R. S. Bro.

I cd. not render the service you ask till Nov. 30th. If that will do, & I can be conveyed to & from Arlington I shall be glad to accede to the request. Let me know further

Yrs cordially

Reuben Thomas

Nov. 5. 90

UNITED STATES

POSTAL CARD.

ONE CENT

BROOKLINE STA. MASS.

NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

The Rev. Rowland B. Howard
Congregational House
Boston
Mass.

305 11/5/1890 ***From:*** Renen Thomas ***To:*** The Rev'd Rowland B. Howard

RBH-263 [Arlington] Congregational House
Boston
Mass.

Source: Bowdoin

[POSTAL CARD]

My Dr. Bro.

I cd not render the service you asked till Novr 30th. If that will do, & I can be conveyed to <> from Arlington, I shall be glad to accede to the request. Let me know further.

Yrs cordially
Renen Thomas
Nov 5 90

[ADDRESS]
The Rev'd Rowland B. Howard
Congregational House
Boston
Mass.
[POSTMARK] BROOKLINE STA MASS 7
[POSTMARK] NOV 7 90

56

AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.
Organized 1828. Incorporated 1843

EDWARD S. TOBEY, ... President.
ROBERT C. WINTHROP, JOHN G. WHITTIER, ROBERT TREAT PAINE, . . . Vice-Presidents.
ROWLAND B. HOWARD, . Secretary and Editor.

Monthly Publications:
ADVOCATE OF PEACE
For Adults, $1 a year.

ANGEL OF PEACE
For Children, . . . 15 cents a year.

NO. 1 SOMERSET STREET,

Boston, Mass., U. S. A., Feb. 16. 1891.

Prof. Geo. T. Little

Dear Sir

The bound vols of the Advocate of Peace from 1835 to 1848 might be used by us to complete sets in other libraries. If I could see the tracts, I could tell whether we could use them. Must stop off some time & run in & see what you have. Few bound copies of the Advocate have been made late years. Beyond those required for our own use & for exchange with London & other Soc's. If the recent Adv

Cates have been preserved in full & in order for binding. We will pay the expense if you will have them bound. Perhaps two years would make a fair sized volume.

I wish I could do more to really enrich your Library and hope to do so some time.

Thank you for writing me

Yours as ever

R. B. Hayes

306 2/10/1891 ***From:*** R. B. Howard ***To:*** Prof. Geo. T. Little

RBH-264

Source: Bowdoin

American Peace Society
No. 1 Somerset Street
Boston, Mass, U.S.A

'56 [Written at the top in another hand. RB Howard was in the Bowdoin Class of 1856.]

[LETTERHEAD]
American Peace Society
Organized 1828. Incorporated 1843
Edward S. Tobey, President
Robert C. Winthrop, Vice-President
John G. Whittier, Vice-President
Robert Treat Paine, Vice-President
Rowland B. Howard, Secretary and Editor
No. 1 Somerset Street
Boston, Mass, U.S.A.
Monthly Publications:
Advocate of Peace
For Adults, $1 a year
Angel of Peace
For Children, 15 cents a year

Feb. 10, 1891

Prof. Geo. T. Little [Bowdoin College Librarian]

Dear Sir

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I wish I could do more to really enrich your Library and hope to do so some time.

Thank you for writing me.

Yours as ever
R. B. Howard

22, Gramercy Park.

Newport.

May 20/91

Dear Mr

I wish I could attend your meeting in Boston, the early part of this month, & tell you the great gathering in Rome in the latter part of this month, year, but it is not possible, tho I would attend either — I am

far from well yet,
though better, & I am
not able to write
more — very truly
yours —
E. W. Phillips

Rev. R. B. Howard,
— — —

307 5/20/1891 ***From:*** David Dudley Field ***To:*** Rev. R. B. Howard

RBH-265

22, Gramercy Park
New York

Source: Bowdoin

[LETTERHEAD]
22, Gramercy Park

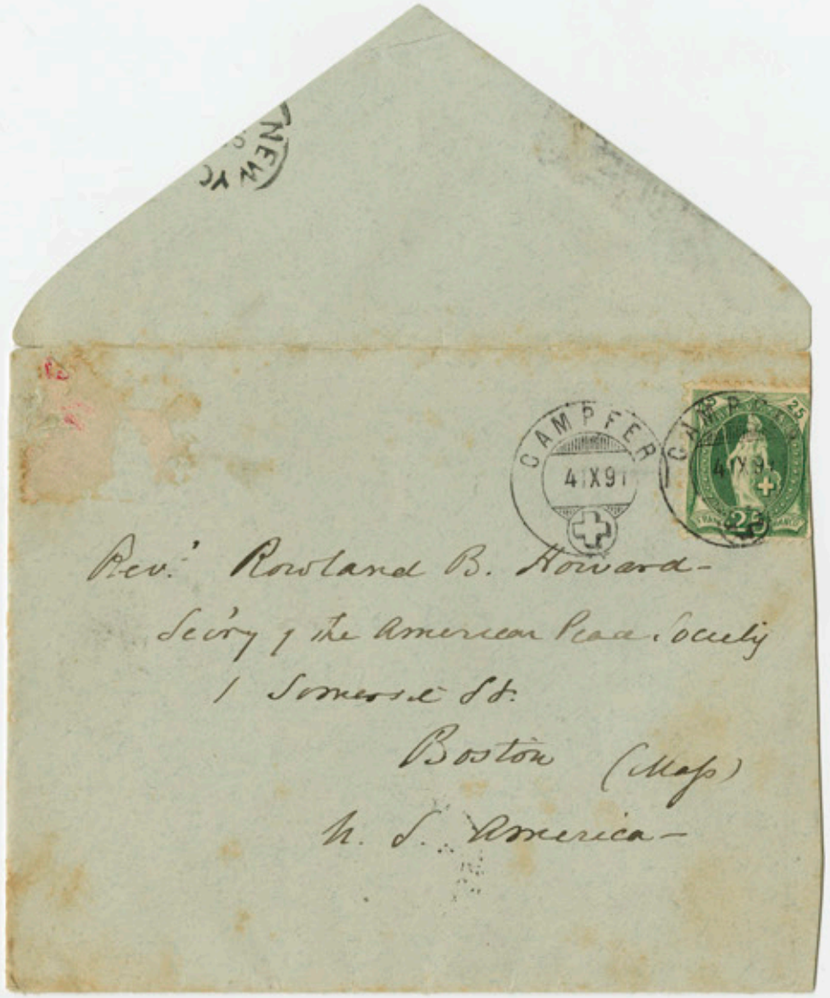
New York,
May 20 / 91

Dear Sir,

I wish I could attend your meeting in Boston, the last of this month, & still more the great gathering in Rome in the latter part of this year, but it is not possible, that I should attend either. I am far from well yet, though better, & I am not able to write more.

Very truly yrs...
David Dudley Field

Rev. R. B. Howard



Rev. Rowland B. Howard -
Secy of the American Peace Society
1 Somerset St.
Boston (Mass)
U. S. America -

My dear Sir

I beg through you to express to the American Peace Society my warm recognition of the honour they have done me in electing me to represent them at the Universal Peace Congress to be held at Rome in Nov. 9.

My sympathies are completely with the Societies in all the objects they propose - and as I hope to be in Rome at the time when the Congress is to be held, I assure that I shall, as far as my small efforts may avail,

to all in my power to further those objects –

Please also accept my thanks for the interesting and able oration of Mr Quincy which I have had the kindness to send me – The strong old family blood is in his veins I am happy to see – & I earnestly hope that his clear & powerful words will be listened to, read, & acted upon

Yours faithfully

W. W. Story

Villa Story – Camp for – Engadine
Sept 8. 1891 –

308 9/3/1891

RBH-266

Source: Bowdoin

From: W.W. Story

Villa Story - Campfer - Engadine

To: Rev. Rowland B. Howard

Sec'ry of the American Peace Society
1 Somerset St.
Boston (Mass)
U.S. America

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Yours faithfully
W.W. Story

Villa Story - Campfer - Engadine
Sept 3. 1891

[ENVELOPE]
Rev. Rowland B. Howard
Sec'ry of the American Peace Society
1 Somerset St.
Boston (Mass)
U.S. America
[POSTMARK] CAMPFER [Switzerland] 4IX91

Cunard Royal Steamship, "Catalonia".
Oct., 24, 189~~2~~1. 1891
One week from Boston.

Dear Cousin Lucy:

You must always let me think of you and treat you and speak to you just a little as the lucy I first knew, for first impressions are very strong. I hoped a little I might hear from Lena when I came on the ship, but found no letters from anyone. Mr. Richards who helps me in the office came to see me off and to get more final directions for it will be 24 days or so before he hears again. We will stop at Queenstown in Ireland, 10 days after we start and get to Liverpool in Eleven. It has not been very rough and stormy but two days and nights, and I have gone to the table every meal, though for nine days I could not eat. I bought two snow apples and two others They make a pleasant order in my room as they lie in a half open drawer in a little bureau of two drawers fastened to the wall. I wish I had taken more for the English boys and girls where I visit- Mrs. Darby's family of eight, at Watford. Ella and her mother came down the day before I sailed and saw my state-room and Ella left me some flowers with a little note which I did not find till the next morning. It was a pleasant surprise and I kept them in one of my tumblers three or four days till they withered. I went home that night and wanted Rowlie to come to the steamer with me the next morning but he had engaged to go nutting at 6 A. M. with a neighbor. So I came alone and only knew Mr. Richards of those about the steamer when I sailed. The crew consists of over 100. The Steerage passengers about 300. Those in the second cabin about 40 and only seven of us in the first cabin which was full when I went before. The Captain, Surgeon and Purser sit at table with us. Sometimes the great waves lift us very high and the deck is about like this and if you dont hold on the side--- When the waves dash over the decks everything is made tight and no passenger is allowed on deck. There are three masts, but we do not have all our sails set. We have 90 tons of coal a day to keep the engine going. There are 24 firemen to hand and throw over the coal. Everything is kept very clean, the men love to wash and scrub nearly all the time. There are a lot of cooks, and bakers and stewards. The last take care of the rooms and wait upon the tables. There are a great many children playing and crying most of the time, but they do not belong to our cabin. I have to give $60.00 for passage which includes room and board for the 11 or 12 days. The 2nd cabin people pay $35.00 and those in the Steerage about $16. and provide their own mattresses and take care of their own rooms.

Not much happens. One day is about like another except for the storms. We have seen no vessels since the first day or two. The gulls keep always with us and rest by sitting down in the water. One steamer passed us ten miles away. The fish all keep out of sight except the porpoises which they call "sea-pigs".

(2)

They are so fat. The food is too abundant. I eat a little boiled rice for dinner and part of an egg for breakfast. The smells of food are not pleasant. The rooms are very close and I always have bad dreams and headache even if I can sleep. I was on deck from 6 to 7 this morning. As we go north the sun gets farther south as it does in winter at home. After I get to Liverpool, I begin to go south again and suppose it will be quite warm in Rome. I wear my winter cloths now but suppose they will be too warm in Italy which is like Florida. It is 12 years since I was there- I expect to be a day or two in London and to go through Paris and the tunnel on that side through the Alps and want to come back by Milan and the St. Gothard tunnel which is in the Austrian side of the Alps. I will not get much time to write when I get ashore so send this with love to all at your home.

Your aff. cousin,

Rowland.

309 10/24/1891 ***From:*** Rowland [B Howard] ***To:*** Dear Cousin Lucy [Foss]

RBH-267

Source: Bowdoin

Cunard Royal
Steamshp, “Catalonia”

[Typewritten]
Cunard Royal Steamshp, “Catalonia”
Oct. 24, 1891
One week from Boston.

Dear Cousin Lucy:

You must always let me think of you and treat you and speak to you just a little as the Lucy I first new, for first impressions are very strong. I hoped a little I might hear from Lena when I came on the ship, but found no letters from anyone. Mr. Richards who helps me in the office came to see me off and to get more final directions for it will be 24 days or so before he hears again. We will stop at Queenstown in Ireland, 10 days after we start and get to Liverpool in Eleven.

It has not been very rough and stormy but two days and nights, and I have gone to the table every meal, though for nine days I could not eat. I bought two snow apples and two others. They make a pleasant order in my room as they lie in a half open drawer in a little bureau of two drawers fastened to the wall. I wish I had taken more for the English boys and girls where I visit - Mrs. Darby’s family of eight, at Watford.

Ella and her mother came down the day before I sailed and saw my state-room and Ella left me some flowers with a little note which I did not find till the next morning. It was a pleasant surprise and I kept them in one of my tumblers three or four days till they withered. I went home that night and wanted Rowlie to come to the steamer with me the next morning but he had engaged to go nutting at 6 A.M. with a neighbor. So I came alone and only knew Mr. Richards of those about the steamer when I sailed.

The crew consists of over 100. The Steerage passengers about 300. Those in the second cabin about 40 and only seven of us in the first cabin which was full when I went before. The Captain, Surgeon and Purser sit at table with us. Sometimes the great waves lift us very high and the deck is about like this [space for a drawing perhaps] and if you don’t hold on the side —. When the waves dash over the decks everything is made tight and no passenger is allowed on deck. There are three masts, but we do not have all our sails set. We have 90 tons of coal a day to keep the engine going. There are 24 firemen to hand and throw over the coal. Everything is kept very clean, the men love to wash and scrub nearly all the time. There are a lot of cooks, and bakers and stewards. The last take care of the rooms and wait upon the tables. There are a great many children playing and crying most of the time, but they do not belong to our cabin.

I have to give $60.00 for passage which includes room and board for the 11 or 12 days. The 2nd cabin people pay $35.00 and those in the Steerage about $16, and provide their own mattresses and take care of their own rooms.

Not much happens. One day is about like another except for the storms. We have seen no vessels since the first day or two. The gulls keep always with us and rest by sitting down in the water. One steamer passed us ten miles away. The fish all keep out of sight except the porpoises which they call “sea-pigs”. They are so fat.

The food is too abundant. I eat a little boiled rice for dinner and part of an egg for breakfast. The smells of food are not pleasant. The rooms are very close and I always have bad dreams and headache even if I can sleep. I was on deck from 6 to 7 this morning.

As we go north the sun gets farther south as it does in winter at home. After I get to Liverpool, I begin to go south again and suppose it will be quite warm in Rome. I wear my winter cloths now but suppose they will be too warm in Italy which is like Florida. It is 12 years since I was there. I expect to be a day or two in London and to go through Paris and the tunnel on that side through the Alps and want to come back by Milan and the St. Gothard tunnel which is in the Austrian side of the Alps.

I will not get much time to write when I get ashore so send this with love to all at your home.

Your aff. Cousin,
Rowland

[Note: This is probably to Lucy Foss, b. 1878, who had a sister Lena. They were children of Adoniram Judson Foss and Maria Theresa Howard.]

Frank is coming up to see his Lovey & will be at home - Mamma can tell him that white things are much better fitted & cost less in America than anywhere else - We wanted me to get him some.

Our head waiter or "Steward" at table is a Irishman called Murphy of 45. He has charge of the milk & stationery and the library where there are quite a number of good books - Give my love to Rollie - I may not write him but it is not because I love him less - I seem to be busy with his dog every day - I wish he would teach him to bite off those fleas - I expect them to bite me in Rome - My love further

R. B. Rowe

Steamer California
Sunday, Oct. 26, 1872

My Dear Mamma

We have been two days in the Eucalyptus waters & I think it is the most beautiful place I ever saw. It brings the mountains close to them & a sea as large as Boston Harbor is spread out before us. It looks as the water will see by other vessels. Yesterday night when the lights were out we saw the water ahead of us on fire & we thought it was the land. It was a brilliant phosphorescent light & we could see the fishes & porpoises as they swam in front of us. Lucie and I have been in the Mission to see the Indian Thanksgiving & we have a Turkey and cake

3

and to have sung nothing together - the pianos is good is "Chickering Upright" - I have managed to read about Rome considerably but have written nothing - Italy has been the battle field of the world - I hope the will be that no longer - I am sorry I didn't take some apples at least for those sacky children - four younger than you! I can write no more for want of head & hand = I am sorry I forgot to leave the "Cyphr" with mamma's address at the Boston Telegraph Office - but I shall have sent "Fair" as nearest the truth of any of the works

I can do anything - I have slept on my sofa two hours this morn to make up for the long dismal nights - The Mess Sergeant Lt Fisher M.B. is 17, & can play the piano well and the Capt makes it pleasant for him & the rest in his room. Give my love to all - I am on the deck - the is the only one who wishes the voyage longer - I often think of you at home so fully occupied with school & books & all meetings - we had only the usual sense read yesterday. I planned for a prayer meeting in the steerage, but the weather did not allow the people to come on deck - we have nothing but the English Church hymn & tune book to sing from

310 10/26/1891 ***From:*** R.B. Howard ***To:*** Dear Ella [Patten Howard]

RBH-269 Steamer Catalonia

Source: Bowdoin

Steamer Catalonia
Monday, Oct 26, 1892 [‘91 was written in by someone else, and it should be 1891. Rowland died Jan 25, 1892]

Dear Ella [Patten Howard]

Will you kindly “translate” the enclosed letter & send it to Lucy? [Lucy Foss. See letter dated 10/25/91]. I thought she might like to hear of a sea voyage. She hasn’t as many books to read as she wants. You will see by it how I got on nights when slipping back and forth in my berth wakes me up. I put a pillow in front and the sofa pillow behind. A head wind has come on again and we will not get to Queenstown before noon tomorrow. I am “miserable, I thank you”, most of the time. Have been several days without much eating. The Sea seems to aggravate all the dispepsia troubles I have at home and adds head ache and dread of doing anything. I have slept on my sofa two hours this morn to make up for the long dismal nights. The Miss Ledge from St Johns N.B. is 17 & can play the piano well and the Capt makes of her & she is in his room often & plays games on the deck. She is the only one who wishes the voyage longer.

I often think of you at home so fully occupied with school and books, and meetings. We had only the usual service read yesterday. I planned for a prayer meeting in the Steerage, but the weather did not allow the people to come on deck. We have nothing but the English Church hymn & tune book to sing from, and so have sung nothing together. The piano is good a “Chickering Upright”. I have managed to read about Rome considerably, but have written nothing. Italy has been the battle field of the world. I hope she will be that no longer. I am sorry I didn’t take some apples at least for those Darby children - four younger than you! I can write no more for want of head & hand. I am sorry I forgot to leave the “Cypher” with mammas address at the Boston Telegraph Office. But I should have sent “Fair” as nearest the truth of any of the words.

Frank is coming up to see his Society & will be at home. Mamma can tell him that white shirts are much better fitted & cost less in America than anywhere else. He wanted me to get him some.

Our head waiter or “steward” at table is a cheerful Irishman called Murphy of 45. He has charge of the ink & Stationary and the library where there are quite a number of good books.

Give my love to Rowlie. I may not write him but it is not because I love him less. I seem to see him with his dog every day. I wish he would wash off those fleas. I expect them to bite me in Rome.

Your loving Father
R.B. Howard

Florence, Italy, Nov. 5 / 91.

Dear Cousin Lena:

You have been much on my thoughts and a little on my poor prayers since we parted. I do hope you did not have a run of slow fever which threatened, but heard nothing. My 11 days trip was not worse than the average, but not to relish food and to be generally miserable is my fate at sea. I spend much time in bed & come ashore upset. A day & two nights in England- one in a cold bed in a cold room followed by a chill- a day and night trip via Paris to Turin, did not help matters & at Genoa I consulted a Dr. & have had one twice here. I am now picking up & and hope to be all right for my Congress next Monday. You need not say I have been sick, but am just getting over various ills of the Sea. The old Italian woman who cares for my room and speaks less English than she thinks she does, is kind but like her sex.

When she will, she will
You may depend on't,
When she wont, she wont
And there is the end on't.

She persists in washing out my medicine glasses with her fingers in the cold water of my wash-bowl I have a wood fire to keep off the chills, the weather being about as at home. A bushel basket of wood was $.60 at Turin & it cost me $1.80 for wood to spend Sunday there and entertain two English travellers- Judson- excuse me, your father would like to sell at that rate. Ordinary charges are about $2.00 a day as at home in a good hotel, but they but soap for you & chg. 10cts., & a candle and chg. 20 cts. I take the soap along but generally leave the candle. My trunk stuck in the Custom House- so I have few conveniences- it will be along in good time. I has to pay $5.00 for my small steamer trunk, from Paris to Rome. Italian R.R's exact pay for all but hand baggage and I was too unwell to tug a big valise. Those two trunks I took home for O. would have cost me for the same distance $10.00 at least. I had many views of the snow capped Alps 12 years ago but never one more beautiful than when we came down into Italy Sat. morn. from the Mt. Cenis tunnel which we climb up to by a long river and descend from by curves along a gushing river of icy water which goes to make up the Po flowing eastward through the tree-planted prairie like fields of Tuscany and Lombardy. The trees are apt to be willows or poplars planted in rows with the crops sowed between. Winter wheat is green. The last cabbages are being gathered. The vineyards on the sides of the Alps & the plains are red-tipped but no frost has killed the herbs and foliage as with us. The views I spoke of are indiscribable. You look straight up toward heaven where the golden sunlight falls upon miles of pure white

crags and peaks, fissures and great rocks, and the frost has crystalized on the trees which grow lower down, while a rolling fog fills the deep valley and a flitting cloud caps the mountains' head Little villages of stone houses and a church are seen here and there below the snow and now and then (as on the opposite peaks of the border between France (Savoy) and Italy) great forts frown at each other. Summer villas are perched on and old ruined castles crown the heights- so placed as to guard the villages of this country cursed with war from the time Hannibal & Napoleon invaded Italy The rick plains that I have mentioned are the granaries of the world. Irrigated from the mountains - gifted with much sunshine, the crop never fails. It is sometimes washed away by the mountain torrents that suddenly overflow the now almost streamless beds Here have been the battle fields, and their consequence, ruined farmers - desolated towns and now a people taxed to pauperization to support an idle army of 600,000 and an idler navy larger than that of the United States. But no demonism can rob this country of its beauty and its fruitfulness. They quickly bury the dead Italians, Austrians & French- They repair the homes- They raise new families and get ready for new wars. All have been Roman Catholics, except a few Waldensians, for centuries. The prospect of Italy United, would be grand but for this bad government which foolishly puts workingmen in armies where they cannot work or taxes them so as to send them to America & elsewhere. "If I were a little younger I would go", said an old man to me. At Turin we looked up at the Alps, rode out on the horse cars in the country, looked through the two grand palaces of the Duke of Tuscany, kept furnished for show & owned by King Humbert, who lives at Rome and is feeble and has one rather weakly son. All these cities have the old royal palaces kept up. You see the bed-chambers, parlors, libraries, picture galaries etc for 20 cts. (1 franc or 1 lira Italian) French and Italian coins circulate alike & Italy has a lot of postal currency like ours after the war, English gold is current - not silver & no U. S. A. money is known of course. We exchange as we go along so as to have the coin of the Nation. Italians think Italy, the world, they travel little and are very <u>narrow</u> every way. I have a pocket dictionary & can read better than I can pronounce and accent I try to get the news from the papers by translating but often blunder. I go on to Rome soon. Florence is like nothing you ever saw- narrow streets stone walled buildings, yelling men and boys whose voices echo as in bbls. Side walks are 2 ft. wide- stores are often only a room in some great building. The palaces, cathedral, churches and river Arno are beautiful. The noise of the boys to 2 A. M. is unbearable to me & no policeman suppresses it No drunkeness- plenty of bad smells- no wooden buildings. This hotel Chapman is kept in the old Beauharnais palace where Pauline Bonaparte lived in glory and

(3)
shame. I have a lofty, narrow room, fireplace in corner, wall three feet thick, iron bed-stead- some servants' apartment- & roam at will in the great parlors & look at the splendid paintings. There were 13 of us today but two go tonight. It is the resort of Americans, in part because they give you something for breakfast except coffee, bread, & butter- which is the rule all over England and Europe, unless you pay extra, which you always can do of course But you must pay porters, boot-blacks, chambermaids etc. till you get poor & tired. When I come to see you again I want all the fire I need, all the milk I want (I paid 15 cts. for a glass the other day because I was an invalid & must have it) some"pie" (none in Europe) etc. and will try to do half as well when any of you will visit me. Give my love to Lucy and your father & mother- I expect to be in Rome till Nov 20 and in England Nov. 27 to Dec. 5- & to start home from Liverpool Via N. Y. by Dec. 10th. Providence permitting. I gave one of your Groversteins to a friend in London. If you are well & write me- 47 New Broad St.,

London, E. C.
(Peace Society)
G. B.

will reach me.

Your Aff. Cousin
Rowland.

Remember me to Geo. Lane, Chas. & Sarah & Seth's folks.

311 11/5/1891 ***From:*** Rowland [B. Howard] ***To:*** Dear Cousin Lena [Lena Foss]

RBH-268 Florence, Italy

Source: Bowdoin

[Typewritten]
Florence, Italy, Nov. 5 / 91

Dear Cousin Lena:

You have been much on my thoughts and a little on my poor prayers since we parted. I do hope you did not have a run of slow fever which threatened, but heard nothing. My 11 days trip was not worse than the average, but not to relish food and to be generally miserable is my fate at sea. I spend much time in bed & come ashore upset. A day & two nights in England - one in a cold bed in a cold room followed by a chill - a day and night trip via Paris to Turin, did not help matters & at Genoa I consulted a Dr. & have had one twice here. I am now picking up & hope to be all right for my Congress next Monday. You need not say I have been sick, but am just getting over various ills of the Sea.

The old Italian woman who cares for my room and speaks less English than she thinks she does, is kind but like her sex.

When she will, she will
You may depend on't,
When she wont, she wont
And there is the end on't.

She persists in washing out my medicine glasses with her fingers in the cold water of my wash-bowl.

I have a wood fire to keep off the chills, the weather being about as at home. A bushel basket of wood was $.60 at Turin & it cost me $1.80 for wood to spend Sunday there and entertain two English travellers - Judson - excuse me, your father would like to sell at that rate. Ordinary charges are about $2.00 a day as at home in a good hotel, but they but soap for you & chg. 10cts., & a candle and chg. 20 cts. I take the soap along but generally leave the candle. My trunk stuck in the Custom House - so I have few conveniences - it will be along in good time. I has to pay $5.00 for my small steamer trunk, from Paris to Rome. Italian R.R's exact pay for all but hand baggage and I was too unwell to tug a big valise. Those two trunks I took home for O. would have cost me for the same distance $10.00 at least.

I had many views of the snow capped Alps 12 years ago but never one more beautiful than when we came down into Italy Sat. Morn. from the Mt. Cenis tunnel which we climb up to by a long river and descend from by curves along a gushing river of icy water which goes to make up the Po flowing eastward through the tree-planted prairie like fields of Tuscany and Lombardy. The trees are apt to be willows or poplars planted in rows with the crops sowed between. Winter wheat is green. The last cabbages are being gathered. The vineyards on the sides of the Alps & the plains are red-tipped but no frost has killed the herbs and foliage as with us.

The views I spoke of are indescribable. You look straight up toward heaven where the golden sunlight falls upon miles of pure white crags and peaks, fissures and great rocks, and the frost has crystalized on the trees which grow lower down, while a rolling fog fills the deep valley and a flitting cloud caps the mountains' head. Little villages of stone houses and a church are seen here and there below the snow and now and then (as on the opposite peaks of the border between France (Savoy) and Italy) great forts frown at each other. Summer villas are perched on and old ruined castles crown the heights - so placed as to guard the villages of this country cursed with war from the time Hannibal & Napoleon invaded Italy.

The rich plains that I have mentioned are the granaries of the world. Irrigated from the mountains - gifted with much sunshine, the crop never fails. It is sometimes washed away by the mountain torrents that suddenly overflow the now almost streamless beds. Here have been the battle fields, and their consequence, ruined farmers - desolated towns and now a people taxed to pauperization to support an idle army of 600,000 and an idler navy larger than that of the United States.

But no demonism can rob this country of its beauty and its fruitfulness. They quickly bury the dead Italians, Austrians & French. They repair the homes. They raise new families and get ready for new wars. All have

been Roman Catholics, except a few Waldensians, for centuries.

The prospect of Italy United, would be grand but for this bad government which foolishly puts workingmen in armies where they cannot work or taxes them so as to send them to America & elsewhere. “If I were a little younger I would go”, said an old man to me.

At Turin we looked up at the Alps, rode out on the horse cars in the country, looked through the two grand palaces of the Duke of Tuscany, kept furnished for show & owned by King Humbert, who lives at Rome and is feeble and has one rather weakly son. All these cities have the old royal palaces kept up. You see the bed-chambers, parlors, libraries, picture galaries etc for 20 cts. (1 franc or 1 lira Italian). French and Italian coins circulate alike & Italy has a lot of postal currency like ours after the war, English gold is current - not silver & no U.S.A. money is known of course. We exchange as we go along so as to have the coin of the Nation. Italians think Italy, the world, they travel little and are very narrow every way.

I have a pocket dictionary & can read better than I can pronounce and accent. I try to get the news from the papers by translating but often blunder. I go on to Rome soon. Florence is like nothing you ever saw - narrow streets stone walled buildings, yelling men and boys whose voices echo as in bbls. Side walks are 2 ft. wide - stores are often only a room in some great building. The palaces, cathedral, churches and river Arno are beautiful. The noise of the boys to 2 A.M. is unbearable to me & no policemen suppresses it. No drunkeness - plenty of bad smells - no wooden buildings.

This hotel Chapman is kept in the old Beauharnais palace where Pauline Bonaparte lived in glory and shame. I have a lofty, narrow room, fireplace in corner, wall three feet thick, iron bed-stead - some servants’ apartment - & roam at will in the great parlors & look at the splendid paintings. There were 13 of us today but two go tonight. It is the resort of Americans, in part because they give you something for breakfast except coffee, bread, & butter - which is the rule all over England and Europe, unless you pay extra, which you always can do of course. But you must pay porters, boot-blacks, chambermaids, etc. till you get poor & tired. When I come to see you again I want all the fire I need, all the milk I want (I paid 15 cts. for a glass the other day because I was an invalid & must have it) some “pie” (none in Europe) etc. and will try to do half as well when any of you will visit me.

Give my love to Lucy and your father & mother. I expect to be in Rome till Nov 20 and in England Nov. 27 to Dec. 5 - & to start home from Liverpool Via N.Y. by Dec. 10th. Providence permitting. I gave one of your Gravensteins to a friend in London. If you are well & write me -
47 New Broad St.,
London. E.C.
(Peace Society)
G.B.
Will reach me.

Your Aff. Cousin
Rowland.

Remember me to Geo. Lane, Chas. & Sarah & Seth’s folks.

[Note: This is probably to Lena Foss, b. 1867, the sister of Lucy. They were children of Adoniram Judson Foss and Maria Theresa Howard. It was probably typed by Rowland's daughter, Ella Patten Howard.]

1891

Dear Mr Howard

I am delighted to hear that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you at our house to-morrow (Thursday) at one o'clock - to lunch - I regret to hear however that you had "as you say "a sharp debate & defeat" in the Congress - I did not myself attend in the afternoon session - not thinking that there would be any thing of importance done

and supposing that there would only be a mockery up of the Congress.

If you have any interest to visit my studio (Via di San Martino - no 7 -) I shall be very happy to see you, & show you what I have been doing in the years gone by & what I am doing now - I am there every day, all day, from 10 o'clock until the light goes away. & I can see no more to work

Yours most faithfully

W. W. Story

Palazzo Barberini - Nov. 18. 1891 -

312 11/18/1891 ***From:*** W. W. Story ***To:*** Dear Mr [R.B.] Howard

RBH-270

Palazzo Barberini
[Rome]

Source: Bowdoin

Dear Mr [R.B.] Howard

I am delighted to hear that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you at our house tomorrow (Thursday), at one o'clock - to lunch. I regret to hear however that you had "as you say" a sharp debate & defeat" at the Congress. I did not myself attend in the afternoon session, not thinking that there would be any thing of importance done and supposing that there would only be a winding up of the Congress.

If you have any interest to visit my studio (Via de San Martini - no 7) I shall be very happy to see you, & show you what I have been doing on the year gone by & what I am doing now. I am there every day, all day, from 10 o'clock until the light goes away, & I can see no more to work.

Yours most faithfully
W. W. Story

Palazzo Barberini [Rome] - Nov. 18, 1891.