I wish you had heard it. Kate Birckhead did not come up to Bethlehem, N. H., after all. I wish she had. I shall tell Georgie how much in love with her you are—is not she lovely?—what a pity that you did not go to Mr. March's you would have enjoyed it so much, & I should have liked you to have seen it—it's so lovely there. One thing I must tell you about & that is about Dalton where we stopped to dine in one of our wanderings.

I shall not tell you any thing about the perfect view we had from Mt. Washington & how fortunate we were in having such a pleasant day—or of the wheel's coming off the engine when we were about half way up, & how we & the car were left to our fates to slide down the mountain or stay where we were & broil in the hot sun till the other engine came up for us—or how we did the latter for about three quarters of an hour—nor anything about the grand drive down the Mt. on the Glen side—nor how much more wonderful the drive was to me than even the view from the top, nor how there were frightful chasms & depths & magnificent precipices all the way down on either one side of the carriage road or the other, now how Kitty & I rode on the seat with the driver & enjoyed & appreciated it all fully, now how my head ached all the time I was up there till I got down to a rational atmosphere—nor how I
took my hat off & the jolting of the wagon shook all my
hair down & I drove down looking like a raving maniac &
enjoying everything all the more nor how some ladies in
a wagon we met asked if I'd lost my hat, thinking I
suppose that it blew such guns up there that it was
impossible to keep one's hat on, & I shan't tell you
how we stayed all night at the Glen now how I've always
longed to go there nor how I want to go again--nor how
we left there the next morning at about nine & drove
thirty-seven miles back to Beth--by the way of Jefferson
through a most romantic road & beautiful scenery. And I
shall not tell you how we remained quiet for a few days
& then struck off again for Lancaster & Dalton, nor how
unexpected it was, & how Papa came into the parlor Wed-
nesday morning at about then & asked us what we should
say to such an excursion, nor how we all said "yes" &
rushed up stairs, changed dresses, locked bureaus trunks
& doors & pushed travelling bags & in a half an hour
found ourselves flying over the hills to Lancaster--
or how we did finally fairly fly, then Papa began to
expostulate with the driver who of course was most good
natured & said he certainly wished to do as would be
most agreeable to us & then cracked his whip & whistled
to his horses & away we went faster than ever, even
faster than my pen is going at this present time--nor
how this little conversation was carried on at intervals
all the way to Lancaster, with as little success on our
part & as much good nature & seeming design to oblige on
the part of the driver--nor how we arrived in Lancaster
all out of breath, all but Mamma, who declared that she
never enjoyed a drive so much in all her life--nor how
I never was so glad to get out of a wagon in all my life,
feeling as if I were shaken to atoms--nor how the mystery
of the fast driving was soon made clear by our finding
out that there was a horse race there which our driver
evidently took quite an interest in--nor how he after
dinner asked leave to go to it, now how we not only
indulged bytaaccompanied him--& had a jolly time, nor how
we stayed there all night, Kitty & the Children & I in
our big room so big that we were obliged to take opera
glasses & speaking trumpets to bed with us, that we might
see each other & converse in the morning, nor how the
children surprised us by waking us up at an hour earlier
than was necessary--nor how we did not find it out till
we were dressed--nor how lucky it was, for it took us
much longer to dress in that room every thing being so
much further apart & the joshings we had to take in
consequence. I shall not, I say, tell you any thing
about all that, nor about something else that I forgot to
tell you I should not tell you & that was about Kittery;
Kitty, Helen, the children & I all going over to Crawfords
--the Notch--& spending the day--the day before we went
to Lancaster--nor how much we all enjoyed it; nor what a charming drive home we had by moon light--well all that I shall not write you any thing about, as I said before, but I shall & must tell you about Dalton--we went there from Lancaster where, I suppose I shall be obliged to tell you, we went from Bethlehem, but that's all I shall say about it--well, we went to Dalton--& the drive there is perfect, through woods & all most all the way by the Connecticutt river, a most beautiful view & every thing was lovely--but the House there was what took my heart--& I wish to go there next summer & spend three of four weeks. The House is quite large though nothing like the Glen House, but it is so prettily furnished & in so home like a manner. I know if I stayed there I should feel all the time as if I were visiting, it might be inconvenient if I allowed that impression to take such a hold of me that I should be inclined to go away with out paying. But Mamma said she felt as if she were visiting an English nobleman. Mr. Sumner who owned the house, but does not keep it, is a fine looking old gentleman, & quite agreeable, As you enter there is a large square hall right through the house, a very handsome oak stair case, after the same style at Auntie's--lovely little parlors & a library filled with charming books for the use of the guests, besides the large parlors which is also delightful. Then up stairs the bed rooms are elegant, all furnished most lovelyy some of the beds having muslin curtains looped up with ribbons--& lounges in all the rooms, french windows opening on balconies, & another little bookcase up stairs. The (?) runs at the back of the house & from the back piazza there is a charming walk through an avenue of pines & a lovely arbor down to the banks of the river which are wooded--it is perfect there & do you wonder that I longed to stay there. Then I must tell you about the table--every thing was so delicious & served so beautifully, the dinner set all had an orange colored border & the dessert set a green border & we did not have to have a barricade of those horrid little oval dishes with one spoonful of vegetables in them, all round our plates, but they were civilized & had good sized vegetable dishes with enough in them for our whole party. While we were there we went across the ferry, a real, bona fide, old fashioned ferry--to Lunnenberg which is (?) & quite high from which there is a lovely view. I haded to leave Dalton. Should not you think I would have? I've had a birthday too, & I'm older than you are & you ought to condole with me. You is nothing but an infant. I'm going on to 40 by & by. Love to Mary, how is she? Love to your Ma & your Pa. Good night & love to yourself. Hope I shall see you when I am in "P." Love to Aunty. I've gained eight pounds--is not that splendid & weigh more than I ever did. Now don't say I never wrote you a letter. I did read yours at one sitting. I wonder if you will this. Perhaps Aunty would like to hear it unless Mamma has told her everything. ...but we did--drove home by way of Littleton all the way by the river--but we left it there & climbed up to Bethlehem--where we arrived soon after. G.