

answer to a lady's letter might have been more courteously given than by a curt message, through a black man-servant, delivered at the door of the house. That the incident should have made any mark, however, speaks well, I think, for the general high standard of American courtesy towards women.

Philadelphia has made little impression upon me, partly, no doubt, owing to the damp, muggy, rainy fortnight which we spent there, chiefly in preparations for our trip to the West.

An introduction kindly given me by Dr. Hedge, of Cambridge, to Mrs. Wistar, of Philadelphia, a well-known literary star there, who has made some of the most successful German translations yet achieved, led to little social intercourse.

We were both most fully occupied, she with a house-moving after thirty years of residence, and we with a general tidying up and re-arrangement of wardrobes, separating what *had* been so useful, but was now useless, from the positive necessities of travel, packing off the maid to visit a Canadian brother, and finally packing our own trunks as closely as might be, for "extra baggage" becomes an expensive item as one travels farther west.

Of course we drove in Philadelphia to Fairmount