

8-14-1891

Letter from Alice Freeman Palmer, Boxford,
Massachusetts, to Anne Whitney, Shelburne, New
Hampshire, 1891 August 14

Alice Freeman Palmer

Wellesley College Archives

Follow this and additional works at: https://repository.wellesley.edu/whitney_correspondence

Recommended Citation

Palmer, Alice Freeman and Wellesley College Archives, "Letter from Alice Freeman Palmer, Boxford, Massachusetts, to Anne Whitney, Shelburne, New Hampshire, 1891 August 14" (1891). *Papers of Anne Whitney (MSS.4): Correspondence*. 871.
https://repository.wellesley.edu/whitney_correspondence/871

This Correspondence is brought to you for free and open access by the Papers of Anne Whitney (MSS.4) at Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. It has been accepted for inclusion in Papers of Anne Whitney (MSS.4): Correspondence by an authorized administrator of Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. For more information, please contact ir@wellesley.edu.

of straining humanity. We
each made four addresses
in those two days! and to
the same audience! And
between times, stranded wo-
men came for portraits,
poor boys and girls came
to find how to force their
hard way to education,
mothers for advice about
bringing up their children,
a father about the marriage
of his daughter - dear me!
but it was an interesting
and a very pathetic ex-
perience. I am glad we were
there but I should not like
to go through it again im-
mediately. We hurried home
yesterday, and are not good
for much today. But it is

Boxford, Mass.

Aug. 14, 1891.

My dearest Miss Whitney.

It seems a
long time since we said
good by to you among the
mountains. What days those
were! Every hour of the whole
visit was just as good as
it could be. We both felt
ourselves so much refreshed
by it all that we went on
our way like a pair of gay
children.

Our coach had to wait for
those coming in from the
mountains, so we started
ten minutes late. This gave
us time to look about under

As I told my father, comes the caterpillar. But I have in
the carriage of course. This is the first time
the guidance of Mr. Rich. The
Canadian student who greeted us
on arriving. He has taken
charge of the Glen House this
summer, and has thirty-six
college boys with him, waiters
and managers of different
departments. One of my old
Hillsdale girls came out to meet
me, and proud to be the
daughter of the Mr. Millikin
who owns the hotel. They
mourned that we had not
brought you all to dinner -
as if any college spread fresh
furn could have been as good
as Chelburne dainties by the
Emerald Pool! The drive
across to Glen Station was
simply unsurpassed. Mr.
Day would have exhausted his

camorra one and one. I
longed to have you beside
me on top of the coach, among
the trees, behind the six
eager black horses. It was
all deliciously exciting, but
came to an end, like the
good times before, quite
too soon. We reached Frye
burg at seven o'clock.

Since that moment, we
have had no time to breathe
freely. The heat was most
oppressive, in the plain of
the Sacramento River, and the whole
place was packed. If there
had been any air stirring
it could not have reached
us through auditoriums,
with doors and windows full

Deliciously cool, and, after
another night's sleep, we
shall be stronger than
before we started, and far
richer in delightful
memories.

I hope you there are no
worse for the heat. I often
thought of your sister, and
frank she would feel it
badly. You and Miss Marc-
sing had a right to be
tired Monday night. But
what a day you gave us!
And Lowell has gone!

We shall personally miss
the sight of him walking
with Mr. Norton up and
down the street, but that
is all the personal loss.

I have not known him
much, and since he
returned from England
he has seldom been
very away from home.

Let it make me lonely
& have the leaders drop
off as fast! Do stay with
us a long time, beloved
lady. You make the
world a better place.

In the meantime you
are building stone walls,
and rejoicing over their
rain as a good farmer
should. How the thirsty fields
rejoice in it!

Out on the piazza there is
a murmuring, as Plato is

being abridged. Broken only
& send greetings to you all,
and I wish we could all
have some Prowling together
after tea. As it is Dr. Curry
of Baltimore and half a
dozen Palumers are going
& undertake the "Red Cotton
Nightcap Campaign." We have
none of us read it.

My dearest Lou & you,
and your sister and
Miss Manning also, my
love!

Do give Black Beauty and
Meg some love for me.

Affectionately,

A. F. P.