

Buckingham Palace Hotel.

Sunday Sept 25th 1881.

My Dearest Mittie,

I have just finished a letter to Luc, telling about all we have been doing since I wrote to you, up to Wednesday 21st. And I do not think she will thank me for such a dreadfully long letter. I did not intend to write so much but when I got started I do not know where to stop. But I must try and write shorter letters and make them more interesting. But when I go to write to you I just feel like writing about how much I miss you and how much I love you. But I feel all the time a desire to tell you all the news and one little nothing that we see hear feel and forget in twenty four hours. I always did you know and I think I

will always have that inclination
to save up every thing to tell you.
I left off in Lue's letter at Tuesday
evening when we came here. We had
been speculating whether Mr Dempsey's
skye terrier "Napoleon" would be still
living. Mr Dempsey (Proprietor) came right
up to our sitting room when we came
and when we enquired. He said
"Yes." Nap is fourteen years old and
is just as cross and unfriendly as he
was ~~seven~~ ^{seven} years ago. Was it not nice,
in the evening after dinner Mr Dempsey
asked me to come and see the ladies
parlor, a large room he had furnished
since we were here. While talking
to him I mentioned some one I had
known when here seven years before.
And Mr D. told me what had
become of all my old friends here.
Mr White an elderly gentleman still
lives here, but is away for a few weeks.
I hope he will return before I leave.
He has coffee plantations in India
and has been out there twice since
I saw him. Mrs Smithest is at

some place south of London I forget
the name. Mr. Smithest died suddenly
about five months ago. The person
I most wanted to hear about was
Miss Fletcher. I think I have told
you about her. She stayed here with
her father during the season. She
went to a great many balls and would
show me her dresses. She was from
Scotland, but was English. And she
was very beautiful, and oh, so sweet
and nice to me. I always wanted to
know if married Captain St. Auban.
Ah, but he was splendid looking.
Mrs. Smithest told me she saw them
kissing each other down in the
reading room. I used to think they
were in love with each other, but
that something was wrong. Mr. Dempsey
told me that "She is married, but
not to Captain St. Auban." You see he
knew I would ask about that, though
he must have forgotten how little
I was. Ward Fletcher married Captain
Robertson, about four years ago, but is
not married happily and her father

was not pleased. They live, now, in Scotland.
Mr Gay of New York has been over twice
but has never brought Mrs G. or Georgie
The boys remained at school in England
But I suppose they are home now.
Hearing of all these people at once
made the past seven years seem
like a dream. On Wednesday 21st we
went to "Westminster Abbey" and
spent a long time looking about at
the handsome monuments and
tablets over the graves of such
persons as Wm Pitt. (our man you know)
Charles Dickens, Herschel, Isaac Newton,
and many celebrated Englishmen
of whom every one has heard.
There are, too, the tombs of some
celebrated actors as Garrick, Kemble
and of Ben Johnson (engineer). There
we went through the different
chapels that are divided by high
railings from the main part
of the building. Here are the tombs
of the former Kings and Queens
of England. Queen Elizabeth is
there - at least all that is left of