

now very tolerable if only I can keep so.

Our small continental tour proved enjoyable beyond words; a pleasure in ones life never to be forgotten. My Mother throve abroad, and not one drawback worth dwelling upon occurred to mar our contentment. Such unimaginable beauties and grandeur of nature as we beheld no pen could put on paper; so I obviously need not exert myself to tell you what Lucerne was like, or what the lovely majesty of Mount S. Gothard, or what the lake of Como with its nightingale accompaniment, or what as much of Italy as we saw to our half Italian hearts. Its people is a noble people, and its very cattle are of high born aspect; I am glad of my Italian blood. I don't say a word about art treasures, the truth being that I far prefer nature treasures; but we saw glorious specimens of both classes. Our longest stay was at Milan; where we witnessed a rather interesting ceremony, the unveiling by

Prince Umberto of a statue of Cavour. At Milan too we went over a most interesting institution, the Ospedale Maggiore; the children's ward was quite a pretty sight with its population of poor little patients. Of course I could run on indefinitely with disjointed scraps and facts, but this sample may suffice.

Another point on which I owe you thanks is the acquisition of so amiable a friend as Miss Emily Newton: I like her much, she seems so really estimable.

Gabriel dined with us today; and that is worth saying because we have so few acquaintances in common. Do you recollect how I battered on your Plato last time I was at Brookbank? I have since become possessed of an own private Plato, my Mother having given him me for my last birthday. On the same occasion I was enriched with Jean Ingelow's Poems, with which my first