

LETTERS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649252725

Letters by Lizzie McMillan

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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LIZZIE MCMILLAN

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LETTERS
OF
LIZZIE M^cMILLAN

CAMBRIDGE
Printed at The Riverside Press
MDCCCII

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In compliance with the request of friends, the writer has caused an edition of one hundred copies of these letters to be printed for private distribution.

LETTERS

PAQUEBOT POSTE LA BOURGOGNE,
October 26, 1889.

MY DEAR FATHER :

We are nearly across the big water, and when you receive this letter you will know we have arrived safely.

William and Will saw us off. For two days it was very smooth ; then we had a heavy ground swell for four days, and you can imagine my condition. I was dreadfully sick, and so was Mrs. Fisher, but Kate never gave up at all. It is nearly over now, and we expect to sight land in about two hours and to reach Havre at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, where a special train meets us, and we will be in Paris before night.

I cannot write very well here because the boat rolls about so much. How glad I will be to step on solid ground again ! We have very large comfortable staterooms, but we became very tired of them before we could leave them. This afternoon it is almost too cold and too rough to be on deck, and, besides, nearly everybody is busy writing letters to friends. I cannot say much now, but will write a longer letter soon after reaching Paris.

(2)

Remember me to my friends in Aylmer, and give love to Charlie and Mary, and accept a great deal for yourself, dear.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

85 RUE DE BOËTIE,

November 14, 1889.

MY DEAR FATHER :

The time has gone so very fast lately that I had no idea how long it was since I had written to you. It was November 3d.

The Exposition closed with grand illuminations of the buildings and grounds and the Eiffel Tower. We did not see it, though, because we all went that night to the other end of the city to see a great actress, Sarah Bernhardt.

I have been at lunch with Edie several times lately, and on Tuesday I went with her by train out to her summer home, ten miles from the city. It is lovely there even yet, and we picked roses, geraniums, marguerites, and various kinds of flowers out in the garden ; they are in my room yet, and are very sweet as well as beautiful.

Her little villa is situated just at the entrance to an old château of the seventeenth century, built by Mansard, and is the first Mansard roof ever built. Now the park all about the château has been sold and converted into a suburban town. It is the most charming spot I ever saw.

Yesterday and to-day we have been making

a tour of the Seine, which runs through Paris. Yesterday we went up as far as the boat goes, and came home after the city was lighted. You can have no idea what a fine sight it was ! It seemed as if there were a special illumination, but it was not so. The day was clear and fresh, and we got pretty cold before arriving at our station. The boat stations are quite near the bridges, of which there are perhaps thirty or more, over the Seine ; massive stone structures they are, generally, with handsome carved figures of horses and famous men upon them, with occasionally an iron one. The two trips on the river cost our party of three almost fifty cents. Some people might scorn such a cheap excursion, but we are not proud if we are *rich* and *handsome*, and we get a great deal more pleasure out of our way of seeing things than the Queen could in her way.

Yesterday Mrs. Fisher began to take lessons in French, and I begin to-morrow. They tell me my accent is good, and I would make a good speaker with a little trouble. However, I never expect to set the world on fire with my flow of foreign languages.

To-day was fine, quite warm and sunny until about four o'clock, when it suddenly grew gray and chilly. The river below the city is lovely, with fields and trees, gardens and parks, and it is exceedingly pretty, even now when the foliage is almost gone.

I have had two letters from each of my Williams, and expect another to-morrow, and one