup> and choose our places among the earliest guests. Above us the grim old castle looked down upon the scene ~~, within the circle.~~ The people soon began to come, whole families including the dog finding seats for themselves with the deepest satisfaction. The cleanliness everywhere was an added beauty and although there were few brilliant costumes there was a general air of refinement in their peasants' ~~costume~~ <sup>dress</sup> which was worthy of observation. Soon the sound of a drum was heard and martial music which set every boy again on the alert. ~~and~~ [ *Presently altered to be capitalized* ] groups of brilliantly dressed men appeared <sup>in the arena</sup>{.} [ *The previous insertion may be deleted.* ] The band [ *took corrected* ] <sup>in its places</sup> and the judges came into their box decorated <sup>for the event</sup> [ *with corrected* ] national colors [ *deleted word* ]{.} Everything was ready to begin. The gay crowd sitting under <sup>the shadow of the trees</sup> ~~great leaves on the semi~~ circular seats after the plan of the Roman arenas at Nîmes and elsewhere and the groups of young men in their beautiful dresses in the centre [ *deleted word* ] seven in each group representing the several cities of Provence made a <sup>pretty</sup>

picture ~~which~~ <sup>gilded by</sup> the <sup>spring</sup> sun<sup>shine</sup> [ *deleted words* ]. Presently the band struck up the music of "La Farandole" <sup>a simple but archaic strain</sup> ~~which repeats~~ always the same<sup>and</sup> and we could see the restless feet of the dancers longing to begin. At a given sign, seven handsome young men dressed in red velvet jackets{,} white trouser and caps, leading a little girl ~~dressed~~ also in red came to the middle of the arena. Then the dance began; the little girl along at the end copying as gracefully and [ *above "and" appears what may be a deleted insertion* ] lightly as possible the dancing of the men

[ *Fields places an asterisk here. She has inserted: "see pages 8 1/2 and". And she has deleted the following: but of course without their wonderful accuracy. It was an enchanting spectacle of grace and agility. After this deleted passage appears another asterisk. I have inserted Fields's page 8 1/2 at this point in the text. The page begins with another asterisk.* ]

[ Page 8 1/2 ]

The seven ~~men~~ <sup>chosen first</sup> took<sup>taking</sup> their places in a figure in the middle [ *fronting ?* ] the music. The leader alone at the head, two men <sup>stood</sup> at an angle [ *deleted word* ] several feet behind him and the rest [ *deleted words* ] <sup>placed themselves at regular intervals</sup> with the child alone <sup>behind</sup>. There they danced for a few moments each in his place{.} Suddenly they whirled into line, taking each other by the hand and dancing as they advanced <sup>the last one</sup> always holding the child's hand, ~~carefully,~~ <sup>thus</sup> they went twice round the whole space. The advance is made slowly and with great dignity and skill, each individual repeating the jump and intricate movement of the feet made upon one spot before making the leap by which they advance. It is no simple matter "La Farandole"! Children learn it in their earliest youth; every little scamp in the audience was trying it in corners of the seats, if they were unoccupied, or <sup>by</sup> scrambling down between the posts into the arena. Hence it comes that in times of public excitement in the villages when the sound of the drum is heard beating the ~~time~~ <sup>measure</sup> of La Farandole, young and old turn out and seize each others hands and go dancing along the road or up the mountain side. At such moments even visitors are caught and borne along. A simple leap in the air{,} a change of feet and a long step forward all done in good faith will be accepted unnoticed but for the people themselves La Farandole is a work of art. There is something intoxicating in the music and the slow but ~~intense activities~~ <sup>active advance</sup>. The eye cannot follow quite close enough to understand the subtle movement of the [feet

apparently written over people ]. It is music in action. There are the notes ^tones^, the semi-tones, the individual parts and the whole orchestra! Perhaps twenty minutes [ were corrected ] absorbed or half an hour by each group of men; but we had lost all count of time [ deleted words ] ^in^ the fascination of the dance and we can only guess.

[ Page 8 continued ]

^ [ two unrecognized words ] ^ When the first group ended it withdrew away in the applause of the multitude. It was soon followed by another ( in ^[a uniform ?] of^ blue and white with a little boy at the end. These were men from [ unrecognized name, intending Maillane? ] the

[ Page 9 ]

district where Frederic Mistral lives. They were somewhat imperfect in their dancing but the child was so engaging that they also ended with the applause of the people. The child wore little buskins on his feet not unlike an indian [ not capitalized ] moccasin with straps which would untie. When he saw his strings hanging with utter unconsciousness of observation ^being observed^, he would sit down in the arena wherever he happened to be to tie them up again -- Nothing could have been prettier or more amusing and it was appreciated ^like^ a kind of joke # on all sides even by the dancers who were not infrequently interrupted by it -- This group was soon succeeded by another, the men of Arles who were the most splendid of all in force and accuracy. By this time we had forgotten the day must come to an end, had forgotten our drivers ^coachmen^, had forgotten to breathe {-} we were all eyes and ears and lost in the pleasure of the scene. It must have been three hours at least after we had taken our places when one of the "cochers" making his appearance reminded me that I had asked them to return early! Ah me, how hard it was to come away with the music still sounding ^playing^ the same quaint tune, the groups still appearing in turn and the whole about to make an appearance together at the end! But we were miles away{,} sunset was at hand and we had seen La Farandole.

As we returned through the villages we sometimes saw dancing going on in the public places ^squares^, young girls and young men in the open air while their elders sat about taking coffee or enjoying themselves in a Sunday afternoon talk. [Several deleted words ] The simplicity and natural life of [ several deleted words ] ^ the Provençal cannot be surpassed.^

## Notes

Page 4: The microfilm copy of the journal is interrupted at this point. Following in that copy are unnumbered and numbered pages, not in chronological order that represent Fields working over her description of a visit at the home of Frédéric Mistral (1830- 1914). I have deviated from the order of the pages in the microfilm copy, to continue the journal in chronological order. Fields's work with the Mistral visit appears below, where it belongs in the chronology.

joke: Fields revised this sentence by circling and indicating a phrase should be moved. The original was: it was a kind of joke appreciated ....

---

[ Page 9 continued ]

Lamartine has said; "Il semble que la parole soit la seule prédestination de l'homme et qu'il ait été créé

[ Page 10 ]

pour enfanter des pensées comme l'arbre pour enfanter son fruit. L'homme se tourmente jusqu'à ce qu'il ait produit au dehors ce qui le travaille au dedans. La parole écrite est comme un miroir dont il a besoin pour se connaître lui-même et pour s'assurer qu'il existe. Tant qu'il ne s'est pas vu dans ses œuvres, il ne se sent pas complètement vivant."

St. Rémy therefore is not without its singer and interpreter. Monsieur Marius Girard whose name deserves to be better known in the world of letters married in this little town and lives in the ancient Hotel de Ville. His work [ possesses corrected ] a delicate quality and a charm which would be difficult to translate into English but it embalms the spirit and nature of Provence wonderfully. One could lie down in a warm corner ^by the fire^ [deleted word ] on a bleak New England day and find oneself transported to St. Rémy or La [ Camargue ? ] with his book [ deleted words ] in hand. His descriptions in verse of national occurrences such as the branding of the bulls in his poem called "Aurignan" [perpetuates ?] these picturesque undertakings. A few verses to "Our Dog" conveys ^ [ portray or portrays ] ^ the national love of animals, "Plus je connais des hommes, plus j'estime les chiens" is the motto ^he has borrowed^ . It is signed "sa mort" and nothing could be more tender than these lovely lines. "Brigitte" dedicated to Madame Mistral embodies the quaint beauty of Provence{,} "Elle était dans la fleur de sa quinzisième année" is the motto here. The last verse even in an English

translation may perchance give a faint idea of the charm in the whole.

Midday is here -- her bag overflows  
With herbs and flowers; below the cows  
feed in the marsh: [ *deleted words* ] ^with  
pensive [*unrecognized word* -- head ?]^  
[Brigitte *corrected*] sits upon her barrow  
sits

Her skirts tucked up as well ^her^ befits  
and eats her cherries and her bread.

"The Sausage of Arles" clothes the spirit of the place with a new body. It is light, amusing, historic, national, all in a breath; "La Veuve du Douanier" is a most spirited presentation of an old legend of "La Camargue". The motto is by King Francis 1<sup>st</sup>

"Souvent femme varie  
Bien fol est qui s'y fie."

All the mottos{,} notes and legends of the little volume by Girard called "La Crau" prove him

[ Page 11 ]

[ *deleted word* altogether ? ] the true Provençal, ~~to be~~ ^as well as^ a ^wide^ reader and a student of the classics. ( see 11 1/2 next sheet ) #

[ Page 11 1/2 ]

Mr. Janvier has said of the Felibrige of which Marius Girard is an honored member{,} that "The Provençal movement, gaining force steadily, had assumed substantial shape five years before Mistral's "Mirèio" appeared. In 1852 a congress of poets was held at Arles, whereat poems were recited by forty poets d'Oc -- including Jasmin, Bellot, Castil-Blaze, Mouquin-Tandon, Crousillat,

Aubanel and Mistral ... in 1853 a similar assemblage was held at Aix: ... Finally in 1854, came the crystallization ... when the Félibrige was formally founded by Joseph Roumanille, Frédéric Mistral, Theodore Aubanel, Anselme Mathieu, Jean Brunet, Paul Giéra, and Alphonse Tavan..... underlying the poetry of these poets is their strong desire to foster a patriotism which best can be defined to American readers as a love of country based on state rights. [*deleted end quotation mark and ellipses*] .... There was much [ more *omitted* ] in it ... than the desire to revive a beautiful language that had fallen into [ *deleted word* ] undeserved neglect. The soul of it was the firm purpose to array against centralization the love of locality, of home.... we have not sought unduly to exalt Provence or Provençal. We have urged our brethren of the other ancient tongues to do what we have tried to do for ourselves -- to add to their own store of literary treasure, to maintain their own customs{,} [and *substituted for to*] preserve their own traditions; and yet, while thus holding fast to their own individuality, to cherish as their most

noble possession [their *substituted for the*] right to be a part of France [ ! *substituted for a period* ]"

"And Daudet," adds Mrs Pennell, " was he not too in Félibre in his day? When they were most earnest in the first years, they went gaily about their work. Daudet has told, once ^and^ for all, of the meetings in Maillane, Mistral's village; in the Aliscamps at Arles, where to the croaking of crickets and the shrieking of engines, Aubanel read poem or drama; in Les Baux, through whose strange broken streets they wandered singing their songs; in Avignon, or in l'Ile de la Barthélasse, under the shadow of the papal palace."

[ Page 11 continued ]

It would be very tame reading if one were nowadays to describe "Les Baux" or others of the ancient haunts of this vicinity. They live embodied in the poems and romances of that country. [*Deleted words*] ^Beyond the^ ruins of Les Baux lies the farm with the mulberry trees, the home of Mirèio: not of course that one may say "here is the very gate," but it was in ~~that~~ ^this^ beautiful vicinity Mistral has said, ~~that~~ he found in his imagination the lovely heroine of his poem.

Another fair cool day, ~~again~~ a day like early June in New England, found us driving in the ~~early~~ bright afternoon along the "little white road{"} leading from the small town of St. Rémy to Maillane{,} the home of Frédéric Mistral. The time and weather conjoined to make a perfect season for the country of Provence. Fields of white poppies and other flowers planted for seed in this district made the way beautiful on either hand. Olive trees with rows of black cypresses here & there, old tiled-roofed farm houses and the mountains always on the horizon, filled the landscape.

The first considerable house we reached was the home of the poet. A pretty garden ~~first~~ attracted our attention with a rose eglantine called La Reine Joanne and other gay and fragrant things hanging over the wall. Happy are they who own ~~the~~ ^a^ magic key to the human heart. ~~It is framed and beaten out in the [deleted word] force of [deleted words] self-forgetfulness.~~ The owner of such a key made entrance for us into the poets home where we were gladly received and hospitably entreated not alone as strangers but as friends. As [We *capitalization added*] stood in the hall before a [*deleted word*] bust of Lamartine ~~we~~ remembered ^and recalled^ Mistral's beautiful address to the elder poet.

[ *Mainly a long quotation from the French translation of Mistral's "A Lamartine"* ]

"Si j'ai l'heur d'avoir ma nacelle à flot de bon matin, -- sans crainte de l'hiver, -- à toi bénédiction, ô divine Lamartine, -- qui en a [ as ] pris le gouvernail!

Si ma proue portte [ porte ] un bouquet, bouquet de laurier en fleur, -- c'est toi qui me l'as fait; -- et si ma voile s'enfle, c'est le vent de ta gloire -- qui dedans a soufflé.

[ *A large inkblot appears at this point, with another mark that seems unintentional* ]

C'est pourquoi, tel qu'un pilote qui gravit la colline [coline] d'une église blonde -- et [,] sur l'autel du saint qui l'a gardé sur mer, -- suspend un petit navire,

Je te consacre Mireille: c'et mon coeur et mon [ame] âme, -- c'est la fleur de mes années; -- c'est un raisin de Crau qu'avec toutes ses feuilles -- t'offre un paysan.

Généreux comme un roi, lorsque tu m'illustras -- au milieu de Paris, -- tu sais que, dans ta maison, le jour où tu me dis: -- Tu Marcellus eris,

Comme fait la grenade au rayon qui la mûrit, -- mon coeur s'ouvrit, -- et, ne pouvant trouver un langage plus tendre, -- se répandit en pleurs."

^It is well to find gratitude made permanent in this way but Mistral also appreciated the elder poet from a larger point of view{.}^

The sadness of ~~the~~ ^his^ later years of Lamartine's life is most exquisitely {is} given in the "Élégie" by Mistral and is [ *deleted word* ] ^written^ in a much larger and more serious vein than the above. The French translation is far from giving any just idea of the poem but a few lines will show at least the feeling which inspired the writer --

"Lui, le grand citoyen, qui dans le cratère embrasé -- avait jeté ses biens et son corps et son âme, -- pour sauver du volcan la patrie en combustion, -- lorsque, pauvre, il demanda son pain, -- les bourgeois et les gros l'appelèrent mangeur -- et s'enfermèrent dans leur bourg....

Mai nul ne s'aventura vers la cime déserte. -- Avec les yeux fermés et les deux mains ouvertes, -- dans un silence grave il s'enveloppa donc; -- et, calm comme sont les montagues, -- au milieu de sa gloire et de son infortune, -- sans dire mot il expira."

The afternoon was fading when we left Maillane and the roses and "Nerto" with which our hands

were filled have long ago perished, but there are moments which do not fade out of the memory and the hours at Maillane are among them.

It is not given to all travellers to deceive themselves into thinking that shops, however amusing, antiques ~~proved to be~~ ^however^ antiques nor industries however progressive are capable of exciting an interest in the heart sincere enough to repay ~~one~~ for the ravages and distresses of France. [ *Deleted word* ] Let the traveller ^voyager^ meet a friendly face or grasp a well-known hand, or hear a word spoken which finds a response in the spirit and the irony of his former condition is apparent. He discovers ~~the~~ human life for which the earth's surface is in movement; the spiritual development, whither all movement tends, and he forgets all else for a time or relegates the scene into ~~the~~ ^a^ background upon [ where *written over by* ? ] the figure of man is made evident.

It was in ^with^ some such [ *deleted word* ] thought that we turned away from Maillane, discovering afresh that the largest privilege accorded to the wanderer is to find and to know persons who occupy and represent their own -- land. However delightful and instructive it may be to observe the various expressions of man's activity, to observe the man himself, or I should say to feel the action of his spirit upon his surroundings -- this is the true privilege of travel. When Thomas Carlyle was urged to visit America on the ground that he would see Niagara he replied "I can imagine that!" It is the spirit of ~~the~~ [ *did not intend to delete of* ? ] man acting under conditions new to us that we cannot imagine. ~~and~~ [ *To capitalization added* ] understand or at least to view this is the chief reward of the traveller.

It is but a poor reward ^return for kindness^ when after enjoying true hospitality the ^dwelling^ house is turned inside out and customs of the kitchen and table and drawing-room are exposed in print to the public gaze. The true traveller who had discovered the one reward of his journeying will regard these things as expressive of personal character and however interesting to himself as belonging like his own failings or weaknesses or powers to himself [ *several deleted words* ] ^alone.^

### Notes

*continued:* At this point in the microfilm of the diary is an apparently earlier version of page 13, written on two pages then struck through. The first of these pages has a line down the center and an X drawn over it as well. The second page, containing just 3 lines, has a wave drawn horizontally through the lines. A transcription of

these pages appears below at the end of this section of notes.

see 11 1/2 next sheet. Fields has twice underlined "see 11 1/2." As she intended this page to be inserted next, I have followed her intention.

discovers ~~the~~: Fields has underscored her deleted "the" with 4 points.

---

[ Cancelled Version of Page 13 -- first page, numbered 13 ]

In travelling through a foreign land, indeed in travelling anywhere, it is not the industrial activity, the amusing shops, the antiquities, the surface of the earth in short which moves us most deeply; it is the human life for which all the rest was created, the action and development of the spiritual life of mankind{.} Hence it is that the greatest privilege a traveller can enjoy is in knowing something of the people who occupy the land{,} something beyond all the external observation of man's activity, however delightful and instructive this may be to us. It is but a poor return however for all the benefits which hospitality accords to ~~our~~ ^[unrecognized words] the^ friends ~~are quick~~ ^who introduce us^ rather than to ourselves to draw the veil [ from ? ] the face of private life and expose it to the gaze of the rude world; therefore although the [ *deleted word possibly sun* ] afternoon was fading when we left Maillane and the pleasant Provençal home into which we had been cordially received, it is not for us to describe the characteristic rooms of that pretty interior nor the kind ^ [ *unrecognized word, looks like speech* ] ^ greeting and farewell of its inhabitants.

[ Cancelled Version of Page 13 -- second page, also numbered 13 ]

The afternoon was fading when we left Maillane and the roses and "Nerto" ~~have long ago perished~~ with which our hands were filled have long ago perished, but there are moments which

---

### **Mistral at Home**

[ Apparently, Fields later revised and expanded her account of the visit to the home of Frédéric Mistral (1830-1914) at Maillane. She inserted these five pages into her diary, where in the microfilm of the manuscript, they appear between pages 3 and 4 of her account of the party's stay in Provence. I have shifted these pages to this point in the diary, immediately following her presumably original account of the visit.

*Chronologically, they seem to belong between pages 12 and 13 of the above narrative. ]*

[ Unnumbered page ]

The dining-room was still more Provençal if possible than the rooms we had visited. The walls were white which with the closed green blinds must give a pleasant [light corrected followed by several deleted words ] ^ [ when the day is ? ] ~~which it is bright~~ [ several deleted words ] ^enough^ even on gray days. [deleted word] [Specimens corrected] of the pottery of the country [ *deleted word* ] [ hang corrected ? ] around ^ [ decorated ? ] with soft colors.^ The old carved bread-mixing-and holding affair which belonged in every well-to-do house of the old time was there and one or two old pieces of furniture while the chairs, sofa and table [ *deleted word* ] were of quaint shape painted green with some decoration.

These details are all pretty enough but they proved how sincerely Mistral and his wife love their surroundings and endeavor to ennoble them and make the most of them. After sitting at table and sharing their hospitality we went out again into the garden where Madame [text breaks off]

In a more personal vein, the address to Lamartine by Mistral expresses better his mood of the afternoon when we stood together looking at the bust and recalling each our personal remembrance of the man.

[ This page may be numbered, but the number is unclear, (2 (12 ? )

[ Begin long deletion ]

We were sitting in our little room at St. Rémy with the writing-table in the window looking [ *deleted word* ] on the mountain, radiant in the spring cloud and sunlight, when a note was handed me from Frederic Mistral inviting us [ *deleted word* ] to drive to his home at Maillane in the afternoon. The day was fair and cool fresh the

[ End of long deletion ]

^A perfect time and^ perfect weather in which to see the country of Provence. [ *One and a half lines deleted* ] Fields of great white poppies and other flowers planted for seed in this district ^made the way beautiful on either hand^. [Several deleted words] Olive trees with rows of black cypresses and old tiled-roofed farm houses, and the mountains always on the horizon filled the landscape. The first considerable house we reached was the home of the poet. [Several deleted words]

A pretty garden which attracted our attention with a rose eglantine called La Reine Joanne, and other charming things hanging over the wall ^made us suspicious of the poet's vicinity^. Turning the corner of this garden and driving up a short road we found the courtyard and door on the inner side as it were. We heard a barking dog. Take care, said the driver, there is a dangerous dog inside; [ *deleted word* ] ^therefore^ we waited until Mistral himself came to meet us from the garden. When we told him what the man had said, he was much amused. There was an old dog tied ^half asleep^ on a bench and a young one by his side. He said laughing, "These are all and they could not be less dangerous. [ *deleted letter or perhaps quotation mark* ] The elder" (he let them loose while he spoke and they played about us), "the elder I call Bouffe, from Boufflo Beel" (Mistral does not speak any English, nor does his wife)

[ *Page numbered 2* ]

"and the reason is because I happened to be in the neighborhood of Paris once just after Buffalo Bill had passed on [ *deleted word* ] ^toward^ Calais with his troupe [ *so spelled* ]. I saw a little dog, unlike ~~any of our~~ ^the^ dogs of our country who seemed to have been lost but the moment he saw me, he thought I was "[Boufflo *corrected*] Beel" and adopted me for his master. You see I look like him,{"} he said, putting his wide felt hat a little more on one side!" [ *Quotation mark appears here* ] Yes, we did think so -- "Well, the little dog has been with us ever since. He possesses the most wonderful intelligence and understands every word we say. One day I said to him, What a pity such a nice dog as you should have no children!" A few days later the servant said to me Bouffe has been away nearly two days but he has now come back bringing his wife Ah! I said{,} take good care of them both. In due time this other little dog, his ^son^ arrived in the world, and shortly after Bouffe carried his wife away again but kept the little dog. He is a wonderful fellow to be sure." We went into the house and sat down to talk awhile about poetry and books. There was a large book-case full of French and Provençal literature here, but it was rather the parlor & everyday sitting room than his [ *work corrected* ] room. Madame Mistral, of whom we had caught a glimpse standing in the garden as we approached is a pretty and very modest little woman of Provence, simply dressed but of intelligence and once it is easy to see of distinguished beauty. She seems utterly without [ *deleted letters* ] vanity or folly, but loves her home and her

[ *Seemingly unnumbered page, though there may be a 1 in the right margin.* ]

garden. Unhappily, they have no children. Evidently they are exceedingly happy together and naturally do not miss what they have never had. She opened the [ *drawing-room corrected* ] for us, which is [ *deleted word* ] the room of state. It is full of interesting things connected with Provence and their own life but perfectly simple, in accord with the country-like fashion of their existence. There is a noble bas-relief of the head of Mistral by Amy{,} the drum or "tambour" of the Félibre, or for the Farandole, and without overloading, plenty of good things; photographs, one or two pictures, not many, for the house is not that of a rich man, plaster casts, and one or two busts, perhaps the presents of artists, illustrations of "Mirèio," and things associated with their individual lives or the life of Provence. Presently Mistral gave me his arm and we went across the hall. [ *Deleted sentence* ] Standing ^in^ the place of honor opposite the [ *deleted word* ] front door and in the large [ *corner ?* ] made by the staircase, is a fine copy of the bust of Lamartine, crowned with a^n^ [ *deleted word* ] olive wreath. We paused a moment here while Mistral spoke of him ^Lamartine^, and always with the sincere reverence which he has expressed in the [ *poem corrected* ] [ *two deleted words* ] entitled "Élégie sur la mort de Lamartine{.}" Two verses of this poem may be quoted in the prose French translation to give some idea of the spirit of the whole, but the metre and the music, what makes the poem in short must disappear.

[ *Unnumbered page* ]

Mistral ~~brought~~ gathered "Nerto" (myrtle) for us beside roses and other more beautiful but more perishable things. "Nerto" is the title of one of his last books (I hear) and the wife doubtless believed that we should cherish a branch of her myrtle especially in memory of the visit. She was quite right -- but these things which are "to last" How [ *so capitalized* ] frail they are; the things that remain are those which are written on the heart.

We cannot forget [ *two deleted words* ] those two picturesque beings ~~as they~~ [ *standing written over another word* ] in their garden filling our hands with flowers and bidding us farewell. As we drove away into the sunny plain once more we found it speaking to us with a voice of human kindness echoing from that poetic and friendly home. #

#### Note

*friendly home*: In the microfilm manuscript, the next page returns to and continues the journal's account of the visit with Madame Roumanille in Avignon.

A few days later we found ourselves en route for Arles and waiting to change cars at Tarascon. Wherever one is obliged to go by train ~~to~~ in Province which no traveller should do if can help himself, he seems to be obliged to wait [ *deleted word* ] at Tarascon and the waits are by no means brief. We can fancy that Daudet in some such idle hour found Tarascon. It is a quaint town enough but after ~~a few~~ one visit of an hour or two its sight-seeing properties are exhausted. To be sure there is the old city of Beaucaire also at the end of the bridge with the <sup>ancient</sup> tower of the Montmorency crowning its height{,} but beautiful as this view is, its external interest is even more quickly exhausted than that of Tarascon. Have we not La Tarrasque to be seen in the [ *latter corrected* ]? After viewing a most ancient cathedral porch and dark remains of antique life and passing a nun ~~as~~ <sup>with a face</sup> comely as a dream, after observing the preternatural self-esteem and consciousness of which ~~fashion was~~ simple follies [ Tarascon ? ] was <sup>the somewhat</sup> cruelly ironic <sup>presentiment</sup>, we were asked in a tentative manner <sup>by our "cocher"</sup> giving us to understand that he was a rare exception [ in *written over another word* ? ] wisdom and knew "La Tarrasque" to be but a dream of Don Quixote, [ *deleted words* ] if we should like to visit it. There was still a long hour ~~to be sp~~ <sup>at</sup> our<sup>^</sup> disposition before the train for Arles should appear, therefore we gladly assented. ~~He~~ The monster has a house all to himself{,} ~~the monster~~ a huge ridiculous thing with red jaws and stuffed skin doubtless built up partly with a memory of Victor Hugo's sea-devil and partly to amuse their famous countryman Daudet whose satire they did not after all take too seriously

~~Who should we find at the station but~~ <sup>In</sup> spite of the Tarrasque and the wonders of Tarascon ~~we~~ time was still to spare when we returned to the station to find there<sup>^</sup> our poet Mistral once more. He was

also on his way to Arles where he is building a museum of old Provence, not the Roman Provence this time but a museum ~~which shall~~ <sup>to</sup> preserve the ~~beauty~~ <sup>memory</sup> of the antique [ people ? ] & life. [ *Deleted word* ] It must be admitted <sup>that this life</sup> is changing [ *deleted words* ] in ~~more than one~~ <sup>many</sup> ways; the comparative variety of the peasant woman's costume being ~~only~~ <sup>a</sup> sign. # <sup>Mistral</sup> hastened to put us into his railway carriage and to continue the conversation of a few days previous.<sup>^</sup>

"No book I have written" said Mistral he has given me the pleasure and satisfaction in the doing which I get from [this *written over* the ] Museum now ~~being made~~ <sup>beginning</sup> at Arles." [ *Deleted word* ] It will preserve the memory of the life of his fathers and of his own youth, the memory of his country in short. We asked after the beautiful and congenial wife. "Ah! She is very busy today," he said "in her peasants' dress superintending the shearing of the sheep."<sup>^</sup> #

There was a fair going on in the city when we arrived; more costumes than usual were to be seen in the busy streets and men and women from distant farms were crowding in, some by the railroad{,} some on foot bearing their bundles and some with donkeys which appeared quite as burdensome <sup>a</sup> method of travel as any. Monsieur Mistral was bound to his museum where he invited us presently to follow, but Arles was an unknown land to us and he was full of affairs, therefore we parted in order to see the city and to join him again later. When ~~were~~ reached the Museum [ *deleted word* ] after our [ *deleted words* ] sightseeing, he had already finished his work and had been carried off <sup>by</sup> friends<sup>^</sup> to breakfast. ~~and~~ [ *We written over we* ] did not see him again. We saw the beginning of his pious work however which is established in rooms made fresh and bright for the purpose [ in ? ] the old "Tribunal." Everything calculated to preserve the memory of the past faithfully, is <sup>to</sup> be<sup>^</sup> assembled here. Already ~~and~~ a picturesque aspect is given to the whole by the introduction of a huge fireplace at one end of the great hall where two old people are sitting in the dresses of their day. Evidently he intends to make the place express the humanity of Provence as well as its history. This gives an air of gayety to the old place [ *deleted word* ] which reminds one of what Mrs Pennell has said, one of the charmed and most charming of modern writers on Provence: "In nothing so much as in their gayety

are the people true to Mistral, Mistral true to them. He could not, even when he sang the tragic love of his Provençal maid, suppress the light laugh, which, là-bas, goes with every sentient the most tender, ( # the most passionate. The spirit of his country -- âme de Provence, -- which he invokes, is joyous and proud and gay, and is heard in the noise of the Rhône and its wild wind. Every Frenchman wants all the pleasure the world can give. But the Provençal takes it with that gladness he inherits from remote Greek ancestors whose beauty survives in the Arlésienne and the Martigau."



The broad highway of Arles on the day of our visit was bristling and bustling with life and with colour. Sheep, vegetables, stuffs, every variety of goods were hospitably offered. It was the day of the grand spring fair! Booths lined the way crowded with things to see of the in endless varieties while we walked or drove between them listening and observing. The weather was perfect. and The idea of even fancying one could see Arles at all in rainy weather is not to be tolerated. It is impossible. Let the wise traveller retire himself to the museum at Nîmes, or to his good hotel and his books at Avignon, but let him not think to see Arles until the sun shines and the women put on their costumes and the old cloisters of their beautiful St. are streaked with light.

A fair was the great point of attraction on a "fair" day and we wandered slowly down its length until we suddenly found all the chatter and gayety behind us. [ *deleted word* ] [Rows corrected] of ancient [ plane ? ] trees lined the way growing more ancient as we descended, made a dark shade on either side and huge stone tombs with silent [ gaping mouths ? ] succeeded to the [ opening of the vaults ? ]. Some of these sarcophagi were covered with the antique [ stones or stories ] and [the ?] "wonderful preservation, but the larger number were left empty and open with their tale untold. This is the Alyscamp or Roman "burial place. Further Finally the sad procession ends in an antique church, partly Roman, partly medieval, with mostly modern inscriptions relating to almost every period in the world's history. Nothing is very well preserved in Arles, I was glad to find! The old ground really looks old and is not smeared all over with [ modern corrected ] plaster, nor filled with restored tombs. They are left with the aspect of decay with which time has crowned them.

[ Page 17 ]

It is probably owing to this power of letting things alone in a measure that the Roman theatre and the arena at Arles are so much more interesting than the remains at Nîmes. In the theatre where two [ *deleted word* ] columns [ *deleted word* ] stand between which perhaps it would seem the actors spoke their part, their figures thus framed in a setting worthy of the noblest poetic conception, one can seem to reconstruct the world whole and people it with living faces listening to the great words of Sophocles or Eschylus. There was no danger of dancing dogs on alternate nights which subjected Goethe to a feeling of degradation where his "Tasso" was put upon the stage! One could almost hear the poet's verse declaimed and see the stately figures move. Those two

superb columns, the semi-circle of stone seats, the sky of summer above all give the scene as if it were yesterday. There are few remains of Rome which speak to us so vividly as the theatre at Arles. The arena is not far behind. The seats of the Caesars are there unbroken. The dungeons are unchanged; "here were the Christians, there were the beasts." It is indeed a place to visit and to remember always.

The distance from Arles to Nîmes is not great in these days of railroads and Nîmes is a large and beautiful city. It has lost much of the quaintness of the past but happily it contains the Roman "Maison Carrée" which will continue to attract many a traveller who may know little and care not at all for the songs and story of the Trouvères.

[ Page 18 ]

[ *Begin long deletion* ] who knows and cares little [ *for corrected* ] the songs of the Trouvères. [ *End long deletion* ] The arena as I have said is well preserved and is still used for an occasional bull-fight. The people however begin to revolt against be ashamed of the savagery of the ancient [ contests possibly written over conflict ] and content themselves with milder sights -- A [ *deleted word, possibly corrida* ] bull fight was advertised to our great satisfaction for one sunny afternoon where "no one was to be killed" as our informant assured us. It was too great an opportunity to lose and we found ourselves sitting in the Roman seats with a large restless audience filling the great circular space and sometimes crowding into the seats and sometimes wandering about in the intervals up high against the sky just as they people must have filled those seats and stood or wandered outlined against the blue sky centuries ago when Christians confined in the now empty dungeons were "butchered to make a Roman holiday." [ *Begin long deletion* ] In the arena at Arles the seats of the Caesars are still to be seen. At Nîmes [ *End long deletion* ] Common seats have been put in, covering the broken surfaces of the past centuries and wooden gates and fences give a sordid aspect in detail but the grandeur of the whole cannot be lost while the great stones remain. Presently at the sound of the music the low gates flew open and a bull came in [ pawing ? ] head down into the arena. From the opposite side Matadors and Pleadors, young athletes very Spanish in appearance [ran corrected] forward to challenge him to combat. We held our breaths. The first man waved a cloak before the bull who ran at it furiously and not hitting the man rushed for him but he [ dextrously so spelled ] evaded the horns & vaulted over the high fence which surrounded the enclosure -- meanwhile another teased

the bull with a second [cloak *corrected*]. Some of them <sup>men</sup> escaped with difficulty, but

[ Page 19 ]

in the end [ *deleted words* ] owing to their great agility and alertness no one was injured. Six bulls in succession were brought into the arena and each one was grappled with successfully; the picadores Spaniards managing to stick their bristling rods upon <sup>in</sup> the creatures sides before they were <sup>suffered</sup> allowed to depart. The [ *men corrected* ] showed astonishing <sup>agility</sup> activity and strength but it was evidently not at all the <sup>same</sup> exciting affair ~~that~~ as [ *deleted word* ] the branding of the bulls because in the Camargue country, <sup>nor</sup> was it whetted [ *deleted words* ] <sup>with</sup> the horrors of a genuine Spanish bull fight <sup>where</sup> horses are mangled and men sometimes injured.

~~Sometimes it appears that~~. The memory of a day at the Pont du Gard was [ *deleted words* ] seems <sup>only</sup> a delicious dream, one of those glimpses of a world seen in sleep which we never forget and yet can never know in waking hours. It was like a June day again in New England. "When clouds are highest in the air" and the sun is warm. When every flower that one has ever known is either just ready to bloom or is already in perfection; nothing is over ripe; nothing is tired, when a river wears the colors of the peacock's neck and rocks are dark and the [ *may ?* ] is white. How majestic the arches rose, three deep above the stream; high they seemed as the sky itself and strong as if they were the rocks of ages and not ~~the~~ [ *deleted words* ] placed one upon another by the hand of man. We felt like children, like ants, like one of the vast army of builders who once swarmed <sup>[swarmed inserted above the original to clarify difficult handwriting]</sup> here and builded and then vanished forever. Forty miles away other arches of this great [ *deleted word* ] <sup>aqueduct</sup> have been ~~found and for~~ <sup>discovered</sup>. Forty miles <sup>away</sup> the people drank the water brought from clear springs and were refreshed. It was inconceivable. We wandered about the place and gathered the most perishable and exquisite of white roses

[ Page 20 ]

that faded in an hour in memory of the spot. We wandered down the river bank; we saw the water glimmering in sunlight below us on the one side while the nightingales sang in a [ *thick ?* ] laurel hedge on the other; we strayed on in this dream of the past until we found ourselves at the open courtyard gate of a chateau sleeping in the Sunshine. It was a mediaeval tower, with immemorial ivy but the door of the salon was half open and ~~I am sure~~ <sup>we felt</sup> [ *deleted word* ]

the Sleeping Beauty was within. We did not waken her; we only stood in our dream watching the birds and the butterflies as they rose from the green tangle into the blue sky and then we turned to [ *retrace ?* ] our steps. A friendly old dog came out to companion us until at the sound of a whistle he returned again; then all was as before. Presently the vast arches dawned upon us again, again we watched the dissolving river and distant towers appear beneath them, again they all sank as we turned the [ *spur ? corrected* ] of the hill and we found ourselves wondering if it were all true indeed this vision of the Pont du Gard.

From Nîmes again the journey is not long to Aigues-Mortes -- that city of dead waters utterly unchanged since the day of its ~~birth and building~~ <sup>under</sup> <sup>creation by</sup> Louis the Eleventh; nor is it [ *for ?* ] a point of distance from there to Saintes-Marie to Les Martigues and La Camargue; but far be it from any pen to write of these places which Mistral has [ *made corrected* ] alive again. [ *several deleted words* ] Frederic Mistral is the first living

[ Page 21 ]

poet of Provence. [ *And written over another word* ] [ *altogether corrected* ] the most vivid pictures of the land and its people can be found by the readers of his books. [ *An insertion mark appears here, but there is no insertion* ] It was at the church of Saintes-Marie {s} whither holy pilgrims still go in crowds that Mirèio found her death {,} And it was through the wild country [ *found or bound* ] ~~by the mouth of the~~ <sup>of the</sup> [ *deleted words* ] Rhone that he describes her flight. Hawthorne has embalmed ~~the old~~ early New England forever in his Scarlet Letter; Cooper [ *deleted words* ] <sup>[ unrecognized words, one or more deleted ]</sup> life and <sup>struggles</sup> with the Indians; Irving and Miss [ *Mitford ?* ] the days of old England; Lamartine in his Raphael the romantic land of Savoy at Aix les Bains, and Mistral not least has [ *perpetuated meaning* ] the country he loves so well in his spontaneous and enduring poetry.

[ *After a blank space on this page are Fields's asterisk and this note.* ]

There is a sacred legend of this country which need not pass as a fable or a dream. Why may it not be true? "The Jews did themselves exactly and without wishing it what was needed to send missionaries to this land. After the Ascension of our Lord they seized Lazarus, Martha, Magdalen, Marcella, their servant, and Maximus, one of the Seventy-two disciples of our Lord, put them into a boat without sails or oars and abandoned them thus to certain shipwreck upon the vast sea. But guided by the hand of God, the

bark brought them safe and sound to Marseilles where they landed. This miracle and the preaching of the holy strangers converted to the Christian religion first the inhabitants of Marseilles and later those of Aix and the neighboring districts."

### Notes

<sup>a</sup> *sign*: Fields may have deleted the inserted "a," but it doesn't seem she would have intended this.

*sheep*: Fields has written this long insertion between lines and in the right margin.

(: This approximates a mark that appears at this point, as if perhaps someone marked this passage.

---

[ *An un-numbered page with notes about the journal* ]

-----  
1<sup>st</sup> part-before going to France  
2<sup>d</sup> " In Provence  
3<sup>d</sup> " La Ferté -- Bretagne etc.  
4<sup>th</sup> " England and return home  
-----

[ *Fields has drawn a line from 4<sup>th</sup> to the following sentence* ]

This is the diary of part 3<sup>d</sup>

---

[ *Opening page of the microfilm* ]

Paris June 14<sup>th</sup> 1898-

S. and I went with Thérèse last evening to one of the somewhat celebrated Monday dinners of M. et Mme Delzant. They call those dinners "Les Celibataires". They have continued every winter for fifteen years and are a kind of home-like refuge for men of talent who would otherwise have no such glimpse of life, no such sympathy in the great world of Paris. Once a week [*deleted word*] <sup>certain</sup> writers and artists who have made themselves known to M. Delzant, or whom he has sought, are made to feel sure of a dinner here on Monday and a warm welcome. Nobody dresses: the ladies wear their everyday clothes, Madame Delzant habitually affecting a nun-like costume which suits her style very well. Her life is nun-like <sup>literally</sup>, wasted in good deeds; her health is very delicate yet she imposes every task upon herself for the poor and suffering. Therefore her plain black dress with muslin collar and cuffs not stiff [*deleted words, including a deleted insertion*] as if they were just put on, or startling in form, but of the most refined simplicity, makes it easy

for the ladies who frequent ~~the~~ the Delzants' salon to go in the simplest clothes. The men also were in afternoon dress. I dare say all this conduces to making some of the shy men who frequent their salon feel more at home; certainly everything was very easy and agreeable.

The hour was half past seven and we

[ *Page 2* ]

arrived punctually, but we took our ~~ease~~ <sup>time</sup> in climbing the six long flights of difficult stairs before we reached the [*unrecognized word*] domicile of our friends. A young man who had jumped hurriedly out of a carriage at the door and sprung lightly up before us proved to be Vanor, a scholar lecturer & newspaper man, well known in Paris. Although we went up much more slowly we were still early. The sunset light was ~~still~~ a clear and beautiful in the handsome rooms as we entered; which enabled us to look ~~around us~~ about before dinner and enjoy a very unusual private collection of books and pictures. There were beautiful paintings by [ *Horner ?* ], Ingres and others, also lovely etchings and engravings. It was such a collection as only a man who knows the artist as well as his work can bring together. The books too were wonderfully bound, in original as well as beautiful covers; nevertheless ~~they~~ <sup>M.</sup> and Mme Delzant do not allow themselves to go too far in these things. They have a large income and they spend a ~~large~~ <sup>considerable</sup> proportion of it for others. Madame Delzant came from [*deleted word*] <sup>the South</sup> where she [*deleted words*] <sup>has inherited</sup> a château of the most mediaeval description at a place called [*deleted word*] Parays. Here her friend Madame Blanc [*deleted word*] occasionally visits her finding the heat quite intolerable but the life of the most [*primitive or peculiar ?*] and restful description.

[ *Page 3* ]

[ *Unrecognized word* ] [ *critics or writers ?* ] who was expected did not make his appearance earlier. As soon as he appeared we went to dinner where I was given the seat of honor between M. Rosny and M. Delzant. We were [ten ?] at table; beside [*deleted words*] <sup>M.</sup> Vanor, M. Rosny and ourselves<sup>^</sup> were M. Aicard, a native of Provence who has just finished an admirable translation of Othello. He seems to have a genuine poetic gift. His sister also was there and a Mlle Berenger, sister of the author of that name. She is a normal school-teacher in high repute for her excellent service to the state.

The dinner was good and sufficient but plain as possible, no flowers, no decorations; the

maid waited with another to help. The talk was however very lively and good. The Woman's Conference at Versailles was alluded to but I fancy nobody knew much about it there except perhaps Mme Berenger and ourselves. Of course the talk was chiefly absorbed by the men whom Madame Delzant kept going in quite a masterly fashion. Some one had alluded to the paper on astronomy read by Miss Klumpke at Versailles, whereupon M. Rosny bound to converse on some topic began to speak of the elevating effect on character produced by the study of astronomy. After a while the topic changed by M. Rosny but not his manner which was that of being expected to talk to the table which was not the case because M. Aicard, M. Vanor & M. & Mme Delzant were all quite ready -- not to speak of the callers! but although

[ Page 4

*This page contains a fragment, seemingly pasted in and not belonging to this diary. Fields numbers the next diary page as 5 ]*

Miss Palfrey made a short visit here yesterday. She said she attributed her failure in the millinery department to the fact that she omitted to study the bonnets of others in the sanctuary! [ several deleted words ]

[ Page 5 ]

much excited but our hostess soothed the troubled waters not by turning the conversation but by asking questions of one and the other. She has very positive views of her own but she does not always express them, preferring to call out the views of her guests. I thought her conversation and manners delightful. As for M. Delzant, who is a large blustering kind of man, full of bonhomie, he is always cheerful and kindly but has nothing of much importance to say. M. Aicard was too far from me to make it easy to understand him but like all Provençals he is inclined to be very expressive and hot in talk. Those of us who did not smoke went to the drawing room again -- the others were shut up in an adjoining salon. M. Rosny came with us and shortly after M. Delzant also.

Very soon a few other guests came in -- a Greek gentleman who had been in Boston -- a friend of the Feltons, Howes, Miss Calliope etc. Miss Blaze de Bury followed, a poseuse, full of wit and keenness and self-esteem. She has grown up with the idea that the world turns in her orbit. She is said to have talent, but her mind has a sloppy quality which is not fruitful of good.

Dr. & Madame Maillot came next. He is the great grandson of Madame Roland. She is of an

[ Page 6 ]

excellent Boston family. He is pledged to the cause of temperance in France; not total abstinence. They are poor and of simple outspoken manners but highly intelligent. She told a very pretty story of a young deaf mute in whom she is interested and who wished very much for a silk petticoat. As she spoke she touched in illustration the plain little woolen skirt she was herself wearing, and said, "the sense of touch was so keen in this poor friend that she longed to have silk about her." Mme M's own fine fingers resting on the little woollen dress as she spoke [added *corrected*] much to the pathos of the story. It reminded me of Walter Savage Landor's saying to me once "I would ask the Devil for the sake of another, I would only ask God for myself!" Madame M. begged a little dress from a friend and gave it to the girl. She then proceeded to describe the joy of the entire family. "I could only wish," she added, "that the giver could have seen the happiness her dress gave." [ *deleted word* ]

Many of the most valuable persons in Paris now are Protestant and like Wagner & Madame M. Bretons -- M. & Mme Delzant appear to have a certain sympathy with them and Sabatier may often be met at their house. I think it quite possible that M. Delzant is not an ardent Catholic; it would seem that this must be the case or it would not please him to receive men of no convictions or of the opposite faith altogether.

[ Page 7 ]

The conversation prolonged itself until eleven o'clock, when possessed by a [ *unrecognized word* ] weariness and seeing S. quite ready, I proposed to [ *M. B. ?* ] that we should leave. I saw at once that she was not ready, evidently the programme had not been fully carried out. In a few moments I discovered the reason. M. Aicard was introduced by M. Delzant as having consented to read a portion of his "Othello" to the company and this he proceeded to do in a very artistic and dramatic manner. M. A. will be able to give points to any actors who will appear in his play. I could wish that Salvini, the great Othello of our time could be called from his retirement and give it once more in Paris. The act chosen by M. Aicard for reading was the one where Iago arouses the jealousy of Othello. His rendering was greatly appreciated by the small but attentive audience and the reader himself <sup>^</sup>was<sup>^</sup> pleased and flattered. M. Rosny had slipped away before the reading began but not before he had found time to [present ?] his romantic soul to Mme B.! Later M. Aicard gave the death of Desdemona. He

has all the fire of Provence in his veins and the story of Othello fits the nature of his own land as if it has been [born ?] there. Shakespeare painted that [ story ?] of the temperament ^of the South^ as he alone could do it and it [~~deleted letters~~] suits Provence like the glove to the hand.

We left about one o'clock and were in bed at two which for early birds like ourselves was doing very well.

At 3:30 on the following day June 14<sup>th</sup> we went to Avenue Marceau.

---

*The shift in topic and skipping a page number for 8, suggest that a page is missing here.*

---

[ Page 9

about p. 19 of the microfilm ]

in the house of Mme Claire ^de^ St. Victor, the daughter of the author of "Hommes et Dieux" "Anciens et Modernes" etc. His work has been very precious to me. He was one of the few men who possessed true imagination and I went to his daughter's home with a sense of a "pilgrim"!

Madame Saint-Victor's mother was a sister of the great Rachel{.} Therefore it was quite natural to be invited there to see three "petite comedies" written by friends, (unpublished) and played by friends. There were to be two representations and we were left to choose either afternoon or evening. We chose the afternoon because it involved no "toilette". We were almost the first to arrive and could choose our seats. There was only a blind man with his attendant who came earlier and was seated ^on the side^ at the extreme end close to the stage where he could hear but could not well have seen ^if he had eyes^. The hostess was very cordial. She is evidently very much attached to Th.B. but she was occupied in making the arrangements, at the last moment it was decided to shut out the daylight. Therefore the men were putting in the electric wires while we assisted{.} Naturally the play did not begin for an hour, but as almost everybody was very late it began about as soon as the last guests were seated. It was quite a distinguished company with many Jewesses. There were gentlemen of title, there was the beautiful Madame J. M. de Herédia and her handsome daughters though much less handsome than herself, M. Edouard Blanc and many others whose names are well known in society here but which I could not quite understand. The very interesting Madame Coignet went with us. She is an old woman but a woman of knowledge and serious life, a

protestant, with fullness and gaiety enough for her years in her conversation, though never light. The drawing room in which the plays were given was a large room, richly hung with red damask. The hundreds of small chairs of white painted wood perhaps of the time of Louis Seize ^now again^ in fashion had red velvet seats. The stage which was ^at^ one end of the long room on a raised platform was separated by a red damask curtain with a rich gold fringe and heavy gold cords and tassels -- at one side hung a superb Paul Veronese which was left to Madame Claire by her father, also exquisite reliefs in wax which were his{,} perhaps by Clodion. They were not however much "in our line" but we were at least able to appreciate their cleverness. One young woman Madame Trousseau, daughter of Tamburini the great singer and wife of a famous oculist in Paris showed remarkable talent. We walked home in the cool sunset rejoiced to get into the light and air once more.

We found ourselves in a small but very pleasant company at the dinner table of Madam Coignet. Her son-in-law is in the government and talked

[ Page 10 ]

[ about *corrected* ] the changes in the parliament or the house of deputies as I should perhaps say. I thought he was more republican than the ladies. He was a man ~~much~~ ^greatly^ in earnest and I can imagine a good magistrate and a gentleman withal. Madame Blanc said privately to us that when Gambetta first came into power he was very rude in his manners and was not ashamed, but he altered to that degree that by the time the Prince of Wales was received here by the new government that the latter said Gambetta interested him much and he found him a perfect gentleman.

Madame Coignet is a scholar as I have said. She has a gift we are told for history and that her books are of permanent value.

She had been reading an article on Shelley in the Revue de Paris and for the first time in her life had been able to understand something of his genius. We enjoyed much talking about him and his poetry. It was a delightful evening and gave me a better idea of true French life at its best than I have [ seen ? *corrected* ] before I think. The dinner was exceedingly pretty with the best wines as usual in such houses.

---

[ Page 10 continued ]

16<sup>th</sup> of June 1898

After a morning of shopping we drove to Avenue Henri Martin at Passy for luncheon with Mrs. Frohlich an American woman who made money by her able management of a large school in America and who married a Jew. She now translates for Th.B. She lives with her daughter who married also a Jew with money though he is not living and she has not a great fortune but enough to give her one of the prettiest apartments in Paris. Mrs. F. is quite able and does better for TH. than anybody else she has happened to find although her work is not of the very best. It is almost impossible however to find anyone who possesses an admirable English style who has the time and ability and willingness to translate.

At night we went to dinner with Madame de Beaulaincourt, a very great lady indeed. She is the daughter of the Marquis de Castellane, ~~the~~ ~~last~~ Maréchal de France and has known all the high French society since the time of the 1<sup>st</sup> Napoleon. This is my regiment! she said pointing to a picture of advancing soldiers which hangs over her table. She has been a great horse woman all her life and a person of most independent thought and speech. M. Bertin & M. Vallière both men of high standing in literature and manners came to dinner. And we had such good things to eat, with marvellous cheese-cakes to

[ Page 11 ]

end with, before the fruits. She has a country seat at Acosta [ *corrected from* Sacosta ] where luxuries in the way of fruits, flowers and vegetables, are constantly sent to her.

Friday June 17<sup>th</sup>

We left <sup>Paris</sup> early for La Ferté expecting to find Mme Foulon de Vault at the station. She sent word however that she would follow us on the next train and we were not sorry. The fatigues of the three days had been too much for Sarah who took cold in coming from ~~the~~ dinner the previous evening and ~~and~~ was poorly all day. We drove in the afternoon to an interesting and decaying chateau Mont Bise which was a picture indeed. A more perfect picture of old France decaying and decayed can scarcely be found. The present descendant of the Marquis de Mont Bise does not like the place which I can easily believe. It needs drainage. The woods are damp and breed ferns, but for beauty they are unrivalled. As far as the eyes can see alleys of trees stretch, all cut "en charmilles." The place stands high enough but there is a lake almost on a level with the house which now

looks quite stagnant. This is only one of many houses which are for sale in France. There seems to be nobody to buy these lovely old estates exquisite as they are. The place inherited from Madame Plessis by M. André de Vault is also to be sold -- a place full of beauty, very large and without drawbacks such as belong to a forsaken estate. The price is \$40,000 and indeed they would sell it for much less. Th. walked to the station at night with M. F. de V. & came back alone.

June 18<sup>th</sup> La Ferté

[ *Several deleted words* ] We walked out together <sup>this</sup> ~~however~~ [ *intended to delete this as well?* ] in the afternoon. <sup>Sarah</sup> not feeling quite well stayed at home. We were lost in the exquisite<sup>^</sup>

[ *continued up the right margin* ]

feeling and walked about five miles. It was delicious.

[ Page 11 continued ]

June 19<sup>th</sup> Sunday

[ *Two deleted words* ] Th. went to early church but Sarah had a cold and we stayed at home. Mrs. Johnson and her daughter, wife of the sub-editor of "[*The corrected* ] Century" came to pass the day. Th. took the young lady a long country walk, showed her the house of George Ohnet, a pretty villa near here, but Mrs J. was not very well and stayed at home with us,

[ Page 12 ]

We enjoyed a beautiful dinner as usual in the evening with very exquisite spirits and wines send by Monsieur Blanc. The [*Nectarines corrected* ] were finer than any I ever saw.

Monday. 21<sup>st</sup>

Th.B. at work every morning until 12. Sometimes she is <sup>up</sup> and ~~at~~ at work at five o'clock A.M.

Two young ladies came by appointment from New Orleans, a Mrs May and Mrs Mellen -- very bright and beautiful young women{,} one more at home with French, the other with English{,} but speaking either language [ *deleted word* ] with equal ease. Spanish also is common to them. We were much pleased with these bright women. Walked with them in the afternoon; and Th. walked to the station with them at night. The weather has thus far been delicious, not too warm for the most perfect enjoyments in the air all the day long.

Tuesday 22d

Warmer. Sarah still very ill with her cold. I ran out for a mile or two during the day but Th. wrote all day with few interruptions, ^except^ [deleted word] [two ?] hours at the dejeuner until nearly sundown.

Wedy --

Sarah better, not well enough yet for Meaux. Th. & I have had some very delightful walks. One day we stopped in the little village of Reuil just beyond this place at a cottage door. She had been looking to find a cottage for a friend, a lady who wished to come and be near her for the summer and was told that Monsieur Belloni could direct her. We found an old man over eighty ^living^ with ~~with~~ one woman to take care of him who told her as she talked with him that he had been the private secretary of Listz. He came a poor boy from Italy to Paris with the idea of making his own living ^ [by ?]^ transcribing music, perhaps playing some instrument or something of the kind. Listz was looking for a secretary and he asked the person to whom Belloni had applied. Listz took him, found him very useful, and at last one day when he needed money [deleted word] Belloni told him he played so remarkably that he would organize three concerts for him in Belgium. It was the beginning of Listz's career. When Belloni was asked who was to support his young pianist -- he said, "No one, he was a genius and could support himself." It was an unknown thing in those days ^for a pianist to give a concert [entirely by himself ?]^ Listz, however, made such a success that his name went far and wide to Paris and [advertire or adventure ?] three concerts there. This was great daring, but he went to Berlioz and one other

[ Page 13 ]

of the great musicians there in Paris and asked them to lend their name and assistance for the first concert. But this cost money said Th. ; } not so much he replied. [ Franconi corrected ] was my friend and he did it gladly for me. To the wife of Berlioz ~~to whom # ^but give to Berlioz's ^ { | }~~ could not offer money I gave a velvet dress and a diamond pin. #

We had a crowded house the first night -- for the second we advertised all the tickets sold before we had quite begun to fill the house! The result was a perfect success for the two nights and ^there was^ money enough in consequence. There began many experiences, first with Mme d'Agoult, (who wrote long after under the name of Daniel Stern ^a story called Nelida which gives her story of Listz) and afterward a strange affair in Russia. We had

come to Moscow to play; the concerts began and a great lady, a Princess, [ unrecognized words ]. After they were over she ~~asked~~ invited Listz to her chateau some distance away to visit her. He accepted. The secretary went also, of course. The visit was greater [ unrecognized word or words ] Poor Belloni ~~was~~ ^said he was very^ tired ^and anxious^ with the delay, especially as he had arranged for other concerts -- one day the Princess said to him that she feared he found it very dull. He said yes because business called him elsewhere. Very well, she replied you shall go and leave Monsieur Listz with me. This appeared inconceivable but when he asked Listz what they were to do{,} to his chagrin and amazement Listz told him he might go to Paris and wait for him there. We should not fulfil any other engagements for [ this ?] time -- There was nothing to do but to leave under the circumstances, but [ Belloni corrected ] was asked to take charge of a young Russian lady who was waiting to go to Paris. This he consented to do. ~~But~~ ^However^ on the ~~way on~~ the coast of Holland the young woman told him one day she was to take a little boating excursion with a friend; as they were to leave for Paris in a few hours the time looked rather short -- However she went and never returned. She left all her money (6000 fr.) in his hands which he later gave to her bankers in Paris. Years after, when he was over in Italy with Listz he saw this lady by chance. As she passed him she said "What a fool you were not to keep the money" ----- These things give one a hint of what such a life must have been. [two deleted words] He ^Belloni^ had nothing hard to say of Listz but seems to have loved him with all his sins -- ~~But~~ [What corrected] a commentary on such a

[ Page 14 ]

career ^it is^ to find the ^faithful servant^ ~~nearly~~ utterly ^left^ poor except for what his old servant can give him. [Deleted words] He owns thousands of letters of Listz and portraits of the ladies and friends who surrounded him --

Belloni evidently has all he ^positively^ requires, but some carved furniture and the articles of which I have spoken show that he has known quite another life than this in his poor cottage with his dog -- He is very cheerful and seems to have been a true friend and an honest man so far as he understood these things.

I should like to make a brief record here of Sunday June 12<sup>th</sup> at La Ferté which was a Fête day. There was a procession of children in the church which was very beautiful indeed in a simple way as the people are all peasants, or if

there are any exceptions as in the case of Th.B. they are so few as not to be perceived -- There is a very good Curé here, a republican which makes him popular and two assistants or Vicars; the nuns too which teach the girls' schools were great helpers in the church procession. In less modernized parts of France they build small altars or reponsos ^on this day (le Fête Dieu)^ in front of every well-to-do house and the procession stops at each one. The service on this occasion was all in the church. They went to each altar for a little service. The [ fairy ? ] little girls ^drawn up on either side of the route^ [~~deleted word~~] bore baskets of rose leaves which they strewed before the feet of the priests. It was something belonging to the far past in its origin but it is still kept up as an act of faith. The church and the [ *unrecognized word* ] educate France. certainly [*so written*] we feel sometimes that it is done in a mistaken way. ~~And~~ There is much to be said on the other side. Obedience and manners ^however^ become a second nature to the whole nation, ^but^ the power of initiative ^in thought^ and in individual action is of course [ *deleted words* ] ^a thing not to be looked for.^ The distance is emphasized between thinkers and leaders and the people, but the outward condition of the poor [ *deleted words* ] en masse is superior to that in other countries.

In the afternoon we walked to the little village of Reuil where the service of the first communion was performed. The church is one of the oldest mediaeval edifices. It was the chapel of the great Castellaine family when their Château was standing here and Mme de Boulaincourt for years attended services here during the months she lived at La Ferté. It is defaced by cheap modern paintings and artificial flowers, but there is

[ Page 15 ]

one excellent picture of the old time and on the day in question the ^interior^ was a ~~mass of~~ ^filled with^ real flowers so that the old place was [~~deleted word~~] a living picture once more. The excellent Curé from La Ferté told the children that their good Vicar of whom he was very fond had invited him to come and he could not refuse anything which would give pleasure to his friend. His talk to the children was simple and full of feeling. He spoke with his back to the altar while the little girls crowned with flowers over their white veils sat in front of him. The little church was crowded just as the larger one was in the morning. We walked home again by the river bank. The sun was at [ *last corrected* ] ready to give us all the heat we could bear. La Ferté is very very pretty -- (To continue this [diary ?]) #

## Notes

~~to whom~~: Fields seems clearly to have deleted these words, though they are essential to making her complicated sentence work.

*pin*: Fields seems clearly to have ended a paragraph here, even though the next sentence continues Belloni's account of Liszt's first concert tour.

*diary?*: This parenthetical note appears to be have added at a later time, perhaps in pencil.

---

[ Page 15 continued ]

June 23d

Took fast train in the early afternoon for Meaux, the home for 15 years of Bossuet the great archbishop. Meaux still presents its old walls and the Marne flows through it with a rapidity like that of the Rhone at Avignon; quite unlike its quiet self at La Ferté. The city is surrounded with noble trees ~~usually~~ ^often^ cut "en charmilles" but of late years many ^indens^ ~~which~~ are to be seen and [ *horse corrected* ] chestnuts in natural condition. The leaves of the trees here [ *deleted word* ] ^are^ denser and finer than they are usually in New England. The soil must be very rich, for roses [ not to speak of ? ] numerous flowers beside [ *grow corrected* ] in wonderful luxuriance and with few pests to injure them. It was a lovely June afternoon in Meaux. Service was going on in the empty cathedral, the voices of the priests sounding like bees in a window pane. The light was streaming in through the long graceful windows which lost all their colored glass during the revolution, but the fine leaden tracery is extremely beautiful in itself, with common glass grey with age. [~~Deleted word~~] Unhappily some common colored ~~glass is~~ windows are to be seen -- doubtless votive offerings, but the larger number are plain. The arches are the great glory of the place. Huge as they really are, [~~several deleted words~~] ^they^ gives one a sense of slenderness and grace from their uninterrupted heights. The archbishop's chair remains, where Bossuet sat, the dark carved wood pulpit wherefrom he preached, and a rather poor modern statue to his memory which is to be replaced by something better in 1900. ~~Portions~~ Parts of the cathedral belong to the earliest centuries of the Christian Era. The plan of the outside [ *deleted word, probably is* ] ^was^ not very unlike that of Notre Dame

[ Page 16 ]

but it was never finished. The facade has not been restored fortunately and it wears something of the look of "old care" as Th.B. said.



Quite as interesting as the cathedral was the house of the archbishop built in the ~~same~~ <sup>earliest</sup> period, with its lovely gardens where at the end of the garden house <sup>in</sup> [which *corrected from where*] Bossuet lived and walked. There is an old walk between yew trees there which he is said to have much frequented. It looks as if no one had used his study since his death and as if few feet wandered in the ~~ye~~ alley of the yew.

We spent an exquisite hour in this spot recalling the life of the great preacher. We do not feel about him as we do about Fénelon, but Th.B. thinks him a much greater man. She prefers his sermons to the funeral orations which have made him so famous. We are obliged to yield something because of our inferior knowledge, but to us the simple teachings of Fénelon are worth more than all the splendors of oratory. However we remember that the stars differ in glory. Fénelon is as much alive today and speaks to the religious nature of men as clearly and simply as Jesus himself does. He is still a holy interpreter of the [truth *corrected*] of the gospels. We have not been touched in the same way by Bossuet. There are two or three very interesting portraits in the Archbishops palace but no good representation anywhere of Bossuet himself. There are no stairs in the building. One ascends as in the campanile at Venice over a paved incline. Many a time doubtless some heavy old churchman has gone up donkey back to his apartment. The rooms open out upon a stone balcony overlooking the gardens. Nothing could be more [*deleted letter, perhaps a "b"*] retired or more beautiful.

We came away unwillingly, passing the former house of the canons, now undergoing restoration, one of the oldest parts of the whole construction, and crossing the Marne ~~by~~ <sup>at</sup> two very picturesque spots, the water very clear swift and beautiful below. There are some old mills built across the stream which are not in use{,} its picturesqueness, although in one spot it was hard to forgive their having been built on the remains of an ancient stone bridge which must have been far more beautiful than the mills. <sup>We came away with exquisite pictures of Meaux in our minds. It is a place to visit.</sup>

a portrait of Madame Henrietta Maria is here, given to Bossuet after his wonderful funeral oration. He was her father confessor. Also there is a picture of an old Cardinal by one of the first painters of France and two other good portraits. <sup>by unknown artists</sup>

[ *Following this page in the microfilm copy of the diary are two unnumbered pages containing two short clippings from French newspapers, one*

*regarding planting trees and the other describing a performance. ]*

---

[ Page 17 ]

Friday June 24<sup>th</sup>.

Left La Ferté after "déjeuner" for Reims -- passing through the famous vineyards which yield the champagne of the great world. The landscape is of wide valley fields with no variety planted with miles on miles of grape vines which grow in a dry soil [ *deleted word* ] looking like a mingling of stones and lime. It is one of the mysteries of creation and like the old tapestries of the Cathedral at Reims or Bayeaux seems a survival of the past to us who must view these things from the standpoint of the ~~old~~ <sup>new</sup> world. The [incessant ?] labour required which bends the bodies of [ *deleted word* ] men & women [ down ? ] [ *deleted word* ] until [ *unrecognized word*] they ~~are~~ stoop almost to the ground; [ *two deleted words* ] the personal attention [ *deleted word* ] <sup>needed</sup> by every vine to bring it to perfection; the long [ shadeless ?] hours in fields where no trees are suffered to grow for miles; all these things savor of [ *several deleted words* ] a life different indeed [ to *corrected* ] that of farmers in our own land.

At Ay a [ *unrecognized word* ] [grape ?] is found which is delicious, very light and somewhat sweet, not unlike the vines at 'Asti' of the North of Italy. On arriving at Epernay where we changed cars, and again at Rheims, champagne was offered at the station as red wine or water is offered elsewhere.

We went at once to the Cathedral on reaching Rheims, and stood speechless before the façade which for [unity ?] and completeness is almost unrivalled [ *so written* ]: the solid carving of the lower portion{,} the sense of magnificent wholeness and weight contrasts perfectly with the lightness and open effect of all that is above. Pictures cannot give [ *a mark suggests there is another word in this space* ] this but it is one of the striking features of the original. The Cathedral appears to have been finished after the designs of the architect Robert de Coucy who did not live to see it in completion -- this was natural enough since it was one hundred years in <sup>re</sup>building after the fire which destroyed the [first *corrected*] erection in 1200. [ *Deleted word* ] <sup>It seems as if</sup> something [ *deleted word* ] <sup>of all the</sup> [untold ?] ages <sup>were</sup> recorded in these cathedrals [ *deleted words* ] [ speaking ? ] [ *unrecognized words*] appear like <sup>epitomes of</sup> the [ round ?] world itself, a picture <sup>in</sup> [ *unrecognized word* ] stone of <sup>the</sup> life of man. As we entered hundreds of

children were singing a well known hymn tune rather badly and [ the teaching or teachers ? ] [three unrecognized words ] and to say their catechism made the

[ Page 18 ]

everyday world a very present factor while we saw where Clovis was baptised [ so written ] and gazed on the vestments used in the coronations of all the Kings of France until the very last of the Bourbons. Tapestries decorate the walls [ several deleted words ] of great age. Gobelins was [ deleted word followed by unrecognized word ] Rheims^ [unrecognized word] decorations they believed to be out of taste hanging below the wonderful arches which require neither pictures nor colors except the colors from the glass windows of antiquity which [ always will ? ] be the wonder and the pride of France. For splendor and beauty [apparently an insertion or ? ] of hue there are few things to approach them. Only the upper [ones ? ] remain. The [ construct ? ] is so great that no one needs to be told this and we could see what lessons they had given to some of the re-creations of modern glass work.

We lingered long in the old place [ deleted word ] seeing in [ front of ? ] the Cathedral a statue of [unrecognized mark ] ^Jeanne^ d'Arc by Dubois which at last represents the subject. It is most inspiring and lovely. At last a man of imagination has done the work! Dubois is still living. This statue [ two or three deleted words ] fills one with desire to see what else the man has done. It appears that he is a great painter as well.

Leaving the cathedral we came after some searching into a still older part of Rheims in appearance certainly a [ unrecognized word ] which has not been rebuilt and facing an antique place utterly without grass or trees we found the old church of St.-Rémy. We expected little after the Cathedral, but we found something much older, almost deserted and solemn in its antiquity. No fire has devoured the [ pillars ? ] at the bottom which looked like [ Egypt ?]. Much of the work is of the 4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> centuries{,} the upper portions of the 11<sup>th</sup> or 12<sup>th</sup> {,} there is very little later than this except the necessary restoration of [ our own ? ] time. We were quite overwhelmed by this old place where the glass also above the clere-story [so written] is exquisite. How it has happened that the [ unrecognized word sense ? ] of color has been so [ lost ? corrected ] during [ later years ? ] seems impossible to imagine -- it may be that

[ Page 19 ]

the materials for making the [ crude ? ] ^glass^ [ deleted words ] were no longer to be found. Now in America the [ crude ? ] glass is of exquisite quality and La Farge{,} Mrs. Whitman and Tiffany are again making beautiful the churches of the new world. Returning we dined excellently well in the "Buffet{"} at Epernay with light wine of Ay and honest food. It was ten o'clock as we walked home through the silent streets of La Ferté. There had been a fair during the day. We saw some of the last vendors setting out to the train to go home with what remained of their vegetables and goods, but the town itself was fast going to sleep. The houses and little cafés were mostly shut and there were no drunkards in the streets.

June 25<sup>th</sup> Saturday

Mary Garrett and Miss Thomas came from Paris to pass half the day. Dear Th. was suffering from headache but it grew better during the day -- It rained early but cleared in time for us to walk out after luncheon and gather roses.

June 26 Sunday

Th. still with headache but happy to hear that Gabrielle Delzant had graduated with honors (the daughter of her friend who is at a convent school){.} She is expecting Mr. Graham the artist today -- and has now gone herself to high mass. Her headache is not yet quite gone however. Monsieur Delzant & his daughter are going for a trip in Bretagne much like our own -- The mother will not go but is turning her face southward to Parys [ intended Parays ? ] in Gascoigne where the heat in summer is intense but it is her native place, the chateau belongs to her family and she is sufficiently accustomed to it not to suffer as others may do.

June 27 Monday

Came news of my dear sister Lizzy's death on a postal card!! # The telegraph failed us and reported "bien" instead of dead the fatal word. She left this world on the 15<sup>th</sup>. Thérèse and I took a long walk talking of her and of the high mysteries. The clouds hung low. The river was beautiful with its [ deleted words ] setting of green hillsides and a few ~~beasts~~ [ unrecognized word ] a little movement and life. The rain ^began to fall^ [ several deleted words ] and we sought refuge in the little church at Reuil, but we could only stand under the wide stone porch. For a wonder the door was locked. Fortunately

[ Page 20 ]

the heavy cloud moved away from our path (although it poured at La Ferté) and we walked swiftly home in the face of a cool blowing wind

very pleasant to walk in -- In the evening, our last evening we talked much of the condition of the religious life in America and here -- of the [ dying ? ] condition of [ many ? *corrected* ] Protestant churches with us and of the [ opposition ? ] and state of the church here which seems good for the large number. We read Tennyson's "In Memoriam" one [ canto ? ] [ or / & ? ] ^ [ the verses ? ] ^ [ to J.S. ? ] and then went early to our rooms.

June 28<sup>th</sup>

Left for Paris. [ *Several deleted words* ] See 20 1/2 four sheets.

[ *Fields places a note on the back of page 20 indicating that she has inserted four pages beginning with 20 1/2 between the above text and the rest of page 20.* ]

#### Note

*postal card*: Fields appears to have deleted the second exclamation point, or perhaps to have underlined both marks.

---

[ Page 20 1/2 (1) ]

[ *Fields places a note on the back of page 20 indicating that she has inserted four pages beginning with 20 1/2 between the above text and the rest of page 20.* ]

June 8<sup>th</sup> [ *intended 28<sup>th</sup>* ]

Left for Paris

We put up at the Hotel "Terminus" that we might be quite ready to leave the next morning early without the discomfort of changing the luggage from place to place. We found ourselves in luxuriously furnished rooms without light or air and it was a rainy dark afternoon{;} at best we felt as if we were in a cellar. However we had our tickets to buy for the trip and certain businesses to do and so we were content enough, but it was provoking not only to be ticketed as if ~~you~~ ^one^ were in prison, but to find that [ *deleted word* ] persons who called to see us could not find us in spite of my leaving the names carefully written out at the office and that a telegram for which I paid extra was never sent. Such vast caravanserais cannot be called comfortable exactly; yet the food at the "Terminus" was remarkably good, the beds comfortable and the prices not exorbitant.

Wednesday 29<sup>th</sup> of June.

we left early{,} with the Summer sun shining at last{,} for the antique city of Vitré and Les Rochers, the château of M<sup>me</sup> de Sévigné which is in the vicinity. It is a long journey even by rail from Paris. Therefore we are not surprised to

discover that the writer of the famous letters only took the journey nine times in the course of her life. This gives one an idea of the long years together which she must have passed at Les Rochers -- some of that time in great solitude.

It was about three o'clock of a lovely summer afternoon, one of the very few pleasant afternoons of this strange Summer when we reached Vitré. At four we took a carriage at once to drive to Les Roches about four or five miles away over a road which even now is not of the very best. What must it have been in those old days when little care was taken of these things. The sun was still high when we stopped at the gates of the chateau and descended to ask a guide from the

[ Page 20 1/2 (2) ]

farm house close at hand. A very kind good woman came out to welcome us{,} giving us to understand that it was a pleasure rather than otherwise to welcome persons who came to visit the place. The Chateau is inhabited by an intelligent family, descendants of the old stock who have taken pride in preserving the estate as far as possible according to the old conditions. Some of the many trees are still alive which M<sup>me</sup> de Sévigné watered and although many have died of course they are replaced and arranged in the same manner as during her lifetime. We were first carried to the chapel and showed the old and the new parts, then into the one room of the house where she wrote the letters and which is given up to her memory. The only room with the adjoining passage which strangers may enter. This room has been fitted up with the greatest care and the window looking out to the garden as she sat. Here is her bed with the truly exquisite curtains and cover embroidered by M<sup>me</sup> de Grignan{,} also two chairs ~~covered~~ ^wrought^ by the same loving hand. We felt that we knew the daughter better after seeing how she had bent for many a long hour over this work, knowing the happiness it would give her mother who {was} [ surrounded by ? ] these proofs of her love. The portrait of M<sup>me</sup> de Sévigné by Mignard is here -- I believe this is thought to be the original, and there are other family portraits. Her toilette table is also preserved -- indeed the whole room wears the air of a place which has been loved and occupied -- not too long ago. From the house where we loved to linger we went out into the gardens and the park{,}

[ Page 20 1/2 (3) ]

~~She~~ M<sup>me</sup> de Sévigné herself, I believe designed the park and gardens. They are carefully kept in as perfect a condition as possible, although the climate is far from mild and the place stands

hight, [ *deleted word* ] much exposed to cold winds. They are obliged to carry the orange trees and many other things under cover for the winters. The spring this year has been so cold and wet that the garden did not even yet wear that easy air of never being disturbed which is half the grace of a true garden. To the readers of the letters the grounds are full of interest; here are the "alleés" which she named, the names still fastened upon the trees at the entrance of each: the walls where she spent so large a part of her summer afternoons and where when she lingered there once in the desolate autumn of [ *her corrected* ] desolated life and sat long after the sun had disappeared (-) she contracted troubles which made her feel old before her time. Now, the afternoon was in full beauty{,} reminding us as we returned among the roses, of the happier period of her many happy days; the air was full of the smell of new hay and as we turned away from the place the sunset was covering it with golden light.

We drove back through the ancient streets of Vitré feeling that we were sharing the pleasures of others, not only seeing new things. In this old town Thérèse Blanc and her mother the Comtesse d'Eu lived during the winter of 1870 (?) when the Germans occupied Paris. Few things in this [ *quaintest corrected* ] city of Brittany [ *so it appears* ] escaped their observance and for [ *quaintness corrected* ] it is not to be outdone.

[ *Page 20 1/2 (4)* ]

Inconceivably old indeed were the houses in which the people were [ *really corrected* ] still living. The costumes and manners of the people suit themselves to the houses. How any corner of the earth can remain for centuries so unchanged it is difficult to believe. In some respects it is ~~the most~~ <sup>as</sup> unchanged <sup>as</sup> a spot as even France can show. The woman [ *intended women ?* ] live as much as possible out of doors and have that hardened look of the skin which one sees in Italy. They knit eternally -- not in their sleep perhaps -- but otherwise their hands are perpetually at work.

Our inn was old enough too -- either the very same or adjoining the spot where M<sup>me</sup> de Sévigné is likely to have rested while her servants went on to open and air the Chateau at Les Rochers. There was a lovely moon which made the night more attractive. Unhappily I was suffering with my eyes. I was not too badly off however to start away by the eight o'clock train on our way to Mont St. Michel.

[ *Page 20 continued* ]

July 1<sup>st</sup>

We came to Mont St. Michel ~~last evening~~ in the early afternoon. Rather an eventful trip from Vitré landed us at Fougères for four hours but we were comfortably cared for at an inn "hotel des Voyageurs" (a good name repeated from Vitré) and it rained so we were contented enough. A good quick walk alone through the streets of Fougères a "[*shoe-town corrected*]" and not especially interesting for France was a refreshment. The Catholic element with its childish worship of figures, I will not call them idols, always lends a picturesque element to the dullest place: [ *intending a period?* ] But Fougères is really very ancient and if we had not gazed our eyes away the day before in the old streets of Vitré we would have much more to say about Fougères. Came through Pontorson and on by stage to Mont St. Michel. This world famous place is made most habitable by the excellence of its hostess Madame Poulard (Ainé), [ *Deleted letters* ] They call the house -- "à l'omelette" or "Mère Poulard." We found a beautiful strong woman perhaps forty-five years old who has made the fortune of St. Michel in these later days. She reminds us of our dear Celia Thaxter, though without her education and refinements, but with a grace and charm and power which is like hers -- A kind of noble carriage in performing menial duties is very like Celia -- Such duties are no longer menial in such hands. The Salle à Manger is full of pictures and sketches given her by artists to whom she has given in return we may be sure the care and attention they could have found no where else.

Today the sun shines and we think that summer has at last arrived. In this glorious place which is so grey and old and full of sad and

[ *Page 21* ] #

war-like elements it is much to have the sunshine. There is no sea however. The high sea is to be seen only every other week the servants say which sounds much more like washing day than like the course of nature and we cannot quite explain it for ourselves. The soft gray sands wet and dry in spots with myriad reflections even under the gray sky of yesterday is a miracle of beauty. We have two little rooms adjoining in what is called the red house, with a balcony, much like a bird cage! The top of an old plane tree full of birds is just outside and a fig tree heavy with figs just [ *beyond corrected* ] in a sheltered corner. The silence is perfect -- the voices of children -- an occasional bell -- now & then the chatter of servants -- this is all{.} There are only 200 souls living in the entire place. We

long to stay here and gradually learn it and love it. The abbey which crowns the summit of the wonderful rock is one of the most splendid monuments of the middle ages. The State of France has now taken it in charge and it is undergoing repairs. The untouched portions are of course most profoundly interesting. Nine hundred persons once occupied this [ now empty ? ] shell -- The family, supported by both church and state{.}

July 2d

Still at Mont St. Michel. It is such a beautiful place. Last night we descended to the street [ after dinner ? ] where the kitchen is of the famous hotel here and sat in a little sort of open café opposite whither we beckoned Madame Poulard for a talk. We found [ her ? ] as intelligent in conversation as in appearance, a most delightful [ creature ? ]. She said that Bishop Potter sent her a book one day in [ remembrance ? ], which evidently had been a source of [ pride ? ] & pleasure{.} We live here up in the air. The top of the abbey is about 650 feet & [ unrecognized words ] must be about half way

[ Page 22 seems to be missing.

*Presumably this page would recount their departure from Mont-Saint-Michel. On p. 23, they seem already to have arrived at St. Malo, though at the top of the page, Fields seems to be speaking of Mont-Saint-Michel. ]*

#### Note

Page 21: A mostly unreadable note is penciled into the top margin of the microfilmed copy of this page. It begins "turn back." Presumably this is to instruct the reader that this page follows from page 20 of the diary rather than from the four inserted pages that precede this one.

---

*Page 22 seems to be missing.*

*Presumably this page would recount their final time at Mont-Saint-Michel. On p. 23, they are departing for St. Malo.*

---

[ Page 23 ]

that more travellers do not stay here for the sea and quiet -- There is a surface bustle of persons who come and go daily but one could be very quiet here. We have stayed as long as possible and leave with the greatest regret.

When we walked out to the omnibus on the long road built like a break water above the sands only a few years ago (previously the

whole world if it wished to come here must wait for the tide) we found such a strong sea wind blowing that we took shelter at first under the walls of the "Mont" until the horses appeared, for it looked as if we should be blown off otherwise. When we reached the vehicle which is kept at a safe distance we could not tell why, we found the curtains were down and we [ crept ? ] in quite comfortably. Two English ladies then came walking [ up ? ] who could not speak a word of French and did not know what to do or where to go, so we took them under our wing as it were and put them safely [intended safely ] on their way to Dinard where they were to pass the night while

[ Page 24 ]

we [ stayed at *corrected* ] St. Malo. I have seldom seen more helpless craft beating about on the sea!

St. Malo. Sunday. [ July 3 ]

An interesting little fortified place and a good old hotel de France at Chateau Malo){.} # While we were walking yesterday P.M. my eyes seemed so seriously affected that we consulted an oculist [ *deleted word* ] Dr. [ Ellenphous ? ] who found they were in a bad condition and prescribed cocaine, compresses (hot) and rest at once. So all day Sunday we devoted ourselves to the eye{,} dear S.O.J. getting and doing everything -- By night when the doctor came again he said [ I ? ] was doing well and we could go on which gave us great joy --

We could see the tomb of Chateaubriand from our window. It is on the outer side of an island, a spot for which he asked and which was in full view of our windows. In the course [ of the ? ] day too we [ saw *corrected* ? ] the room which was occupied by him in this hotel with its old furniture -- still elegant and sunny and airy.

Monday Morning [ July 4 ]

Left St Malo in black [ spectacles ? ] by ferry for Dinard -- a lovely modern watering place standing high on the pretty shore overlooking river and sea. The climate is said to be as equable as the views are exquisite. It is

[ Page 25 ]

not a place to detain the traveller [ *so written* ] except for rest and refreshment but it must be a perfect summer resort and as such is greatly appreciated.

The afternoon found us at Dinan one of the old Breton towns very pretty as well as unheard of. The river Rance is here most lovely{.}

Tuesday Morning [ July 5 ]

Left [ Dinan ? ] for Tréguier -- Found our [ England ? ] ladies at the station. It was a day of omnibus trains and waits and we took luncheon together out of doors under an arbor at a small town called [ Lamballe ? ] but in the P.M. we parted again at [ Guingamp ? ] -- they to see the place [ the *intended* that ? ] night and return [ later ? ] to Dinan. In [ Pontrieux ? ] the station beyond G- we found a most comfortable Diligence in which we drove 10 miles to Tréguier where we passed the night{.}

Tréguier -- We found ourselves a hotel overlooking the principal street -- paved from side to side with rough stones over which donkeys, and men women or children in wooden shoes passed in endless procession. Every afternoon they carried a dishes covered with paper or cloth up to a bakery and -- every evening they brought each their dish back for supper. It was a town of poor peasants -- honest human creatures, but innocent of knowledge -- naked of [ *deleted word* ] learning like Adam though not in paradise. Our room was large enough and hung round with portraits of the Presidents of the French Republic, clean too in all essentials but very poor. Evidently it was the best room, the one where political speakers were accustomed to stay, but I

[ Page 26 ]

doubt if any lady had found her way there, unless possibly Madame Darmestetter who went on a pilgrimage to Tréguier before writing her life of Renan. After our long journey we did not venture out in the evening but after a dinner in a queer old stone dining hall opening on the street where all the children could pause and rest their hands on the bars and gaze at us to their fill, and where we could in return become acquainted with the faces of all who passed. The morning was fresh but the sun as we found, was not enough when we walked in good season to the market place close to the Cathedral. No place at this moment in France can give a more unchanged picture of peasant life. Tréguier is away from railroads, it has little to distinguish it except the astounding age and beauty of its Cathedral and ~~the~~ [ *deleted letters* ] its being the birthplace of Renan. These two things were sufficient to repay us for visiting it, but there are [ *deleted word* ] few persons who will be sufficiently attracted by [ *deleted word* ] ^such^ reasons, to give time and money for [ *deleted word* ] [ this ? ] for after all the [ imagination ? ] of man should do the larger part {of} his travelling and there is nothing more fatiguing than constant change of scene; nothing less conducive to right living -- Nevertheless we were glad to have seen Tréguier; to have wandered in the boiling sun around the market-

place observing the quaint costumes and the people who wore them. The cathedral stood at the side with some huts still clinging to it wherein the people of the old time lived. Some of them have been taken away, but enough remain to show the ancient custom. Inside it was still and cool; you step down into it; the ^more^ modern street having risen several feet above its level. The old arches, the old stones, some bits of glass, but above all the sense of vast antiquity very slightly disturbed by restoration, were indeed impressive. The market-women who had gone to buy came in with their purchases in hand

[ Page 27 ]

and stayed to say their prayers, others who were selling found someone to take their place that they might not lose their chance -- There were few men or women who came to the market and returned without visiting the old place.

Leaving the cathedral we went in search of the birthplace of Renan. There is a stone upon the house with an inscription. The town is evidently subdued on the whole to Romanism; therefore it was with some surprise that we saw the stone. There is an old bakery or shop in the street where still live the daughters and granddaughters of Renan's former neighbours and friends. The character of the place cannot have changed very much since his day. It is perhaps a little less clean, a little less flourishing, but it was always a very modest abode. The granddaughter showed us his room and his study and showed us letters he had written to her mother when her mother the friend of Renan's mother died. They were full of kindness and deep feeling for these humble friends of his youth. Then we went into the tiny garden where there was a wide pleasant prospect and fresh air. How often ~~he~~ ^Renan^ must have walked up and down its alleys and paused to think of a future which was not to be limited by those conditions. It was a moving spot and we lingered long among the few flowers and green vegetables. The girl did not know anything about Henriette. She seemed never to have heard of her but to us the little home spoke more of her and of the mother than of Renan himself. Yet I could think of little else but of the boy who with his dreams and his studies lived at the convent school here when he was not at home and [ weakened ? ] the effect of catholicism [ *not capitalized* ] upon the minds of men -- He was surrounded by a world full of superstition and forms, one that neither knew nor apparently wished to know the simple truth of the gospels, and his whole nature received an impetus against the conditions by which ~~he~~ it was

surrounded which never failed to [ inspire *corrected* ] him in the life to come. Nor was he alone in that. His sister Henriette must have been driven by the same influences because when they met after a few years while he had been at college and she at her work as a governess in Poland, they each feared to meet the others [ *so it appears* ] and to confess

[ Page 28 ]

that they were no longer moved by the ~~same~~ faith in which their childhood had been nourished. ~~They were~~ ^He was^ however ^a^ debtors, unconscious or otherwise to the church which had given him opportunities to acquire knowledge. Without this foundation what would have become of him in that poor Tréguier!

We left town in the afternoon by diligence -- it was apparently the only method. Peasants & soldiers one of the latter drunk were our companions, but on the back seat with us was a little boy who had just finished his school term and was going home to a small village a few miles beyond for vacation. He was a good little fellow if not over bright and I could see through him what Renan's life was at the school. He was learning English. What book do you read I asked? [ *Deleted word* ] At first he could not remember but when I asked him what it was about he said; "What iss Got "What iss Got" {.} # It was evidently a little book of religious essays. We watched the little chap walk away in his wooden shoes and knapsack toward his home and we could fancy him eating his supper presently with his family. Renan's life went on in the same lines and we knew his history from how we parted with our small friend as we never could have done without our brief visit to Tréguier.

From Lanion [ *intended* Lannion] where we left the Diligence was a railway trip of a few hours to Morlaix where we found a very good hotel and a nice dinner when we arrived at nine o'clock in the evening. There were not too many visitors ^so^ and they were very good to us. Morlaix is on a river and only five miles from the English channel{;} therefore although it was full summer and pretty warm weather we were comfortable enough even in a hotel. Like railway carriages, hotels may usually be considered rather warm places in summer. They do not stand in the sun [ *deleted word* ] in precisely the same way, but the passages are apt to be close or uncomfortable. The climate of France may be considered mild [ *deleted word* ] with very few exceptions however and Morlaix was delicious during our stay. There is nothing in the way of architecture more delightful than the old houses of this place. The houses at Vitré

were as old but here lived the famous Anne of Bretagne, Duchess of Bretagne in her own right and later by her marriage the Queen of France. Her house here is in the most exquisite taste, with a staircase which is quite a wonder of architectural comeliness. It is of

[ Page 29 ]

of course more or less a ruin but preserved with great care as it is. The people confused the Duchess Anne with their Saint Anne and keep her memory and traditions as if they belonged to the church, but the history of the duchess belongs to France as marking ^one^ of her most interesting epochs{,} that of the union of the great duchy of Bretagne with the kingdom forever. Of course, there are many other houses of the same period in Morlaix{,} all of them more or less elaborate and there is one which ^must have^ vied with the house of the duchess in splendor. It seems to have belonged to one of the wealthy burghers of that time. We walked about the old place until we were very tired, going into its noble old churches, observing its great viaduct across the river valley, watching the people until it was time to return to déjeuner. We were warm as well as tired but after a comfortable rest and excellent luncheon, the latter being the rule and not the exception in France, we took the train in the afternoon for St. Pol de Léon and Roskoff -- It was a perfect summer day. Reaching Roskoff between three and four when it was still warm we [ climbed ? ] upon the terrace of a quaint hotel overlooking the sea and sat an hour watching the people and the stones and sands which the tide had left, looking out on the beautiful summer ocean and [ the island near us ? ] -- The place itself is old and poor with a beautiful church close to the hotel to which we presently wandered with votive ships upon the walls, and other tributes of those who go down to the sea in ships. The place was so wild and so little known yet with a sufficient harbor, that it was chosen [ *unrecognized word* ] as a spot on which to land unobserved persons of distinction. ~~One~~ Here it was that Mary Queen of [ Scots *corrected* ] was brought as a child and here are the ruins of a chapel which is called by her name. Roskoff was most picturesque. High, windy, stony, but with a beautiful sea all about it and many traditions to make it memorable. O how hardly have kings and queens bought and held their power! All the more it becomes a subject of amazement that so late as in our own times, Napoleon [ *deleted word* ] and his Empress should have dared to perpetuate the wasteful splendors which are supposed to be [ *perhaps two or three unrecognized words* ]. Twice have I heard persons say speaking of

their children in America -- "You know they [ must ? ] live and spend according to their station" -- This is only a continuance of the same spirit which will be sure to destroy the men

[ Page 30 ]

and women who hold it. We have no station except that of children of the most high and the followers of Christ -- all else belongs to the broad way of [ *deleted letters* ] worldliness and destruction. When shall [ we ? ] learn to use our time and money to this one great end, to further his life, his teaching in this world. Only this can lead to peace and happiness --

We drove back as the afternoon lengthened to St. Pol de Léon where there are two superb churches. It is a very small town but the churches which make its character and distinguish it are kept up well. They are of the very oldest time and the chief spire is tall enough to be seen at a great distance. Here also one feels the fresh sea wind. This is a place not to be forgotten, being of great age and extraordinary picturesqueness & we lingered about here until a late train before returning to [ Morlaix to sleep ? ].

#### Notes

*Chateau Malo*{.}): The end parenthesis clearly appears at this point, but its purpose is mysterious.

*Got*: The middle quotation mark in the boy's answer seems unnecessary.

---

[ 9 July ]

[ Page 30 continued ]

The next day we reached Brest in time for luncheon and to look about the great city but left again in the afternoon for the pleasure of sleeping at Quimper. Quimper ~~was~~ is all we could have fancied and more. We looked out of our windows upon rows of trees with the river between them and felt the fresh breeze of evening. Here we saw many varieties of the peasant costume. The women's caps are a great source of interest. They are all clean to begin with and the various shapes fill one with wonder. We were told that if we would go to [ Douarmenez ? ] to Pont-Aven and a few other places not far away on the coast we should see still more and it was our intention to see these places without fail; but Quimper was attractive and we had an idea that Quiberon would be the best place after all. So on Saturday we went to Quiberon, travelling in the Sunset down the length of the wild, winding peninsula with beaches on both sides leading to the town of

Quiberon. It was very wild and beautiful, but darkness fell before we arrived at a poor little hotel in the ^heart of the^ town. The guide book said it was on the shore, so we were disappointed to find no sea. It was a [ *solemn corrected* ] little place to [ be ? ] that night because we were told that a young girl, the

[ Page 31 ]

niece of the landlady was dying and all night long we were fancying the last sad offices. We decided that we could not remain of course and must take the early morning stage back -- giving up Belle Isle and striking for Carnac. It was a great disappointment, but when I ran down to the shore in the morning under a cold grey sky and in the face of a tiresome wind, ~~we~~ I saw only a dreary bit of beach covered with mean shops bathing houses, poor cafés and presenting no attraction{.} The connection with the poor royalists who ventured to land [ *a intending at* ] this lonely spot only to meet their enemies and to be slaughtered by them on the cruel sands, was the only association with the spot. We fled from it as soon as possible -- At one moment we thought we would not get away because the omnibus was late. We started to walk to the station. We had heavy bags and Sarah could not walk that morning and we were wearily giving up the chase when the omnibus [ overtook us ? ]! We brought away no pleasant memories of Quiberon except ^of^ the peninsula where the sea must often be splendid.

Sunday Morning ^10th of July^

In very good season we found ourselves at Carnac. The railway journey up the peninsula was a short one and we found quaint old carriages ready to take us about all day{;} after ^first ate^ our breakfast and afterward wherever we wished to go in the neighborhood of the Morbihan or little bay -- The Inn was old and quaint and clean of the old Breton type and cheap as we had not found them elsewhere. We were tired and hungry having had a poor night and poor refreshments in the morning but after a while we began to revive in this comfortable spot. There are probably no ^surviving^ places in France (perhaps in the world) more antique than this village and its surrounding. The church and many of the houses show a surprising antiquity. Of course the

[ Page 32 ]

great prehistoric stones are proof of this. While we were at luncheon who should come in as regular inhabitants of the hotel with Miss Alice Curtis and Miss Olivia Bowditch!! They had travelled 500 miles on their bicycles beside



many long railroad rides before arriving at this spot which they found as interesting as we did. They had been there some weeks. They said their room was to them an ideal place!! How glad we should have been to pause there also but we were expecting Mary Jewett and Theodore from England on the 20<sup>th</sup> and we felt eager to give them a cordial reception in Paris. So after déjeuner, bidding our friends farewell with reluctance, we sallied forth to see the wonders of Carnac. We had already seen some of the marvellous stones before breakfast{,} walking through the long lines of solemn upright monuments which stretch away for miles in the sombre landscape blown by the sea winds. We had seen enough to be filled with their wonder and to wish to know more; so we went at once to the Musée -- on our way we were joined by an interesting looking man in peasants' dress who proved to be Mr. Rousic who was a boy when Mr. Milne the English archeologist first found his way to this place. Mr. M. found him so intelligent that he took him with him{,} helped him to study and in the end made him guardian of the museum{,} which he was able to create in Carnac. Nothing in our journey has made a deeper impression upon us than this young man and his museum and the history of Mr. Milne. We were able to obtain through him some knowledge of what we had seen. At length it is proved that these long lines were an ancient burial place; the tall monoliths were commemorative pillars for various purposes probably sometimes in memory of brave men{,} sometimes of battles; in fact they were erected as we raise columns in our own day-- but the proofs of these things the study [ *several unrecognized words* ]: the absorbing pleasure of this research into the lives of pre-historic races animates this man as it has animated learned men of all ages and he has [ himself in spite of his ? ]

[ Page 33 ]

small opportunity become a man who can take his place among the [ *deleted word* ] ^savants^ of his time. I hope we may be able with the help of the ladies who have been there so much longer to encourage him by making him known among his peers.

The afternoon was full of interest, driving on to visit other monuments with which the shore was covered; even some of the islands in the Morbihan contain the most famous of all. We had intended to go to Guévernay / I think this is the name of the most famous but the tide was out, it would have been difficult to land therefore{;} before dark we drove away inland to a little town called Auray to sleep. We were leaving much unseen but we had seen enough

to allow us to understand the rest. It is a coast full of associations and of wild natural life, but it was better for us to linger there no longer.

Monday 11<sup>th</sup>

We took the train for Nantes which Sarah wished to see because Paul Jones sailed away from there and if she writes his story as she hopes to do she will like to have seen the Loire before it sinks into the sea. We found Nantes unexpectedly interesting with a noble old Cathedral{,} [ *long deletion which may read: the beautiful river running through it* ] ^with the monument [ *a second insertion which may read renaissance* ] # to Anne of Brittany and a modern monument by Dubois to Gen. La Moricière. These two monuments on the opposite sides of the cathedral are of excessive beauty and quite worthy of coming to Brittany to see. They are in strong contrast, though both very noble. The latter has the fault, which is the fault of the architect, not the artist Dubois{,} of being too high for its situation. It is very difficult to gather a full idea of it ^but we found [ *several unrecognized words* ] ^ -- We took a good nights sleep before starting to see [ *even corrected from every ?* ] the Cathedral and we spent the next day until perhaps three o'clock

[ Page 34 ]

in seeing the monuments and driving by the side of the Loire to get the best possible idea of the river which is exquisite here -- ^We went back to see the noble renaissance tomb erected by A. of B. to her parents. We could not bear to [ leave ? ] it.

#### Note

*renaissance*: If this is the word Fields inserted in her insertion, she probably intended it to appear before "monument," but the text is quite obscure.

---

[ Page 34 continued ]

[ 12 July ]

That night the 12<sup>th</sup> we slept at Chartres. The next day ^13th^ we feasted on the beauty of the Cathedral. We were greatly tempted to stay longer in Chartres. The old hotel was very quaint, making us think of England but although we had word from Mary that she was to linger a few days on her way we did not know where we were to be in Paris and were anxious to find a harbor before the 14<sup>th</sup> the French 4<sup>th</sup> of July -- So on we went to Paris finding an excellent refuge in the hotel de France et Choiseul Rue St. Honoré before night. It was however a very tiresome day. What with the deep pleasure of

Chartres and our morning in the Cathedral, the afternoon going to Paris (it was damp and raining by turns) hunting up tickets (complémentaires) from the railway officials, seeing and getting settled in our new rooms, we found enough to do. We were enchanted too with watching life on the Rue St. Honoré from our windows but it was very noisy and we found it difficult to sleep. Added to all else [ *deleted word* ] I was obliged to interview Mme [Touraine or Fouraine ?] where we should have gone if there had been rooms ready for us. I was obliged to tell her that it was quite unlikely we could go to her at all and to [ get ? ] the trunks and boxes. She was disappointed; altogether we were quite too tired probably to sleep very well.

14th in Paris --

went out early to see the natives of Strasbourg in Alsace put wreaths on the great statue on the Place de la Concorde{.} With the exception of this little walk we passed the day at home until evening -- then we drove about to see the illuminations which were very beautiful.

[ Page 35 ]

July 15th Paris

Tried on dresses and hats and went out upon business -- Always amused with the street where we begin to feel we have neighbors. In the evening we watch the shopkeepers opposite{,} some of whom live in the small entresol over their shops.

July 16th

We turn ourselves busily to seeing Paris -- The Luxembourg first -- dresses, errands, come in the morning before déjeuner.

July 17th

St. Roch and little service together.

[ July ] # 18th

Monday -- Louvre -- etc. --

[ July ] 19th

Hear of Mary's arrival but they are lingering in Oxford, Boseleigh -- London etc.

July 20th

Louvre again --

[ July ] 21st

Luxembourg again -- Dine with the Brunetières.

[ July ] 22d

See Mrs Greene -- who invited the newcomers with Sarah to go to her on Sunday

[ July ] 23d

Th. [ *Theodore* ] & Mary arrive at midnight --

Sunday 24th

Go with Mary to hear Pastor Wagner preach at his little Protestant church -- deeply interesting both service and sermon -- "Whoever shall put his hand [ to ? ] the plough and looking back" ---- - not to be forgotten.

Monday 25th

Doing last things and preparing for a little journey into Touraine.

Tuesday 26th

Th.B. and ourselves started, the first for Orleans and ourselves for Amboise, to meet again at Amboise the next day. It was a warm lovely day and Nelly Prince came to the station to welcome us. We all went to the Inn together where Nelly sat and talked after breakfast until the moment came for her return to her home in the Chateau La Roche at Chargé where she is living. She urged Sarah to go back with her and Mary and I followed at six o'clock. About half a mile or less from the house we found them waiting for us at the roadside. Theodore and C. Prince had gone to bathe while Nelly and her daughter and S.O.J. sat by the riverside but when the time came to expect us they came to watch [ *deleted words* ]. We were all rejoiced to sit on the grass and watch the beautiful river and talk as if we were at home. At night we dined at their pretty chateau - - very old -- very picturesque and sufficiently comfortable.

[ Page 36 ]

We shall never forget our little walk in the fading sunset from the river to the chateau. We went through the garden where a little of everything grows -- enough of everything to keep their table well supplied. Nothing could be prettier than the ripening fruits and vegetables and flowers through which we gradually ascended to the walls covered with ivy and grape and flowers to the level of the house. The place dates back to the sixthe century but the larger part of the work now existing probably belongs to the 16th century. It is a picture indeed. The round towers, the quaint windows the dark hall and staircase, every casement framed in green, while the furniture inside is most of it of the times of Louis Seize. They have adapted themselves wonderfully to the old place and are really fond of it -- After sunset we had a very pleasant dinner together{,} returning to sleep at Amboise.

The next day we planned to go to Chaumont but Th. did not arrive as we hoped. Happily she came at the moment we were

leaving and did not ^at^ all mind going away again at once to see the Chateau and to dine again at La Roche. ^We had been all over the interesting Chateau close [ *deleted word* ] [ & at ? ] Amboise in the morning.^

Chaumont is one of the most splendid of the royal chateau [ *so it appears* ]. At present it is inhabited by rich people who keep it in fine order and allow it to be seen; also strangers are suffered to wander about the park which seems very generous indeed. We stayed until nearly sunset; first going into the great house across the drawbridge and being shown the evidences of very great age -- then came the additions of the later periods [ or ? ] the rooms of Diana, Catherine, Mary and the astrologer Fuggieri [ *so the name appears* ]-- all deeply interesting{;} Then the vast stable and the beautiful view and the grounds -- nothing could be more splendid. At dusk we were again at La Roche where the dark masses of foliage began to look black against the sunset sky.

[ Page 37 ]

Again a very [ cheerful ? ] dinner with the exiled household where there must often be great sadness. They love each other most sincerely however and that makes even exile possible.

Thursday 28<sup>th</sup>

Mary was not well. We decided to postpone more sightseeing until she was better. Th. went to the Amboise Chateau and I went to the old church of St. Denis with Sarah in the afternoon. How calm the old place was and how beautiful with its [ carving ? ] and remains of ancient glory!

Friday --

Started for the chateau of Azay le Rideau and Langeais but some one being mistaken about the hours we went to Tours and to Loches instead. We were not sorry! We might have stayed longer perhaps in Tours but we saw the Cathedral again a wonder of beauty, and the quiet place in front where Balzac has placed some of his figures -- Loches is however one of the most extraordinary spots in the world and we took time enough to see it -- Nothing could give a more perfect picture of the life of the old time: [ *deleted word* ] a city within its gates and under the walls dungeons, places of torture, and other horrors, while there were some fine rooms fit for kings and queens and a noble view from the top. It is a useless thing to write about Loches in plain prose. It is a place the memory of which must be laid up with other wonderful things in the memory to serve us in a different way. One cannot restrain one's admiration at the

preservation by the French people of their monuments in spite of the havoc they have occasionally wrought in Paris. Through hundreds of years and vast expense their great Cathedrals and churches, their royal buildings and historical monuments have been [ wrought ? ]

[ Page 38 ]

over and over patiently and at vast expense in order to preserve history in this form for their children's children.

It was a day not to be forgotten{,} this one at Tours and Loches -- The Princes came back with us to dinner and the day ended with a lovely sunset and a [ talk or walk ? ] with Thérèse on the river-bank. In some respects Loches is the most remarkable of the French royal chateaus. It was in existence at the time of the Romans. It is an historic [ script in or scripture ? ] --

Sunday July 31<sup>st</sup>

Th. went to church in the morning while we held a little service at home. Before noon we left in a "break" with the Princes for a day at Chenonceau. We were joined by Vielé-Griffin and his wife. He is a young poet of real talent of American parentage who has lived in France since he was eight years old. He has written many volumes already which have [ *unrecognized word* ] Thérèse [ *several unrecognized words* ] partly because they are unlike the French poetry of the past. Th. insists that they cannot be called French poetry at all because he sets aside all tradition and uses forms which she considers no forms. We shall see! I was told [ *several unrecognized words* ] he has expressed in his poems{.} He is true, pure, modest determined and I cannot help thinking will win his way. His wife is a witty, skilful [ *so spelled* ] little French woman, still very young with four pretty little daughters. She does not recover from her disappointment that one of them is not a son and is French enough in the way she expresses it. He [fell in love ? ] [ *several unrecognized words* ] very young and although she is not the woman to understand what he is doing exactly. She appreciates his excellence & is fond and devoted -- We took our luncheon by the riverside in the garden of a small inn [ carrying ? ] what we were to eat in large hampers. The Griffins brought characteristically the delightful white wine of the country and [ delicious peaches ? ] [ *several unrecognized words* ] plenty. We were a gay and happy company! Mme G-- made in two moments a delicious [ mayonnaise ? ] dressing for the [ *unrecognized word* ], Mr. Prince a wonderful omelet, Sarah assisting in the culinary department.

After luncheon we were rowed down the river to Chenonceaux [ *so spelled* ] in the afternoon light. It was exquisite indeed and by far the best [ way ? ] of seeing the most beautiful but the least interesting

[ Page 39 ]

of the royal chateaux. The carriages drove to the end of one of the long "alleés" of trees to meet us and we drove home in the sunset. I was in the carriage with Mr. Griffin and thoroughly enjoyed [ my ? ] talk with him. I shall be much [ surprised ? ] if he does not make his mark -- not only among the forty "jeunes" of Paris but among the men of letters of his time.

Monday Morning

Th. & I went to call at the G-s. They live in a strange little out of the way place {--} you drive about a mile and a half from Amboise to a small village once clustered probably around a handsome chateau. You drive between limestone walls winding in and out hardly wide enough for a carriage and reflecting the heat on such a warm day as we found there. We stopped at length at an old gate. It was opened by a servant and we found ourselves in a common courtyard up one side of which was a flight of stone steps against the buildings. Turning to the left as we reached the top of these was an entrance, and inside were a corridor running parallel [ *so spelled* ] to the courtyard and good sized rooms facing down the valley on the outside with a grand view -- It was a strange nook, doubtless the remains of a great house, but nothing had been done to it and it had thus become simply a cheap refuge wherein he was not likely to be disturbed and where nature could be enjoyed during his solitary walk or on the wide terrace which stretched along on a level with the rooms and above the village. He has a strange old mother who lives with them, a vulgar disagreeable old creature who is evidently a source of constant trouble and feeling of disgrace -- yet she is an American woman who once belonged in [ Boston !!! ? ] Perhaps death will be good to them and will take her before long -- we can hope so for their sakes -- They were very good to her but I could see how they suffered{.} She has I believe all the money{.}

We left for Blois in the afternoon{;} dear Nelly and Helen coming to see us off. It was still day when we arrived {--} therefore we

[ Page 40 ]

hurried off without delay to see the Chateau of Blois. The memory of Catherine di Medici who lived and died there I believe and of the murder by Henri III of the Duc de Valois and of the

imprisonment of his brother the cardinal, also the flight of Marie di Medici still haunts the old rooms. They are very splendid and admirably restored with every circumstance carefully registered of events which have happened within the walls. The courtyard is perhaps the finest place in the world to observe the historical changes in architecture from the 6th century to Louis the 14th {;} we see the changes and modifications of the years -- We lingered until nearly dark about the Château and in the vicinity. Home to dinner and to bed.

August 2d Tuesday

Th. was up and dressed and at the old church observing it and saying her prayers long before we were up. I was very tired but came down at the time appointed. The others came straggling, but we got off early to see the great chateau of Chambord.

It was a cool delicious beginning of a very hot day when we all seated ourselves in a fine landeau and drove across a noble bridge of the time of Louis 14th and ten miles along the riverside to Chambord. This huge residence with 440 rooms stands on a flat open field, but its architecture is such that it can be seen at a great distance. It is often criticized as being all in its roof, but it struck me as being arranged in this way to strike the eye from a distance. It belongs to the Bourbons who keep an architect for [ general ? ] work there. It is a kind of last resort of royalty. The

[ Page 41 ]

village and everything in the immediate neighborhood recognize no republic. There are women all over France who still embroider enormous tapestries and [ carry ? ] them there with the name of their city or county inscribed to testify to their allegiance. Once a year the two dukes who represent the line Bardi and perhaps Milan (two Italian dukes) come here to hunt and invite their friends. Edouard Blanc is sometimes one of them. The place is very bare inside but it is well preserved architecturally and for the present this will continue. It is indeed an evidence of past splendor nor is it very wonderful that it should have been pillaged by the Commune. The forest about it has been very beautiful in spite of the land being poor which prevents the [ most showy ? ] trees being planted but the [ scrub oaks ? ] are tall and it has a character of its own. Probably it is very good shooting ground.

At night we took the train from ~~Chambord~~ or Blois to Paris. It was leaving a scene of enchantment and the delicious air of the country behind us. Thérèse who added so much to our

pleasure returned with us. It has been a great acquisition to have her on this special journey, though the whole of France is known to her in a most extraordinary way. Her keen memory and clear sight -- her unfatigued brain in spite of her constant labor are always a source of wonder.

#### Note

*July:* Fields uses (") several times on this page to indicate the month continues to be July. I have substituted the name in brackets for clarity.

---

[ Page 42 ]

Wed. 3<sup>d</sup>-Paris --

Thurs. 4

Frid 5

Sat. 6

Dressmaker etc. came and all our work is finished in [ these or three ] days -- for Mary [also corrected] -- I see dear Mrs Greene perhaps for the last time. I can see she thinks so -- call upon Brunetières, Vanderbilts, Sinétys and whoever else has been kind to us --

Sun 7<sup>th</sup>

Went to La Ferté in the morning. It had been very warm in Paris! ~~and~~ The coolness of the country, the pretty garden full of flowers, the strolls with Thérèse by the river were most refreshing -- The little household seemed very glad to get us back again.

Mon --

Sarah took Theodore & Mary to Rheims -- They went directly after luncheon and did not return until evening. I had taken a little cold and was not quite well, therefore{.}

Tuesday 9<sup>th</sup>

When we were to have gone, Sarah and I to Acosta, I was too ill to start. This was provoking because we could not get off to England as we intended, but we had a lovely quiet day at home and

Wed 10<sup>th</sup> at four we returned to Paris --

Therese had been working since five o'clock at her desk!!! She promises to join us in Paris tomorrow Thursday 11<sup>th</sup> and take Sarah to Acosta --

This morning we went to see the Chapelle Expiatoire where the ladies of Louis [16<sup>th</sup>] and Marie Antoinette were carried [ after their execution ] -- the bodies also of the French-gu Swiss guards who defended them are here. It is a most touching place. Nothing in Paris brings

the story home more clearly. Once a year a service for the souls of the dead is performed here and the place is filled to overflowing. The Orleans family who <sup>^</sup>[ unrecognized word suggested ?]<sup>^</sup> were the instigators <sup>^</sup>I am told<sup>^</sup> # of the death of Louis and his wife, now represent royalty at this service. Surely ~~this~~ it is the very irony of history.

Friday 12<sup>th</sup> We intend to cross the channel to England.

#### Notes

*I am told:* Fields has not indicated where this phrase is to be inserted in her sentence. Also It is not clear in the manuscript whether "after their execution" has been corrected or deleted.

---

[ Page 43 ]

August 12<sup>th</sup> evening --

Arrived at Mrs Greenslades 40 Clarges Street to find a kind reception -- but very close dampish rooms. -- Good of their [ deleted word ] <sup>^</sup>sort<sup>^</sup> but not inviting in midsummer and with such heat. In the morning we were all very tired Saturday August [ 18<sup>th</sup> intended 13<sup>th</sup> ] but I suggested getting on to Cambridge at once. This seemed to discourage the whole party who fell silent but after a while plans were made for leaving Sunday afternoon, the intermediate hours to be passed in getting all the rest possible. So we compromised and started forth, Sarah with Mary, Theodore by himself and I also alone. We met very cheerily at luncheon. Mary had seen St. Pauls and been to the [ unrecognized word or words ] etc etc: [ so punctuated ]

Sunday.

We all went to Westminster Abbey and heard Canon Gore preach. We drove down in two hansoms through the pleasant parks. It was a warm day but the Abbey was cool and never more beautiful. I sat near the monument to Thackeray's Lord Castlereagh put up by his brother with an exquisite inscription. I understand more clearly than ever before the value of such a place, such monuments, such inscriptions. No youth, no man{,} no woman could sit and study these monuments to England's good and great men & women without a new fountain of endeavor [ deleted word ] springing in the heart. We were not allowed to walk about much after service but we wandered in at the door of the nave and saw the busts to Kingsley, the Arnolds Father & Matthew{,} Wordsworth and a few others.

I was overwhelmed as never before by the sight of the poor who came to the service on that day. There were many who could not get in and their dejected appearance as they retreated from the aisle where I sat cannot be forgotten. I did not see the same readiness in the [ more ? ] fortunate to move up and "to consider the poor" which it seems to me that we find at home. At least I hope we are more considerate for I saw with sorrow several places where the people might have sat more closely in order to accommodate others. I shall not forget one pale tired man with a wrinkled brow, old before his time{,} leading by the hand a wretched anaemic looking little boy. He [ crept ? ] out with an air of its being "his luck{,}"

We walked home and although I was a little tired I was refreshed by the air, but the others were not and weary and I felt I had not done what they preferred. It is a constant struggle travelling with three other persons whose ideals and interests are not yours. Patience. Dear S.O.J. and I have had a delightful time together

[ Page 44 ]

for four nearly five months and are determined now to make the others enjoy themselves if possible. It is rather uphill work however ----

Sunday P.M. 14th of August

we found ourselves in Cambridge. What a treat it was to be under green leaves and in the fresh air once more. I could have sung aloud. We walked in the "backs" until dusk and then went into St. John's Chapel where a service was going on. We had been too late for Kings or Trinity and the new chapel at John's is not as interesting. We soon found, however, that it was a vesper service with music. The voices were lovely and we enjoyed it thoroughly. We stood awhile as we came out and while they were singing ^the^ anthem alone by the side door. The sky was pale primrose color quickly fading{,} the lovely plum red of the old bricks in the Quad of which Ruskin speaks, was still ^to^ be felt rather than fully seen. The bats "went round in fragrant skies" while the voices rose and fell, delighting in the song of praise and in their 'own young powers.' We have enjoyed few things so much.

Tuesday 14th [ intended 16th ]

Fresh and warm / how uncommon this really warm weather is in England! Went to see Kings College Chapel which I enjoyed as if for the first time. It is an exquisite place. Thence to Jesus College to Sydney Sussex and Pembroke. How exquisite are the gardens of the last. I then drove out to see Mrs Sidgwick who has succeeded Miss Clough as President of College.

I found her a woman of some power, of a great devotion to her work and of pleasant manners. She is living in a new house, built since I was here six years ago. There are beautiful bronze gates erected to the memory of Miss Clough and the Presidents house forms the arch over these gates. In this way her room commands the quadrangle of the college. The view is very pretty indeed. It would not be easy for anyone to move through the Quad without being seen from the President's home.

[ Page 45 ]

After a brief but pleasant visit, I drove back to the hotel {-} joined the party who had been to see Trinity Chapel meanwhile and went at once to the station for Ilkly [*so spelled*].

Tuesday 16th

We arrived very tired last night{.} The journey was warm and long, but we slept well in the cool fresh air of Ilkley. [ *A long deletion begins* ] Rev. Mr. Orton-Smith met us at the train. Today we invited him to luncheon. We found him one of the petty critical gentlemen and were not greatly edified by his conversation; however he had done what he could by coming to meet us so we were glad to be polite in turn -- rested in the afternoon. Wed 17th [ *End of long deletion* ]

Wed 17th

Started directly after luncheon for Timble where dear Robert Collyer was to speak about Robinson Gill who gave the library we helped to dedicate (as it were!) six years ago. It is a long drive from Ilkley perhaps ten miles, up & up out of the Wharfedale valley, past the old Denton park where the Fairfaxes began{,} leaving the Middelton [ *so spelled* ] park on the left{,} one of the old Roman Catholic families who have held their place about six hundred years. Now the Middeltons are gone and the place will probably be cut up. New villas will then be built on the old grounds and the old things will have passed away; indeed the tale is much the same as that of the old place of which Mrs Humphry Ward writes in her new story of Helbeck. On we went as I say, past Denton and up to the great moor. In spite of the heat of the day there was an exquisite breeze blowing here; the heather was [purpling ? ] all about us and the freshness of everything revived us wonderfully. There are few scenes more impressive than that of those wide moors, silent, dark even in sunshine with their furry cover, soft, thick, as if to keep the bones of the old earth warm. As far as eye can reach they rise and rise and swell, not into mountain heights of peaks but with the soft roll of a wide high sea --

We kept on for a long distance descending at last into the little village of Timble. The service had begun, for the day was waning and the driver and Theodore had walked up several hills and we all walked down one. However we were in season for the address and very good and interesting it was, telling the people how the sterling honesty and determination of the man had made him what he became, a power in the world. He said the mark of Robinson Gill on his work was sufficient. Two years before his death{,} he was deceived by some wicked men for whom he signed notes and lost a great deal of money. This trouble and the greater sorrow of the death of a grown son, caused his death probably at the last. He did not tell the tale in a sad way, but in a noble encouraging tender fashion which the people drank in as if it were the water of life. There were some tears but the whole was bright and loving and strong and good for every one of us --

John Dickinson and his wife two of the last people of Timble came to us after the address. She had been playing the cabinet organ; he is registrar of deeds and general representative of church & state in the village. A strait speechless little man but full of his own opinions and thoughts which can be wrung out of him on occasion!! His wife is a very clever woman, busy as a bee, with her house and her neighborhood, her little girl and her garden. She reads too and knows many things. They invited us home to tea which she proceeded to get for us. She had a rabbit pie already baked and tea cakes, but John must go and blow the fire, for it had gone out and she could not get tea without it. SO John blew the bellows and she and a neighborhood girl prepared everything while we took our chairs out into the little garden and sat on the turf surrounded by flowers until tea was ready -- after tea Mrs Dickinson said she would take us to Swinsty Hall [ and *intending an* ] old place of the time of Henry 7th and earlier which is still inhabited. We walked in the setting sunlight across the soft old fields climbing two walls and at last saw the hall before us with the entrance on one side. The flagstones leading across the front yard to the door were greatly worn although of hard stone, and the doorway itself was of the time of Haddon Hall -- The paved way was not narrow but wide as the dignified porch and the rooms

inside, dark with old carved oak were made yet darker by the mullions in the windows and the tiny panes. One small space in all this window, which was nearly as large as one side of the

room could open. This swinging [ part *corrected* ] was only about the size of two of the sheets upon which I am writing. The whole place was chiefly interesting to us as being like the homes left by the yeomen, our grandsires who came over to settle in the new country [ *deleted word* ] to brave the terrors of emigration for the sake of finding room for their faith [ *deleted word or words* ] and ^[ that *corrected* ] of^ their children. I felt as I had never quite felt before when I left the old house. Some of our ancestors perhaps dwelt in this very house.

It was night and heavy clouds, looking as if a thunderstorm [ were *or was* ] close upon us, hung over Ilkley when we started to return. Nothing came however, although the scene was quite dark and awful. In the night there was a little rain, but it went elsewhere{,} leaving us to enjoy two or three more days of unusual heat and damp.

~~Thursday~~ ^Wednesday^ [17<sup>th</sup> *corrected from 18<sup>th</sup>* ]

Invited Rev. Orton-Smith to luncheon, for which see above. Rested in the afternoon.

Thursday 18<sup>th</sup>

Brother Robert came in the afternoon and we walked out with him to see the old monuments of the town. He stopped to see a large number of persons, or they stopped him by the way. At the place where the old castle stood he said to a woman "they have taken away the few stones of the old wall which used to be just here" I dont know [ *unrecognized word* ] she said but there is a bit of wall here below which you can see." We followed here a bit down the slope while she found it for us. It enabled us to understand the Roman position pretty well & as we stood there for the sake of friendliness to the woman Robert Collyer said " "You're not as old as I and I suppose you do not remember where the other stones were which seem to have disappeared{,} "Naw," she said "thank heaven, I'm not as old as you are by a long way and I dont know [ *deleted word* ] anything about them." -- When the people here are brutal they are very brutal. I was dismayed -- but he

took it very sweetly and I could not help thinking that she looked more out of repair than he did by far, with poor teeth and far less strength! #

Friday August 19<sup>th</sup>

Drove with brother Robert to The Strid where we stopped{,} ran down to the river's edge which was quiet and free from visitors and beautiful as the warm sweet day could make it although the water was low. There we sat while he took our

Wordsworth at our request and read the story so simply & beautifully told in "What is good for a bootless bene" -- then we went on to the village of Burnsall far up Wharfedale and surrounded by the [ moors *corrected* ] where we took luncheon with Mr. Bland who has a small Inn. Brother Robert had sent word we were coming. They were thrown into great excitement by the news and when we arrived hungry as hounds [ there *corrected* ] was not the smallest sign of anything to eat. Bland has a clear beautiful blue eye which looks upon his own land, day by day and loves it. He has always been a tiller of the soil until of late years he has been able to get a house of his own. The practical business falls much upon his poor overworked wife and this I think he does not understand. "There's one thing I do in the house." he said. "More than anyone else, I take all that kind of labor out of their hands, that is the talking" !!!

He carried us to see the little church with the saxon [ *apparently not capitalized* ] fount and other very curious monuments{,} but on the way he began to recite his own verses. Brother Robert had warned us of this weakness, because the verses though very good in feeling were not of especial value, so he warded [ off *corrected* ] as many as possible, nevertheless we were tired and hungry and Theodore began "dancing about, as a boy will -- "You're not listening" he said, I will begin again!"

Finally he proposed to take us a walk on the moors where we could sit down and hear more. "I won't go a step" said Brother Robert "till I've ^we've^ had luncheon!" So we marched back to the house and it was [ two ? ] o'clock before the feast was spread. They had sent to Skipton for mutton! when [ their *corrected* ] own bacon and eggs and simple things they used themselves would have answered well enough. However after much more verse reciting and inspection of a curious gold coin "an angel" found to be of the time of Edward 4th which Mr. Bland had [ discovered *corrected* ] on the edge of an old [ refuse ? *corrected* ] heap -- also an old ring of about the same period was very curious --

[ Page 49 ]

It was a lovely afternoon as we drove back to ^past^ Bolton Abbey ^where we stopped^. It was [ showering ? ] but with the gold sunlight coming [ quickly *corrected* ] out upon the shining grass and old cedars -- What a wonder of beauty the place seemed! Like all things and places where Nature plays the chief part it is impossible for the mind of man to conceive and to remember the full loveliness [of it ? ]{.} [ *Deleted words* ] ^She is^ always more beautiful

than one [ *deleted words* ] ^believes [ real ?]^ [ *deleted word* ]. This afternoon, the sun and shadow, the sound of the river around the stepping stones, the noble arches of the ruin, the soft turf in the enclosures, the entrancing pictures framed in by the architecture at every turn, all these things were as fresh as if we had never seen them before. I think the presence of the old Cistercian monks in their white gowns did not seem far away. One could have walked out from behind one of the arches without surprising me.

We took [ another *corrected* ] road home, past apple trees{,} wide and altogether on the other side of the river over what seemed to me a much earlier road than the ~~other~~ ^one of the morning^. We tried to find old Anne who used to keep [ Buxton or Bolton ? ] for the Earl of Devonshire but who is now pensioned off with a pound a week which she thinks ample but she was away for the day. We reached Ilkley at last before sundown just tired enough to be glad to rest.

We found a rather rude note from Ascough [ so *spelled* ] Fawkes of Famley Hall declining to show his Turner pictures.

Saturday --

dear Brother Robert left us to return to Leeds. We accompanied him half way in order to see Ripon and Fountains Abbey which we consider more than a fair exchange for Famley Hall, # which we none of us regretted for an instant.

Ripon is one of England's most interesting cathedrals. We found a young man there to show us about who is a pattern of what a guide would be. When we parted he would take nothing for himself in spite of the time he had given us. The old saxon [ *not capitalized* ] underground chapel{,} one of the oldest in England was indeed worth seeing, beside the beautiful and mingled architecture of the cathedral itself. There is a quaint figure of [ Janus First ? ] on one of the columns and the carvings in the choir are of 1400 in some parts. We dined in Ripon and drove on in warm sunshine to Fountains Abbey. How exquisite it was there and how beautiful the [ drive ? ] words fail to say -- We were rather over heated and over tired and the [ *unrecognized word* ] was damp so I must needs take cold which troubled me for

[ Page 50 ]

the few following days --



## Notes

*strength*: Whether Fields intended an exclamation point here is not clear. She made four marks down the right margin after "strength," which may indicate four exclamation points.

*Famley Hall*: Fields may have underlined these words. Or perhaps she crossed a T in the next line with a very long line.

---

[ Page 50 continued ]

Sunday [ 21 August ].

Did not stir all day. Very warm moving about but the air is very pure at Ilkley and we enjoyed it.

Monday.

Sarah, Theodore & Mary left for [ Edinburgh *corrected* ] which they reached at evening -- Mrs Griffith (my dear Katie Bradbury) came on to see me and to pass the night at Ilkley. In the afternoon Mrs Armitage who has written excellent books on Architecture <sup>^</sup>archaeology<sup>^</sup> and history came for afternoon tea which we had in the garden and enjoyed immensely. She is an excellent woman of fine character and talent. Katie [ found *corrected* ] a capital nurse.

Tuesday <sup>^</sup>August 23<sup>^</sup> 23<sup>^</sup> afternoon

we left Ilkley for Ashton under Lyne. The distance is not great but we were obliged to change cars and the trains were not punctual so it was late (about five) when we arrived. The tea was still in the drawing room however and very grateful we were for it -- Dear little Mrs Bradbury and her two maids, especially Maryanne were on the lookout for us under the ivy [ *unrecognized word*, porch ? ] at the front door and we were both hugged and kissed as if I were one of their dear own as indeed I feel myself to be. Mr Griffith came to the train to meet us on his bicycle and absent-mindedly put me into the wrong private carriage! At dinner we met a sister of Mr. Griffith and a Miss Paget who is a very sweet lady -- cousin to ~~the~~ Algernon Swinburne -- She is doing Egyptian drawings for our friends here -- Mr. Bradbury is away for the night on a weekly consultation with the manager of his mills.

Wednesday --

A lovely day although never very fair it appears just here. We started in good season to find Mr. Bradbury and to see Bakewell and Over [ Hadden *meaning* Haddon ] -- Again on omnibus trains and changing, having luncheon on the train which Katie brought on -- arrowroot for me{,} [ comfort ? ]{,} endless good things for

herself. Reaching Bakewell early in the afternoon we saw the old church{,} one of the oldest and strangest -- norman [*not capitalized*] and early English -- Saw a saxon [*not capitalized*] cross and read some queer inscriptions in the church yard and then we went to an old quaint bake shop and refreshed ourselves with tea and cakes before taking a carriage to Over Haddon -- How quaint [ *deleted word* ] <sup>^</sup>and<sup>^</sup> old-fashioned things were about there! The tea and cakes were good however and refreshed us before our start for Over Haddon. What a lovely drive it was, up and up into hills overlooking the

[ Page 51 ]

Lathkill, a small river making exquisite pictures on its path. The village is called Over Haddon and really overhangs Haddon Hall, but it is some distance away and the inn itself is tucked ~~away~~ up from observation in a most surprising fashion -- It is kept by the two Miss Wildgoose! and until these geese fly away to heaven where I am sure their good deeds will carry them, it will be a [ home ? ] of refuge for those persons who know of it -- one of the most [ amusing ? ] facts is that it is the only [ licensed ? ] place about where drink can be had only I am sure one look at the Wildgeese would frighten a drunkard away. The cleanliness is not [ *deleted word* ] an absence of dust but a positive quality there. Katie left me at this solitary and exquisite spot to wander over the pastures overlooking the river while she drove back to Bakewell to meet her father who did not arrive by the first train. She walked back with him about seven o'clock -- just in time for dinner. Meanwhile I wandered about the lovely place and when the mists gathered about the setting sun I went to my delightful bedroom and sat gazing out at the exquisite scene and [ *four unrecognized words* -- reading by turns until ? ] almost the moment of going to meet them. They were a little late and Mr. Bradbury was tired but we were soon very jolly at table where there was delicious mutton -- peas (out of their garden{,}), potatoes cooked to a turn, simply boiled, but [ pretty *or* frothy ? ] and delicious -- Then there was a tart, at one end and a tapioca pudding at the other -- nothing could be better!

The sun had quite set after dinner and the small lamp and candles were not conducive to reading -- beside we were all tired with a long day of travel -- so to bed we went in good season in order to wake up to the pleasure of a good [ *deleted word* ] out of doors time tomorrow.

Thursday morning

Lathkill is one of the loveliest spots in England. A silence like Eden was on everything when I

arose; the sun was streaming mistily across the green downs which stretched like velvet rising and falling from east to west dropping into the valley of the little river; beyond again were woods and pastures rising to the horizon. It was cool and fair and we met refreshed at breakfast time. We drove in good season to Youlgrave [so spelled], place of early Saxon and Norman association, with its interesting antique church, and having explored this we went on again to visit the strange barrows at Arbervale. Arbervale was a wonderful spot pre-historic now, or about the period of Stone Henge{.} The stones are all flat but the [ position is very ? ]

[ Page 52 ]

and extremely impressive. We walked in the dewy short flower-strewn grass across two or three large fields before we came to the spot. It was beautiful to see how Mr. Bradbury saw the flowers, loved them and knew them by name. He gathered a dwarf gentian about three inches high and handed it to me. I put {it} into a paper to bring home some of the flowers were gathered for association's sake; but the white harebells can only live in the memory of those who saw them. They were exquisite beyond speech{.} I have never seen anything more lovely.

We returned to Miss Wildgoose for luncheon and rest after our ten mile expedition but we kept the fly in order to see Haddon Hall in the afternoon since it was very near. How lovely it was in that late August sunshine! I seemed to understand its history too better than ever before and to be able to people it in its early splendors. We drove from Haddon to Bakewell again where only the day before we had gone over the antique church, and again we had tea at the small bakeshop on the little street which cost two pence half penny each! with [ fine or five ] cakes and buns thrown in. Mr. Bradbury was in a state of hurry, he feared we should lose the train. However as usual we waited half an hour but we reached Ashton in time for [ unrecognized word, driving ? ] the carriage & the good Barr meeting us at the station.

Friday

A rainy day at Riversvale. Did not go out{.} It was cold and there were fires about the house. It seemed like late autumn. I found time to read and write a little and to sit in the drawing room and look over some of the marvellous "squeezes" of the marvellous Egyptian inscriptions and to talk by turns with our friends. Old Mrs Bradbury is older than her husband and being a sensitive bigoted, invalid seems 80. She has great softness and sweetness of manner but she appears to be somewhat

tyrannical and troublesome in her domain. She is very fatiguing and exhausting to her household although she lives chiefly in her own room. Mr. Bradbury is in full possession of his powers -- a man who reads and thinks, has the care of huge manufactures of cotton and [ iron ? ] is one of the men to be counted upon in all patriotic movements devoid of self-care or show, a true lover of knowledge, a devoted husband and father; a strong religious man, he is a man whose friendship one may be proud to have gained. Katie, Mrs Griffith, his daughter, is a most interesting and lovely character. While she was still quite young Miss Amelia Edwards, then a woman of fifty

[ Page 53 ]

of Irish birth and many strange experiences, full of talent and of charm met her at an evening party. She saw at once what a sweet devoted creature she was and she determined to win her to her side if possible. Katie became as truly absorbed in Egyptian knowledge as Miss Edwards herself and at last consented to go with her to America where she engaged herself to give a series of lectures in the States. Miss Edwards represented herself as an excellent traveller and no trouble to anyone, whereas she could do nothing for herself. On the steamer Katie had one sad moment. She saw the whole thing, how dependent Miss E. was; how she was the only person to do the severe labor which lay before them. Miss Edwards was disorder in person as to external things. Her lectures were however perfect both in style of writing and in delivery. She could not dress herself nor undress; she must have her bed remade by Katie at midnight every night; she travelled every day and lectured every night except at Christmas week; altogether it was a tale which can never be told of the labor and self forgetfulness of that young woman. Then Miss Edwards broke her arm which never knitted properly and two years after her return to Europe she died. Then there was a long period of trouble breaking up the house at Westbury on Trym where Miss Edwards had lived for years with an old lady and where her library was. There were baskets full of [ terrible ? ] letters to be read and when all was over Katie determined to burn everything and never to write Miss E's life which at first she intended to do. "She became a better woman every year of her life, after we came together," Katie said one day. "I am sure of that and it gives me happiness now. I have discovered that we may keep on growing until we die. This is what is intended. Our time of death only comes when we stop our own growth."

After Miss Edwards had gone and her beautiful library was moved -- partly to Somerville College the woman's college at Oxford under Agnes Maitland, and the larger part and the most beautiful to Riversvale, during Katie's life, Katie devoted herself to furthering the work of Egyptologists. She increased the ardor and scope of her own studies and denying herself luxuries gave her days and nights to the work so far as was consistent with her duties to her father and mother and the house at Riversvale. Six years ago we believed that Flinders Petrie the most distinguished now among the discoverers, wished to marry Katie. We did not like him personally

[ Page 54 ]

and hoped this would never be. Shortly after came a letter saying that she had married F. Llewelyn Griffith, a young man of fine character and bound also to distinguish himself in this work. We had never seen F.L.G. and could not of course make up our minds about it, but during this visit we have found him a man of unusual character and sweetness.

Saturday 27th

Still raining. The climate of Riversvale is very damp and chilly -- I fear not very wholesome -- I walked a mile or so within the grounds when the rain held up, but it soon began to pour in torrents -- In the afternoon my dear S.O.J. Mary & Theodore arrived from Edinburgh. Katie was anxious to have them pass the two nights here before going on [ to *corrected* ] Stratford our next promised visit. It was a pleasant evening. Miss Paget is staying here also who has made drawings in Egypt for several years. She belongs to a great family of this name, but she is a very modest lady and speaks little of her grand connections. She gave us some good ghost stories connected with some of the old houses. However -- one of these ghosts is at Leven -- the seat of the Howards, where Mrs H. Ward wrote a part of "Helbeck"; the Howards being cousins of Miss P --

Sunday 28th

The travellers were tired and did not go to church. Only Theodore Mr. B. & myself. It was still chilly and damp and I managed to begin a cold -- but we enjoyed the day altogether -- sitting in the large drawing room in the afternoon and learning about Egypt while Mr. B. talked very pleasantly about his favorite books{,} English antiquities and illustrated what he had to say with old books, photographs, drawings etc. Then there were Miss Edwards's [ autographs? ]

to look over. The time passed quickly -- There were family prayers in the evening.

Monday 29th

Left early in the morning, still chilly & rainy for Stratford. We went to Rugby which we saw and where we took luncheon ( [ *unrecognized word* ] had in the [ *unrecognized words* ]!) but what with the walks and what with the changes we were the entire day in reaching Stratford. I felt pretty well used up with cold -- However we dressed for dinner and enjoyed the evening with Mr. and Mrs [ Arbothnot *intending* Abuthnot ? ] and their cousin Mrs. Douglas -- The only guest beside ourselves. The house is a huge place -- very handsome.

[ Page 55 ]

30th

at the Vicarage -- Unfortunately quite ill with a cold and unable to get up in the morning. In spite of this the party sallied forth ^to^ the birthplace etc -- Coming down to luncheon although feeling very weak we had a pleasant hour and afterward went out on the lawn to be photographed. Thence we started for the church but after seeing [ *deleted words* ] the grounds of Mrs Charles Flower's house which Mr. A calls his Naboth's Vineyard, a charming spot contiguous to the church and then the church itself which was most carefully shown and explained to us by the good Vicar, around whom a large company gathered, I found myself quite faint and obliged to return home. I was very sorry! We were to have gone out on the river in a boat and done all manner of delightful things; however I rested and was ready for dinner when we were joined by a churchman and his wife Mr. and Mrs Penny. He might have stood for one of Du Maurier's drawings of a vicar.

Wed 31st --

Left for London The day was lovely like Tuesday -- sunny clear & cool; but I was still unwell and went to bed again Sept 1st with a very bad cold. Did not get up all day. Mary & Theodore saw Warwick before joining us.

Sep 2

Still in bed until they all went away after luncheon on some pleasant expedition. Then I got up remembering that tomorrow was Sarah's birthday, took a cab, went to the British Museum{,} found the address of the best maker of casts, drove there{,} got Thackeray's hand and a copy of a lovely Indian ivory -- then drove to C.G. market{,} bought flowers and returned a little tired but much pleased{.}

Sat. Sepr 3d

Sarah's birthday; breakfast with flowers and pretty presents. Arthur Holland his wife and Helen Herford came to dinner.

Sepr 4th Sunday

Still very warm but to me very pleasant. The party went without me to the Foundling Hospital and in the afternoon I took a little walk.

London with its pathos and its deep interest holds me strongly as ever{.}

#### Note

50: The next page in the microfilmed manuscript is a newspaper clipping about 1887 London theater events that is not included here.

---

[ Page 1, about p. 11 in microfilm ]

London. 11 Half Moon St. Sepr 5th

Although we have until the [19th ?] here, as long [ a *corrected* ] stay as we have had anywhere, the days are so full that they seem very few. Mary Porter dined with us, all the money which she put into her banker's hand for her summer vacation has been lost -- five hundred dollars which is a great deal to her.

Sep. 6th

Went to Edward Clifford's studio. He has an old house at 37 Kensington Square which he has filled with beautiful things. He is a most kindhearted genial man, who if he had married and if he had children would have found such a natural scope among his own and might have made his career a very different one. Now he is absorbed in his art and in giving full rein to the natural benevolence of his disposition. The very thing which caused him to throw up everything for the purpose of carrying love and succor to Father Damien at the risk of his own life still beckons him on and he is spending himself in little kindnesses as well as great. His rooms are lined with landscapes -- careful drawings of flowery fields which are unrivaled. Burne Jones said that when he painted his picture of heaven he should borrow the fields from his friend Clifford. Indeed they are worthy of all this -- He has become evidently a great success. His portraits of women and children are so beautiful that he will always have as much as he can do in this direction. Every inch of his walls excited our [ lively ?] interest. At last he took us into his bedroom -- up two flights, where his attic windows look over the trees at the Square and beyond there was a beautiful steeple [ dimly *corrected* ] seen through the misty sunshine. It is the most beautiful steeple in London he said{.}

so I prefer this upper bedroom. Those below are occupied by two friends, who are rarely in town{.} Therefore he really has the house to himself. There is a small garden behind which he has laid out very prettily, and at the end where there is a bright wall he has inserted a looking glass surrounded with colored tiles which reflects the flowers and gives a sense of space which is delightful. He showed us the old fire places which he had brought from a former time which was dear to him, fireplaces surrounded with tiles and with precious stones inserted which were evidently arranged by his own hand{.}

[ Page 2 ]

Before he allowed us to "come away{" he [ *several deleted words* ] gave us a card to his friend Lady Ashburton who asked him to do so it seems for tomorrow. She is to leave town in the afternoon but she would like to receive us early - - "Her pictures are unrivalled{" said Mr. Clifford and if when you arrived she is unable to see you herself she will be delighted to have you see her treasure{.} He ran out into the street with us without his hat in order to show us where Thackeray lived once in that vicinity and finally allowed us to go with an air of having done nothing he wished to do for us, not [ understanding ? ] of course all the pleasure we had received first from his great kindnesses and second from his most interesting work.

Late in the afternoon, but early for [ dinner ? ] elsewhere we went in two [ trambuses ? ] which were the lightest and most comfortable vehicles (with their rubber tires) ever invented, to Toynbee Hall to dine. Canon Barnett and his wife had most kindly invited us to dine through the [ *unrecognized word* instigation ? ] of Mrs. Ernest Hart, the sister of Mrs Barnett. We found a large foundation which was begun originally by Canon & Mrs. B in '73, long before Toynbee Hall was built. They came to St. Jude's church when they were married, this function having been postponed by her until they could have a parish at the East End and throw themselves into the work of trying to bring some light into that dark vicinity. They [ threw ? ] themselves into their labors with such vigor that in less than [ ten or two ? ] years they were utterly worn out and were obliged to go away for a vacation in Italy and it was the result of this vacation which started the Travellers Club. The following year - - the Club not then being thought of Mrs B. carried out the idea which came to her she said standing in the piazza before St. Marks of the joy it would be to show these glories to [ other ? ] devoted fellow-workers; therefore *during* ^ [ in ? ] ^ the following summer they went again with a party party of [81 ?]! persons who spent only

\$55.00 that is an average of between 10 and 11.00 pounds each in seeing a long list of wonderful places in Italy and Switzerland. Again and again she arranged these parties until the Travellers Club was organized which took the labor off her hands, but she said no one could conceive the happiness they had with their company of 81 workers.

Fifteen years ago Toynbee Hall was built, a beautiful place where are lodged, counting in the surrounding houses refitted for the purpose{,}

[ Page 3 ]

upwards of 70 continuous residents. In the Hall proper are about 30 residents and they all men of more or less achievement. The others are of a somewhat different class who live or can live including everything for sixty pounds a year, with comfortable rooms of their own, and the use of all the halls and libraries and students rooms and all the luxuries in short which belong to the foundation. We went into one of these rooms belonging to a Mr. Monk who showed us about under Mr. Ward. Mr. M. had lived several years in this room and it was a study to see how comfortable he had made himself. Mr. Ward has lived at the hall since it was built, nearly fifteen years. He is a member of the County Council, a barrister and a busy man enough all day, but he devotes his leisure hours to Toynbee. Of course Canon & Mrs Barnett represent the English church in the foundation, but one of their most influential members because of his distinguished scholarship and abilities (he was [unrecognized word] at Oxford and is said to know everything !!) is a Jew and a man of peculiar power over the young men of his own faith. He can lead them "wheresoever he will" and he wills the noblest and best things for them. In the evening when we went to [ sit ? ] in the wardens drawing room{,} beautifully furnished with oriental woodcarving given them by Mrs. Ernest Hart and a portrait of Canon Barnett by Watts, beside other good things, this Jewish gentleman took a party of many men into the large hall of Toynbee where we were first received and spent that evening in giving them some instruction. We saw them grouped around him with their pipes and they seemed to be hanging on his words. During the evening we went over the buildings -- everything except the church -- library -- sitting rooms -- living rooms, chemical laboratory -- etc. It is a noble foundation. Perhaps we do not need precisely the same thing in America. It is quite certain that we haven't it, though New York probably comes nearer to it than we do in Boston where we have a great deal of poverty, but we have no class to whom our museums are inaccessible; the city is so much smaller, and the

impoverished [ better ? ] class cannot be said to exist.

---

[ Page 4 ]

Sepr. 7<sup>th</sup>

Drove at eleven o'clock by appointment to Kent House, Knightsbridge to the house of Lady Ashburton, a woman much loved by Carlyle, Browning, and Lord Coleridge, not to speak of the women of her time. She has been especially intimate with and fond of Harriet Hosmer and inquired most tenderly if we knew anything further of her life and work that could be gathered from her letters.

Lady Ashburton invited us in spite of the fact that she was to leave town the same day a few hours later. She said she would like us to see her pictures even if she could not herself see us. The servants ushered us into a large ^square^ hall upon which the front door opened, but an ingenious screen of carved indian work lined with glass and with a door in the middle prevented the air from flowing directly into the hall and divided it gracefully. There were splendid works of art in this hall where we consoled ourselves as best we might for a time, because the servants said "My lady was going away" and evidently the housekeeper disapproved of informing her of our coming. However they soon saw there was nothing else to be done and we were ushered up a noble [ staircase or stairway ] lined with covered pictures and past a magnificent greek relief, the size of life of Hector & Andromache to the dining-room where so many ^of the^ great men and women of England had been gathered together. Here were two full length Vandycks in his very best manner, a magnificent sea-field between them of the landing of William the Third in England, a Leonardo da Vinci a replica of the famous lady with the smile (and O! how much finer this is than the one usually reproduced) a Giorgione, the finest I have ever seen of the Prof<sup>r</sup> of Anatomy at Bologna, the lady of great fame. (I must look up her name.) The small original of Love and Death by Watts also an exquisite portrait by him of the daughter of Lady Ashburton the [ Marchioness corrected ] of Northampton which he presented to the mother, -- a very large [painting ?] of consummate beauty the painter unknown was possibly Constable. and many others which I did not have the time to note{,}

[ Page 5 ]

The old lady presently looked into the room over a [ unrecognized word ] and said "Dear Mrs Fields may I ask you to give me five minutes!"

When she appeared again it was to say she had been detained on business and that she was hurrying to get ready as early as possible having engaged to carry a party of friends to Salisbury "where our soldiers are to be reviewed you know{.}" She is a woman of upwards of seventy years with sweet [ blue black ? ] eyes and mouth and strong character. She at once carried us to see a Botticelli -- a holy family -- of rare beauty{,} talking of other things also as we passed into her private room. She had much to say of Miss Hosmer, who has lived much with her, but the constructing of a machine for perpetual motion and her study of the subject so perplexed and filled her brain that she could talk of nothing else for a time: then Lady Ashburton [ feared ? ] it was re-acting upon herself and there seemed great danger of Miss Hosmer's "going off her head" as the quaint English expression is. In the end she declined to talk about it but as she was utterly absorbed, really, she concluded to go to America away from everyone. Since then although she writes occasionally Lady Ashburton feels that she has no real knowledge of her condition -- We found our hostess pushed to the last extremity for time to get away and although she was most [ insistent or importunate ? ] we stayed only long enough to bring [ with ? ] us an impression of a large [ sweet ? ] benevolent spirit, dominant in her own place, who had attracted the love and admiration indeed of some of the greatest men of our time and had made her house not only an artistic centre but a home with affection. She is evidently free from the conventions of religion but full of spiritual insight and aspiration.

After leaving Kent House we drove to Frederick Hollyer's and found a few photographs we were [ acquiring ? ] to carry home.

The weather was excessively close and warm. At four I went to the National portrait gallery and saw an exquisite portrait of the Countess of Pembroke{,} "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother" -- "Nor Spring nor Summer beauty hath such a grace" etc --

---

[ Page 6 ]

Thursday 8th

Excessively hot. Mary & Theodore went to Salisbury hoping to see the review but they knew they could see the Cathedral if not the soldiers. Sarah and I stayed in all day until 4 [ went *intending* when ] we left for Stocks Tring and found Dorothy at the station when we arrived soon after six. She was very affectionate as ever but [ *unreadable corrected word* the ? these ? ] years have matured her of course.

A few minutes later after a pretty drive through the village of [Stocks *corrected from* Tring ? ] with its duck pond and old stocks and quaint church, we reached the beautiful old house and grounds where Mrs. Ward now lives. She came out by the little garden gate to welcome us; still young, but leaning slightly on a cane and suffering more or less with something like sciatica. Pain has left its traces upon her spirit more than elsewhere; she wears a look of patience and her manner is very quiet and not at all exuberant as, knowing her nature, I am sure it once was. She is nevertheless cordial and sweet, perhaps one feels [ *deleted word* ] all the more any expression of feelings, because of her reticence{.} She is very pretty -- lovely hair and eyes, and hands and feet and figure. Her dress was very simple and appropriate just as she had worn it in the garden since the morning -- a black alpaca skirt and [thin ?] black waist with a white silk muslin and lace waist over it, the sleeves slightly full and finished at the neck and arms with beautiful lace -- also down the front -- and a pointed girdle or belt of black silk -- She was having tea in the garden with her father and the elderly Irish lady whom he married ten years ago, Leonard Huxley and his wife (Mrs Ward's sister,) Dorothy, Janet, and Arnold, her children all grown -- three little Huxley boys playing about with [ *three unrecognized words* a bath chair ? ] on the lawn and in the house, to appear later, for sister Miss Ethel Arnold, Miss Chambers her secretary and the German governess for the Huxley children -- It was a large family but she evidently loved to have it so and it was a real satisfaction to be able to be good to those nearest us. One of the cottages on the place she keeps as a summer refuge for some girls and there were four in residence. We were as quiet however as if we were the only guests{.} It was such a family group that there was no sense of effort and we took our tea and chatted by the way as if we been there all our lives. Afterward in the fading light -- (it was after six before we realized the hour{ } ) -- we walked into the wood to see the [overarching *corrected* ] trees in the "allées" before the light faded quite away. It was unspeakably beautiful. It was seven o'clock when we went to our rooms but as dinner was not until quarter past eight we had sufficient time to rest and dress and look about us. The rooms were very large, furnished

[ Page 7 ]

with the simplicity and with sufficiency which England understands -- The luxury of this house is largely in its pictures. There was a beautiful drawing by Constable over the fire-place and drawings from his pictures hanging about the room. There were also plenty of well-selected

books. The windows were large and in spite of the great heat of the day the air was fresh and sweet if not cool. How still it was by the garden as night came on! Nothing stirred: the great trees were motionless, the stars shone and earth looked as unmoved as they: perhaps there may have been a little cry of an owl or bat but the morning dawned without a sound just as the night had passed. We did not suffer from heat nevertheless: but we could have the windows open and I drew the curtains and shades aside, as I always do as soon as the lights are put out that if I awake I may see and know whatever the senses can receive of the progress of the stars or the movements of nature below the moon. It was a beautiful dinner with much agreeable talk. Miss Ethel Arnold is one of the best talkers and most interesting of women. We knew her as young and gay when she came to America many years ago, but she has her father's restless spirit in her. She has never been willing to tie herself down to work "I loathe making money by my pen" she said and now since I must do something I am going to take up a trade. I am going to be a photographer." As she spoke I felt that with talent enough to succeed with anything to which she might wish to devote herself there was always that lack of persistent energy which <sup>^has^</sup> prevented her father from taking any serious place in the world and which will always stand in her own way if she cannot rise above ~~its~~ the drowning waters of facility and wandering. Her face wears a dissatisfied expression and ill health could soon leave more distinct traces. Who can blame a woman with such heredity? Yet the contrast between herself and her sister Mrs Ward is strangely marked. Just as the nature of her father, Dr. Arnold's eldest son, was in marked contrast to that of Matthew who was I believe the youngest.

The night was absolutely calm and [ *unrecognized word* fresh ? ] and after a quiet sleep of a few hours I rose and drew the curtains and looked out. Not a leaf had stirred it seemed in those long [ hours ? ] but a breeze was rising and the air was more refreshing than we had known it for many days. How delicious it was fresh from the woods and fields after our days in London! The room too was

[ Page 8 ]

[ was *repeated* ] inviting with its original Constable, its many engravings chiefly from the same master and its delightful books -- Dressing and a little talking to oneself was ended by writing letters and drinking an excellent cup of tea and a bit of bread which was brought to me at eight o'clock{;} at quarter past nine we went to breakfast where all the family was assembled except for Mr Ward, he being still away in

Holland whither he had gone to observe the crowning of the young queen and to see the Rembrandts which are collected there this year in honor of the occasion: a perfect collection in one sense -- that is [ *unrecognized word* pictures ? ] representing every year of his life and consequently marking more or less every change in his own style and of his soul. It is a very uncommon feat which has been accomplished in behalf of their great artist. The English owners have been especially generous in allowing their invaluable pictures to go.

It was a remarkably pleasant breakfast-table{.} Young Arnold Ward appeared at his very best{,} serving everyone (no servants appear either at breakfast or luncheon in England) and the whole occasion becomes at once as cosy and informal as possible. After a half hour or so spent in the drawing room and hall looking at some pictures by Burne Jones acquired since his death and at other very valuable pictures, Mrs Ward appeared and I found myself an hour later sitting on the lawn alone by her side. She was in her cosy chair with her books and papers about her, among them letters from Frederick Harrison, St. George Mivart, Lord Kelvin and others about Helbeck of Bannisdale, her last story -- also with an article in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century by a Jesuit Father Clarke making a strong fight against the drift of the tale. We talked long and earnestly together on these subjects collateral with her work. She wishes there were a spokesman who could build up on philosophical foundations a new form of faith but no such man appears{.} I suggested that the development of what may be coldly called humanitarianism with us, the recognition of man by man, the unfortunate by the fortunate and this and not dogma was to make the new religion -- She agreed fully to this but of course does not see it, as one may see it from our American standpoint. We were still talking of these things and reading her letters from men of distinguished minds about her book when we were told that luncheon was ready. We turned, and on the lawn

[ Page 9, *microfilm* about 108 ]

near a group of beautiful trees and not too far away was a table bountifully spread with everything which could be thought of that was cool and delicious -- We all approached when lo! we discovered that the wasps had heard the news before us. The viands were covered with them. We tried to beat them away and suggested moving part of the things elsewhere, but the battle still went on and proved a losing one on our side for fear of being stung. At last it was suggested that we should each take a dish and transport the whole with a few trips into the

dining-room. This was hardly sooner said than done {,} It was quite a merry [ *unrecognized word* ] but we were soon [ *deleted letter* ] again seated in the dining-room quite ready to do justice to all the good things --

In the afternoon a picnic was planned upon the estates of Lord Brownley. There was a [ break ? ] with two horses{,} a [coach\_\_ ?]{,} a pony carriage and several bicycles. The park has a great deal of bracken in spots -- fields of it -- and magnificent beeches. We halted on the top of a fine hill overlooking a lovely open country without a chimney in sight -- only a green sweep of upland valley.

[ Page 10 ]

It was a lovely spot. The young ladies laid the tablecloth on the soft turf and made the tea: then they spread bread with butter and jam and cut the cake and we all ate, old and young as if we had never seen that nice luncheon table of a few hours before -- after tea, Mrs. Ward who had soon risen from the ground where we were sitting, on the side of a mossy bank, dry and comfortable and had taken a long chair because she was more or less in pain, rose and led the way towards a woodland. The yellow sunset was striking among the trees which were old beeches and falling directly on the ground. There was a strange unreal purple light over everything such as one only sees in beech woods; it was inexpressibly lovely and the figures moving along the path made the scene one allied to life and yet like something born of the imagination. We drove home by another road past a very primitive church and not far from a grand seat of the Rothschilds and Mrs Ward told us of some of the splendors of the famous balls and games carried on there where she is often called to bear a part with her young people.

We returned only in season to rest a little and again dress for dinner. Dent's pretty edition of the *Religio Medici* of Sir T. Browne was on the table and I read there [ quietly ? ] about half an hour.

[ Page 11 ]

Miss Ethel had been ill during the day and only joined us at dinner. When the warm evening found us again in the drawing room, Sarah amused us by a cockney rendering of *Cassabianca* which she invented and was amusing enough. Then Dorothy and Arnold gave a kind of charade, in which they talked about certain well known phrases or proverbs which we were expected to guess and if anyone thought he had guessed he was at liberty to join in the conversation. Then Dorothy sang, prettily

enough but without much feeling until her mother came and played for her in a most spirited fashion{,} This quickened poor Dorothy's fainting soul; but I do not think she has talent though she is a sweet girl -- Arnold, the son, seems to me very [ *very repeated* ] promising. I believe he means to go into diplomatic life and there is great chance of success for him I think.

Mrs Ward has suffered so much with sciatica and other nervous pains that she is easily tired and by eleven we were all going to our rooms. This was however our last night and there were many kind last words to be spoken.

Sat. 10<sup>th</sup> was another warm dry morning though the air was fresh enough at Stocks. We had a pleasant breakfast table{,} everybody even Mrs Ward coming [ to or down ].

[ Page 11 (2nd) ] #

The Huxleys pretty boys came to get their peaches (they are peaches themselves according to the Cambridge slang){,} Ethel was interesting, old Mr. & Mrs. Arnold liked to talk of Ireland and Mrs Ward herself was full of affectionate care for her departing guests. The whole company came out to see us comfortably into the pony carriage and Dorothy drove with us to the station.

We found letters and cards at Clarges St. when we returned but nothing from Miss Hogarth; nevertheless, we drove to [Eglantine ? ] Terrace in the afternoon and found her expecting us in her little new house. She had lost our address but considered we had arranged sufficiently before her departure. She is growing very old -- Emma her maid also old but looking about the same{,} came to the door with a pleasant welcome. It was a pretty place with large front yards along a row, making quite a green open space at the front, much larger and more airy than can be seen usually ~~out~~ except in country houses{,} and a charming little garden at the back. As there are rows of the back gardens also there is a chance for all the light and air which can be found anywhere in this part of the world. Then the house itself though containing very few rooms is not small, nor narrow anywhere. It looked very bright and [ clean or clear ? ]{,}

[ Page 12 ]

Even on the hottest of afternoons it was very comfortable. All her interesting possessions -- her portraits of Dickens & his children, the testimonials given him in Edinburgh and Birmingham, pictures by Katie -- portraits of persons associated with Dickens, of Mary the original of "Little Nell," his wife's youngest sister,



are again gathered and re-hung! There are not many things of great value from an artistic point of view, I dare say she has long ago given things of this kind to the children, but almost everything is of a real personal value as connected with the history of her brother-in-law. In her bedroom is the couch upon which he died.

It was a sad farewell for I felt quite sure that we [ *deleted letter* ] were not likely to see each other again.

In the evening Theodore and Mary returned from their visit to Canterbury where they had found it very warm.

#### Note

2nd: Fields has given two pages the number 11.

---

[ *Page 12 continued* ]

Sunday 11th

Went in the afternoon to the village of Totteridge by train whither Mrs Ernest Hart had sent her carriage to meet us and take us to her place Fairlawn. We found ourselves in the quietest of villages although but ten miles from Charing Cross. It was quite inconceivable. The truth is except one keeps a carriage and drives in and out as Mrs Hart does it is a little inaccessible. The train carried us

[ *Page 13* ]

very slowly, stopping everywhere through the East of London so I can quite understand her almost daily drive which is through green lanes and parks every step of the way coming in quite the other side of London through Regents Park at last I believe.

Once there, a gate opening in a high brick wall showed us an exquisite garden, one of the largest and finest we have seen ^I mean with the largest spaces devoted entirely to flowers^ and the view out the other side where we find ourselves on a hill looking towards London is exquisite indeed -- The house was, when Mr. Hart first took it, a very [ *very repeated* ] old cottage of the quaintest type; to this they have skilfully added sufficient room and the whole effect is ^most^ beautiful [ *deleted word* ]. Just now, being very high, and a drought such as has not been [ *unrecognized words seen here ?* ] in many years prevailing{,} everything is looking at its worst. We can see that easily without hearing the gardiner's [ *so written* ] disappointments. Mrs Hart showed us some of the extraordinary things the house contains -- pictures books, (but the artistic view of things is not their vocation exactly) Egyptian curiosities and an amazing Japanese collection. She has made a catalogue

of Japanese engravings which she would like to sell and which I am carrying back home thinking that some collectors would

[ *Page 14* ]

be delighted to fill out the gaps from her [ *mines ?* ]. We took tea at a table in the garden, where the setting sun was making everything glorious, and after an interesting time we bade her adieu and drove away again in her pretty carriage through the most exquisite country and pretty villages to another station only five miles from London. It was altogether a most interesting excursion.

Monday Sept 12th

We left London about eleven o'clock for Rye to pass the day with Mr. Henry James. He was waiting for us at the station with a carriage and in five minutes we found ourselves at the top of a silent little winding street at a green door with a brass knocker wearing [ *the corrected* ] air of impenetrable respectability which is so well known in England -- another instant and an old servant Smith (who with his wife have [ *so written* ] been in Mr. James's service for 20 years) opened the door and helped us from the carriage. It was a pretty interior -- large enough for elegance, and simple enough to suit the severe taste of a scholar and [ *deleted word* ] private gentleman. [ *deleted words* ]

[ *Page 15* ]

Mr. James was intent on the largest hospitality. We were [ *ushered corrected* ] upstairs over a staircase with a pretty balustrade and plain green drugget on the steps; everything was of the severest plainness but in the best taste, "not at all austere," as he himself wrote us.

We soon went down again after leaving our hats, to find a young gentleman who is Mr. James's secretary, with him, awaiting us{.} This young man is just the person to help Mr. James. He has a [ *bump* ] of reverence and appreciates his position and opportunity. We [ *sat corrected* ] in the parlor opening on a pretty garden for some time until Mr. James said he could not conceive why luncheon was not ready and he must go and inquire, which he did in a very responsible manner and soon after Smith appeared to announce the feast -- Again a pretty room and table. We enjoyed our talk together sincerely at luncheon and afterward strolled into the garden. The dominating note was ^dear Mr.^ # James's pleasure in having a home of his own to which he might ask us.

[ Page 16 ]

From the garden of course we could see the pretty old house # still more satisfactorily. An old brick wall concealed by vines and laurels [ *deleted word* ] surrounds the whole <sup>ir</sup>regular # domain: a door from the garden leads into a paved courtyard which seemed to give Mr. James peculiar satisfaction; returning to the garden and on the other side, at an angle with the house, is a building which he laughingly called the temple of the Muse. This is his own place par excellence. A good writing table and one for his secretary, a type-writer, books and a sketch by Du Maurier with a few other pictures (rather mementoes [ *so spelled followed by two or three deleted words* ] than works of art), excellent windows with clear light, [ *deleted words* ] <sup>such is</sup> the temple! evidently an admirable spot for his work. # After we returned to the parlor Mr. James took occasion to tell Sarah how deeply and sincerely he appreciates her work; how he re-reads it with increasing admiration. "It is foolish to ask, I know," he said, "but were

[ Page 17 ]

<sup>you</sup> # in just such a place as you describe in the 'Pointed Firs'? --" "No," she said, "not precisely; the book was chiefly written before I visited the locality itself --" "And such an island?" he continued. "Not exactly," she said again. + "Ah! I thought so," he said musingly; "and the language -- It is so absolutely true -- not a word overdone -- such elegance and exactness." "And Mrs. Dennet # -- how admirable she is," he said again, not waiting for a reply. I need not say they were very much at home together after this. Meanwhile the carriage came again to the door for he had made a plan to take us on a drive to Winchelsea, a second of the Cinq Portes, Rye itself also being one. The sea has retreated from both these places, leaving about two miles of the Romney Marsh between them and the shore. Nothing could

[ Page 18 ]

be more like something born of the imagination than the old city of Winchelsea. It is very high and you drive through one of the oldest of England's gates as you reach the top of the hill. The old place has shrivelled and shrivelled [ *so spelled* ] until it is now one of the deadest and smallest of the villages. Three of the gates are still standing and crumbling: there is also the remains of an old abbey and church which was never [ *finished ?* ] even in its best days. Now one transept or chapel is used and kept in repair where a small congregation may worship. The

green church-yard is full of old tombstones and the tall arches of the [ *unfinished corrected* ] abbey stretch their arms across it. Year by year it is dropping away in the silence. Just outside the old gate looking towards Rye and the sea from a lonely height is the cottage where Ellen Terry has found a summer resting place and retirement. It is a true home for an artist -- nothing could be lovelier. Unhappily she was not there but we were

[ Page 19 ]

happy to see the place which she described to us with so great satisfaction.

From Winchelsea Mr. James drove us to the station where we took the train for Hastings. He had brought his small dog, an aged black and tan terrier with him for a holiday. He put on the muzzle, which all dogs just now must wear, and took it off a great many times until having left it once when he went to buy the tickets and recovered it, he again lost it and it could not be found. So as soon as he reached Hastings he took a carriage again to drive us along the esplanade, but the first thing was to buy a new muzzle. This esplanade is three miles long but we began to feel like tea, so having looked upon the sea sufficiently from this decidedly unromantic point of view, we went into a small shop and enjoyed more talk under new conditions. "How many cakes have you eaten?" "Ten," gravely replied Mr. James -- at which we all laughed. -- "Oh, I know," said the girl with a wise look at the desk. "How do you suppose they know," said

[ Page 20 ]

Mr. James musingly as he turned away -- "They always do"! And so on again presently to the train at Hastings, where Mr. McAlpine appeared at the right instant. Mr. James's train for Rye left a few moments before ours for London. He took a most friendly farewell and having left us to Mr. McA. ran for his own carriage. In another five minutes we too were away, bearing our delightful memories of this meeting.

[ *Inserted between this entry and the next and in the margins of this page, probably in pencil, and so virtually unreadable in microfilm.*]

Aft luncheon today Mr. James asked what [ \_\_\_\_ ? ] had lectured at [ Harvard ? ]. We told him of [ *two unrecognized words* ] and then of [ *unrecognized word* ]. Why [ *unrecognized word* ] he said [ *unrecognized words* ] that we [ *perhaps ten unrecognized words, a full line down the left margin* ].

## Notes

*dear Mr.:* This insertion in the manuscript may be by Howe rather than Fields. Mark A. DeWolfe Howe included passages from Fields's and Jewett's day with Henry James, in *Memories of a Hostess* (1922).

*house:* A note above this word, probably by Howe, "use" indicates his recognition of this difficult to read word.

*^ir^regular:* It is not clear whether the insertion was added by Fields or by Howe.

*work:* A paragraph mark has been inserted here, probably by De Wolfe.

*^you^:* This insertion appears to be by Howe.

*Denet:* Fields's placement of quotation marks in this conversation is somewhat confusing. Perhaps as a result, in his transcription, Howe omits the quotation mark before "And the language," which increases the confusion in his transcription. The "+" that appears in this passage also is a mystery -- why it is there and whether it was so placed by Howe or Fields.

---

[ Page 20 continued ]

Tuesday 13th

Left London again before Noon for Eversley, the little village where Charles Kingsley lived and spent his energies largely for his people -- It was rather a long journey to Wellington College a small station a few miles from Eversley. We arrived in time for luncheon at the hotel which was clean and fairly good but the large boys school opened the next day and it was rather over full. However we managed to shake into place and as soon as luncheon was over we took a carriage for Eversley{.} In about half an hour we found ourselves in the village which has remained perfectly unchanged or

[ Page 21 ]

perhaps dwindling rather than increasing. They had been very unfortunate in their rectors since Kingsley's time, the present incumbent having capped the climax. He has a drunken wife, perhaps also drinks himself{.} can do nothing for the people, has allowed the little rectory which must have been a [gem ?] when they lived there to fall almost into ruin.

We found Rose [ Kinsley *intended* Kingsley ] in a cottage on Parfitts Farm where she has been passing the summer; sometimes her sister Mrs Harrison is with her and sometimes her cousin Miss Vyrgan. The last was with her at this time who, although we were sorry not to find Mary, proved a fine sweet woman who is

painting away diligently upon the fine subjects which Eversley affords.

When we at last found the cottage & pushed open the gate we saw no one but as the doors and windows were wide open and only the flowers to hear we called and dear Rose put her head out of the second story window to say she had just been out bicycling [*so spelled*] and was changing her dress --

[ Page 22 ]

but would hurry down in a twinkling. The truth was the drive had been shorter than we were told and in order to keep our appointment with her we had hurried away earlier than was necessary. She was really rejoiced to see us and when she appeared in her fresh mourning alas! for a dear brother the news of whose death in Australia has only lately reached there, she looked to me younger and less worn than when she was last in America in spite of her sorrow. She is full of the idea of building a pretty brick cottage here in Eversley where she finds the people love her for her father's sake as well as her own and where for a part of the year she and her sister can find shelter and repose and enough work beside, outside themselves to make them happy. She showed us the places and we rejoiced with her that she was able to do this. She has found an acre or two of land in a pretty spot near her father's

[ Page 23 ]

school and not far from the Rectory and church, the only bit of freehold land in the place, therefore she is very happy indeed about it. We sallied out very soon again to visit the church yard and look into the church: the rectory we could only see from the outside. Kingsley's grave and that of his wife remain as we saw the spot depicted in Mrs Kingsley's life of her husband. There were fresh flowers on the many graves and a wreath on theirs of fine red and white dahlias. My mother and father she said first taught the people here the pleasant custom of putting flowers upon the graves. They still continue it. Almost every tree in the church yard had been planted by Kingsley and his wife. Even the sweetbriar of which she gave us each a bit was put down by his own hand {--} also a fine Wellingtonia of which there are many now in the vicinity

[ Page 24 ] #

[*missing text possibly on* ] a splendid estate planted by Mr. Walters of the Times and now inherited by his son.) Nothing could be more lovely than this spot which Kingsley cared for so carefully and so tenderly. He became a part of it. His children grew up here and on this pretty

lawn now gone to destruction in front of the Rectory under some grand old firs, Kingsley entertained the group of interesting men who were in the habit of finding him [ at home ? ]. We walked all round the little demesne, seeing the pond which is embalmed in the Water Babies; the little stream the children loved and all the spots alive with tender meanings for Miss Kingsley; then we drove to Bramshill Park the seat of Sir Anthony Cope, which was Kingsley's great play-ground. The Sir William Cope of his day was Kingsley's warm friend <sup>^and^</sup> so he was able to enjoy the park as if, and perhaps more! ~~the~~ it were his own -- The present owner is a Roman Catholic and not over desirous of seeing strangers in his place. He is of course kind enough to Miss Kingsley but not universally generous. One reason I dare say is that they are very poor. They can barely keep the house in decent repair, not to speak of the grounds to which I fancy

[ Page 25 ]

[ *missing text possibly to* ] which scant or no attention is paid. It appears that when the country was searching for a grand estate to present to the Duke of Wellington he was offered a choice between Bramshill Park and [ Strathfieldsay *so spelled* ]. He chose the last, the first being a very poor soil and difficult to manage. Nevertheless the wild picturesqueness of this would not be easy to rival and it is evidently excellent shooting ground. Partridges rose up round our feet as we walked through the bracken and rabbits and hares darted across the path{.} We have seen nothing in [ England *but may be English* ] more striking than that great home. The hand of decay is laid upon it. Still beautiful it stands rather like a monument of the past than like anything which has to do with the great future. James the First planted the firs and the house was built in his time and Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth are somehow associated I believe with the place but the Copes have lived there for centuries though never Miss Kingsley said in direct line and the letters

[ Page 26 ] #

[ *Missing text, at least one line* ]

on the grave old iron gates probably of many hundred years [ age or ago ]. We wandered about there{,} Miss Kingsley telling us how often her father made this his pleasure ground and how one of his later poems called The Delectable Day was written an evening after some hours of pleasuring all together here --

We returned to the cottage for tea where we talked of many things and ended by reading the poem just alluded to. R. put it into my hands

to read and went away herself. "I could not bear it," she said --

We brought away a few bits of flowers in our hands but the true remembrance needs no help. The little group of friends stood in the road and watched us until we lost sight of each other [at ?] a turn in the road. It is difficult for us to understand Kingsley's life without visiting this spot. A place [ *deleted mark* ] remote from his peers where he lived gladly working for the poor about him and writing from time to time the wonderful things which made his name to be remembered.

We slept at Wellington College{.}

## Notes

*Page 24:* This page is out of order in the microfilm copy of the diary, appearing on about p. 128 of the collection of pages. The page is damaged, and some text is obscured. It seems likely it begins with a parenthesis, as an end parenthesis follows the sentence that ends on this page.

26: This page is out of order in the manuscript microfilm, appearing at about p. 125. It is damaged, part of the top of the page being missing.

---

[ *Page 27?, about page 127 in microfilm* ]

[ *Probably 14 September 1898* ]

[ *missing text* ] [By Mrs Anne ? ] we were thoroughly uneasy so we drove to the station for London where we arrived about eight o'clock.

[ *Apparently inserted later in margins and between lines.* ] [ *missing text* ] we drove to the famous boys school <sup>^founded by William</sup> [Wickham *corrected* ] and called Wickham College -- <sup>^</sup> where Matthew Arnold and other [ *deleted word* ] boys have been sent{.} Some names are now known to fame and many who are unknown{.}

Thursday --

Sarah, Mary & Theodore went to Windsor to pass the day. They saw also ~~Rugby~~ <sup>^Eton^</sup> and Stoke Poges. I stayed in London{--} went to the National Gallery but rested otherwise. It was still very warm --

Friday

Sarah and Theodore went to Rottingdene near Brighton to pass the day with the Kiplings. He recited to them a new poem The Bear with a face like a Man (Russia{ }) which S. thought as powerful as anything he had done. It was a

propos of the scheme of disarmament lately put forth by the Tsar.

Saturday -- 19<sup>th</sup> [*probably intended 17<sup>th</sup>*]

Sarah and I went to Aldworth to have luncheon with the Tennysons (Hallam and his wife){--} another lovely day -- arrived in time for luncheon and found a very warm reception -- I really never looked at the house when Alfred Tennyson & his wife were here, but now there seemed time enough! On the staircase hangs a very noble collection [of ?] Holbeins ^{ woodcuts ? }^ engraved by [ Bartolozzi ?].

[ Page 30, about 133 in the microfilm copy ]

In the parlor are [two corrected] portraits of Tennyson -- one by Lawrence and one by a French painter{,} also Lady Tennyson's and the children by Watts -- In the room where I last saw her there are now woodcuts of Hallam's children by Kate Greenaway & Mrs Allingham and cheerful homelike things as if they often sat here.

After luncheon Hallam carried us once again into his fathers study which stands much as it was when we saw him there{.} There is a long row of reliefs of the Roman emperors on the wall as you enter, (behind a long screen which kept the draft from the door away from the old man) from Trin Coll. Cambridge and other things connected with his life and memory. Somehow it was very sad to go into that room again, very [impressing ?] of our last brief hour with him. We went out into the garden to have coffee, where we had a very intimate talk as between old friends. Hallam was very nervous about [unrecognized word or words] his father's [place ?]

[ Page 31?, about 135 in the microfilm copy ]

but he says the thought which now chiefly possesses him with respect to it is, how amused [his corrected] father would be and how he would laugh at the solemn way in which certain things are presented. He can almost seem to hear his laugh, he says, as he turns over the pages now. He and his wife drove with us to the station. No welcome could have been more cordial; they would have gladly kept us over Sunday if we could have stayed but the rest of our party were waiting and it was time for us to return. How beautiful this place is! How lovely the country all around here!

[Deleted words] Dined with Arthur Holland and his wife at the Hans Crescent Hotel.

Jessie Cochrane arrived from Ireland this morning, at [unrecognized words].

Sunday Morning 17<sup>th</sup> [*probably intended 18<sup>th</sup>*]

We promised to go to Hampstead today to see the Herfords, but we are all too tired. Sarah has taken cold --

[ The following 2 pages seem to belong in this part of the diary, but it is not clear where. ]

[ about 147 in microfilm copy ]

The next morning, [instead corrected] of rain which there was every reason to expect the day proved exquisite beyond words. We got up early to take a certain train which proved not to be ours, so we took a carriage and enjoyed an [incredibly ?] beautiful morning drive through a forest of pines and firs, with glimpses of water here & there and a few small villages until we reached the town where we could take a train for Winchester which we reached soon after dinner. As usual -- in English hotels you can [have corrected] luncheon whenever you like. Cold -- always at hand, and this is the ordinary luncheon of every day -- so we sat down and refreshed ourselves before going out. It was a pretty old fashioned place {--} the windows of the dining room giving on the garden and in the garden an aviary with many interesting and beautiful foreign birds --

After a little [pause ?] here we started to see the old Council-hall and table of King Arthur, which if not his [exactly ?] is so old that nobody can trace its day of [building ?]{.}

[ about 130 in microfilm copy ]

Experts have exercised their wits and judgment upon it, until now it is placed with [unrecognized word], only the round top being in existence against the wall of the great [hall corrected] high up and fastened there with strong iron clamps. The hall itself is a wonderful -- old place, built in old Norman times and still used on great occasions.

[Then ?] we went into the Cathedral and saw the tomb of William Rufus and strange burial boxes containing bones of Canute, Hardycanute, and others. Chiefly, however, the wonder of the aisles with their glorious arches and the feeling of Roman Catholicism [lingering ?] there, impress one at Winchester{.} It is an overwhelming place and one to dwell in from time to time, and to see like a ship that passes in the night.

Then we drove about two miles out to visit a home for old men, ^St.Cross Hospital^ one of the endowed charities of hundreds of years ago. ^Mrs Gaskell has an excellent description of this place in her story called Sylvia's Lovers.^ One of the old pensioners showed us ~~around~~ through the chapel and into the park where we saw one of the streams where Izaak Walton fished (we

had seen his grave in the Cathedral) and finally the rooms where this particular old man lives. He has one daughter ^who is allowed a^ place [ also ? ] [ *several unrecognized words and perhaps some missing text* ].

**Note**

*missing text*: The top of this page is damaged and much revised. The transcription of the first entry is very uncertain.

This and most of the pages in this section appear in random order near the end of the manuscript microfilm, and their chronological order remains uncertain. Though they are numbered, the upper right corners often are damaged.

From the Sarah Orne Jewett Press

Paperbacks

Printed on Acid-Free Paper

After the War: Two Stories by Sarah Orne Jewett  
Celia Loughton Thaxter: A Bibliography of Published Writing  
Dunnet Landing: Three Papers on Sarah Orne Jewett  
Fields and Jewett in Europe: 1898  
Jim's Little Woman: An Annotated Edition by Sarah Orne Jewett  
Poems of Sarah Orne Jewett  
Sarah Orne Jewett: A Bibliography of Published Writing  
Sarah Orne Jewett: Nordicism and Race  
Sarah Orne Jewett Scholarship 1885-2018: An Annotated Bibliography  
Spirits and Photos: Two Papers on Sarah Orne Jewett  
The Story of the Normans: A Critical Edition -- 2 volumes  
Tame Indians: An Annotated Edition  
The Tory Lover: An Annotated Edition -- 3 volumes  
"Unguarded Gates" by Thomas Bailey Aldrich: A Critical Edition

The Sarah Orne Jewett Press is a non-profit publisher of materials from the on-line archive, The Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project. Small print-runs are distributed free to selected archives.

Copies of all paperback titles may be purchased.

Mail \$15 / copy to

Sarah Orne Jewett Press

1296 30th St. NE

Cedar Rapids, IA 52402

Free digital PDF versions of all titles may be downloaded and printed:

<http://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/1-jewettpress.htm>