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Title: Letter from Edwin Abbey to George Boughton

Date: August 13, 1879

Location: I-Purchase-1954-2

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54, Bedford Gardens. W.
Aug. 13th 1875.

Dear Mr. Broughton,

I was very sorry
not to see you before I went away -
which I did as I do everything - at
five or six minutes notice - I went
to spend the day ^{before} with Mr. Lillie & family
first - and had such a good time - then
I missed a couple of trains - and had
to sit up all night to finish some work,
before I left, on the following morning we
went - Conway is a pretty good sort of
a fellow after all - (I wonder what
he thought of me!) - In some I dis-
trusted him so - and want to take it all
back - but he says - there are people with
whom it would have given me greater pleas-
ure to travel - but we got along admirably -
- kind of admirably - he didn't want to
visit, even, when I wanted to sketch - and
he did keep raking up buried old her-
mits of scientists - who live up in that
region - but Lord! as Mr. Peppys would say

to see him read 'guin-toke and Commercial
Commercial's' (he bought three million copies
of the latter with him) - would make
you turn cold -


He only stayed with me a week - and
I was sorry to see the old cups go - He
was a remarkable foreground object for
that week - A little felt hat - a long
brown overcoat - open waistcoat - and a
red-tick sort of shirt - and white collar - on
which was tied a thin ribbon that would
kitch up in the back -



He was long here - and a
soul in town - and very
close - the weather -

Conway has gone to St. Malo
to look up some antiquities -
whether I may have to see
me presently - not to anti-
quities, to St. Malo -

The Lakes scenery is not
the particular sort of thing
my soul yearns for - I got
off the track a little after
the Dr. Moncure left - and
wandered out into the flat country about
Ullewater in Cumberland - and north over

few things that suited our taste - Diner,
sad, silent sort of people who live away
up there - Penist is a solemn little
red-sandstone town - with no amusements
of any kind - Every thing is closed tight
and the lights out at nine in the eve-
ning - I apt upon market-night -
when I made a discovery - Homer al-
ways swelled around a good deal on a
little old Puritan shoe he owned - with
a wooden sole - like this -  Block
- I found a man with a whole pas-
ter-full of 'em in the market - big
and little - wooden soles - half buckles
and all - I immediately rushed
home - and indited a letter to Winslow
which will probably cause him to profess
his soul in humility for ever after this

~~It~~ - I'm sorry to have injured Stedman - he
has gone to Paris - I've had a note from
him - he expects to be back here in Sep-
tember - London must have taken it
out him! - He paid £12 a week
for his board - I should think he'd
want to leave a little after that -

What a despairingly perfect set of engravings in Scribner for August! The Whistler one particularly - It will be very hard for Harpers to equal that sort of thing. What did you think of the article on W. ? - It seemed to me rather ingenious but a little off the track - Brownell the writer - is the man who cut up Carr's essays so unmercifully in the 'Nation' - I had a train all laid to have Carr write an article on Whistler for Harpers - but Conway had gone in and pre-empted that claim - He has pre-empted nearly all of his hemisphere - except - science, literature, art - and I couldn't help but breathe more freely than we were to be spared 'Conway on Whistler'.

I hope Mrs. Doubtless is better - than she was looking when I last saw ^{her} - Please present my compliments to her - and to Miss Cullen and Miss Flojin if they are with you.

When do you expect to be back?

I enclose a copy by Reinhardt of a letter Dieleman received from a German friend who prided himself upon his command of the language - and an

This is a beastly pen - very sincerely yours
Edwin D. Hooper

but I fear I don't write any letters when I have a letter on

1879

Aug. 13 ABBEY, EDWIN AUSTIN

To [George Henry] Boughton.

54, Bedford Gardens, W.
Aug. 13th 1879

Dear Mr. Boughton,

I was very sorry not to see you before I went away - which I did as I do everything - at five or six minutes notice. I went to spend the day before with Mr. and Mrs. Lillie at Guildford - and had such a good time that I missed a couple of trains - and had to sit up all night to finish some work, before I left, on the following morning at nine.

Conway is a pretty good sort of a fellow after all - (I wonder what he thought of me!) - I'm sorry I distrusted him so - and want to take it all back - to be sure there are people with whom it would have given me greater pleasure to travel - but we got along admirably - he didn't want to wait, ever, when I wanted to sketch - and he did keep raking up buried old hermits of scientists - who live up in that region - But Lord! as Mr. Pepys would say, to see him read guide-books and 'Cincinnati Commercials' (he brought three million copies of the latter with him) - would make you turn cold.

He only stayed with me a week - and I was sorry to see the old cuss go - He was a remarkable foreground object for that week. A little felt hat - a long brown overcoat - open waistcoat - and a bed-tick sort of shirt and white collar - over which was tied a thin ribbon that would hitch up in the back.

Its very lonely here - not a soul in town - and very close - the weather -

Conway has gone to St. Malo to look up some antiquities - whither I may have to hie me presently - not to antiquities, to St. Malo.

The Lake scenery isn't the particular sort of thing my soul yearns for. I got off the track a little after the Rev. Moncure left - and wandered out a little into the flat country above Ullswater in Cumberland - and made some few things that suited me better. Queer, sad, silent sort of people who live away up there - Penrith is a solemn little red-sandstone town - with no amusement of any kind. Everything is closed tightly and the lights out at nine in the evening - Except upon market-night - when I made a discovery - Homer always smelled around a good deal on a little old Puritan shoe he owned - with a wooden sole - like this - black - I found a man with a whole basket-full of 'em in the market - big and little - wooden soles - brass buckles and all - I immediately rushed home - and

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