William Cushing Loring Letters to Mrs. Stanton D. Loring, 1899-1901

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Return to
25 Beacon Street, Boston.

[round postmark]
BOSTON
MAR 17
12-M
19 00
MASS.

[Image]
F

Mr. W. C. Loring
144 Boylston St
Boston
Mr. William C. Loring, the artist, sailed on Wednesday last for several years' study in Europe. Among his latest works are the portrait of the Rev. E. A. Horton, exhibited last winter at the Art Club, and that of Rear Admiral William T. Sampson, now in the art gallery at the Mechanics' fair.
My dear Mother
About 2 hours ago I picked up a wonderful etching (framed and under glass) by Millet made in 1862. It is beautiful, the [[crossed out]] sweetest [[crossed out]] finest feeling in it. The subject being a mother and child. I have shown it to a number of artists and they do nothing but praise it. The school is wild about it. It's cost I will write about later. [[Image]]
New York
Jan 01
1230PM

Mrs. S. D. Loring
9 Crescent Ave
Newton Centre
Mass.
Fall '97. Friday Night

My dear mother

It is no exaggeration I have no diction and to say that studio is one of the finest in New York.

It simply took my breath away. The furniture is insured for $1,200. I think it best not to tell people who furnished it unless they ask.
She was very kind to me. They have not awarded any prize and will not until Jan 1st. My pictures have arrived safely. The school is booming and so am I. Send on all the friends you want and they will open their eyes.

I love you are all well

Yours
Mrs

I have all ready made a few studies for portraits over already I find that I am known among a number of the artists here. It seems to be wholly an account of the studio.

Mr Parol all does same very good work, but it is wholly lacking in strength. We will both profit by each others works. He will make fine friend for me.

I called on Mrs Brisbane
These are some of our boarders.
The waitress, the intellectual one
The intellectual one eating
The queen
My dear Mother

Tuesday OCT 16, 1900 I went down way past the House's of Parliament to look over the Tate collection of pictures. Mr Tate left this great collection of works, and a palace to boot, to the government, for the people. The building although only four or five years old looks over a hundred. The fog, and climate has turned it black; if the atmosphere affected the citie gems as it does the building, the people would all look like negros or coal-heavens. All the paintings were intensely interesting. Landseer's were
about to take a bath. Although as an English farmer said, "I hardly think from the color that a bath was necessary." Do you suppose she only takes it for fun," said I.

I spent nearly the whole day at the gallery.

Wednesday.

Went to the Natural Gallery, and I enjoyed myself so much that it has left me happier than I have been for an age. Van Dyke's, Rembrandt's, Rubens', De Sartos [Del Sarto?], Velazquez's and many more giants. Inspiring. Every one a great lesson. I simply long to paint (copy) some of them. One has to hand in an example of ones work [continued on right side]

[[continued, right side]]
most enjoyable. Watts were simply childish. Dirty color, poor drawing, and absolutely lacking in planes. Some very fine Millais. In fact all works seemed like old friends, we have seen them so often reproduced. Sargents fine painting of the two young girls lighting lanterns out of doors. It is an extraordinary work. There [strikethrough] was one painting there by F.D. Millet. Leighton has a horrible painting, badly placed, called "The Sea gives up its dead."

I cannot understand how a man could use so large a canvas for such a morbid ghastly subject.

He has one very attractive uncle there. A young Greek.
Before permission is granted. What advantages a student has in his country. Instead of having to study Benson and Tarbell, you have in one building the best examples of the world’s masters. I’m going again. I did some sketching today, saw the Turners. Great compositions.

Thursday I went again to the National Gallery. Wonderful works. Two of the finest Velasquezs in the world. Went to the Royal Academy looked up their school. There are at forty members of the Royal Academy and each one takes a turn at teaching. They serve as a month at a time. It is a government institution, and in January or June one can take the exams. If
successful you can attend the school, the only expense being the purchase of materials. Upon being elected a member of the Royal Academy each artist gives one of his paintings; in the diploma gallery there is an interesting exhibit of these works which runs as far back as the time of Reynolds, Stuart, and Copley. The latest acquisition is a painting by Sargent called “A Venetian Interior”. Wonderful. It is a rejected order. It represents four people; sitting, some standing, in a large richly furnished room. The would be purchasers thought the face of dear “Hubby” was not all that it should be. Most of the modern work there, is astonishing; so ordinary.

Friday went [crossed-out] outside London to the Crystal Palace. It is a palace built of glass.
and circuses. When I took a buss the first time bound for a Circus, I stared like a countryman, to find the Circus was not a show, but only a hollow round square. Which in this strange country is called a Circus. I notice in the papers here, that a rich young man named Harry Bates is being sued for divorce in New York. Interesting. He ought to be shot.

Just returned from Norton's. He does some fine work. Says that there is nothing doing, and that the fog in London in winter is so thick that one can hardly see to work by day light.

He says that Whistler was simply driven out of London, the Royal Academy time and again, refused him; and that supported by iron girders, and the foolish public. It is enormous 1680 feet long. Outside it is lovely, inside it is crumby. Everything from a dog show to a picture gallery. Speaking of dogs. Each one of you give Bill a kiss for me, and a bath of 'Knock em stiff' each week. Landseer must have loved dogs. He put more soul into their faces than most portrait painters get into their subjects.

Sent two letters out yesterday one to Norton, another to Rolshooven. Rec'd answers inside eight hours. Shall see Norton, Saturday noon and the other artist Monday morning.

Saturday Oct-20-1900

Went again to the Royal Academy. Disgusted with the Moderns. I am fast becoming accustomed to the crooked streets.
good work is only recognized by a few. He says that the only good men of today are those trained in Paris, and that most of them stay there. He also told me (after I told him my reasons for coming over) that it was the wisest thing, after all, a man sells more in London than anywhere else, and that if I work hard, I may find a good man here to study under. He lives with his family in what is called "a lodging house" here. He is a man built on Moran's lines you would like him. He asked me to call often. He sells five or six things a year. Am I to receive a letter from Baxter to Sargent. They are a great help. Rather think Norton was feeling a bit blue, and grumpy. Don't blame him he's
Monday. This morning I called on Mr. Rolshoven. He is a man of the long hair type. Received me very nicely. Rather think I'm a man of importance. He says that Paris ruins most of the young men that go there, and it is his one regret that he staid there so many years. Five months stay would do a man a world of good. Most All young men after learning to draw a bit here, he says, go to Paris.

Rolshoven, told me that for at least two months in

winter the days are so dark on account of fogs one is compelled to work with artificial lights. Just received your letter dated the 10th.

Rolshoven's work is very weak. He probably knows a lot, but he can't draw.

Sargent has a studio in the same building. I shall meet him as soon as I receive a letter from Mr. Baxter.

Mr. Millet has invited me down to visit him and stay over night. I shall go before you receive this note.

I have had a suit of clothes made. Dr. Gray says I am the best dressed man in London. Black coat & vest, gray trousers - eighteen dollars.

I shall have a dress-suit made. It is most necessary. Bought a new
married, and his family at present are all ill. Just think, ill in a London lodging house.

I am having a nice time in this hotel. Dr. Gray goes home on the boat that this letter will go on. (Wednesdays). He was taken in Germany with the trouble Mr. Eddy died of. He was in great pain, but determined in his mind to get to London to be operated on by Dr. Knox Shaw — when he arrived, by the Grace of God, he was better, and is still improving. He is a fine man, and I hope he will arrive home safely. This morning we went together to hear Rev - Meyer, one of London's great spirits. Beautiful service. This evening we go again to hear Father Ignatius discourse on Marie Corellies latest novel. Tomorrow

Really feel very much at home. Went to the Autumn Water-color show. Stacks of poor stuff. Trusting you all are well and that business is improving. I am

Yours
W. C. Loring.
Nov. 1st 1900

My dear mother-

This morning I received a letter from sister Bess, she writes a good letter. Tuesday morning I went to Broadway 106 miles from London. The country here at this time of year is a perfect Paradise of color, wonderfully rich, it was a beautiful sight. Arrived at Evesham at 12:30. Took dinner in an old Tavern, the desert was called "[?]." It was an odd arrangement of raw dough, jam, and pie plate. Went by mail coach to Broadway a distance of 7-miles. We stopped in front of an old, old house, built of stone and every line, window, and door, was quaint and rare.

Millet's daughter met me: led me through the garden, to her father's studio. Wonderful studio, built seven-hundred years ago. Mr. Millet bought the whole place with all the relics thrown in, for a thousand pounds. We entered the ruin (which had been entirely restored), and found the artist painting a white sleeve in a a thirteenth century picture. The studio is, as Millet says, the finest in the world, because it is most unique. There are five rooms in it. The largest room takes up most of the ground floor; its ceiling is the roof, which is enriched by large oak beams. All the windows are very odd, in fact the whole place is just like an old abbey, or monkish 13th century institution.
By climbing a winding staircase you reach the rooms that were occupied by the Abbot, filled with antiques. One of these rooms has an organ near an opening into the large room below. In the Abbot’s room, there is a peep hole through the wall, of the hall below, for the use of the head of the old house to watch his flock, and to see that none of them [[strikethrough]] we [[strikethrough]] remained idle.

Mr. Millet has been for three months in Paris on the art committee there. He is an agreeable host; great story teller; and a man thoroughly in love with his work. He tells me that he has made all these beautiful things (the place) out of painting writing &c. Mrs. Millet was not at home.

Miss Millet had a real young Lady stopping with her. Strange manner these English ‘Ladies’. I much prefer our American girls; our girls are a thousand times more gentle. These girls talked nothing but golf, dogs, hunting, horses, and after dinner occupied themselves by knitting neck wear for their young men. It is a fad here at present. The ties are about as coarse as stockings. Would come in handy when one had a sore throat.

We took dinner in great style. The two young ladies were dressed in simple low necked gowns. Really stunning, looked like Sargent’s.

We had our dress suits on. All together a pleasant meal.
Sargent has painted here two seasons. This was a number of years ago. But he left portraits of all the family, and about eight outdoor works besides. It was at Broadway that he painted the two little girls with the lanterns. Mr. M is going to give me a letter to Sargent and Sir Alma Tadema. He told me that it was best not to present Chase's letter, for Sargent is not found of Wm M.C. Mr. Millet was pleased with my Sampson, the Chemist, and most of all, Horton. He said many nice things about them. I asked him where he would advise my studying. He said, “Experience, and help from some good man on one’s independent work, is the best schooling.” He said, “You know the principle things, the A.B.C. of the work so get outside of the schools, paint pictures, small ones, or large, but do all these things under the guidance of some [strikethrough] other [strikethrough] painter of ability. Don't go to school.” This is a man’s advice, who has succeeded, himself. He said that if he were to live his life over again he would not spend so much time in Paris but would do just as he was doing now, paint.

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pictures, sketch all the time, and learn by experience. Flood the market, has been his motto.

It may interest you to know that Sargent commenced his life's study in art at the age of ten. Where is that letter to Sargent from Mr. Baxter? I should, I feel, know just what to do about settling if I could meet Sargent, and by the time you receive this letter I shall have met him, and will then be happy to inform you exactly as to my plans.

Thursday, Nov 1st

Today I met Mr. Bowie and the Hon. Jon Pritchard; the latter invited me to dinner at National Liberal Club. It is a beautiful club, somewhat larger than (Homers.) He introduced me to his brother and gave two hours of his time to showing me parts of London that I had not seen. He invited me to take dinner at his home next Wednesday, in order to meet his sister. Also I am from the same source to receive tickets to a dance to be held the 29th of this month.

Mr. Pritchard referred me to a boarding house address, 6 Endsleigh Gardens. N.W. Mozoomdar has spent the whole summer there I shall probably have his room later. It is very large, high and well lighted. Terms including breakfast and dinner $7.50 - I may take a room just as large and well lighted at 50P or 2s less. At present this room is occupied.

Tomorrow I move in, but still I think it well that you send the letter to the American Ex &c.

I am very happy, and therefore well. This is a fine field here for a painter; as Mr. Millet said it only takes about one interesting, well done painting to bring a man well before the public because there is so much ordinary work. Strange that any one could do poor work here with such a gallery to work in. Marvellous collections all about. One only has to imitate the old masters. Simple
enough when you know how.

Sunday night I take tea with the Chamberlains, and shall now have to 
close, because I must take tea with myself.

I do hope you are all well, and that soon I shall be able to write to you in 
French. I shall commence lessons the last of next week.

With Love to all 
William

Studios here are cheap as dirt. Looked at some very good ones last 
week priced around $150.

Good bye. 
The sun seldom shines here, so I send, and shall send many more films 
for sister to develope, and then some of the good ones she might 
forward to me. Much less expensive and more convenient to make 
sketches. Look at the back of these new photos. I took many more on 
the trip across but these are most interesting.
which were eight candles, these were the only lights in the room. Very
handsome effect. The effect of that light must have made me look most
charming for the young lady next to me was very attentive. I was not to
be beaten at that game, the result being, that before the evening was
over we were the best of friends. She told me how where, and when her
very stunning gown, (which fortunately or by the way she wore) was
made. It certainly was a beauty, light pinkish red in color. With a jacket
rather elongated in shape, a bell shaped skirt, and rather a tight fit amid-
ships. It was constructed in Paris. She knew Reggy Ward, and his
mother, Haskell, Cutler, and the Smiths; all of whom she met in Paris.

Mrs. Chamberlain was charming. She made me feel very much at home,
at present that is saying a good deal. At times I wish I were more at
home especially when I hear good music which is every Sunday.

Tuesday
Today I presented the sealed
letter of introduction to Arthur Tooth & Sons the contents of that note must have been strong for Mr Tooth greatly encouraged me. I asked him what he thought about student life in Paris, or Rome. He advised my staying here, by all means. He said, "go to work produce somethings and let me come around to look them over, and see what we can do with them." As Tooth's galleries are the largest in London I was much pleased with my reception.

I wish you would see that Admiral Sampson's picture is sent to him, and not left at Harvey's. Lately I have been working every day on the Thames River, got a permit from the Government and have already painted two very interesting things. Am I ever going to receive a letter from Baxter to Sargent.

The weather here is considered good for November. And I have

enjoyed sketching out of doors immensely. Shall do a number more bits of the river before cold weather sets in, and then by that time will have met Sargent, and have decided what more to do.

My health was never better. Fell [[Felt]] happy, and free from all pain. My pleasure was great to read of McKinley's victory, and I hope that business will become still more vigorous.

I hope dear mother that you are able now that I am away to put all worry and cares out of your mind, and trusting that brother H- gets at least thirty seven minutes sleep at night. I remain

Very lovingly
Wm Cushing Loring

Nov. 7th, or 8th, 1900
Lord Mayor's procession tomorrow. Men parade in [[strikethrough]] costmes [[strikethrough]] costumes centuries old.
Wednesday. Nov 14—

My dear Mother

I am writing with a quill pen. They are commonly used here. I feel like an Indian to use a long feather like this. I have just returned from the Unitarian annual meeting. Mr. Bowie kindly sent me two tickets. The meeting was held in Essex Hall; was thinly attended, and entirely lacking in enthusiasm. The meeting was opened by Sir Something or other—a man of little wit, hideous laugh, and little gray matter. A face glowing with coarseness; a beard of extraordinary length; were the noticeable traits of the chairman of the Autumn Unitarian meeting. After a gabbling speech of some ten minutes by the Chairman; he sat down amid enthusiastic cheers and the clapping of hands, and stomping of feet. Next followed a Mr. Hargrove ZY, RXV, M Esq. He spoke in a discouraging manner regarding attendance, and
failures of their churches. Their lack of absolute convictions, of lack of enthusiasm; and the tendencies of their young to go to the churches on account of which doubt but that they the churches had broadened. He fired hot shot at us all, and concluded by saying the Unitarian church was dying out in England. It had broadened the other churches, its ideas about truths had filled the other churches but had not increased its own attendance, and never would. The church here needs some young and strong leaders. Strong spiritually. A spiritual tendency is woefully lacking in the Unitarian churches here. There were a number of lesser lights that did their best to keep interest and attention on them but failed, and I came away.

The weather for two days has been rather trying. I am told that it has so far been a record
November for rain - darkness, and fogs. I make my way cheerfully about through morasses of mire; and smiling, take my share of the cartwheel's splashing of mud. 'Tis said to be healthy. You've probably heard of mud baths. They must have originated here. Very healthy; stand anywhere on the sidewalk; let a team or carriage pass, and the deed is done, you notice a change, you look like a different person right away. Some swear vengeance on every thing in sight; naturally I never do; never. Oh no: such happenings please me, I think of home.

Tell Homer that over here the silk hat is worn all the time. Rain never scares the proud owner of a plug hat. When wearing my silk hat, most gentlemanly and dignified I must look, for police-men.
buss drivers, all are most polite to dear Willie. Homer should wear his more. (Not to be noticed by the police-man) [strikethrough] but [strikethrough] it is wrong for him to be without such an ornament to his beauty. Prince Alberts are worn all day here even by the clerks. The English walk is an energetic way, but it is noticeable that seldom do they swing their arms, as our countrymen do. Their manners are most startling. Never in my life did I hear so many “Thank you’s” &c. I was shocked to have brought to my notice how often I forgot to use these little erasers of the edges, and wrinkles in life. Thursday worked all day in the National Gallery. Started Van Dyke’s masterpiece, called “A Man with a Collar(to).” You’d
think from the title it was might be a nude; it is a most charming portrait of the master's best period. I was surprised at the manner of some of the students; some spend months over one work. One can learn much in such a place. I'm not the only bald-headed freak trying to rob the old masters of their secrets.

A lady copying the same work (I try not to look at her copy. It is so warm it would make a cruel mustard plaster. Would singe ones eye lids. Well this dear thing (she's married) and knows Minnie Chester very well having spent four years in Paris. When I first started in to paint she offered me much advice, and Friday she wanted to know if I had copied the work before, and would I be so kind as to do the hair on her painting (just a bit &c) Van Dyke has taught me a good deal, the lesson has been a long one, or I should write it down. I regret that
a bit tiresome. There is a stout lady (Mrs. Best) here who plays about as
gracefully as Harry Wiggins would. We have 'music' together, and
slaughter the dear old sole's, we so many times have enjoyed together,
at those times and immediately after I am a bit homesick.

Sunday.
Went to Mr. Pritchard's church. It seems to be run mainly for, and by the
Mr. Pritchard's sisters asked me to supper. Had a fine time. A niece
has invited me to call this afternoon, and tomorrow evening I dine with
Mr. Pritchard at the National Liberal Club. From there we are going to
hear Carpenter lecture on the Bible and its relation to modern days. My
health is good. This living in a boarding place is much better than Hotel
life, much nearer home life. In two weeks I shall forward some
sketches.

before I have been unable to avail myself of such opportunities.
Saturday it rained hard all day and I stayed in doors, painted on my river
sketches and practiced my violing. The Indian friend has lent me a
volume of Keats poems, Shakespeare's Mid-summer Nights Dream, and
a work of Thackerays.

How are you, all? What's Bess doing? Tell Homer not to join too many
clubs. The fee's are a great load for a young man. How is he? How's
Helen? What do you hear from Robert? Is father sleeping o' nights. I
wish you'd send me over the prescription of our family fever mixture. I
sometimes might need it. I miss that black felt hat, and Sargent's
reproductions; your apple jelly, and shall on Thanksgiving day long to
be with you. We all have cause for being thankful this year. At times I
really do become a bit home sick. People here are
of the River, I am preparing some other works, and will write regarding
them later.
Your loving son
William [[signature]]

That music I sent you should be played in three flats
Friday Nov 9, 1900

My dear Mother
At noon the Lord Mayor came to town, escorted by troops representing different races of the Empire. It was a day of gorgeous robes. Alderman, Councilman, Harness-maker, Lawyers were drawn in old-time gold-leafed coaches, through the crowded, muddy, and misty streets. Coachman, footman, soldiers, farmers smothered in gold-lace; banners of purple, carmine, green, yellow, and red; the whole affair an extravagant and ravishing display of color. A feast for those unfortunates, called artists, and an annoyance for those engaged in business. Cathedral chimes were twanging out their rigmarolish jumbles at run-away speed. Chimes and bands together made an infernal racket. A group of Scotch laddies marched by all playing on bag pipes. The poor fellows were dreadfully exposed around the legs. I endeavored on a small canvas to get an impression of the whole parade. And got an interesting bit of a color.

Saturday.
Blue skies fog, and mist, dried dried up. Went this morning to the
During the week I made six paintings I saved until the last, the smallest panel, and "just as the sun went down," made a sketch that is way ahead of the former. It was a better subject. The sun sank into the copper colored horizon casting a wonderful Turner glow over everything, bits of reddish cloud chased over the luminous sky, making splendid accents, and emphasizing the threads of copper, and lemon yellow clouds that floated high, and quietly slowly above all. Everything was still, and illuminating. Even the shipping seemed to stop, and admire. The rough bargemen ceased swearing and yelling. All were one, and exclaiming that never had a finer sunset been seen along the river — I was right in it.

The sun sank, (but my spirit did not,) and gradually the golds, greens, browns, and reds lowered themselves, following with the sun across the lonely but fascinating water, to be spread I hoped, and felt sure, in the same way before you, five hours later.

The distance seemed, between us then to be short; to me, home always seems

Turner gallery. His last works in color can only be compared to the most beautiful shells of the sea. Each sketch, and every picture is a gem: They are finer in color than nature. They all are creations of a strange mind, a mind that must have been absorbed in dreaming, and painting. Each painting is a fairy-land, or a Paradise. It is interesting to note his advance in color, and drawing; to see how gradually he leaves nature; realism, and becomes a builder of worlds, and scenes, that appear to drift in the mellow sunny air one and all of us some day wish to breathe.

From the Turner's I went to my studio on the River. It is a floating pier. One of many belonging to the Thames Conservancy. The Master, a friendly-old man who now has one little room set apart for "that young American". He seems to think we Americans are an energetic lot, tells me that I'll have to charter a liner to take my paintings of the Thames home. I have already met his wife, children, and dogs. All came down to the float in their best clothes to see me.

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near when one is brought to think of the higher things. I trust the sun finds you well each day.

Sunday.

Took dinner with Mr. Pritchard had a splendid time, met his sisters and two nieces. His home is simple in decoration, and for a wealthy retired man he lives modestly. His nieces are rather amusing to look at, one looks just like Harry Warren, the other is a slight young lady, an art student, and much more lady-like in manner than the young ladies I met in Broadway.

Mr. Pritchard is as simple and modest as his home; he has a dog that every morning carries his master's boots up stairs, and at the table, on his master's saying, "carpet" he runs over to the newspaper rack, drags one paper to the table unfolds it, on the floor, and then is given a bowl of milk, when through he carries the paper back to the corner. Ask Bill if he could do that.

My boarding house is rather interesting. This evening we had more Indian, or Hindoostanian, music. I am promised a book of Hindoo music the collection

[[bottom margin]]
(put back Nov 12 after xerox)
[[bottom margin]]
of ages. Music translated into English notation. The book has gone out of print some time ago because the Easterns rejected our method of notation, and preferred rather to hand down their songs in different families from generation to generation.

The boarding-house is a retreat for stout-kindly, -gossiping -old ladies. One is ever complaining of "Jimy" Whistler, that horrid flirt, who borrowed three hundred pounds of my husband, and paid a farthing, to a pound, after his failure. She tells many things about "Jimmy" that are not written in books.

Nov. 29th I go to a dance. Next Sunday I go to hear Mr. Hon Jion Pritchard lecture.

Just now two letters received from you and father. One dated Oct 3 - the other Nov 2nd. Today is the 12th took a long time to get here. Cousin Lizzies letter did not mention Sargent or a letter from Baxter. But for four pages held forth in her good hearted way - directing me regarding my trip to Broadway - I had already been there, sorry to say for many of her directions would have been valuable. I still wait patiently for the promised note from Millet to Sargent
I hoped and waited to get one from Sargent but like the starving man with a meal in front of him, I could not wait longer and have presented my letter with a sketch made on the Thames. And expect tomorrow to hear from it.

There is really no difficulty in getting in, and by the time you receive this I shall have started, and have completed a masterpiece.

My days here seem to pass like lightning. This is a rich city for subjects. Fine atmosphere, and after Footh's great kindness I am most certainly inclined to stay here. I am sketching all the time and find that, that is a sure way of keeping the hand in, but when that meeting with Sargent takes place I shall know after putting a few questions to him just what he would consider the wisest plan and if he says for me to go to Paris &c I shall do so. Every body says he is the grandest man in the profession but one of the most offish. I find him so.

I have not yet begun the French

And in the meantime steadfastly hold to the idea (the truth) that it is best to paint in the galleries than the schools here. And even if advised to go to Paris I should not leave here until I had finished three pictures I'm aching to copy. A Turner, a Velasque, and an exquisite Raphael.

It would be foolish to leave, before at least these, were done. Each one has a grand lesson for me. The Raphael will awake me to the way in which one must work to get soul in a womans face, and to arrange color contrasts. The Turner will teach me the way to get distance in sky, and on land. The Velasque will tell me how to use my brush. The artists all say there is work under that roof and lessons that would fill many months. I saw some of the copies being made there last week. A few were nearly as good as the originals, but the majority were hideous attempts. Twice a week one is allowed to copy. (on Thursday and Friday) but a permission has to be granted by the government officials. An example of ones work has to be handed in; unless one can get a card from a recognized master.
because the man I picked out turned out to be to high in price.

[[underlined]] Repeat [[/underlined]]
Three Flats
END

[[music staff/notes]]

[[instructions]]
Three Flats.
Love Song of an Hindoo. Centuries old.
After playing last part over start at the beginning repeat once the first half and thats the end.
[[/instructions]]

Religious Music
[[info]]
Three Flats. (four four time)(first part.
[[/info]]

[[music staff/notes]]

Bess can arrange an accompaniment but the music really should have only a tom-tom and rolling of the eyes to go with it. If The Hindoo thumps an octave below on the piano thus giving a base. Try it. I am very fond of the first and hope that I have made it plain to you. Let me know what you think of it.

Yours with love to all
Wm———
Nov. 19, 1900

My dear mother,

The houses in this country are not warm in cold weather. Fire seems a luxury here, not a necessity. An open grate such as I have got, makes the coal-dealers pocket stouter, but the room no warmer. All the heat goes up the flue, and I am left to shiver. When fully decided where I shall settle I intend to try an oil-stove.

This afternoon I saw a splendid exhibition of pictures. Next Monday I have an appointment to meet Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema.

Wednesday - made a sketch today of "The Old Curiosity Shop" and became friends with an old lady who keeps a shop (about as large as our storm door) in which tea is sold. I bought a cup of tea and then used her shop as a studio. She told me it was a pity to waste such talent as I had, on such things as paintings. "A man what draws likenesses like them oughter work for Punch." Perhaps she's right. Any how we'll think it over. Tomorrow I work again at the Van Dyke. Shall finish it Friday. It has rich fine color, very luminous. Next Thursday I shall meet the Raphael face to face and hope to be finished with that in four
After the first twenty minutes there was little of interest left of the good book, but he finished by patting it on the back, as a book which was unique. A book which meant well but was not entirely correct. You people from the States must know of Carpenter, he made his name there.

Ifara's Homer. Mother dear, what would make a nice wedding present for a young couple. A painting of 'Venus and Adonis', or the "Three Holy Men Journeying to Jericho."

Prof Carpenter is a splendid looking man. Last Sunday his most beloved niece committed suicide, and on Tuesday he concluded his lectures here. What does grand father think of my handwriting? I can imagine.

Have just rec'd your letters written Nov 20th. Mr. Everett will be missed in the town and church. Bessie's letter pleased me although I had to pay ten cents or 5 d to receive it. Fathers letter just received. I enjoy them immensely.

Having discovered the American waltz is entirely different in arrangement from the English I am taking three lessons to try to prepare for the coming ball. In the dance here the lady always goes backward and the steps

weeks. Shall send it immediately on completion. Some water-colors are under way, and will arrive some two weeks after this letter. I wish, if you think well of them, you would give one to Flint, one to Horton, and one to the Parks, as a Xmas gift. I shall forward four of the Curiosity Shop, and others that may be useful to you.

Last Monday Miss Catherine Turner invited me out to her house to meet her mother & sisters (she's a niece of Mr. Pritchards): they live in a beautiful old house surrounded by trees, and facing a large Park.

I called just about four o'clock. Tea time. I met her seven sisters, naturally a bit embarrassed I found myself. Felt as though I had dropped into a convent. Fine family the Turner's. Two of the girls are going to the dance. One's pretty. Hurrah—Nothing serious, don't even know her first name, but she has sparkling eyes, a little hooked nose, and a pretty hand. I had the pleasure of holding (a plaster cast of) it for some minutes. Tuesday evening I took dinner with Mr. Pritchard at the Club, and afterwards heard Prof. Carpenter lecture. "On the Bible was the subject.

William Cushing Loring Letters to Mrs. Stanton D. Loring, 1899-1901
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although one-two-three- are entirely different; being always a pivot movement. I hope I shall be in good trim to do my turns. Think of Willie steering young and old, tall, fat and slim British ladies about a slippery floor. My knees tremble to think of it : But I'll tackle the subject as a man would and if the floor doesn't give way, shall probably finish without any scars.

Friday night Amy Van Dyk is finished. Last night a Mr. Bell (staying here invited me to go to the Theatre. Saw the "Casino Girl" and many ballets that I blush even now to think of. Wore my dress suit, sat on the floor and laughed like the "old Harry". Laughed more at the horse laughs, or neighs around me, than the play, itself.

Mrs Chamberlain has kindly invited me to a concert on Monday night.

Monday.

Met Sir Lawrence this afternoon. I had heard stories about him. That he was ugly, cross to young students; but it is not so. He treated me in a grand kindly way. He lives in a small Palace. One of the finest buildings I have ever been in. Every thing is extravagantly beautiful. The maid led me into the studio a large dome shaped room.

[[added in pencil]]
( put back last pages [[photocopy?]])
PRESENTLY a little man, but great came forward to meet me. Saying he
knew all about me. (Mr Millet had told him). We sat down on a curved
Grecian sofa. Directly in front of us, a beautiful picture lay on an easel
waiting to be admired. “That little work represents three years
work labor. I have done it over and over many times.” Beside it was a picture produced in 1862. “When I did
that work years ago I thought it was very good; it was my best; but see how I have improved merely by
practice.”

He is sketching all the time. Showed me some beautiful examples of
precious drawings in lead pencil.

“Now, he said, “you can only learn to draw through continual labor. A
man will always remain secondary if he rests a moment. If you see a
head you like, insist on having it sit to you. Hire them and in time your
work will be absolute in drawing.”

“We are all students.” What we are when doing our best, or why at times
we do work that is ahead of other attempts, we cannot explain. But we
all desire to do; to reach; and to do always best work and therefore this
desire is master over us, is “Our Master”.

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a rich old lady. Who lives at the Metropole. I am invited to call on a Sunday evening and shall do so.

I enclose a little sketch of The Curiosity shop. It should be mounted in a gray mat just the size I have ruled off. It is very choice in gray. No other color will do.

Have three of four mats made and I shall send you three more studies just that size, to give as Xmas presents. Find sample of mat enclosed. I hardly think a frame is necessary. But use your own judgement in regards to that. Have them made right away at Fosters. This as you know is their busy day. This as you know is their busy day.

If you think they are too small you are mistaken. It will make a dainty present.

2¼ inches.

Tadema treated me most kindly, and Spalding is mistaken about him. I am going to start next week on an old couple that live on the other side of the city; fine heads. Tadema said that it would be folly to think of being anything but a painter. He started with barely anything. My health seems well and on the

This afternoon was Sir Lawrence's receiving day. He asked me to drop around again another Monday, and "you bet your boots" I shall. He asked the maid to show the gentleman into the reception room where the ladies were. And I followed. Ushered into a large dimly lighted reception room. I was met by Miss Tadema, introduced to Mrs. who said "I'm very sorry Mr. Loring but Sir Lawrence is ill today and can receive no one." All these people had come to see him. My husband has had a severe chill. Mrs. Tadema was not more beautiful than her daughter, but they made up for it by their kindness to me. The room was full of young ladies, and I really enjoyed a pleasant half hour. Although I may not have explained all these things as I should, to give you a clear idea of the man; you will see that Sir Lawrence is a kind hearted little Dutchman; much shorter than I am: Looks like one of the mountain dwarfs in Rip Van Winkle, and has a very wrinkled brow.

Tuesday

The concert last night was very good Kupferschmid played well. After wards I was introduced to various musicians; and also
Mrs Crosby

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level.— Are you all feeling well is Bess exercising? How is Bill, let him sleep in doors (in the cellar? Have you got a good cook? We have fine food in this boarding-house. Give my love to Homer and the Bennets. I hope doctor has hung the old people in a good place and that he and the family are well.

With love to all I am
Yours
Wm Loring

Tell Lena Macumber not to let Bill loaf to [[too]] much. Give my regards to Mr. Mac & Mrs.
3/12/00.

My dear Mother——

Have got into work — real work and am happy. Today I started a picture in the slum-district a picture of an old played out sculptor. He lives in a small house with his little wife; a cranky little woman with an impediment in her speech. The sculptor is large, and bloated, his eyes blink at one in a contented way, his beard is thin (atmospheric) he is old, white, and ragged. He says I'm a homely chap, and although he has sat only one morning, he feels that I'm an old friend. After this morning's work I noticed this heavy old man bending in front of the small panel picture (just started) saying, "Jim, Jim, who would have thought it, that you, Jim, could never grow so old." poor Jim, he is still fond of life, and art. I hope to get a good sketch of him. It will be more than a sketch. He, on the panel, is seen working on a statue which rests on the table in front of him; behind him is a cupboard, fire place &c. Jims mouth at rest is not beautiful and when smiling it is a wide, weird, arrangement

[Continued on next page]
arrangement ([‘arrange-’ on previous page]). This morning when smiling
‘husky’ Jim pointed to his wife, and said, bobbing his head up and down,
“You see that dear Mother.” Yes indeed, I said “Well she’s the second
edition.” He meant that before him stood his second wife. The picture is
being painted in their kitchen, it is a small room mostly under ground; of
course there is no stove but they do all their cooking around the grate
fire. The air in the room has an odor of 103 Fahr- and without the open
fire place would probably be unbearable—— I shall work on, until the
days come for the National Gallery (Thursday Friday) where as you
know I’m doing Raphael’s beautiful Madonna [[Madonna]] and Child——

Saturday I shall return to my own picture, and shall continue thus until
the work is finished.

My health has never been better for years, and my funds at present are
just Two Hundred dollars four shillings and 8 pence.

The quarter that I am working in is rich in subjects, and I feel that I am
fitted for the work because I have great regard for such people, and love
their care worn features, and simple ways.
Last Sunday I went to the Italian Church to hear the Stabat Mater. It was sung and played beautifully by choir and orchestra. Priests, in rich gowns marched about surrounded by holy smoke choir boys, gold crosses &c. It was an artistic and impressive show. The music of the Stabat—sung by Italians is emotional, but soothing. I thought of your brothers, and father, and you. How any of the Birds would have enjoyed it, you can imagine by thinking of unmusical Willie gulping in the Tenor solo, and nearly applauding after the bass solo and duet. It was grand, and although the service was rather Operatic and over-gilded, I wouldn't mention it except to you, for a Church that is full of beautiful works of Art, that fosters all things artistic will have to be most rank before I shall condemn it. I am sure that my work today has been better, for that service a (yesterday)

I hope the health of those at home is as strong as my own.
and that you all feel as happy as I do. My expenses for November are rather startling, but when I forward my accounts you will notice that since my settling here things have a different appearance.

I am, Saturday next, to move up one flight more and occupy a room just above mine, it is just as large, but the ceiling is lower and so are the prices. (50¢ less)

That dance was expensive, and after all my work I could not be up to the pace. They are two to fast here, dancing, one becomes tired before he begins.

How is Homer. I think he ought not to apply himself after business hours. Clubs are distracting affairs.

Give my love to Helen, Bess and all [line]

William

Success to my picture. Pray for it as I do. It is only to be 20 x 15 inches. And is to be painted in a "Meissioner" Gerome or Ingré style.
My dear Mother -
The enclosed letter was sent to me this morning with a fine volume of Shakspere's works, and an Italian grammar, by Mozomdar's friend Numaud Sen. He has been called home earlier than was expected. I shall miss him, he was an ornament to the dining table; altogether a noble man.
He could talk on any subject, and such men are seldom found. The letter of his, I send and wish you to keep it for me.
Today (4/12/1900) I started a picture of my old man, it is a small panel and as he is an Old Sculptor that is to be the title. The back-ground has an open fire-place to the left and cup board to the right. Works two hours then London's cruel fog came, turned day into night.
Philip Hale's crib, made me grieve for his father. Some might say Philip is a manly man, but his articles [[strikethrough]][[strikethrough]] read like those of a narrow minded mans, one fully capable of filling the position he holds in the museum.
and the Art world. Exactly like Fred Bayhams article is Philip Hale's. Read Chapter 22. (the end) in Thackery's Newcombs. Read it be sure, for you'll enjoy it, and you will find on that page the extent of the mental calibre of P.H.

At the National Gallery the Lady that knows Minnie Chester introduced me to a Signora Pinto who also paints in the Gallery. The Signora cannot speak English - except a few (twenty) words, and as I'm going to Italy next spring, or next fall, I suggested that I should like to learn some Italian. Signora Pinto accepted the duty if in return I should coach her in her English. Three lessons a week, one hour each. Madam Pinto is rather a sweet looking lady reminds me very much a Mrs. Parks. Madam Pinto also has a daughter who reminds me of Alice Clement. She plays the piano +c. Madam Pinto returns to her home in Florence at the end of this month. She has kindly offered [[strikethrough]] to give me
some addresses of boarding places in Florence, and if ever I go there to continue teaching me Italian.

Mr. Sen and I had planned going next spring to Rome, Florence, and Pompeii. We were going to stop over in Paris both ways, where on our return we should have separated. Sen going to Marseilles and I should have remained in Paris. All painters enthuse over the galleries of Italy, but I find in dear old London quite enough to study. Wonderful pictures. One day Raphael is my instructor the next a master of the Dutch school tells me something and I’m sure when you see the paintings that I have started here you will wonder at the advance in my work.

I have now received my letters to John Sargent and shall call this week armed with my good looks and questions in regards to what is best. My decrepit old model howls with ham, and swears against the weather here. Millet says he never knew
and your dear self

As ever
William

worse. Even Willie has rheumatism in both knees, and one shoulder, and at times I'm led to wonder why the Almighty ever made such a climate.

I have not seen a day of sunshine since I left the boat, but I've seen some grand pictures, some fine people, some pretty good looking girls and so can do well enough with out the sunshine. Pretty girls (ask Homer) splendid pictures, and fine people are preferable to sunshine, in fact with such surrounding darkness is turned to light and we can all live happily ever after.

Write to me about every single member of the family, about Billie, all the cousins, Aunts, and Uncles. I wish to hear more about you all.

Tell Bess that I'm writing her a long letter which ought to be completed on her birthday; and in reply I wish her to write not so much about the weather but more about herself. I pray for you all, and hope you are well, and happy, that all things look bright and that you have got a capable domestic. Give my love to Bab
Thursday 4 o clock. Dec 1900

Dear Mother

Your letters from July just received. The one from father certainly pleased me. Tell Bess to write me her impressions of U.S.A.'s great metropolis. I am so glad she could have gone. I almost wished that her guide could have been Willie. This morning I received a lovely letter from Mr. Baldwin. Splendid writing, and much Chess news. My copy of Raphael is giving me great pleasure, it is going to be beautiful and I am happy. Miss Pritchard last night invited me to the home on Xmass. Kind of her, she is lovely.
How was Miss Flannagan's exhibit. I met Glover today and he said yesterday he saw her making a painting of a railway carriage +c. Students Day at the National Gallery should be called Ladies Day. The poor little men are far out numbered. John Sargent's sister is working in the Raphael room opposite me. She's little not clever, nor handsome or young. Very snippy I'm told. I expect any day to receive a letter to Sargent from Millet. Give my regards to all the friends.

I shall send her some little present Xmas eve. Please get those mats made and I shall immediatly forward the other sketches (Monday Dec 3d) I have planned out a fine subject across the River to paint, an old couple +c. May do the old man alone also. I have made friends with these people through their brother the Peir Captain. I shall not leave this grand city (for work) until these things are completed. Start Monday on my final arrangement of these old people. The canvas is not to be a large one. Please get the mats.
Let Billie admire my sketches, and tell Homer that he is very, or nearly 
and English gentleman. An English gentlemen’s club is practically his 
home. They can only talk socially when in the club; the life must be an 
absorbing, and trying one. Tis a pity that men should bury them selves 
in that way. 
Glad to have heard such good news from home. With regard and love 
to all I remain as ever 
Mr Cushing Loring 
Address 
6 Endsleigh Gardens. N. W. 
London.
My dear Mother -

Xmas I dined at the Pritchards and had a grand time. A fine dinner, an entertaining company and some nice looking girls were present. We played games told stories, had some music, and recitations. Met some new gentlemen and ladies.

As I was entering their house a carriage drove up, and the inmates having difficulty with the door I thought best to open it, "Hullo Gibbon," a voice said "take these bundles. It was dark I took the bundles. Many of them and the surprise of the company on discovering their error was
amusing. Altogether a nice way of meeting these new friends.
We had a splendid time. I shall call within a week.
The day after Xmas I went with the Pritchards (37 of them including the
Turners) to walk in the Thaydon Bois. It was interesting to walk thro' those old woods. The grass was green. All the ground was muddy. All our feet were wet. After a four mile walk we arrived at a house, in which we dined -- it was a dinner. Forty people sitting at a horse shoe table which was placed in an old banquetting room made a fine sight.
Grand time I shall never forget it. Pretty girls sang. Old men told stories, and drank whiskey.
There was a pretty girl there from Germany another from New Zealand. They were stunners
Tell Brother Homer--Limpid
eyes rosy lips, pink cheeks, and small feet. Tell Homer to drop over here if he interested in these things. I'm too busy altogether to look these matters over.
My health is as fit as ever it was. Feel fit for anything.
My work here has been interrupted by these English celebrations. They do celebrate in a swift, whole hearted way. But it seems to agree with them, and yours truly
William

What has become of Billie? Len Maccomber says he has disappeared
What's up? Thank you for the photo's of him. Bob sent me a gift today
and a splendid letter. The weather here is terrible.

William Cushing Loring Letters to Mrs. Stanton D. Loring, 1899-1901
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Tell Sister Betsy to write to me. I want to hear about several things including a certain Miss H.T.P. in full. The next letter will be in French. Non Parlo Italiano.
12/30, 1900

My dear Mother

Amid the frightful gales of yesterday and this morning, with the broils and petty warfares; the closing year of this century is evidently bent on going out like a lion. (a British one. When I look back over the past few months, and recall to mind the great change that has come over me, I wonder. My present position I am thankful for, my plans for the future I hope for. The climb up we know so well, is steep, and rough; and everything depends on the climber. I have started as you know my French, and Tuesday shall commence drawing in a life school. The English seem to have survived their celebrations. At
They have become sluggish and heavy from eating and fighting—— and excessive drinking. Poetry, art (not the cheap sentimental brew) clever, and rapid thought, are seldom found in these slow people. It is not their fault it is the climate which is to blame. You are told they drink and eat to excess on account of the climate. I tell you then the 'Climate' (their damp but healthy weather) is what has blunted their imaginations. Their artists ideals all seem morbid, or full of a deplorable sentiment. I like to call it a beefy sentiment. The poets are affected in the same way, the fogs prevent them seeing beyond this low order of the Arts; into the bright fields of fresh ideas, smiling love, and joy but like the pig in his pen contented.

Xmas time they are a beastly uneasy lot. Having ravenous stomachs, filled with meat, cheese, and strong drinks. As a whole they have cold temperaments, are slow in every way, and at this time of year many members of the lower classes are brutally drunk. One cannot live here with out abundance of solid food; bad weather keeps the Englishman in doors, so he eats much, and drinks plentifully in order to be cheered, and keep the fog out. Lately I have had a severe cold starting in my chest, and settling in my lungs, I am told that it is because I do not eat, and drink enough. I am not a gormand so therefore not English. I believe that for this one reason—— Overeating and Whiskey—— the English will never
They rest so long as there is enough food to munch and mud to wallow in. And dear old England has plenty of both. A race that adopts one method for doing every thing cannot excel in many things. In paving roads, filling teeth, writing poetry, or making love, the Englishman adopts his only reliable style, that is the sledge-hammer method. This method produces strength, strength yields well the sledge hammer, sword to, but [strikethrough] not [strikethrough] retards the pen the brush, and the mind from travelling in the brightest, cleverest, and most elevating channels. Because strength tends toward fighting, and sluggish heaviness. These are my reasons for my beliefs regarding the English and the Arts. I pity them, for it is not their fault it is the fault of their d-med climate. Please ask Sumner Pearmin where Robertsons hangs out his shingle. I can find him not. Those sketches are of
Dickens Curiosity Shop —
You speak of the copies having to be marked in the Metropolitan Museum Here one can make his copies just exactly the size of the original; and on completion their never is need of labeling them 'copies'. My cold is much better. That walk in the woods was the cause of it all. Miss Spiller Mr. Pritchards niece is disabled; they inform me with a severe attack of influenza. She got that in the woods also. I am glad Joe Brooks came out of his troubles so well. When next I see Miss Pritchard I shall thank her (for you) regarding her kindness to me. I am playing my violin every day.
Please don't throw the card away. —— Keep them all.

and writing all my letters carefully, and faithfully.

Miss Hope sent me a very cool Xmas note. But useful as it served to warm my room. My open fire has been going now, and I shall continue it until my cold lets up. It is a costly luxury. Seldom used here. Jim Gray's painting and the Raphael will be finished this week. Jim has been celebrating so earnestly that he has not had time to pose. The Raphael and Van Dyck I shall send home very soon. I enclose a card. Which is a card. Few other young men are so favored.

Yours. William Loring.
AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY,
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Mrs Stanton D. Loring
9 Crescent Ave.
Newton Centre, Mass.
U.S.A.
Dear Mother —

English Art (popular English Art) is most sentimental. The English love songs, poems, and pictures which will cause them to shed (beefy) tears. Today a Dr. Kings met me on the street saying “Good morning, you should have been with me the other day I saw a grand work of art entitled “Despair,” two prostrate figures, lying in a field, why my dear man, it almost made me cry.” That’s a fair sample of public opinion. King is a good kind man so are most Englishmen but they insist on loving the most morbid sentimental works in art. At many houses after dinner they sing songs like “Don’t send my Boy to prison to.” The bullet that flew to straight, The
Mr. Norton +c. And shall hope to show them my picture of Old Jim + others
Jim has been drunk the last few days. It is his way of thanking God for all his blessings.

Miss Pritchard sent me today an article on Watts the artist, and a poem.
I had forwarded a nice present previously. Two verses of the poem are very fine
The sun slept over the world The light dreamed in the air
My spirit folding up her wings Forgot [underlined] her heavy [underlined] care.
and when about the west Day died in holy calm
My heart of peace within me woke Meek murmurs of a psalm.

broken hearted mother, “and We’d fight bleed and die for our Pen.” At the end of these noble songs the ladies snif and whimper, and one feels it his duty (if sitting near the younger members of the fair sex), to hold their hands, and comfort them in every possible way And it is for that reason only, the feeling that you are a comfort to those around you that noble Willie enjoys these songs.
The streets tonight are full of a swift, noisy, ordinary crowd. A disgrace they are to England and would be to any country ————
When tho season of holidays are over I shall call again on Mr. Sargent, and [strikethrough] Mr. [strikethrough] Alma Tadema.
The fog here for some time has been as dark and black as you have read about. No work can now be done until Thursday. They tell me that starting tomorrow the streets will be full of drunkards. But don't you care.
Love to all
Yours
William
The mission of the Smithsonian is the increase and diffusion of knowledge - shaping the future by preserving our heritage, discovering new knowledge, and sharing our resources with the world. Founded in 1846, the Smithsonian is the world's largest museum and research complex, consisting of 19 museums and galleries, the National Zoological Park, and nine research facilities. Become an active part of our mission through the Transcription Center. Together, we are discovering secrets hidden deep inside our collections that illuminate our history and our world.

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