

Mother was of the opinion that I would have more real, unalloyed pleasure, if I adhered to my plan of spending the vacation quietly among the Catskill Mountains, instead of traveling about from place to place, which must prove very tiresome and mayhap dangerous.

The boys and sister Alice were all of one mind, that I ought not hesitate to take advantage of the splendid opportunity now offered, which would probably not so soon arise again, whereas I could go to the Catskills at any time. Uncle Julius, quiet as usual, said nothing, only interrupting the discussion for a moment, in order to ask what class of hotels we intended to patronize, and whether Mr. Leve had made ample arrangements for the accommodation of so large a party. Each one having had his or her say, the matter was cut short by grandfather saying, that, as I seemed determined to go, he would no longer oppose my desire, but would wish me "God speed."

This opinion was finally coincided in by all, grandmother being the last to succumb;—and so it came about that I went on the excursion.

CHAPTER I.

The departure.—The sail up the Sound.—Arrival in Boston.—Ascent of Bunker Hill monument.—A historical tree.—Mount Auburn Cemetery.—A short Ocean voyage.—Portland, Me.—A fine residence.

Leaving New York on Sunday, August 26th, 1877, on the beautiful Fall River steamer *Bristol*, we had a charming sail up the East River past Blackwell's Island, Hell Gate and Ward's Island, and thence through the pleasant Long Island Sound to Newport, R. I. Before proceeding to supper the members of the party were introduced to one another; the party, besides Mr. Leve and myself, then consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Riley and Mr. and Mrs.