

Miss Alcott's Letters to Her "Laurie"

A Series of Letters Written by Louisa May Alcott to Alfred Whitman, Whom She Acknowledges, in the Last of the Letters to be Printed, as the Original of "Laurie" in Her Famous Story of "Little Women"

NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME AND EDITED BY "LAURIE" HIMSELF

MISS ALCOTT'S OWN CHARACTERIZATION OF THE EDITOR OF THE PRESENT LETTERS



MISS ALCOTT

pathetic scenes together with a swarm of little Tetterbys skimming about us! From that time he has been my Dolphus, and I his Sophy, and my yellow-haired laddie don't forget me, though he has a younger Sophy now, and some small Tetterbys of his own. He writes just the same affectionate letters as he used to do, though I, less faithful, am too busy to answer them."—*Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag. Volume I; pages 15 and 16.*

A Foreword

IN THE fall of 1857, I, a motherless boy of fifteen, landed in Concord, Massachusetts (a place I knew nothing of except its Revolutionary fame), and was enrolled as a student in the school taught by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn. I became a member of the family of Mr. Minot Pratt. With John, the second son, who had just returned from the West, and with Carrie, his only sister, I formed at once an intimate and lasting friendship, and together John and I paid our first visit to the Alcott family, that had come back to Concord after its various wanderings and experiences. The Alcotts occupied half of a house near the Town Hall, where they remained until after the death of Elizabeth, when they removed for a short time into the Hawthorne cottage, and from there into their new home, Orchard House, or "Apple Slump" as it was christened by Louisa.

IN THE little house near the Town Hall began the acquaintance which was to bring to John Pratt a loving and devoted wife, and to the writer the joy of a lifelong friendship with the Alcotts and the Pratts. So close was this friendship, and so hearty and genuine the way in which I was taken into companionship by these gifted people, that it never occurred to me that all, with the exception of Abby, were at least ten years older than myself, and although I was born and had lived in all my days in Massachusetts, the last year of my life in that State seems to have included almost all that has been permanent in my memory of it, and Concord is the only place that I think of as home. It is hard for me now to realize that I lived in Concord not quite one year.

It was but a few weeks after school opened when the question of having plays was talked of, and The Concord Dramatic Union was organized with Mr. Sanborn, the three Alcott girls, George B. Bartlett and his brothers Ripley and Ned, Edward and Edith Emerson, Alex. Clarke and others, as members.

The vestry of the Unitarian Church was used by Mr. Sanborn as a classroom, and here we erected a portable stage and gave a series of plays, and dramatized scenes from Dickens that were of a high order of merit, the company being composed of excellent actors. Abby Alcott, the younger sister, at this time was musical director, but later she became the leading lady of the company.

The scenes from Dickens dramatized by Louisa were among the best of the productions. Louisa and Anna Alcott as Sairy Gamp and Betsey Prig were inimitable, and Louisa was greatly given to quoting the language of these two worthies, as will be seen from the letters here given. Louisa's original monologue, "Oronthy Bluggage," was not given in public, but was given occasionally at home, to the intense enjoyment of the fortunate few who were permitted to hear her.

"BUT my especial boy of the batch was A—, proud and cold and shy to other people, sad and serious sometimes when his good heart and tender conscience showed him his shortcomings, but so grateful for sympathy and a kind word. I could not get at him as easily as I could the other lads, but thanks to Dickens, I found him out at last! We played Dolphus and Sophia Tetterby in the 'Haunted Man' at one of the school festivals; and during the rehearsals I discovered that my Dolphus was—permit the expression, oh, well-bred readers!—a trump. What fun we had, to be sure, acting the droll and



"LAURIE"

to be particular as to the little domestic habits of the gentlemen of their choice because they may be rather inconvenient sometimes. Observe that his fingers is curled as if in the act of tickling, and his eye is represented as winking exactly as he appeared at the moment of his arrest.

This is the famous Welch dwarf, Morgan ap-Kerig-vichian-vor-erin-go-brach, in the 99th year of her age. Her height was two feet ten, of a mild disposition, bland, passionate and serene, and died at 110 from partaking too copiously of clam-mack-ne-a-man, the national dish of her land.

Next is Capt. Kydd, the great nautical highwayman, who scuttled 94 ships, murdered 13 innocent babes, 25 lovely women, and men untold during his sanguinary career which was brought to a providential terminus in a conflict with the Patagonians. He is here in the act of spilling the noble blood of Lady Boudicca Fitzbattlene, an heroic miss who fell a victim to filial love because she refused with Spartanian firmness to disclose the retreat of her venerable Pa, Lord Coriolanus Herculanum. This is a striking likeness of Martha Bang, the insane maid who poisoned 14 families with pickled walnuts. The fumes of boiling vinegar mounted to her brain during the manufacture of the pickles, till she became a maniac and spread devastation around her till she was discovered, when she recovered her reason and died calmly penitent in fierce convulsions.

I hardly need tell you that this is a speaking image of that colossal bard, Lord Beron, as he appeared while composing the ninth chapter of his great novel, Childe Harold. It has been pronounced more like than the original, and Lady Beron was borne out in strong hysterics when she beheld this image of a man whose moral, religious and social virtues render him a worthy object of a nation's adoration.

THIS, my last and greatest work, is the well-known instructor of youth of Chinese Persuasion, Ching-Chang-ho-ang-po-po-cattle-pattle, who was nine feet eleven inches in height, the brother-in-law of Confucius and the most soaring intellect of his age. He rendered himself famous by the introduction of the Arts and Sciences into Pekin, where he established a Sigh-book-Sob or seminary, and a High-fun-tee or theatre for the representation of Chinese life.

This great man died in his 335th year, and was interred with Oriental splendor in a pagoda which was considered a triumph of Eastern architecture, and upon which as this inscription, "Hi-mese-sky," which, translated, means, "He had not far to go," a delicate allusion to his height and consequent nearness to heaven.

Ladies and gentlemen, I am in the habit of adding to this already astonishing exhibition an unheard-of feature by winding up the fingers when they each complete this triumph of

art by making graceful and lifelike gestures appropriate to their characters.

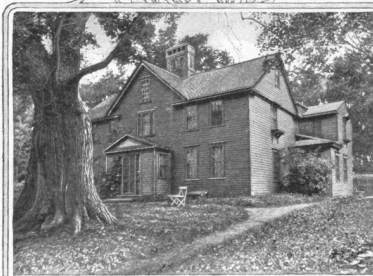
Her Majesty on beholding this was moved to cry aloud with uplifted hands and tears of rapture trembling in her august eye, "Almighty Science! to what perfection hast thou been brought!"

IN NOVEMBER, 1858, I left New England for my new home in Kansas. I did not know then, and did not for many years realize fully, what an extremely fortunate boy I was in having gained the good will and affection of such loving friends as those in Concord. Letters from the various members of the Alcott family came to me. Of these letters, those from Louisa were the most inspiring, and it is because I feel that they illustrate a phase of her character that has not been shown to the public as it should have been, that I have consented to their publication.

Mrs. Cheney, in her introduction to "The Life Letters and Journal of Miss Alcott," says: "She was not a voluminous correspondent; she did not encourage many intimacies, and she seldom wrote letters except to her family, unless in reference to some purpose she had strongly at heart. Writing was her constant occupation, and she was not tempted to indulge in it as a recreation. Her letters are brief and strictly to the point, but always characteristic in feeling and expression."

Deference to the wishes of the surviving members of the Pratt family compels me to omit several of the letters and parts of others. Enough remains, however, in the letters which follow to prove to all lovers of Louisa M. Alcott that justice has never been done to the sweetest and most attractive side of her nature—her real love for boys, which sprang from the boy nature that was in her in so marked a degree; and how our knowledge of her as she makes her

HOUSE IN WHICH MISS ALCOTT WAS BORN—GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA—AS IT IS TO-DAY



ALCOTT HOME, IN CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS



FIRST CHURCH AND OLD WRIGHT TAVERN, CONCORD

Louisa Alcott's "Mrs. Jarley" Address

LOUISA'S introduction of "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Figures" was extremely good. This is what she recited:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I have the honor to present to you the finest collection of wax Statuary in the known world. The selection of figures is elegant and instructive, classical and calm. They are fitted to instill moral lessons into the mind of infancy, to warn the burning heart of youth, to cheer the eye of totterin' age. In the words of our great national poet, Geo. Washington, "Waxworks is friend of man, it refines the fancy, enlarges the sphere of reason, cultivates the soul, therefore cherish it."

My first figger is the unfortunate maid of honor in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who died from pricking her finger in consequence of working on the Sabbath day. You will observe the blood a-tricklin' from her finger, also the gold-eyed needle of the period.

This is Jasper Packlemorton of atrocious memory, who destroyed 11 wives by tickling the soles of their feet when they were sleeping in the consciousness of innocence and virtue. On being brought to the gallows and asked if he wasn't sorry, he said, "Yes, sorry that I let 'em off so easy," and hoped that all Christian husbands would forgive him because of it. This should be a warning to all young ladies

earnest appeals for a proper recognition of this quality. She always said she ought to have been a boy, and that she could not be was one of the many crosses she had to bear.

ALFRED WHITMAN.

TO ADOLPHUS TETTERBY

An Acrostic or an Enigma

A clever, pleasant, flaxen youth,
Light-hearted, jocular and gay,
Full of good nature and blunt truth,
Ready for fun by night or day,
Eager to please those worth the pleasing,
Decidedly a friend to teasing.

Willful at times, but gentle generally,
Honest and open, sensible and nice,
Indolent at school, at play a busy bee,
The friend of that great institution, *ice*,
Madly in love with painting, his chief joy,
A glorious, soaring, Kansas, human boy;
Now in guessing this your time employ.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

The Letters

THE first of the letters came to me just before I started for Kansas, after an absence of a month or two from Concord. A favorite word with Louisa was the word "much," used instead of pet; being "muched" meant being "petted." Those who have learned to know and love her through her books can imagine what being "muched" by such a woman meant to a motherless boy, who for the first time in his life realized the blessed feeling of being understood and appreciated.

"Don't Think I'm Demented if I 'Much' You"

BOSTON, October 27, 1858.
My dearest Dolphus: I've been hoping to get a minute's peace to write to my boy for ever so long, but such a fussing and musing as I've had to keep up ever since I came that I'm most tired out and begin to despair at ever getting any quiet. I'm old in years but as much of a girl as ever about some things; and one of them is a strong liking for people who don't think much of themselves. Such people being rare birds nowadays ought to be made much of and thought lots of by other people. So don't think I'm demented if I "much" you and call you "my boy" for I have a very sincere love and respect for you, dear Alf, not as a boy only, but for many excellent and noble qualities which will make you a good and happy man, I hope. So don't be desponding or blue, for it don't pay, and, though I can't always follow my own preaching, I believe it all the more, and hate to see any one afflicted in a like manner. Good-by, dear Alf, and believe me ever

Your loving friend,

LOUISA.

April 5th, Fast Day, 1860.
My beloved "Tetterby": I never forget my Dolphus, but I have been the busiest old Sophy alive, for my "works of art" are in such demand that I shall be one great blot soon. Do you know your topey-turvey friend has got into the "Atlantic" and receives fifty dollars a story? Well, it's a fact, and I still live. Mr. Redpath wrote the other day a bit of poetry on "John Brown," also my autograph, which was such a rich joke. We haven't done laughing at it yet. I send my last "Gazette" infliction; I should have sent more, but I never thought you'd care for such rubbish. I spared you, but you are heartily welcome to anything of mine that can give you pleasure, my dear Alf.

Anna and John may be married in June, so we are all full of work and I am full of woe, for I think it's a very "trying" thing to have men come to fetch away a body's relations in this sort of way.

Father is Superintendent of the Schools and had a great time the other day with all the schools in the Town Hall and speeches, presiding, singing, &c. I was deluded into perpetrating a song, and send you a copy of it and the doings generally, for if you still love this smart old place you may care to hear of its progress in all directions.

My paper is at a "focam," and my wife there a long time ago, so accept a deal of love, dearest of Dolphuses, and don't forget

YOUR OLD SOPHY.

"We are Still Poking Along"

THE year 1860 is known in the history of Kansas as the "Dry Year." No rain fell for months, and crops of all kinds were a failure. In the fall my father and a neighbor put all their horses and cows together and drove them into Southern Iowa to winter, a young man named Weber and myself being left in charge. We built a camp on the banks of the Nowaday River, which we named "Camp Wide-Awake," and for eight months we remained there taking care of the stock.

CONCORD, January 25th, 1861.

My dearest Dolphus: I've known a good many base people in my life, but I don't think I ever knew a baser than "Sophy Tetterby," for she has neglected her boy in a manner which in the very mildest terms may be called abominable.

We are still poking along as well as could be expected in this "Pilgrim Progress of a wale." We have a Debating Society, Glee Club, Dramatic Association in full operation and give very nice entertainments. I tried to get up some plays for Kansas, feeling wicked over my copious refreshments while my fellow-beings ate bran in Lawrence, but every one was stupid. Nan and John couldn't come, Ab was away and the fussy mamma wouldn't let their daughters play in public to save the world from annihilation, so I rummaged and begged in vain and then shook off the dust of the town from my feet and retired to wraithful solitude.

They have balls and dance till "the gunpowder runs out at the heels of their boots," but they won't do a thing for the progression of their race, which I call a scandalous state of public feeling. Do tell me about your starvation troubles and I'll send you some of my remarkable productions in the cooking line, a warm flappack, an oyster pie or a cake like the mammoth one Carlyle speaks of in "Fred the Great," which was fourteen ell long by six broad, containing 5000 eggs, 30 bushels of flour, one ton of milk, ditto yeast, ditto of butter, and was cut up by a carpenter with a gigantic knife which went by machinery. It was a real thing and a very interesting account of Prussian jollification.

Abby had your last letter to get the direction, and I can't find it, so I am not able to answer your remarks. I must spin away in my usual topey-turvey style and trust to luck and your wits to find the sense thereof. I was going to afflict you with a story, but it got absorbed into a scrap-book and I had no second copy so you are spared this time, but if you ever see the "Atlantic" in your part of the world you'll find some of my works of art and may recognize the "Bludgeon" style. One in October was "The Modern Cinderella," about Nan, John, Ab and I, and people were good enough to like it. I'm haunted with a vague idea that I said all that before, but whether I really said it or planned to say it in some of the many letters I haven't written I don't know.

In some of the coming "Atlantics" there will be a "Debby's Debut," which deep secret I shouldn't breathe to you if you were; my one but my private and particular "Dolphus," so you see I make a point of mentioning you in your favor.

Forgive my long silence and still believe that you are dear to your Truly loving SOPHY.
* * * Good luck and a better harvest next year. My regards to your friend if he is good to you, and best compliments to the cows and colts that didn't run away.

"In a Vortex of Costumes for a Masquerade Ball"

HERE follows another letter received while in Iowa. The allusion to the "Minerva Institute" refers to an account sent to her of a rather amusing incident: Passing along a byroad, on a mild December day, I had been startled by the sound of frantic yells from a creek which ran in the rear of a rather pretentious frame farmhouse, owned, I think, by a man named Stubbs. Stopping to investigate, I found the mother of the family standing in the water holding with one hand a naked urchin, while with the other she scrubbed him with a large brush, using liberal quantities of soft soap from a bucket on the bank. Sitting shivering on the bank beside the bucket was urchin number two, stripped and waiting his turn. Upon seeing me, and without stopping in her vigorous application of the brush and soap, Mrs. Stubbs volunteered the information that the family was going up to Grandpop's to spend Christmas, and she "loved" she would have these 'yer boys clear free once in their lives. The neighbors said it would be the "first time" if they did get them clear.

Could anything finer be written than the words of encouragement given in this letter?

Sat., March 2, 1861.

Dearest of Dolphuses: I should have seized my "dauber" the moment I received your last letter, and written a reply immediate if I had not been in a vortex of costumes for a grand Masquerade Ball at the Town House given by the Dominie and his scholars, nineteen of whom came one after the other to me for ideas or dresses till I was nearly distracted.

It came off last eve and was a fine affair, but would have been finer to me if a certain blond gentleman and lady from Iowa and Syracuse had been there, being partial to the two. Every one had done their best to be splendid, and splendid they were, for many of the gentlemen hired their dresses of costumers, and so were all as smart as you please in velvet cloaks, plumed hats, sland'ring leg boots. The ladies were queens, vivandieres, Swiss girls, and the usual pretty and unmeaning characters.

Hire your building, and in May, when my works of art are done, will come and turn Master of the "Minerva Institute," established by A. Whitman for the relief of the mental famine in Iowa, and carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Tetterby, late of Concord, Mass. I will bring a load of sponges, crash towels and a portable soap, and go into the rudiments of an English education with vigor, writing over the door of the wash-house, "cleanliness is next to godliness." I suppose the surrounding districts would be depopulated at once, and you and I regarded as Goths and Vandals.

"Do You Prefer Me Prim and Proper or Topey-Turvey?"

IT SEEMS so funny to think of "Alf" as a teacher that my mind refuses to do it and I exult in the cap and coat that keep you "Alf" still, for I hate to have my boys grow up and expect a "Mr." and a handshake, instead of a "Bellus" or "Dolphus" and a maternal grab no matter when or where. How old are you, and do you prefer to have me be Miss Alcott prim and proper, or topey-turvey "Sophy," who loves you dearly and would fly out of the front windows if she should see you "droppin' in" some day? I'm eight-and-twenty but as young as ever and look upon myself as a kind of Phœnix continually a-rising spick and span from ashes and fire, so don't you get old as you grow up, but be "my boy" at heart all your days if you don't get tired of it; no fear that I shall.

You say the last year or two have been hard, unhappy ones to you, and I don't doubt it, but you know in every one's life there comes a waking-up time, and it's well for them if it comes at the beginning and not at the end, when it is too late to mend the past. These times are private revivals and do more good than any public ones, as I know yours has, for the line "now, thank Heaven, I've waked up and mean to stay waked up," was better than a dozen camp-meetings, a bushel of prayers and a year's "experiencing religion." Stand to that and whether the end of your years be long or not you will be a successful man in the best sense of the word.

There was always something very brave and beautiful to me in the sight of a boy when he first "wakes up," and seeing the worth of life takes it up with a stout heart and resolves to carry it nobly to the end, though through all disappointments and seeming defeats. I was born with a boy's nature and always had more sympathy for and interest in them than in girls, and have fought my fight for nearly fifteen years with a boy's spirit under my "bib and tucker," and my Edgely wrath when I got "floored," so I'm not preaching like a prim spinster, but freeing my mind like one of "our fellows," and as such I wish you all success, a cheerful heart, an honest tongue and a patient temper to help you through the world, for it's rough going and up-hill work much of the way.

Don't forswear the Eves, but remember Adam wasn't happy alone even in Paradise, so find a little better half by-and-by who don't wear "mittens" and through the power of a genuine woman's love regain and keep your Edgely green through a long and happy life. So hopes your loving old friend,

LOU, otherwise your "SOPHY TETTERBY."

"'Hail, Columbia' Takes the Place of 'How are Yer?'"

"PICKLE ROOST" was the name given to the Pratt mansion and "Apple Slump" that of the Alcott home.

CONCORD, May 19th, 1861.

Dear Alf: If I had not been seeing violently on patriotic blue shirts for the last month I should have written to my "Dolphus," most assuredly, and having at last done my share of the five hundred azure envelopes I lay down my needle and take up my pen with great inward contentment, the first article in being about my own dear Edgely delight.

Of course, the town is in a high state of topey-turveyness, for every one is boiling over with excitement, and when quiet Concord does get stirred up it is a sight to behold. All the young men and boys do with all their might, the women and girls sew and prepare for nurses, and the folk settle the fate of the nation in groves of newspapers, and the children make the streets hideous with distracted drums and fifes. Every one wears cockades wherever one can be stuck, flags flap overhead like water-colored birds of prey, patriot's balm, cravats, handkerchiefs and hats are all the rig, and if we keep on at our present rate everything in heaven and earth will soon be confined to red, white and blue, and "Hail Columbia" take the place of your "How are yer?"

Edward Emerson has a company of "Concord Cadets" who poke each other's eyes out, bang their heads and blow themselves up with gunpowder most valiantly, and will do good service by-and-by, I've no doubt, if there is anything left of them when ordered to the field.

We have the "East Quarter Home Guard" consisting of one captain, one drummer, one flag bearer, and one private, and when the regiment is on parade the effect is superb. They always halt before each house and sing a shrill little hurra for every member of the family, after which they march away in a state of breathless enthusiasm.

The regular Concord Company are in Washington and we have long letters from George Prescott, the interesting Messer and the heroic butcher, Dean.

Are you going to war? I long to fly at somebody and free my mind on several points, but there is no opening for me at present, so I study Dr. Howe on "Gunshot Wounds," and get my highly contented self ready to go as a nurse when the slow coaches at Washington begin to lay about their heads to get their fellow-men into a comfortably smashed condition.

We are all robust both at Pickle Roost and Apple Slump; the latter place is exulting in the speedy return of its younger member, who will soon be done in Syracuse and is coming home to turn drawing teacher in Sanborn's school, as Miss Hammett leaves in July. Abby says, "I have nice manly letters from Alf, and he seems to have improved mightily in all respects. I wish he would come East again, don't you?" Yes, very much, but not to be shot or otherwise maltreated in the present scrimmage. Write to us as often as you can, and tho' this is a short letter it's a hearty one, dear Alf, from

YOUR LOVING OLD "SOPHY."

"Don't Go to War and be Smashed"

FREQUENT reference to "picters being took" is found in Louisa's letters, by which it can easily be imagined that I was inclined to be persistent in my requests for a portrait of her. The description herein of the White Mountains is, I think, a gem in its way. The closing paragraph referring to her sister's return gives an insight into the depths of her loving heart.

ALPINE HOUSE, GORHAM, N. H., Sunday, Aug. 4th, 1861.

My dear Alf: The direction above will in part account for my long delay in answering your last letters, for the getting ready for this trip was a work of time, and it took a fortnight to get my wits steady after I got here, as I've never seen the White Mountains before and had my hands and eyes full, I assure you.

I was planning to write to you about the plays when father injured his back very much and kept me busy for a week with housekeeping. I told Carrie to let me know what ones she sent, that I might not send duplicates. She was a long time doing so, and when she did Mr. Sanborn told me you had fixed upon your bill and wanted a prologue by him. Our plays are scattered far and wide, and the few that remain are not good ones, so I let the whole thing alone after hearing of this. You were supplied, and am sorry that you could not have them after all.

Your last letter I brought up here with me, and a rainy Sunday makes the answering of it just the employment I like, for the mountains have the same dreary nights of cloud on, and the wind whistles like November, so I settle myself in my room and spin a little to my Dolphus in spite of wind or weather.

Our Fourth was celebrated by the usual Regatta, and a house full of cousins. Nedly Connor got knocked into a cocked hat by the wad of a cannon, and Mr. Wheelodon had some fine fireworks in the eve. Sanborn's boys won the races and set off for a camping-out spree on Monadnock as soon as vacation arrived. E. Emerson, Tom Wood and several others entered College in good style. Will enter when it begins, I mean, but passed excellent examinations.

I suppose Carrie has told you about the Concord Company's retreat from the War with five men missing either killed or captured in the fight at Bull's Run. I don't know all their names, but Cyrus Hosmer and Sydney Rice are among them. Don't you go and be smashed. We can't spare our private and peculiar boys to be cut up and tormented, so stay at home, my dear, and till they get going nicely, and then go away with a will, and if you get broken cry out "Sophy!" and I'll come and mend you thro' thick and thin.

You speak of Ellsworth and Winthrop, and tho' I never saw either I mourned over their loss as if they were my own brothers, and Winthrop's articles are the best things the "Atlantic" has had this long time.

"Last Week We Ascended Mount Washington"

WHEN I go back I will have a "pictur" taken for my Dolphus, and as I always take very dark and hunched-up you will be gratified with an image of a stout mulatto lady with a crooked neck, sleepy eyes and a temperature.

Now I'll tell you a little about my doings here. I am with Mr. and Mrs. Willis in a big Hotel which looks as if it rained out of the sky and lit in this valley of the Androscooggin with lightning all around it and a little village near by. The landlord owns a great farm, keeps forty cows, sixty horses, one hundred servants, men and women, and small beasts innumerable. The Grand Trunk Railroad passes the door, so twice a day flocks of travelers come and go, for no other rail-way comes so far, and stages take people to all points from here. It is very gay about the house, yet if you wish to be quiet, in five minutes you can be in perfect solitude, and an hour's walk will bring you to the most splendid view of Washington, Adams, Madison and Jefferson, the great guns of the range, besides hundreds of smaller mountains, many of which were never trodden by human feet and are as much unknown as when the world began.

Last week we ascended Mount Washington, the highest of all, being 6285 feet above the level of the sea. The road up is the most wonderful thing I ever saw, for it is wide, smooth, and winds so that you don't realize what an immense height you are climbing (till you see it apparently below you), and some parts which you have passed and above in others you have yet to reach. It goes over chasms that make one dizzy to see, round sharp turns where it seems like a hanging balcony as you look down great precipices in some places two miles deep, and often full of snow or blasted trees white and bare as skeletons. The views were astonishing, and when at the Tip Top House it seemed as if I could see the whole world laid out like a map before me, for towns were like flocks of sheep in the green intervals, rivers, lakes and ponds snowed every-where, and the clouds floated below us in a very curious way, while the air from the snowdrifts below made one forget that it was midsummer. Nothing grows so high, and the stones look as if they were piled there by the Flood.

The mountain horses skip from rock to rock like goats, and look very funny with their heads down sliding and climbing with ladies in old hats, men's coats and no hoops, on their backs, for the fashions are of no account up there and every one tumbles about in a free and easy style that just suited me. The drive down was a thing to remember, for we rattled and banged full trot along a road with all eternity the other side a low wall in a way that disturbed my heroic mind, and when the race broke so demoted was the fact that I offered a stout green garter to mend the fracture, and immortal that humble article of dress by assisting in the perilous descent of Mount Washington. I wish you and Carrie, Nan and John had been there, for it was a day and a scene to remember all one's life.

From my window I see Mount Carter, Moriah, Hayes and Surprise, besides the Imp and its ugly human profile. Mr. Willis has had a gap cut so we see the blue peak of Madison. The mountains here are jolly, for there is no dancing, singing, flirting and high doings generally. A party of young collegians were here a day or two ago and kept us all up till after midnight with their college songs and spirited dancing. No one waits for introductions but all fly up and dance or sing as if at home, and then disappear to be no more seen.

I am enjoying it highly, but Ab returns on Tuesday and I'd rather see her than the whole White Mountain range, so I shall march off on Friday; therefore your next may be sent to Concord, as usual, and you may follow in person as soon as you can.

Good-by, my dear Alf.

Ever your loving friend, L. U.

(CONCLUDED IN THE OCTOBER JOURNAL)