

I want your letters most dreadfully
they and they will
be forwarded to me.
Please tell Horace
and waiting for a
letter from him as
I have written two
to his care.

God's accident - worries
yet I shall awake
like the cock - so much
that he will not
want to get back. There
is not the least danger
I hate to think of his
going away.

I don't just hope you
say in your next soon
though I hope you
will not be very busy
but I do wish - to be
with you as of your
you'll read this letter,
when it gets
about Boston get the
crossed at the 10th light
Agnes & Mary Gordon
Elizabeth Adams.

to the centennial after all, and
here I am home again. I didn't
any more expect to go until
a few days before I went than any
thing in the world; but last Monday
Willie, Henry and I, with other friends
started for the "quake city" we have
had a splendid time. Now I do
wish that you could have been with
us. I never saw any thing so wonderful

so will not attempt to describe
it, but will leave that for Willis,
who has not come back yet. He
is expecting to come about Tuesday.
The buildings are perfectly enormous
the art gallery is far finer than
any of the others as it is to
remain; it cost over a million
dollars, but the statuary and
paintings are perfectly ~~and fine~~ ^{beautiful}
I think the works of Italy surpass
every other country. Some of the
U.S. paintings are wonderfully
fine the chief trouble with some
of them is, I think, that the
colors are too bright there is not

the richness of coloring which is
seen in other countries.

It would be difficult ^{to tell} which
part is the most interesting, but
think on the whole I was most
interested in the Art-gallery.

We staid there four days and went
in about nine hours a day. I was
just tired out when I reached home
yesterday.

You asked in your letter in regard
to Phillis's mustache, whiskers, &c.
I have indeed taken a sincerely
interest in them, they have been
pulled &c about ^{every} a day, much to
their owners' torment, but he has
borne it like a martyr. He now

recall "
A winter killed" mustache and
says he has concluded to let his
whiskers grow. I presume it is be-
cause it is too much trouble to
shave. I think it one of the blessings
of our sex, that we are not obliged
to shave.

You are probably thrilling Forest
Grove with admiration by your
fine voice. I wish I could hear
you sing. Willie has learned me
one or two of your favorite pieces.
In a little more than a week
I shall leave home for S. Hadley,
and if successful take up my
abode for a year at least.
Please direct your letters to S. H. next