Monday Morning

Nahant

My darling,

Did the little cab return for you I wonder, in season. To the last moment I thought you would see me back again, but I just caught the train, good Mr. Beal being on the lookout. I can see you still anxiously peering out of the door. How strange it was for me to go and leave you to get away as best you could.

Yesterday I translated the paper for dear Whittier. It is really charming and presently I hope to write to Madame Blane.

I shall stay here until tomorrow when I must go to town and try to find Boylston’s drinking cup and a copy of White’s Selborne for Willy. I think Willy seems a better boy as you get nearer to him and his life. His wan listlessness comes from lack of vitality I think and no worse causes. It is a discontented little face, but even that has its better side – You know how apt we are to mistranslate faces in this world – even Shak=-speare you remember warns us on this head. This cool weather will give you a fresh chance at the “Normen” I hope. I long to have you with that mountain climbed and far behind.

I shall stay for that wretched garden party this P.M. and tomorrow wing my way, glad to be free, to my solitary convent. I shall be thankful to stay there, for I am no visitor, unsatisfactory in more ways than one and I shall hope to find some interesting occupation after the Ireland notes are finished.

It was a pity to lose these days with Marigold and f[?] Trinity, but they will keep and it has been very good to be here. They have all been most tender and affectionate and we have had pleasant hours.

It is a dear good household. I know of no place where a number of people are trying any harder than they are here, for the right and they are all more than good to me.

I have asked “thy friend” to let Phoebe copy the paper for him to read and to perhaps return mine. I should like you to read how beautifully Madame Blane has spoken.

Good bye, dear child –

Do not send the money for the rugs – when we meet will be the time – not now. God bless you my darling –

Your A. F.

My love to all – Cany’s needles are a great comfort