

## Correspondence.

## New England Letters.

NUMBER I.

BAILEY'S HOTEL,  
SOUTH NATICK, MASS.

Aug. 10, 1882.

Dear Friends at Home:

Shall I take up the pen my sister laid down more than a year ago, and tell you of the dust, the blazing midsummer heat, and the general discomfort of the Boston express that landed Reubena and myself at South Framingham on last Saturday night? Shall I tell you that Lake Erie and Sandusky Bay are but a dream, we came so swiftly by them, that breakfast at Syracuse, lunch at Albany and supper of tea, bread and butter, telegraphed for at Springfield, are but an indistinct remembrance. Of what shall I tell you first, when I cannot begin to say fast enough all that I want to tell you.

The plains of Nebraska were lovely in their greenness, bands of fat cattle lazily looked up as we passed, while prosperity looked forth from homes nestled in groves of poplar trees. Where were the signs of marauding insects and frightful tornados. We did not see them. A slower mode of traveling might have shown us the mildew, and the canker-worm, but we are thankful we saw them not. Iowa was drenched by rain as was Illinois and Indiana.

Grinnell, Iowa, that unfortunate town whose destruction by a tornado not long ago, was the subject of much remark, as from the illustration in *Harper's Weekly*, everyone was anxious to see for himself the place brought into such prominence. A few new roofs were being put on but no evidence of the terrible struggle with the elements were visible. The picture told more than the truth, perhaps.

Entering New York we came into the strong sunlight again; the fields and homes and gardens upon the hills of eastern New York were pleasant to look upon; and when we crossed the Hudson, rushing through the "blue hills" of Massachusetts, along the banks of her green bordered streams our spirits began to rise, though we grew hotter and dirtier every minute. As night began to fall and the village lights gleamed at us as the train whirled through, we wished Prince had not left us at Council Bluffs, and, I think, a dirtier more anxious half hour was never passed

by two mortals in pursuit of knowledge than by us before reaching Framingham, where we were to change for the accommodation to Wellesley, for you understand the fast express does not begin to stop

at small places, though they are near Boston. Deafened by the roar, covered by smoke and cinders from the open window, bewildered by the mad whirl, and receiving a nervous shock with every recurring shriek of the whistle, do you wonder that we could scarcely stand when shown to the Framingham waiting room. Down went Reubena's basket, and down went my basket

with valises and shawl straps upon them. Those baskets had traveled before, hers from Louisiana north, then to Oregon and back again; mine, in other hands, had gone, by devious roads, across the continent three times. We sat, or rather fell down each side of them with scarcely strength or reason left to buy tickets for the train to Wellesley, which left in fifteen minutes

The agent looked through his wicker window at us curiously and smiled a little when we wanted tickets to Wellesley. A motherly sort of woman sat near with two little girls fresh and sweet in white dresses; to her we went with our trouble, was there any place we could stay all night at Wellesley?

"I am afraid not," she said, "you had better stay here." "We can't, our trunks have gone on." Reubena's lip quivered, but we both felt lighter-hearted when we were on the road again with our loose baggage piled on the seat in front of us. "I know we can find some place to stay," we both said in the same breath. "Yes," the lady before mentioned, echoed from across

the aisle, "the stores will still be open." She could well give us that hope as she got off at Natick; but the stores at Wellesley were not open, nor was the ticket office. Now what would you have done? We had expected to arrive in the daytime and go immediately to the College, but there we were landed at 10:30 P. M., and not more than half a dozen people visible by the light of the street lamps. What you might have done, might have been very different to what we did; three men were passing, one of whom we accosted, the other two escaped. "Can we find a place to stay over night in this village?"

"Not a place, madam; why, I came here to work on Dana Hall, and do you think I can find a place to

board, not a place." I lost the rest of the speech, but I suppose he did find a place to board or how would he have been there; the mention of Dana Hall was a sort of "open sesame" to me, for hadn't I heard

of its hospitality till it seemed a haven of rest to weary students, "but, madam, there are only three ladies there, they take their meals out, and the house is all torn up; I will take you there if you wish, however," and he did, but hardly stopped to ring for us, he wanted to get away so. A man's head at last appeared at the side window asking "Who's there?" He was very

humbly told, when he took our cards and showed us into the parlor, the very parlor Cassie has told us of so much, and went to call Miss Eastman. That poor lady dragged herself out of bed, and came down stairs presently, looking very sweet, as though she had not been called out by two barbarians at an unearthly hour. Reubena, in the meantime, was

looking about at the piano, the books and the statues. "It smells like a school," she whispered. Miss E. could not keep us and she said it was no use going to the College that time of the night, so she had the man call a carriage to take us to Bailey's Hotel, two miles away. That night ride how delicious it

was, we were away from the flying train, our anxiety was over, and through the glimmer of the starlight the driver showed us the College lodge, the summer mansions of the rich, and the Hunnewell's famous grounds. The cool night breeze was upon our faces; the lights over rich men's gates looked like fairy lamps in crystal rims, and our hearts forgot to be lonely amid the loveliness; then the handsome room we were given, the bath and the feeling of security, made us our real selves once more. Sunday we rested. Monday visited the College, which is not yet ready for occupants. Tuesday we loitered Wednesday Reubena left for Blandford to hunt up her grandmother, and Thursday finds me still here enduring the heat, in perfect health, and thoroughly in love with the village of South Natick.

I have gained access to the Bacon Free Library here, and am studying enthusiastically the history of this especial spot of eastern Massachusetts. I am not going to weary you now with its history for two centuries and more that are gone, at least not now; but I want to tell

you of the beautiful elms and maples that cast their grateful shade everywhere, of the old monster apple trees that this year hang full of fruit, of the absence of plank sidewalks, wide walks of much trodden natural earth bordering the roads or streets. Too many rocks here for mud like ougs. The river Charles murmurs and ripples on its way toward the sea just a little way down the slope from this hotel, which stands on the site of one of the old taverns whose hanging sign cheered the daily line of Hartford coaches nearly one hundred years ago. The old stone walls, the blueberries, the potato bugs and apple worms are all new to me. Reubena was wild for apples and she bought five cents worth Saturday, that is four small apples, one of which I ate greedily, but I stopped to inquire what was wrong with the next, and Reubena mildly suggested I would never know how many worms I had eaten.

I feel like I am very near you still, though I know nearly four thousand miles are between us, and the day we came away seems years in the past already, when our little group stood on the rear platform of the car, looking back lovingly upon our little college town set like a gem in the beautiful valley.

I shall write to you often till my real work begins, but I hope not so often that you will tire of hearing from me.

MARY STUMP.

## From Bro. T. F. Campbell.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 11, 1882.

Since my last, I have preached once in the city, twice in Oakland and delivered two lectures, one theological, in the Congregational church for the benefit of the Woman's Home Mission, the other on Temperance, in an open session of the International Lodge I. O. G. T. These lectures seem to be favorably received, which encourages me to hope that I shall not, when I get fairly harnessed down to my work, be wholly without success. I have made the acquaintance of many brethren and sisters, both in the city and in Oakland, who have welcomed me to their homes and made my sojourn very pleasant.

The congregation in the city, under the leadership of Bro. McCollough, is in peace and enjoying a healthful, though not rapid increase. They are at the very great disadvantage of meeting in a Hall while other religious bodies have