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Cuba Journals Volume I - Transcription

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Sophia Peabody Hawthorne *Cuba Journals* Transcription Project

Volume I

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Volume I: Links to Document Images

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Letter 1: Page 1

Ocean. December 20th. 24-15 Lattitude. 40 miles from land.

My dearest Mother, it is time I think, for me to write, a little with my own hand, as the best proof of my well being & sanity. It is a glorious day, celestial blue and white, with air like the fanning of an angel's wing. This morning as I was standing leaning over the side of the vessel, with Mr. ----, he suddenly announced a porpoise. Where upon we all proceeded to the forecastle. I seated myself upon the top of it, while vast numbers of these ungraceful creatures darted and played about the foam of the plunging prow. They have beautiful hues, blue & golden. The Captain armed himself with a harpoon and went far out upon the bowsprit to take one captive; but they were too fleet and cunning for him & more over his rope was too stiff, and his harpoon a little the worse for age. The Captain was quite a picturesque object, draped in white with his uplifted spear, though not entirely so magnificent as the archangel Michael over the fallen dragon. While we stood there a spar broke, or as Horace said, a studding sail boom, just over our heads, and a sail was rent badly, but we escaped destruction. I felt like the queen of the atlantic, perched upon that high place, ploughing so gracefully and mages.

Letter 1: Page 2

-tically through the deep, deep blue sea. O mother, there are no words to express the enjoyment I have had in this brig. Not one moment of the fear or trouble or regret has yet come. It is glorious above & beneath and one's little world on the waters contains much glory too. I look upon the *compafs* and meditate upon the sublimity of the eternal principles of nature; upon the ship, and admire the inexhaustible invention and power of man; as to the motion of it, it is the constantly felt presence of beauty, soft as a plume, bending and falling away to the wind & wave with the same *phaincy* and ease. Mr. Barroughs says he scarcely ever sailed in a vessel that moved so sweetly. It is very interesting to watch the sailors, especially one, who is a splendid looking creature, with as much grace as strength, fine features & large blue eyes, which he has a way of casting down quite bewitchingly. He stands at the helm a great part of the time so we have a good chance of watching him. Mary has told you of Adolpho, I believe, and I hope to paint him in some future picture of the sea. We had a most beautiful sunset the evening before the last I was particularly struck with the pale & dark green clouds. Can you imagine how they

Letter 1: Page 3

Would look? Pale peagreen and the bright grassy tint upon a faint topaz sky, melting into the blue above, and deepening into dazzling gold beneath, and round the northern horizon the clouds were saffron color, purple and white upon a deeper blue. Long before the sunlight had gone, the moon took up the wondrous tale and the largest star which stands over our mast head looked down upon us like the eye of a watchful seraph.

I cannot the feeling of perfect safety which I feel. I cannot even conceive how it would feel to be afraid. It is in part owing to the confidence I feel in our Captain, who is full of energy, promptitude, and knowledge of his art, and his eye and mind seem ubiquitous. Mr. ----- is the greatest convenience to us, he is the very spirit of kindness and gentleness and though he feels wretchedly himself he is as agreeable as possible all the time with an *exhaustible* fund of anecdote, and never is in the least gloomy or sober, excepting when a pang shoots through his breast and head. He looks like monumental marble most of the time. He is so attentive and ingenious in devices to make our time pass agreeably that he quite annihilates time and space, and I shall never forget to be grateful to him, and this will make your

motherly heart love him too I know. He feels now very sick, but looks as pleasantly as ever. There is not a single ship sound

Letter 1: Page 4

That is annoying, all the sounds are round, not one ragged, sharp, square or rough. For a wonder there is no ship bell, and it seems particularly providential for the Captain says, he never sailed without one before. When there is one, it is struck every half hour day and night. Now its place is supplied by some sonorous voice singing out "four bells" "eight bells" & this is one of the peculiar points of my good fortune in this heaven directed voyage. There is perfect silence & order on deck, entirely quiet. There is no comparison between the quiet here and in the house. The hail perpetually occurring, sudden, quick noises which agonize my poor brain so much on land are not heard here. There is something in the infinite sea which neutralizes ordinary sounds, I suppose, boundless, endless & sublime, yet I suspect such noises do not exist here. The last three nights have been extremely beautiful. The blue is black and the fleecy clouds contrast strikingly with its intensity & wherever the moon *analyses* the white a halo of crimson and gold surrounds it like a guard angelic. It is just the time when we want the moon, as we are approaching the islands: We should not have seen it, during the first part of our way; for nearly every night was cloudy and cold. Every thing happens opportunely, all is night! I have seen a few flying fishes, but thought they were birds till Mr ---- informed me better & these the porpoises and a large majestic tropical bird are

Letter 1: Page 5

All the wonders we have seen. The blue of the sea is more superb than you can imagine and is constantly crested with snowy foam. The first few days when the waves were inclining to mountains and there was no sun, the deep valleys were of a solemn black, and the crests pure cerulean blue like the sky at midday. These we watched while entirely overwhelmed with cloaks, blankets, and hoods and shawls, lashed to beef barrels and water casks, and now and then salute by a huge sheet of spray or rather substantial wave, which we received with all the grace imaginable. One day. One day Mr. --- happened to be standing near me when he perceived Ole Neptune's intent, & most generously took the whole upon his own shoulders. It is very amusing to see the complete masking, which some of the sailors get at times.

Sunset at Sea.

There has been the most brilliant sunset. But now the Captain is aiding and abetting in the murder of one of our dear little pigs! Madame Gerault fed him upon all the nectar and ambrosia she could find in the shape of apples and onions before his end. But he is now filling the golden air with his shrieks, which sound very much like his last dying speech. Alas! What will the remaining three do without their compaignon de voyage. How I wish you could be here – it is so fresh and lovely. Mr ---- is in his berth. If he were only well, I should be perfectly happy; but I cannot bear to see him suffer so much. Madam is a great

Letter 1: Page 6

is a grand laughing stock. She is comical in the extreme. We have been several days in the temperature of 75.° while I suppose you are all congregated by the fire side. 21st Saturday morning.

Last night was very brilliant and the air soft as silk. Mary and I staid upon the deck till after eleven. I got established upon a huge water [cask] & leaned over the quarter railing for two hours without hardly stirring. There was powerful magic in the scene. Parker was at the helm and his outline

upon the sky very fine when even I took a notion to turn round in his direction. Large stars changing colour like, diamonds, very low in the horizon, shone thro' the blue spaces in the white clouds and exactly above was the moon and a planet, surrounded by a very large ring, which the Captain said, [betokened] rain. Mr. ---- and the Captain held long discourse on the opposite quarter railing, and meanwhile the first mate known by the generic name of Smith made me a call at the foot of my throne, and told me tales of sailor superstition. This Mr. Smith is a most efficient person, smart in the strictest sense of the word, and a man of health goodly to behold for perfect whiteness and symmetry. While listening to his stories, I watched a very picturesque group in the fore-castle as it was fitfully revealed by the lamp. It was a gathering round the poor little slain pig, which Adolpho was shaving with a razor. At one moment his dark

Letter 1: Page 7

curls came into light, and then Manuel, the Spaniard, came to view with his red turban and Spanish sash wound round his waist & then like a ~~an~~[ymp? Imp?] of some unmentionable region Cookey's horrid [white?] and rent apparel caught the flame. This morning I uprose betimes and went on deck long before breakfast and saw a studding sail spread, but it rained and I could not stay. The bad weather made it difficult to prepare the breakfast, and we were nearly starved before it was served. We take our meals at the most fashionable hours; we breakfast at ten, dine at five and tea at eight. We broke our fast upon a joke to day and had a merry time. Madame with her bad english, good nature, ugliness and love of eating makes us laugh almost too much for comfort. The Captain says she is really quite an addition to our company. We should have been in Havana yesterday had it not been for the head winds, which are so unfrequent here, that the Captain says very like for a year to come the trade winds will be regular again. He has had hairbreadth escapes from pirates & , and his resources in an emergency are very great if we may judge from his own accounts I am sitting on a trunk in ---- a---- state room while the two mates are breakfasting. [Holines?], the second mate has a very very fine head

Letter 1: Page 8

a most capricious brow, intellect and sentiment much more than Smith. Madame is sitting by her stateroom opposite, with a lugubrious expresion of countenance, once in a while ejaculating "Oh I wish it be fair for go on deck" I so warm" now comes a lurch and the mates have to hold on for dear life upon their cups and bread and butter. We had some of what Madame called, 'new little pig', for breakfast. I hope you admire to hear all these interesting particulars. One poor Mr Humphreys sits at my feet, who has been sick all the way. There never was anything so forlorn as his [face?]; but he looks very resigned & patient. His friend is about the addest faced mortal I ever saw. He has not even the sign of a forehead, but all the feelings and prominence that should be there is to be found in his under lip, which is quite a goodly sized shelf. Then we have an Irishman whose face is [often?, after?] being red always, and extremely disagreeable in expression. He has had many a complete bathing so as to look like a drowned rat, and when we had the tremendous hurricane, was afraid his bales of linen would be lost. Mr ---- is better to day.

Sophy

Letter 2: Page 1

Havanna. December 30. 1833

My dearest Mother,

Her is your dear daughter safe, quiet, and enchanted in this great city. Marvelously well and almost rested. Mary has told you about all the news I believe, and so I will only talk about myself. There is no expressing how much Mr --- has been to us from the moment we left Boston. He was in such a genial humour all the way, so lovely to every body in the vessel; and so disposed to make all happy within his reach, that he took from us all sense of anything that might have been disagreeable. He was devotedly attentive, & indeed I do not know what we could have done without him. -----
----- He has not left taking care of us even yet, but yesterday brought a volante, a private one, in which we went to Campo Santo, a burial place and to the botanical gardens and upon the Paseo. No public volante is allowed to ride upon the Paseo. And Mr Cleveland does not own one, neither likes to borrow a private one, therefore had it not been for him, we should not have seen anything. Maria [Pegui?] a friend of his, lent him a volante and Mrs Cleveland Molly and I went in it, and Mr Cleveland and he in anothers. The private volantes are driven by a [Calesario?] in livery, who rides the horse and guides him. Sophia.

2 letter home.

San Marcos. La Reconpenza. January 13. 1833.

My dearest Mother, This is but the third letter I have written to America. Yesterday I sent

Letter 2: Page 2

the second to Maria Chase, to go by the brig [Dromo?] to New York, because I promised her she should have the second; but you will read it just the same, and I hope you have already received the first, which I wrote on board the Newcastle. Instead of writing such numbers of epistles in the vessel as I anticipated, I found I could do nothing but look abroad and dream and meditate. Everything was so new, and glorious, and vast, that I could not fix my mind or eyes upon a sheet of paper, seldom upon a book, & the ocean was just as full of charm and novelty and interest the day we anchored in the harbor of Havanna as on the day we sailed from Boston. I could not bear to leave it or our dear little world where we had all been so happy together. Mary was indefatigably industrious and dispatched books and pincushions the latter by the dozen, besides writing a journal constantly. I read the twentieth part of a book, a few stanzas of Child Harold, studied a little Spanish and made one pincushion! Oh yes, I marked one of the Captain's new table clothes with a T. H. which excited the admiration of the whole ship's company. I spied a great deal with the Captain's glass at the distant ships and land when ever they were in sight. I saw the first Palm tree wave through the glass which gave me a strange consciousness that I was approaching a foreign land. Our entrance into the harbor was beautiful. Moro Castle did not look as I thought; but it was very grand nevertheless. Two other vessels entered about the time

Letter 2: Page 3

we did from the United States, one containing Mr [Carson?, Curson?], the other Mrs Williams. We were no sooner anchored than the government boats came out to us. The first was rowed by twelve men in livery at one end, and under an awning at the other sat the officers. The king's flag floated in the sea from a staff with a strip of [?] in memory of his death. After this boat left us, the other came up, much less stylish, to enquire about the health of our vessels. We had hardly been there an hour before Mr Morland and a certain Mr Bruce suddenly appeared on deck. Horace had gone on shore in the first boat

and immediately got us a permit from the governor, like a good boy So before we could realize we had arrived we were sailing in a nice little green boat towards land. with Mr Moreland and Mr Bruce. We stopped at the ship Mrs Williams came in, and took her with us. Two Spaniards rowed our boat, looking exquisitely nice and cool, draped in white linen with worked bosoms to their shirts. Mr M. said that Havana was perfectly healthy. So we sprung upon the soil of Cuba with quite a feeling of security. Mr Bruce took us under his arms and in a very short time we were mounting the stone steps of Mr Cleveland's house. Mrs C. received us with open arms, with all the warmth of her nature; but she was so dreadfully changed in appearance that I felt really faint at seeing her. Mr Cleveland is not so changed but he looks much more feeble.

Letter 2: Page 4

The suite of rooms is in the third story and extremely lofty, [unveiled?] with stone floors laid in diamonds. The drawing room is carpeted with straw; but the hall is in a state of nature. The windows are all very wide and high and open to the floor and lead out upon little balconies.

The custom house is on one side of the house, at the gate of which two soldiers are perpetually on guard. There is a very narrow peep at the bay from one window and the never ceasing song of the negroes as they raise the sugar and coffee into the ships is enough to create a slow fever. The street cries of men and women with fruits upon their heads, the squalls of children, the continuous stream of talk from groups all about uttered in the brightest key, the monotonous hammering of coopers & tinkers the screams of macaws & parrots and all the unmusical birds that make a grand noise, the roarings & gibberings of a company of [Catalans?] who occupy rooms under Mrs Cleveland, almost put me beside myself. Add to all this gales, not "from [Aruby?] the blest" which obliges you to "shut your nose," as Carlito Morrell says, and you will have some idea of the physical comfort to be found in Havana. No wonder that Mrs Cleveland is worn out after living 5 years in such a Babel without one moment of quiet. O I forgot the bells! The bells! They are never still

Letter 2: Page 5

Tinkle, tinkle, bang bang, squeak, squeak from morning till night and from night till morning, and at dawn a drum goes round to call the soldiers played by a man with no ear for music, which sets every nerve on edge. The Spaniards worship noise. It is the gad of their idolatry, together with dirt –

Our journey from Havana apart from the --- wracking over the horrid roads was beautiful. We passed magnificent estates among which the marquis of [Mamos] was by no means the least superb. Oh such rows of palms! You have never conceived of any thing so splendid as that three and we passed rows that were miles in length all alike, like a company of columns of white marble with a Corinthian capital of green. Mr ---, Carlos, a confidential servant of Dr Morell, and Andres, who drove the horses were our escort, and we were most carefully attended. Mr – and Carlos were on horseback, and we stopped at almost every public place to get naranjada (orange water) & rest awhile, and at the half way house I lay down. We arrived at Mrs Morrell's at sun set, and Lousa received us very sweetly. I soon went to bed as you may suppose & slept soundly all night! I sleep very well and have a fine appetite, and have not had a touch of cold in my head to which I am subject at home.

Letter 2: Page 6

I ride on horseback before breakfast, nay before Sunrise, and then lie down two hours, and as soon as the shadows grow long, ride again till dusk. We breakfast at ½ past nine, and dine at ½ past three, and take tea at ½ past eight. In the early morning coffee and oranges are at our service & at breakfast there are eggs and meat, plantains and coffee and milk, and coffee after dinner. My head still aches a great

deal, and I have not got over my weariness, but I think both will yield in due time to such a climate. Every morning there is a golden sunrise, every evening a golden sunset. The stars are of every colour of the rainbow and this January moon is the brightest of the year. It is perfectly cool excepting at midday and even then I am not too warm. I have on my [merino? Mervino? Marine?] dress now, which I have not taken off since I returned from my morning ride. Dr Morrell has taken my case in hand and determines to cure me. He is very interesting & Mrs Morrel is perfectly charming. The estates are beautiful I shall describe them in some future letter. San Juan is the name of the other. Edwards is generally my [cauahir? Cashier?] and we ride to the most enchanting places; but never off Dr. M's estates which are very large. I ride upon a [Seivon?], which is a pillow with a sort of basket upon it, easy

Letter 2: Page 7

as possible, and my horse Rosillo is very good We gathered beautiful flowers this morning, we broke our fast upon oranges, which we plucked from the tree with our own hands. I have no more time the mail goes. Love to Mary N. Thine ever, ever, dearest Mother & Father

Sophy.

See appendix for Mary's letters – There is one of January 8th – that comes on here

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Letter 3: Page 1

3rd letter home. San Marcos La Recompensa January 7th 1834

My Dearest Mother.

It is a delicious day + your dear daughter has been upon her morning ride. January 18th Saturday. Thus for I woke yesterday + had to lie down + [?] as long. I could not ride in the afternoon for weariness. I felt as if I could not sit erect upon Rosillo's back for a kingdom, though Dr Morrell held up his finger at me and looked very grave when I told him so; but he concluded I had better not when he comprehended my condition. My head continues to ache very much + my tired feeling hangs on, but Mrs Morrell says that after I have been here longer + my blood grows thinner, it will not flow so rapidly. This sounds very reasonably I think. We hope to have letters from home by this morning's mail I am really hungering + thirsting for news of you all, + especially of George whom we left looking so sick. Last Wednesday Mrs Morrel had a dinner party of about twelve – among whom was Madame Henri, a very amiable, fine woman, Madame [Rancie?] and husband + her sweet children, Marc Antony de Wolfe, all dark forbidding + stormy – his sons of a [Note: indiscernible text, Sophia's handwriting is not so great compared to her mother's, letter is covered with pen that would appear to bleed through the page making it hard to read at points] – Don Rafael, one of the ancient nobility, a very accomplished man, + with remarkable talent, but not the most exact in morals. His sons however Fernando + Manuel are fine young men, well educated + correct in their lives, + Fernando especially, quite interesting. After dinner Louisa sent for more ladies + gentlemen, so as to have a dance, + partly by [?] + partly by accident seven more came in the evening. Mrs Morrel played for them upon the piano a very beautiful tune + the dance was the most graceful I ever saw, just adopted to this country. no jumping up + down; but an indescribable motion of the whole figure. Fernando made the best appearance among the Senioritas. While the music + dancing was going on, the back gallery was filled with sables, young + old, men + women, even to the very threshold of the hall door, looking on delightedly. This is always customary. It was a most lovely evening. The moon was shining, + the stars of rainbow colors + the air perfectly cool + silken. I talked a little Spanish to Seniorita [Almirante?], very much to her surprise + ecstasy + more to the amusement of one Gabriel Lopez, a young Don, whose black eyes had been fused upon me until I began to be nervous about it. He immediately poured forth a torrent of Spanish at me, but I had to tell him I did not understand; though he did not believe it, + when the party broke up, he came two or three times to bid me Buenas Noches' (which means goodnight), just for the sake of my saying it to him in return. Mary + I are studying Spanish very diligently and the rule is to talk French at breakfast + Spanish at dinner though we do not always follow it. (Oh this orange

Letter 3: Page 2

Blossom's fragrance. It really intoxicates my olfactories from a glass by my side. Eduardo brought them this morning from the hangery. Oh Mother, Mother, how you would [luxuriate?] in the profusions of flowers here. Eduardo + I went on an exploring expedition for them one morning. One vine bears a wh purple + white flower of the same species as the sweet pea with a perfume quite as sweet + more like the lily of the valley. It entwines itself round everything in the woods + looks very beautifully. The [coventries?] of every color grows wild and in the greatest profusion every where, very large + of brilliant hues. And thousands which I cannot describe, I will press and paint for you as soon as our luggage comes from the Havana. On our way from the city, we saw the night blooming [cereus?] growing wild on the roadside –. and one very high shrub, almost a tree with a white bellflower, larger than our white lilies [muck?], hanging from every branch downwards. It was very splendid. There is [one?] as tall a tree before the house here as our [horse?] chesnut, as large and somewhat like our tiger lilies! Just imagine how a great tree of them would look! The coffee now is in full bloom. Though ripe

coffee has just been gathered from the trees, + it makes a brilliant appearance with its thousands of white blossoms, very like the orange flower only smaller.

Both Dr. Morrels estates San Juan + La Recompensa are bordered nearly all around with a lime hedge, which is very beautiful indeed. It is about four feet high + on one side eight or nine deep. Its leaf is light brilliant green and in its appearance like that of the lemon tree, + it bears a white blossom almost as fragrant as the orange flower. You see no fence any where. Sometimes the prickly pear forms the hedges which grows and there are various prickly shrubs that are put to this purpose. Leading from the road to San Juan there are four rows of young palms forming two long avenues, which in two years will be magnificent, Mrs Morrel says, + then comes a large plain upon which stand the building in which the coffee is stored, the pigeon + hen house + the dwelling of Pierre Luis, a faithful + excellent negro who takes care of that estate or rather acts as guard. After the plain is alive with the palms, are the four rows of cocoas which I tried to describe to Maria. Formerly three gothic arches alike in form to those in New Greenwood chapel – but very very long. There avenues open upon another plain called the [Portrero?], where the cows + turkeys + oxen +

Letter 3: Page 3

pig + sheep lives. This plain terminates in a very beautiful wood + behind it rise up the golden mountains of San Salvador, one or two leagues distant, on the sides are ~~quite~~ groves of palms. Not very near together. It is from an avenue leading from the Portrero that I am going to take my picture of Cuba scenery. where mountains, woods, palms, cocoas, [Cielas?], animals + a cottage are all to be found. Tomas an old negro, takes care of the turkeys – the most [quizzical?] old thing I ever saw. Luisa says he looks as if he had only been basted together + it is very true. New year's day is generally a holiday with all the negroes, but this year there could be no festival, because of the accident which happened to Dr Morrel. So it was deferred till the Sunday following. Some of them first collected in a thanked house + danced by the inspiration of a drum which was played with the hands instead of a stick + this continued with loud songs, till all were dressed + collected. Then one company proceeded in a body to the house of [Note: page torn, indecipherable word] which is within sight of this, + went through [Note: page torn] The [invitation?] to dance by the man is given to [Note: page torn] woman by putting his hat on her head, which she holds on till she has finished. Added to the drum is the measured striking of hands, + they all stand round in a circle while the two dancers go thro' their strange evolutions in which the object seems to be to move every joint in their body. After dancing they all ---- kneeled down round the gallery of Mr B's house, for presents. Then they came over here and went thro' the same operations before Dr Morrell who threw them quantities of [fourpennes?]. After they had gone, another company of bosales came, some negroes that Dr. Morrell had lately purchased. They were more graceful than the others. Tomas, poor old Tomas, is one of the most famous dancers. He stuck a flag up before the house in honour of the family – made of the neckhandkerchief of one of the women.

The coffee is planted in great squares with wide avenues between of land, red earth perfectly smooth + nice, through which I ride, for it is not safe to go into the public road, + the estates are so extensive as to make a very long ride for me to have over it. Eduardo + I rode till some time after moonlight the other evening. We only meet ~~the family~~ Dr Morrel's negroes, who commend us to God as they pass by.

Letter 3: Page 4

Sunday July 19th My Dearest Mother. Our luggage safely arrived ~~last even~~ yesterday afternoon while I was out upon my evening ride. We went to the Portrero, + Eduardo got his little new born white lamb + put it into my arms. It is the sweetest little thing that ever was. Just before I set out Dr Fernandez + his

lovely niece arrived from the Havana. She has a truly Spanish [?]. We promenaded the gallery in the beautiful moonlight till nine o'clock. I felt much better for my ride than I had for several days, + this morning, at [?] ancient Tekla called me + Eduardo + I set off again. It was a very cool + fresh morning, as full of glory as it could be.

[Note: Multiple lines between next section]

I wish you would tell Maria that I am struck with [remorse?] to think I told her the cocoa nut avenues were only as long as [Courtsh-?] they are three times as long fully I came to this conclusion as I rode through them this morning. The church bells of [Arternisa?] are ringing most musically but we shall not be able to obey their call today. Mrs Morrel reads a sermon to us + the Bible + Prayers on Sunday morning, + the Bible every morning before school. It is a lovely family. Eduardo is extremely interesting + makes a delightful little cavalier for me. He is ready to spring off his horse after every flower + his love of nature is very great. He expresses himself in a --- peculiar way for he never spoke a word of English till he went to America with his Mother two years

Letter 4: Page 1

4th letter home

See appendix for M's letters of 21st & 26

My dearest Mother,

January 26th

It is most lovely Sabbath morning, & for a wonder I have neither been to ride or walk before [sunlite?]. The horse Rosillo which I call mine as I always ride him, has gone to the Havana + I do not like the others so well. They either want to eat grass or stand still – Dr Morrell has more than twenty horses about, but there are not many devoted to the ladies. Yesterday upon opening my eyes from a sound siesta, Mary held up before them the letters from home. My heart gave a bound, though I was not surprised, as I fully expected some by the mail. You must before this have heard from us + now feel quite at rest as to the safety of our bodies, + you do not fear as for our minds, you say dearest Mother. I will ~~obey~~ your advice. But there is no danger of losing heart or hand among such a proud, lazy, ignorant race as the young Spanish Dons who generally speaking ride when it is fair + go to bed when it rains with no inward resource + no conception of the reason why they were created. We have seen but two exceptions to this rule, Fernando + Manuel [Layas?], who have cultivated their minds somewhat + though of a noble + ancient family, do not disdain to employ themselves about something more important than riding + sleeping. We have not yet seen the Marquis of Ramus or his estate, for Mrs Morrel says we did not pass it on our way here, as we thought. The other morning I took my book + pencil + marched off before sunrise to draw a sublime [Ceyba?] tree at the end of one of the avenues. Eduardo brought me a bench upon his shoulders, + soon after Louisa

Letter 4: Page 2

Carolina Fernandez + Mary appeared followed by Antonia + Cecelia, two better negroes with chairs and oranges + paper + pencils, + they all set out to draw. We had quite a merry time + they all broke their fast upon the oranges. I had done so before I left the house. I sketched the tree quite to my mind Mrs Morrel is going to appropriate a room for me to paint in, in the building a few steps from the house where the administrator lives. Is not that delightful? For I can be perfectly retired + quiet + need not clear away every thing when I get tired as I have to do in a room that is devoted to anything else. I shall begin very soon to paint my Cuba picture + I am going [Note: indecipherable word] to draw every separate tree that is peculiar to this country, with crayon in a book I have separate for this purpose. so that I shall return quite heaven-laden.

The best news from home is of George's reestablishment. It was delightful to hear of him figuring in tableaux. You can have no idea how I enjoy that sketch of him which I took not before I came away in my book. It is exactly like him. I can all but hear him speak. It is the most valuable thing in my book by far. I wish I had finished you now. but what should drop out of a book I opened the other day but that old profile of you cut in paper. It was a most agreeable surprise to find we had brought it, for it does resemble you very much. You cannot think how lovely kind all the family is + how careful of my head Mrs Morrell is a second Mother, one of the most interesting persons I ever knew in my life. She has the simplicity of a child + the greatest tenderness + softness + at the same time she has

Letter 4: Page 3

Uncommon wisdom + energy + [variety?]. I admire her all day long + love her quite as much. Carlito is a wizard. He is remarkably handsome with a native politeness + grace about him that takes captivity captive. You must direct letter dearest Mother to the Care of Prele y Comp as Plaza de Armas Havanna because in a short time Mr Cleveland will cease to be consul, + it will not do to commit anything to his care. It is no expense at all either to send or receive letters to + from Havanna in this way. I have a bad

headache + cannot fill my sheet. But I send this unsatisfactory scrawl because I have written it + not because it is worth it. It was good to see Father's handwriting. Farewell for now. [Note: undistinguishable word].

affectionate daughter Sophy

Letter 4: Page 4

Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody
Salem

Letter 5: Page 1

5th letter home La Recompensa February 3rd 1834

My dearest Mother, Horace Cleveland arrived here yesterday from Reserva, the estate of Mr Fellowes, on his way to the mountains of San Salvador with a certain Mr Hammond of Boshier who is cruising after health. He had no words to express his amazement at my change of appearance. He even went so far as to say he should not have known me for the same person! He said he never saw such an improvement. This will gladden your hearts I know. But I must be honest + not flatter your hopes too much. My cheeks are rounder + can boast of a little human color, + my appetite is regular + excellent + my stomach in the same faultless state as ever, yet as yet I have violent headaches a great part of the time, + the leaden weights of weariness are not lifted yet from my limbs + nerves. I have also that cold in my head which troubled me so much in the north though on the sea, I hardly felt it. But of course it would be utter folly to expect a rooted pain of fifteen years or more to be entirely expelled in one little month! before I have even become acclimated so that I am quite as full of hope as ever – quite, + I conjure you to be. Regular [exercise?] in the [pesk?] dawn of day + at sunset, with a temperature so equal soft + pure, must eventually have a genial effect. I must not omit telling you that my nights are better than they ever were. I am not so disturbed with terrific visions + seldom wake after I am once asleep. Which is pretty soon after I go to bed, + that is soon after tea, and sometimes at [rind?, wind?, mind?] Moreover I am drowsy very often which is an entirely new condition of being to me, + proves beyond doubt that Nature is beginning to rest herself after such a desperate ach – [Note: word cut off by torn page]. Wakefulness of years. I have as much hope from this inclination to sleep as from anything else. I always felt in a particularly unnatural state of existence in the north I can compare it to nothing but being suspended between heaven + earth like [Mahomed's wind?]. I could neither go on mounting [Note: word cut off by page tear]. I was drawn back continually by the power of infinite weariness, neither could I sink down to rest

Letter 5: Page 2

Because I was kept up just so far by the vivid aching of my brain. Alas! No words can convey a notion of the never ending torment of my life. Those hard tight cords are loosening now, + I am falling quietly down, + perhaps I shall finally find myself in some sleeping hollow + wake after twenty years in a blaze of glory + strength. I am going to describe to you my day. I rise at dawn, + sometimes just before, + as soon as possible get dressed enough to go rouse my knight Eduardo, who springs at my call with the most laudable eagerness. Then Teklal with enthusiastic devotion + reverence serves me oranges to break my fast whenever I meet her in my way to Eduardo's chamber. + meanwhile the little cavalier calls Urbano to prepare our horses. Urbano is quite leisurely in his movements, so that I finish dressing before he is ready for us to mount + we start off on our way before the sun peeps through the palms. We take various routes, but always are sure to go up and down the avenues of cocoas + oranges before we return + if Tekla has not served us we stop in the last a breakfast of the bees which I like much better. I take a napkin in the [seron?] + Mary's beautiful silver knife in my belt + we feast in style. We ride two hours generally but once I rode three. My horse Rosillo has been to the city for a week so that I have had [Guajarnon?] / [Wahhahmone?] the most refined, delicate, beautiful horse at Recompensa. He is very small + elegantly formed + should neer be mounted but by a lady but the administrator usually rides him. My Rosillo is a large, grand steed. indeed his name is Rosillo grande + upon the whole I like him better for my bum parts even then Guajamon. We get back long enough before breakfast to study Spanish or unite before that ceremony which takes place between nine + ten. Then I [convince?] my [Note: page torn] – a unite a while, + then sit with Mrs Morrell

Letter 5: Page 3

Till I am driven to take a siesta by executive [decision?] Between one + two I rouse myself + dress for dinner or read + study Spanish till it is ready which is very often at four o'clock. It is not long after we get up from table that the shadows grow deep enough to mount our horses again + ride till night fall. Mrs Morrell sits down to the piano when the lamps are lighted + plays waltzes + Mary + Louisa + Carolina Fernandez waltz till they are tired + then all the songs are sung that are known. We take tea between eight + nine + sometimes do not get up from the tea table till past nine when we sew + read + talk. This is any day when nothing extraordinary happens. Company, a shower, or particular plans to be accomplished after I move or life. I have not eaten a mouthful of meal time I have been here excepting chicken [Note: page torn] we always have at breakfast + dinner [Note: page has a hole in it] else there may be. Mrs Morrell's table is very luxurious, but I am very temperate + have not felt sick in the least since I have been in the island from anything I have taken into my stomach. The water here is delicious as soft + pure as the air + not cold enough to be hurtful. The Spanish ladies + gentlemen always take laud in it; but I drink it unadulterated of course. The butter is perfectly white but very sweet + good to the taste. I could not touch it at first but soon got used to its colour. I am learning Spanish rather slowly but surely, + can make myself understood by the servants now very easily It is a most beautiful [Note: bottom of page ripped up] when awoken distinctly + stood so the

Letter 5: Page 4

In the majestic tones can be done justice to We shall get quite accomplished in the French also which is spoken more than English by Louisa + Mrs + Dr Morrel. Mrs Morrel says that she thinks Louisa speaks French even better than English – with more grace + spirit, for she enters completely unto the genius of it. She talks both hand the Spanish as fast as she can speak. It is really, amusing to hear Mrs Morrel say something to

[Note: Empty space between]

me in English + have to a servant + give an order in Spanish & then to her husband + address him in French. Dr Morrel's English is a [baulking?] from the French. Farewell, dearest Mother I hope you are interested in this matter of fact epistle. Ever thine affectionate Sophy.

[Note: Bottom line folded + torn]

Letter 6: Page 1

February 12th 1834

San Man[rest of word obscured by rip in page] La Recompensa.

My dearest Mother,

The mail this morning brought no letters at all from home, for which we are very [writhy] + [?]. We wonder why we do not hear. Yesterday afternoon we all went to the [Poistra?] estate. + I must try to give you some idea of its marvellous beauty. We entered through an avenue of orange and mango trees, very, very wide, + so arranged that the foilage gradually rose to a great height. The orange trees are [?] tall + are planted within the rows of mangos which are much taller, a beautiful effect. After leaving this we found ourselves upon an extensive lawn, tastefully divided in various forms by wide paths, + skirted all round by groves of mango, almond, orange + palm trees, so thick as to seem impenetrable. At two of the [extremities?] of the lawn, in the corners, are two gardens, enclosed by [lime?] hedges, with a statue upon a pedestal in the midst of each. giving a classical air to the whole establishment. The wells have [crossed out word] high, light buildings over them resembling little [?] of white + the dwellings of the negroes [let rather] back + are so exquisitely nice + white + picturesque that they rather add to the beauty of the scene than otherwise, thatched with palm branches. The house stands in the midst of the lawn, two stories high with a gallery round both stories, + surrounded by a hedge of rose trees of every description, among which is the tea rose. We found the family had gone to the Havana; but an old [Calesero] was there who knew Andres + Pablo, our [Caleseros], + he

Letter 6: Page 2

opened the house to us. We [entered? Rip in page obscures text] through the halls a while, + then he opened the door opposite the front, + revealed to our admiring eyes a long [thribble] avenue of exceedingly tall mango trees, entirely impervious to the sun, + at the farthest extremity of it, stood two statues, just at the entrance of a large grove. We went out of the door, + each side of it were flower gardens. of splendid flowers all in bloom, + from them flights of stone steps led to the second story. We went up +

found two more statues upon the gallery
which was surrounded with a stone balustrade
+ on one side this bullustrade was ornamented
With vases cut in stone with [Gasrelief?] figures
upon them. We then went to see the
labryinths, on one side of the grove where
the two statues were. We first came to
mound of [fire?] grass, surrounded by the tall,
dark, melancholy cypress, with the [arrow?]
root plant on the [?] a most singular
looking thing [sketch of leaf] grows in this way – those
long branches of the deepest, richest green,
+ very stiff + hard. ~~We then~~ Next to this
Was the first labyrinth, probably intended
To represent that of Crete as these was the Statue
of a bull in a [ring?] temple and the end of it
But this was not all [intricate?] – of [swirly shape sketch] this shape
the lines formed of the lime trees, grad [word interferes with by sketch] ually
rising to the centre where stood the bull
rampant, perfectly white in a white temple.
Next to this is another grassy mound like the
other & then the real bonafide labyrinth,
in the form of a square. The Calsero told us he

Letter 6: Page 3

could not [extricate] us if we got lost but [indistinguishable word]
[indistinguishable word, cont.] we plunged in, I taking the lead, +
by inspiration or accident, just [what] you think
most probable, I arrived at the temple without
having to retrace my steps at all. I found the
[Mayoral] there, who was delighted at our
success, + said two men were lost in it the
afternoon before. The paths are of lime
stone + each side [crossed out word] tall lime hedges,
most cool + fragrant. It goes somewhat in
this way – [sketch of maze map] Coming out even the [Mayoral]
who went [sketch of maze map] on before got puzzled, + was
obliged to turn [sketch of maze map] back. One might wander there
for hours + not find the way out. From
the high temple in the midst, we had a
fine view of the ~~scenery~~ estate. From there
we walked to the grove, entirely united overhead
[tear in page] quite clear of underwood, until we came
to the statues, [which abbreviated wh] proved to be Paul + [Virginian?]
[word blotted] stand upon a [crossed out word] large circular slab
of lime stone, surrounded by stone sofas, +
[Louisa] says the family sometimes drinks tea upon
this round table. There could not be any

thing more exhausting. After sitting upon the sofas a while we got into the carriages again + left the [Gertrudis] with its [fairy enchanted?] by a different route, through a long aisle of ~~the~~ stately, glorious palms! The young moon like a sickle, shone on us on our way home where we arrived just before night – for there are but very few moments of twilight. How I wish you could have been with us. day before Horace returned from the mountains yesterday + I took a long ride with him on horseback in the afternoon + had a delightful talk. He is a treasure. He returned to

Letter 6: Page 4

the [Habana] the next day. for he is going into Mr Morland's house, + was in a hurry to be upon the spot. He will probably stay many years. Richard remained in the mountains. I wish you would give my love to [Mrs. Ann Cleveland?] + tell her I shall write to her very soon. I wish I had written this letter more decently [bat]

[vertically scrawled handwriting:

Mrs. E. P. Peabody

No 3. Somerset [Coferst?]

Boston, Massu

NE.]

I take a kind of pleasure in scrawling today from some undefined course. I believe it is because I am so disappointed in not hearing from you. I hope you are not [freezing] – dearest Mother I long to know how you bear the cold, + whether Father is perfectly well. It is very warm here today; but [delicious] + not oppressive at all. My horses [Rositio] has returned, which is a very interesting fact to me. Farewell. Thy dear daughter Sophy –

Letter 7: Page 1

Copy Feb. 14. 1834
San Marcos. La [Recompenza]

My dearest Mother, The day before yesterday in the afternoon Edward went to the [Miño] estate on horseback. [Mave] Anthony De Wolfe & Don Andres [Gayas], brother to the Don Fernando of whom I told you, dined with us to day, & Madame [Heni; spelling with I, y crossed out] and her daughter Eliza came; but I was sent off on my duty ride, which fortunately happens to be my pleasure-ride also. We went through the Bretos and [almirante] estates before we arrived at our destined haven, which was the most superb bamboo avenue, that I have yet seen. I had been there twice before; but I should not tire of it, if I went there every day. The [faint sketch of palm tree] approach to it is through two short [faint sketch of palm tree, cont.] allies of palms which I represent by these [faint sketch of palm tree, cont.] four straight lines, along which is planted a thick hedge of roses in full bloom, a laguna or small lake is [crossed out words] between surrounded also with this rose hedge and the wise with the [hine] trees trimmed and formed as to resemble a diadem of brilliant green. In the centre of the laguna is a little Islet from which a stately palm rises in solitary pride, giving a beautiful finish to the whole. Passing that, you enter the solemn shade

Letter 7: Page 2

of this natural gothic aisle of bamboos which so baffles description. Imagine a host of plumes, nearly an hundred feet high, of rich green, falling together above and you may have some idea of it. The foilage comes out from the roots upwards and instead of limbs branching from each other, each branch is solitary & shoots from the very earth to the summit & though so high not larger round than a good sized arm, [crossed out word] they are as green as the leaves themselves. Their immense altitude makes them bend with their own weight and the fine delicate foliage gives a plummy feathery aspect to the whole. Were it not for their loftiness and the gothic form they as

sume, they would be perfect emblems of beauty & grace; as it is there is a slight mingling of the grand and imposing in their combined effect. Edward and I rode to the very end and back – lothe to leave such a tower; but it was too late to linger. My young knight dismounted to gather me a bunch of tea roses and some of those superb lilies (white) which hang from quite a tree like so many ivory bells, ready to chime at the first breath of wind, and giving forth an

Letter 7: Page 3

odour like that of our Narcissus, but more [delicious – s cut off in digital image]

[Drawing of bell shaped flower? The word Campunula is written in the body]

Letter 7: Page 4

The family were not there and the mayoral gave us liberty to take what flowers we wished. The pencil mark may give you some idea of the lily. I shall paint one before I leave the island. We then rode through an avenue of palms and oranges, planted alternately at the entrance of which were two trees of marvellous beauty. The leaves grow in separate bunches thus [sketch of coral tree] each leaf with one and sometimes two [sketch of coral tree, cont.] spurs. The top of the tree was of a rich [sketch of coral tree, cont.] green, the lower part had changed to brilliant orange, so that at a distance I thought the golden [branches] were the fruit. ~~of the tree.~~ Edward did not know the name of this singular but graceful and beautiful tree, neither did Dr Morrell; but I have pressed some of the leaves for you to see. The young moon and stars lighted us home. Yesterday afternoon we all went to the Mariana. Mave Antony de wolfe's estate with Don Andres Gayas for our cavalier. I save some of the sublimest most magnificent and also some of the most exquisite trees on the way. One [ceyba] we passed, which exceeded any thing I ever conceived of in the way of a production of

Letter 7: Page 5

the earth. It seemed to have more to do with heaven, and I looked up at its giant height and semicircle of eternal green with an emotion of reverence and awe, that I seldom feel towards anything inanimate. I saw too, some of those tall delicate trees, which I have seen in engravings of Hatian scenery. which look more like dream than material substances, springing out of the very soil on which I stood in tangible forms. The fine tracery of their dark tiny leaves and thread-like branches was clearly marked upon the brightest, [perfect] golden and rose coloured sky you ever beheld. I looked at that, and then upon the [wide] wood at my side with its graceful vines, [interwoven] – my every where, and uniting the foliage with their tendrils and hanging downward in melancholy beauty; then upon that glorious [Ceyba] and I could hardly conceal my rapture. If you had been near, I should have [?] my emotions by an embrace as warm & ardent as were my love and gratitude at that moment; but dear Mrs. M though she would give me all the sympathy I asked, would doubtless have thought me insane if I had thrown my arms round her neck, and she was the only person in

Letter 7: Page 6

in the [Quitrine] with me, and so I was obliged to be content with a deep and earnest “How beautiful!” I soon found there was yet more to call for my admiration. We left wild, uncultivated, grand and graceful nature at the next turn, and were ushered into a [tabernacle?] of cultivated palms, whose symmetry and stateliness and regular [two?] portions had the effect of a work of consummate art. My very breath was brushed in the presence of those lofty trees, the avenue of the Mariana! They are much taller than any others I have seen, and their effect was heightened by rows of mango trees, planted just without them, so as to throw into view the marble trunks, casting a deep shade across the aisle. The lord of the domain was not at home;

but his administration, Mr Hogan, in his yellow leathern gloves, stood ready to welcome the cavalcade, with joyous countenance. He is an Irish gentleman, with an uncommonly fine officer like figure, and a handsome face with the most affectionate eyes, as Mrs Morrell says, with long eye lashes that give them a soft expression and a fine profile. He was expecting us. We got out of the carriage and took a walk through a [crossed out word] avenue of young

Letter 7: Page 7

bamboos and when we returned Mr Hogan served us tea. By that time it was moon and star light and we set out for home, directly after the ceremony. Instead of taking the public road home, we went through the [Chapolin] estate, where is that palace of a house, which Mary described in some one of her letters. The entrance to it is three quarters of a mile long, through various fine trees. I could not distinguish any thing but their out lines in the dark moonlight. This morning we went to Almirante's to eat oranges as they have some of superior quality. I was mounted; but the rest were on foot. Carolina Fernandes walked just before my horse, once in a while looking up in his gentle face with great affection, and at last she exclaimed in her imperfect and bewitching English, "Oh Sofia! if I have a horse so good as Rositio, I can give him a kiss!" We had not long been in the orangery with our depredatory intentions before we were joined by Monsieur Blanc, Dr Morrell's administrator, then by the Mayoral of the Almirante estate & last not least by Don Antonio himself, shouting out at the congregation of thieve. He however helped us to steal with great animation

Letter 7: Page 8

and sent the black mayoral into a tree to throw down the golden apples, every one of which he caught in his hands with great dexterity. Monsieur Blanc was very awkward and found no [quarter?] whenever he suffered an orange to roll

in the detestable red earth. We ate and were very merry, and as to Don Antonio he was in the wildest spirits and kept us in a shout of laughter. Everybody is telling me how fleshy I grow – I expect to be square before the year is gone. Sunday 16th

No letters came by yesterday's mail from home. It is a lovely morning, but I did not go to ride for want of a veil. Farwell, dearest Mother – Thy most affectionate daughter Sophy. I trust Father has not the rheumatism this winter, or you that hard dreadful cough. I long to know.

See appendix for M's letter
of 19th

Letter 8: Page 1

San Marcos La Reconpenza. Feb. 28. 1834.

My dearest Mother, Mary says this is your birth day, and I can celebrate it in no better way I believe, then by commencing my journal to you. It is a perfectly lovely day, the thermometer at 82° where it is pretty much all the time. Indeed it does not vary ten degrees through the year, so it would be a useless ceremony to note it daily. I was up with the dawn this morning and mounted El Dorado, for want of my Rositio and walked off alone to the orange avenue, where I found two of our guests, Mrs Wright and her brother [Huntington], breakfasting upon the golden fruit. It was most fresh and fragrant there; but Dorado was too obtuse to enjoy it and was so restless and wilful, I was obliged to leave them and go on my way. I went up and down the Cocoa avenue through a little legion of vines, and then came home and studied spanish till breakfast, [crossed out word] [crossed out phrase]. Soon after Richard Cleveland arrived from the mountains of San Salvador, where he has been nearly three weeks. With his scarlet belt and sash, rifle & sword he made quite a brigand appearance, and he has flourished so well in the mountain air, that his mighty frame is quite felled out, and he is immense.

Letter 8: Page 2

I was glad to see him, for any one who is not utterly selfish like [Gammond?], another of our guests, is refreshing to behold. I am daily reminded how much I round out by every one who sees me, and Mrs Morrell says that despite of the sun and detestable red earth it has had the effect of making me look whiter than when I came. There never was anything so inconvenient as this same red earth. It tinges everything with a red hue and penetrates through thick and thin; but I have begun to think it very beautiful in its effects as the Spaniards do, it makes so ~~many~~ rich a contrast with the green, & I have discovered that the earth of Paradise was red. We shall have eight gentleman at the table today, besides the Dr. George & Marc Antony de Wolfe, Don Andres Gayas,

Monieur Blanc &c. Instead of having no company we have abundance. There are four plantations in our immediate neighborhood, and several within two leagues, just a pleasant ride. The extreme hospitality and real fascinations of both Dr Morrel & his wife make La Recompensa much frequented. Mrs Morrel enchants me more & more.

Letter 8: Page 3

Her variety and wit, [is] most agreeable conversation which is a perfect picture of the times & people she describes; her energy and deep sensibility which gives a softness and tenderness to her manners & voice quite irresistible, and which after produce a change in her most expressive countenance from brilliancy to sadness; the devotedness with which she takes care of her great family dispensing good to all, her high cultivation, all these and more give the world assurance of a rare woman. The Dr is very interesting also, and decidedly fascinating & polite. But good morning now dearest mama. I must begin to dress for that row of chevaliers.

P.M. The ceremony is ended, excepting the coffee and passed off pretty well. I sat between Hammond & Marc Antony, from neither of whom could I expect any conversation. March 1st

The first day of spring, dear Mother, how you must rejoice at the cold north at the mere sound of the word. Here where it is perpetual spring, we have no particular pleasure in the day. There is a wild tornado just now; our usually soft sky quite overspread with dark clouds. Early in the morning it was very still and the short but furious rain in the night effectually laid the dust, so that Louisa and I had a delightful ride to the next estate.

Letter 8: Page 4

where we went to eat oranges. [Tohliaslrante] was not awake, so we took some negroes, Rufina, Carolina, & Celario, & went to the trees and feasted sumptuously by ourselves. Since breakfast I have been reading the characteristics of women aloud to dear Mrs Morrel. It has not had the usual effect upon my head, and I should think, my

blessed Mother, that if I can only get well enough by coming to Cuba to read aloud to you when I return home, I shall be well repaid for coming. I was reminded of home in not a very agreeable way this morning, yet I could not help loving the rememberancer for the sake of what it recalled to me. While I was at Almirante's three guinea hens walked out one of which was an orator and stood before me to make a speech. I never saw the animal before and for a long time wondered what reminiscence it was that swelled my heart. I shut my eyes and then the whole came to me. I recognized the grating sounds that used to disturb my slumbers in the darling little chamber in church street. I then thought to myself that every thing had its uses, that comes in the form of

Letter 8: Page 5

trial, for, had I never been annoyed by the villainous screeching of the guinea hen I should not have enjoyed the sweet visitings of home that the repetition of them earned me.

Sunday Eve. March 2d

Yesterday Marc Antony and George de Wolfe came again, and Marc Antony was guilty of expressing an idea that pleased me mightily and sounded very like sense. He said he thought the system was excited at first by a new climate, and if there was any ailment it was worse than ever daring the process of acclimation; but afterwards became benefitted. I immediately thought to myself, this is my case, and the reason why I have so much violent headach now. It is just two months since I have been under these beneficent heavens, and I ought to be content with the roses and plumpness they have dropped upon me, doubting not that the rest will be added. Richard Cleveland kept us screaming with laughter yesterday afternoon by his funny stories & s speches and still more funny way of

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telling and making them. He told us some of his experiences on the golden mountains. Among other things, he said that he went to see a poor ole woman, who looked like an animated mummy, but was kind and hospitable, that he ~~he~~ should remember her the longest day he had to live; and an ole [Ciriaco] whose age none could tell & several other aged men and women. He declared that the people up there were just like dried up leaves that wither & then last to all eternity. One man was bed ridden, and had been so for six years. He ate a blood pudding at Mrs Jouve's which made him sick, and he hoped the fould fiend would take all blood puddings to himself and so he went on. This morning before light he departed for La Reserva but he will be at La Recomenza in a week and make us a long visit, when we intend to have him figure in some [tal leause], and secure him for out chevalier in some horse back expeditions. He looks so re doubtable that he will be the most efficient protector we could have, & it is necessary to have an escort on the

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royal roads. Mrs Morrel said this evening that there was no animal to be feared on this sunny Island but man. There is no venomous replite or beast that dwells therein Snakes nine feet long and a foot in diameter run from you instead of after you, & so on through the whole insect, reptile & brute creation. I took a lovely ride round the plantation last evening upon Guajamon with Edward, which had just such an effect upon me as if I had been taking a bath of perfumed [den?]. Edward plucked a Guaava from the tree, arrived at its most delicious state for eating. I ate, and had there been an Adam near, I am afraid that with Eve I should have said, "Take then & eat likewise." This morning I did not go out because it there [atened] rain; but read Dr

Channing's glorious sermon upon the example of Christ, a psalm in Hebrew and the German testament. We had the de Wolfe's again to dinner, & Tobila almirante and monsieur Blanc. It was past five when we left the table, and Mrs. M. proposed that I should mount a horse and accompany them all in a walk. The

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northern sky was very black and we could see the white rain pouring upon the mountains & the wind was so powerful in the upper regions of the atmosphere that the tall palms were continually bent, without [swelling] an instant. They looked so. [drawing of palms] But around us the heavens were clear [drawing of palm] and [drawing of palm] the sun shining. We went to the [Portrero?] & through the beautiful wood at the end of it and my horse came home as much like a bird as a horse could. ~~The~~ Dr. Morrel came out of his room, where he has been imprisoned since breakfast to meet me in his long white flannel gown, looking so lovely and kind and so like Mr Russell, that I took his offered hand with great pleasure. Tecla took me off the horse in her old arms as if I had been a vapour instead of a substantial Peabody, and would have given me a strict embrace, if I had not slipped away. She is what may be called an Amateur Domestic; but good night, dearest Mother, and Father, your little Soph is sleepy which you are doubtless more happy to hear than any other news I could communicate

March 3d The thermometer is down to seventy degrees, which makes it very cool here

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I took a solitary ride this morning, and the fresh cool air and the fetful sunshine reminded me strangely of our northern spring days. The sunrise was a gorgeous display of saffron and purple. I studied Spanish verbs till breakfast, and after sat down with Mrs Morrel and served on a butterfly [Tippoo?] for the Dr, and read aloud some choice [morceause?] from our manuscript books till I

came to take a siesta from which I have just risen and to my surprise find it is just four o' clock. I feel as if I could eat a good dinner. P. M. Just before dinner an elegant graceful horse got loose and pranced round the lawn for an hour or two. His movements were superb. Several of the negroes were in pursuit of him and at last he was caught by a child. Dr. Morrell, has I suppose thirty horses in all, and a great many of them are fastened to spikes in the grounds around the house and they often break loose. Luisa and I went to ride about sunset and met with several adventures. Louisa's horse kicked up his heels and had nearly thrown her over his head, and mine stumbled and put me upon the ground with considerable emphasis. March 4th The thermometer has risen to day six degrees. Last evening Mrs. Morrel entertained

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as greatly with little sketches of past times at New Orleans, when king [atmrene?] was there acting like a fool, and her Father was consul. This morning we went to Almirante's to eat oranges; but my body did not want to get up at all, and I was obliged to lie down again as soon as we returned; but now I am quite revived.

March 8th

I am very sorry upon reading over my letter, dearest mother, to find it is so very stupid and uninteresting; but I believe I will let it go. For the last three days I have not been well and have not rode nor walked & therefore have no experiences to tell. I was much better yesterday and had quite a frolic with Carlito in the afternoon. He brought me a large quantity of rose leaves and dropped them around me. I gathered some up and threw them at him, telling him that I meant to pelt him with roses, as the little children pelted each other in Asia. His imagination was interested immediately, and he wanted to know all about it, so I made a long story out of Moor's three lines, in which he speaks of the [vale of lost?] where mere children throw handful of roses at

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each other, and I only wish you could have seen the brilliant delight on his countenance. He must know every particular. I had to describe where the children sat, which side of the valley, where the sunshone, &c till he got the picture finished in his mind, and then with a cry of joy he flew to the rose bushes & filled a little gourd full then came rushing back to cover me with them' "Is this they do? Do you fink they frow them this way? Are they playing so now?" & so he should between ever shower. He is the most enchanting creature I have seen this long time. He resembles very much Mrs Morrels Father, colonel de Toussand, who was a very remarkable looking person, intellectual & extremely handsome. Mrs Morrell told me a great deal about him yesterday morning. He went to France, when Jefferson turned him out of office here, to get employed, and attended Napoleon's levee with the Countess of Evicart, who had always been an intimate friend of his; and the moment Napoleon's eye rested upon him, he was so much struck with his distinguished air and appearance, that he went up to him im-

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mediately, and abruptly demanded "where did you loese your arm?" He told him "in the American war" "Why did you come here?" he replied "To find employment." The next day, Napoleon sent him a commission for the consulship of New Orleans, promising a higher office as soon as one should be in his gift. Carlito has all of his surpassing grace and spirit & I doubt not will be a prototype of his noble Grand Father. Mrs Morrell was born in San Domingo & has the complexion of a Spaniard. Her mother died when she was very young. Her father married again in America, a young and brilliant Lady who is still living. Dear Mrs. Morrel, she is a rare woman indeed, a woman who can weep with her slaves in their griefs as well as sympathize in the joy and sorrows of her friends. She treats Mary

and I with the greatest confidence, as if she had always known us. Dr Morrell has gone to the Havanna to stay several days, and we have a faint hope that he will bring back dear Mrs Cleveland.,
Thy Sophy.

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San Marcos La Reconpenza
March 9. 1834.

My dearest Mother, I believe I will go on with my journal, though there is so little incident in my life it seems as if I must be very dull; but still I suppose there is a pleasure to you in hearing of me daily if it is only a record of my uprisings & down sittings. I have been reading a little in the German testament which is a great deal more beautiful in its language than the English. At Sunset Edward and I went to ride on horseback. The heavens in the South were very wild and fierce; but round the west the great Alchymist had changed them into gorgeous and various colours, & nearly in the east was a ~~gorgeous~~ rainbow. (Mary is singing divinely all by herself) quite down to the horizon, marked upon a deep, purplish, blue sky, extending some distance towards the Zenith & then lost in a most dazzling mountainous roll of fleecy clouds that had the form and the effect of the hoary alps. Just imagine these mountains of snow, relieved against a nearly black sky! Neat the setting sun was a cloud in the shape [crossed out word] of an enormous dragon.

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his magnificence & beauty almost made you forget his nature. His head seemed to be thrown back just ready to spring into the sea of glory round the retiring god of material light. Oh, that you could have seen the hues of that dragon! His back was of imperial purple & his head of rainbow colours, his claws quivering gold. I thought of Revelations, and Edward shouted aloud at its wonderful distinctness. We made a short visit to the lambs & other "beasts" as Carlito when calls them, and I turned my horse homeward, those mountains were changed to the tint of a blush rose; the dragon was melted away; a heavy cloud lay along the west, leaving beneath a clear opal sky, clearer than any thing you can imagine in the north &

above were scattering rolls of purple. The Palms and cocoas were relieved against the lucid horizon, and white Edward and I were looking with silent admiration at the wonderful works, a finishing stroke was given by a large and brilliant star's sudden appearance. Edward exclaimed, "Miss Sophia, a star? a star! do you not see that beautiful star?" (you must pronounce every letter of that epithet with a long drawn out full tone of meaning

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or its effect will be lost upon you) "Oh." said he "I think those little clouds look like islands in a calm sea, and that darkest one is like a sailing boat, and I think it is too, too, beautiful" Bless your heart, my dear Child, thought I to myself, it will be to you a source of unspeakable joy & thus we jogged on, full of blessedness and love. I had a violent headache and we stopped to gather some Palma Christi leaves to bind on my head. Carlito wanted me to tell him a story before we went to bed, and so I took him in my lap and discoursed to him an hour about Chester Harding, his being painted and his being burnt, and about every thing I could remember he ever did or said that was interesting. Never was a fable listened to with such devouring interest. The pathetic, the exciting, the spirit stirring parts of my tale were reflected in the large blue eyes and illumined countenance. He was astonished and enchanted at his goodness, deeply moved by his patient suffering and endurance, & if I stopped an instant he would pray for "more, more about him." I was so touched by his goodness that I got into a genial glow myself, which seemed to loosen the painful stricture about my head.

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When I had finished he breathed "thoughtful breath and said "I fink you are very kind to tell me about that little boy."

March 10.

This morning I was out before sunrise and took a solitary ride upon Guajamon with [Trabuco?], Carl's little dog for escort. My horse was not in a good mood and resolutely determined not to pace, so I walked

him along as well as I could. I went & whaled the orange perfume, and caught at a strange and brilliant flower as I passed the hedge which separates Dr Morrell's estates from the next; but lost it before I got home. I happened to go by some of the field negroes at work, and one of them with an open fine countenance commended me to God with an "A Dios" looking up with a smile as I passed him. This is very common, but there was something so earnest & cordial in this one's expression of countenance, that it gave me singular pleasure. I studied Spanish verbs till breakfast, after, drew an hour with Luisa & then lay down; with what book do you think? what late, modern, new work? Nothing less than Sir Charles Grandison! I never read it, but am quite interested in the first volume Tobla Almirantes dined with us to day. At

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dinner Mrs Morrel told us of a ball given by the Marquis in the Havanna which cost 30,000 dollars! and was three months in, being prepared, The houses there are built round a court with galleries to each story. Over the highest of these galleries was placed a temporary floor & over this a ceiling raised made to represent the heavens with seven stars & so on in like manner. There is no City where it is so expensive to live. Every little thing costs a sum of money, Every drop of water, and the prices of every things is greatly disproportioned to its value. Mrs Morrel says when she lived in the Havanna, only herself & husband their expenses were four hundred dollars a month, necessarily, and whenever they had any addition two or three gentlemen to dine or such like. The expense was greatly heightened. I took a ride after sunset and alone, in the short but most lovely twilight. The sky looked exactly as if a spirit had passed along with his pencil dipped in ethereal rose colour, & had dashed it sportively about him in his rapid flight. Excepting these delicate touches the whole firmament was of that pale celestial blue, which one might imagine to be a reflection from the laurel towers of Elysium. As I slowly walked along a voice of music broke upon my ear & I came suddenly upon Carlito & Edward who were gathering caymilos with Tapee. It is a very

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is a very delicious fruit, with an essential coolness in it, just adapted to this climate. We do not take tea till past nine generally; but before that I played chess with Edward while Mary read aloud Eugene Aram to Mrs Morrel. Once in a while we all went upon the gallery to see quite a picturesque spectacle. There is a circular lawn at a short distance from the house covered with grass, which is to be turned into a flower garden at Luisa's and my earnest solicitations of the Dr. you must know the Dr cares only for his coffee and not for ornaments, consequently there is no coffee in this part of Cuba that looks so well as his, & consequently too, we have no Cretah labyrinths, bamboo avenues, statues or towers at La recompensa; well, a bon – fire was built by the side of the lawn, which illumined a circular row of orange trees making the darkness beyond visible while it also revealed, what Spenser would call a long procession of [ympes], going and coming with gourds of water upon their heads to water the spot, that it may be dug. Directly over the fire stood a tall negro, feeding the flames and it was altogether a striking scene, with the immeasurable heavens above & its rain

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bow stars.

March 11th

This morning, dearest

Mother, when I opened my window, I found a mist over every thing here; but it was only a new aspect of beauty. The sun rose in a flush of gold, and soon the vapour rose from the ground and laid along in level rolls, if anything so light can be said to lay, and changed to a golden colour as it passed away. I felt it upon my cheek and such a fragrant bath seemed too delicious, too delicate & ethereal for any [beat?] & disembodied spirit. The coffee is partly in bloom. I came home and studied Spanish till breakfast, and after, drew with Luisa, then took a siesta which I am always obliged to do, when I rise at the dawn. I read more in Sir Charles Grandison, and I do respect him very much & love him, &

I wish young men would take him for a model & that we might find some more Sir Charleses. But I have no doubt that there are a great many. We do not hear of all the good in the world; because the bad is the most noisy. Yet that good exists in a [preponderal – ing?] degree, is I think, blasphemy against the Holy Spirit, to doubt. I have written to Dr Walter Channing to day. This evening when I was sitting upon the gallery with Carlito

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who was enchained at my feet by a story I was telling him of Willie Rice, we heard the coming a volante, Father! Father! he shouted, and Edward ran out echoing Father! Father! Mrs Morrell came forth saying My husband! & Luisa, why Papa! I am sure he must have felt a pleasant sensation at such a reception after five days absence. But he brought sad news. He had no sooner arrived at Mrs Cleveland's in Havanna, than they received an express from Reserva very late at night, with the intelligence that Richard was taken very, very ill & that she and the Dr must come immediately, if the Dr were in Havanna. Poor Mrs Cleveland was much agitated besides he had important business of his own to transact. Nevertheless nothing was to be done, but to take her directly to her son and so the next day they went. Richard was dangerously ill; but the Dr relieved him so that he was much better at the end of the second day, and he was able to leave him to come home a while. He brought an earnest invitation from Mrs Williams

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to Mrs Morrel and Louisa, Mary & I to return with him on Thursday and make a short visit. All are going but me; but it will be too hurried an excursion for my strength. The Dr says that Mrs Cleveland has given him a hope that she will come to La Reconpenza, that will be indeed delightful.

March 12th

I have had an agonizing headach all day

March 13th

This morning they all went to La Reserva at the first break of dawn. I awoke and found my dreadful headache gone and after they had departed I took a lonely ride on horseback, so early that when I returned the Sun just glimmered through the palms. Mrs Wright and her brother, Mary Batson, a most excellent woman, are left at home, & will see that I am not hurt in any way. I have been sitting with Mrs Wright a great part of the day, and this evening talked more over the tea table to her and her brother than I have to any one since I left home. My head feels better to night than since I have been here. It often happens so, after such a desperate

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struggle as I had yesterday. I intend up-rising with the dawn tomorrow to ride on horseback with Edward. There is a young moon, a sickle in the heavenly harvest, and now I look forward to evening expeditions of potent beauty. Goodnight dearest, dearest Mother, there is an inward satisfaction in thus communing with you daily, which among all my new pleasures, is the greatest enjoyment I have your self sacrificing love, has more of heaven in it than any other earthly thing. God grant I may be a blessing to you all the days of your life.

15th Friday

Instead of being up and abroad this morning at the earliest, the first notion that I had of day was, by the voice of Juana saying "Buenas dias, Señorita." I murmured an answer just in the midst of a dream, & demanded the hour. She brought me the watch, not having sense enough to tell me herself and I read $\frac{1}{4}$ past eight. Unparalleled for such a dawn riser as I have become. Mary Batson had given orders to the house hold to make no noise near me but I suppose Juana thought I was under an egregious mistake, & therefore came to

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enlighten me. I got up though I was sound asleep for an hour after I was dressed & soon after breakfast I went back to bed, where I remained till after three; then I felt truly refreshed and appeared at dinner feeling like a rose wet with dew. Mrs Wright and I talked and served all the afternoon, till the sun began to cast long shadows & then I mounted my dear Rositio grande, a horse as gentle as he is mighty, and rode an hour. He is the best horse on the plantation, for the saddle Even the elegant, beautiful easy Guagamon kicks up his heels and shakes his head, and Rositio the little, will eat grass and kick worse than Guajamon, & el Dorado is like a tread mill, tender having such a tender mouth that it seems to half murder him to be guided and Corbo is so hard mouthed that I cannot hold him in. But Rositio grande has no will but mine & not one trick & the sweetest disposition that ever was found in the equine race. I hope you admire to hear about the horses. When I came home Mrs Wright told me she had just sent her brother, & Mr Hogan after me, and now they will have a wild goose chase They soon dashed up, Mr Hogan in great

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dudgeon, that he could not find the errant damsel. I spent two hours playing chess with poor Mr Huntingdon who is learning, and now I have left him and his sister looking at some of my pictures. Goodnight. To morrow we expect the wanderers back.

March 15.

I was overtaken by sleep again this morning and did not ride. At eleven our volante returned with Mary and Luisa, but I have not yet heard their story.

They have had a most enchanting time though they left Richard still very ill. He had a chill just before they came away. Mrs Cleveland seemed benefitted by the country influences, not withstanding all her anxiety. Mary will probably describe her visit to you. It is a princely place, and they live magnificently. Good bye and may heaven bless you

dearest Father & Mother. Tell Mary Newhall
her letter was very interesting & entertained
and delighted us exceedingly. My love
to her, yr Sophy.

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March 16. 1834. Sunday.

This morning Edward and I went to ride though it was rather too late for comfort. The pelting shower yesterday made every thing look fresh and beautiful, and I think I never sympathized so deeply with the earth, as when its thirst was being quenched yesterday afternoon after breakfast I sat down with my German Testament; but excessive weariness overcame me and I napped till dinner time. After dinner I went again to my testament; but Mrs Wright came into my room and we talked about the disputed doctrines of religion. She is a trinitarian; but so gentle that I like to talk with her. If I can find a dispassionate person I like very well to discuss those points with him or her just to find out what I think myself or rather to find a way of expressing my opinions. Then we all went to walk excepting Mrs Morrell who stayed with the Dr, as he was not well. I enjoyed the promenade very much, as it is a rare way of exercising for me. I took advantage of the effects of the shower, which must I think, feet of our have soaked through to the very antipodes. At any rate the dust is effectually laid here.

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The clouds were grand and brilliant and the air sweet and pure as an infant's breath. I am very weary. Good night.

See Mary's letter of March 16th Page 24 Appendix
March 14th This morning was a golden & cloudless one, and Edward and I went to Muñaz's estate. It is half a league to the end of his beautiful bamboo avenue, so that we took quite a long ride for me. We found the Mayoral going his rounds from whom we obtained permission to gather as many flowers as we chose from the garden, and Edward gathered me a bunch of tea roses, and one of those large white bell flowers of which I have told you. I spent an hour or two after I came home in drawing and painting it for your eye while the tea roses were regaling my senses in the highest degree, for who can ask for a perfume

more exquisite and delicious. Tell cousin Mary Pickman that I think of her, when ever I am in the presence of her favourite flower. Has she ever received my letter? An express has just come from La Reserva and Richard is not so well. I went to ride directly after sunset and the day departed as it came in a shroud of fine gold. There is no way to give you an idea of the

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diffused goldenness of the atmosphere in this country. The glory does not seem confined to sunset land; but is all around you. It is in your eye and breath. I went through the cocoa avenue, which has been trimmed and pruned of late, and looked much more stately than it used to do, with its quadruple rows of columnar trunks. Just as I arrived at the Ceyba tree on my way home I met Mrs Morrell & Mary who invited me to return with them to the other estate on an errand to Pierre Luis; so I wheeled about & followed on. It was quite late A bright moonlight before we got back. I found the doctor out of his room for the first time to day; but he could not stay long, and now I have fled away to bed excessively tired.

March 18th

Long before sunrise, was I mounted this morning, in the light of a dawn almost unparalleled in my experience for its beauty and freshness. While under the young Palms I lifted up my eyes in uncontrollable worship of the Omnipresent Divinity of which I seemed to be especially conscious just at that moment. I came across a tiny bird, of the

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size of our ~~nightingale~~ hummingbird, in whose little body was a combination of every imaginable shade of green. It was as it were a living expression of the beautiful Wood, from which it flew. I was obliged to lie down immediately after breakfast with a bad head ache. After dinner the volante was brought forth, and Mrs Morrell, Mrs Wright and I went to La Artimesa, a village half a league distant. We stopped at the house of an

officer of some kind, with whom Mrs Morrell had some business. His wife received us very benignly and I admired her face and manner. She looked good and lovely and more than twice as old as her husband, who was a spruce young Spaniard. She seemed [sixty?]. Mrs Morrell afterwards told me, that he unaccountably fell in love with her, and she [remonstrated?] with him upon the subject and endeavoured to convince him that it would prove only a freak of fancy at their great disparity in years would soon convince him, if he reflected upon it. But he still warmly urged his suit, though neither beauty nor riches were her portion. Nothing

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but sweetness and goodness, and the end of a year, finding him still constant, she yielded & they have lived most happily together ever since. He regards her with profound respect & I suppose she feels towards him the tenderness such a devoted heart deserves. The church is opposite their house, to which we have not yet been and probably shall not go at all. While we were sitting out upon the gallery two Cavaliers passed, one of which was Don Julian Diaz, a [unknown word suitor?] of Luisa, I do not mean a lover; but merely a partner at balls. We afterwards went to a shop, to which he followed on ~~foot~~ his beautiful horse, probably with the expectation of finding her. Just as we were about entering the shop, Don Antonio Chapolin, a cousin of Mrs Morrell dashed up upon the most magnificent steed I ever saw excepting under Napoleon in a picture. I do not think I ever realized the exceeding grandeur and beauty of the animal before. Though his young Master was very handsome for a man, the creature was so much handsomer for a horse, that my attention was

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entirely absorbed in him. It was quite dark before we got home, and I am tired and have a bad headache and must to bed.
19 Wedy. My dearest Mother, a brilliant dawn attracted me out of bed and to a very

early ride this morning, and the singing of the birds in the orangery were the only audible sounds of thanksgiving; the only sound that broke the sabbath stillness of nature. The dens are so heavy here that the world seems just made every morning. At the tip of every leaf hangs a jewel, which if value were to be measured by beauty should not be mentioned with the diamond, and every green thing looks polished and new & the inexpressibly claritude of the atmosphere allows you to penetrate further into the infinite above and around than it is possible to do in our climate. The coffee now only waits for a rain to burst forth in full beauty. The trees are budded as thickly as possible, in long wreaths and, as Carlito says it will look like a snow storm when they bloom [drawing of branch] this is the shape of the branches, and each tree is a wilderness of them If left to themselves they grow as high over

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peach trees; but at the height, it would be very difficult for the negroes to gather the coffee, and so ~~are~~ they are cut as low as our highest currant bushes, and all the vigour and richness goes into innumerable branches of flowers.

20th. I did not Sally forth this morning because I thought I might be taking too much exercise for my head, as it is so bad just now; but it has made no difference and I was obliged to spend the forenoon upon the bed. I sat with my hands before me, cultivating idleness, on the gallery after dinner, & mean time Mr Hogan came from the Mariana to make us a call and then Dr M. came out of his room, he is still sick, and advised me to take a ride. He has such a way of professing a request that I never can refuse him, so I immediately bestirred myself and Edward and I rode till after noon light.

21. This morning my head began to feel better. I took a ride and after breakfast instead of lying down sewed and wrote and studied Spanish and drew with Luisa. The Dr is much better to day, and staid in the hall almost all day in his long flannel

robe.

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with a white kerchief round his head looking like the buried majesty of Denmark "So tall & thin. IN the afternoon an expedition was projected to ~~the~~ a sugar estate, and Mrs Morrell and Mrs Wright went in one Volante, Luisa & Tolita Almirante in another & Mary & I in the beautiful Quintrine & Mr Huntingdon on horseback. This Quintrine is the carriage in which Dr & Mrs Morrell were overturned, and which was itself crushed nearly to pieces. It was sent to the Havanna & mended up and is the most splendid vehicle in the country round, and as easy as a rocking cradle. We very soon arrived at the sugar Estate. It is now left in the hands of the Mayoral, and is the dirtiest spot of ground I have [crossed out word] seen. We were received by the Mayoral's wife, a short plump, pleasant-faced, solid young Spanish woman, just in keeping with the place, and we proceeded directly to the houses where the sugar is made. First we examined the machine by which the juice is crushed out of the cane. Three cylinders of solid iron like these [drawing of cylinder] in proportion are placed almost [drawing of cylinder] lose together and are each turned by [drawing of cylinder] oxen. The cane is put between the two upon the right and comes

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out on the left intirely dry. The juice actually pours out in streams, so powerful is the pressure. It was drawn into a long trough, which carries it into a large reservoir. From this it is dipped, and turned into four great basins successively, under which are roaring fires all the time, night and day. By successively I mean, that it is boiled a certain time in one then boiled over again in the next and over again in the next &c In the last a little lime is mixed with it to give it a grain, and then it is put into a sort of box to cool. This box has a roof to it to catch the steam, which encrusts it all over with sugar. We drank some of the syrup after the first boiling and it was

very good. In the third boiling it becomes a rich syrup of the colour of molasses; but much more delicate and delicious in its taste Mrs Morrell always has it upon the table. It is some what like honey. It is then put into
with holes in the bottom
earthen jars of this [drawing] shape and carried into another house [drawing] an immensely long building, in which halfway from the ground to the roof is erected a floor full of holes in which the jars are placed. Then a certain mixture of red earth is put over the top of every

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of every jar which precipitates all the syrup through the holes in the bottom. From these jars the loaves come out quite white and are put in the sun to dry thoroughly; then they are knocked to pieces with great wooden mallets and boxed for the market. The fares are fed by the cane after the juice is expressed from it, and as it is very light stuff, it keeps the poor negroes forever feeding the flames day and night without a moment's cessation. On this estate there is no judgement used in the management, and the miserable wretches are badly treated and have no holiday from one end of the year to another. Oh such objects as some of them were. It made my heart sick to look at them. One with his fierce eye and brow, and brawny black and bruised limbs looked like the very spirit of evil; yet even he was courteous, and when I attempted to get a crust of the sugar, moved away the impediments with a promptitude that wring my heart a great deal more than if he had flung the burning fluid in my face. He looked like the untamable obliged to appear tame, while he

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was furious for revenge, and if by sealding me he could have given vent to some of his pent up agony, I could have borne it with more equanimity than I bore that little act of courtesy, which proved that he had a soul not yet incapable of gentle move-

ment. I do not allow myself to dwell upon slavery for two reasons. One is, it would certainly counteract the beneficent influences, which I have left home and country to court, and another is, that my faith in God makes me sure that he makes up to every being the measure of happiness which he loses thro the instrumentality of others. I try to realize how much shorter time is, than eternity & then endeavour to lose myself in other [suplets?] of thought. We got home in excellent season and found Dr Morrell sitting out upon the gallery with Edward & Carlito hanging about him. His watchful wife urged him into the hall from the cool air & sat down by him, while we took the table out with the candles and sat there in the open spaces. The most splendid light

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ening was quivering and leaping from a roll of white clouds in the south east, all the time while the moon and stars in the expanse of clear blue, "kept up the wondrous tale" over head. I played Chess with Ned and told stories to Carlito, till nine o'clock, and now I am for the land "where they're a' nodding".

Sat. 22d. It was very hot last night and I did not sleep well, so that my ride was quite late; but as my head continues much better; I went though the sun was up. I found three parrots in the orange avenue; but as they only talked Spanish I thought I would not converse with them. They belong to the children. I plucked an orange flower which I have been drawing in my book. I have also been painting the coral flower this morning a brilliant scarlet flower exactly like a branch of coral. It grows upon quite a tree. I had no sooner put my journal aside than Mrs M. came in with three letters from home! Two from Elizabeth & one from George, the last date 24 of February. I was delighted to find by one of those from Betty that you, dearest Mother, had been making a little visit to her. She says nothing

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of Father's being sick and I trust he has been well this winter. I congratulate you poor Northerners that it is almost April. Farewell I am thankful to say good bye, feeling so much better than I have for a week past. Thine in a paroxysm of love and reverence Sophy.

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Letter 11: Page 1

March 23d. San Marcos La Recompen.

My dearest Mother,

This morning I took a solitary ride, & found the coffee half ~~round~~ out; but it was very sultry & I did not enjoy the jaunt as much as usual. I came back and wrote to Elizabeth and a note to Miss Dwight and we sent off at noon a huge paequet for America. I wrote to Maria Chase yesterday and that was put in; then I laid down awhile, and then dressed and read some most beautiful thoughts of Sherder & Mendelsohn. The last was upon the immortality of the soul. I think the Germans are the only people, who really study on the face of the earth, There is a reach, a comprehensiveness in their thoughts, which I find no where else, and evidently they come from souls which have searched the hidden depths and penetrated into the wisdom which is the light and life of the universe, more deeply than any other nation. I long to be mistress of the language. Then how rich I shall be, and when I go back well and strong, I shall be able to pour into your ear, to overflow your soul with the light of words', 'to quicken it with the cadence of their undying songs,' as Herder says. There was a great gathering of inky clouds all round this afternoon and at dusk the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled; but it did not rain much.

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March 24th

I was so unfortunate as not to wake early enough to ride this morning, and so missed the first opening of all that coffee. I must express my disappointment, for in the dewy freshness of the dawn, it would have been surpassingly beautiful and fragrant. Just conceive of a square space of six miles in circumference, almost all covered with flowers! The air is loaded with perfumes which resemble that of the City of the valley exactly, and every breath of wind brings a roll of delicious odour to the senses. This evening at sun set I shall go and explore on horseback. I took the Spanish Dufief and sat down in the hall with the intention of mastering a legion of verbs before breakfast, but Mrs Morrell seated herself at the piano and began to play and sing De

[tank] Palpita; which is to me the most beautiful piece of music in the world, and I soon lost all consciousness of Spanish verbs, and place & time, and fell into a profound reverie, which lasted till two gentlemen came up on horse back, to breakfast with us. One was a Spanish youth, who was so modest as not to be able to eat, and every thing, that was said to him deepened the spot of red in either cheek, till I verily expected to see forked flames

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leap out of them. The other was a Mr Lynch, Administrator to some neighbouring estate & I was so unfortunate as to be placed next to him at table & not to the windward of him neither, so that I was nearly overcome by the garlic, with which the good man seemed to be thoroughly impregnated. "I thought my [thole?] I should have died" It is a thing which happily Mrs M. never has used in her dishes. Evening. I wrote a letter to Mary White in the morning, and there was a slight thunder shower, which left the elements in quite an unsettled state so that at sunset it seemed so uncertain whether it would rain or not, that there was some risk about my taking a ride; but I could not give it up and I put on my merino dress and thickest shawl and a cap and handkerchief and an old bonnet of Luisa's, and thus impregnable sallied forth. It sprinkled a drop or two. I set out and when I was turning into the orange avenue, it rained straight down, the sweetest dew-dropping that ever was. I came back as fast as Rositio could scramble & found Dr M. and Mary on the gallery ready to be much concerned for me; but I expressed so much delight in my adventure that they thought it would be a waste to express their sympathy.

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It stopped raining five minutes after I got home, and if the horse had not been unsaddled, I should have gone again. The clouds took gorgeous colours from the setting sun. Poor little Ned has been ill today. Carlito and I walked and raced up and down the gallery admiring the face of the earth and the face of the heavens. In due time up rose the moon in full glory, from a deep blue cloud with sil-

vered edges. I pointed it out to him and asked him if he saw the features in it. He looked at it a moment and then at me, with the greatest solemnity & reverence in his manner, all the frolic gone from his countenance and in a low whisper said "Is that God"? I wish you could have heard and seen him; for he did look most touchingly beautiful. I told him no, & then told him about the telescope and the mountains that could be seen in the moon through that instrument; and he listened with devouring interest. The night has been lovely. One of those not sent for slumber.

March 25. I took a walk this morning instead of a ride, and the coffee looks superbly & to day smells like the jessamine. I drew

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with Louisa before breakfast, and made a cap for little Catalina after, instead of reading Spanish. She is a little negress in delicate health. Then I wrote a letter to Sarah Clarke & then read Irving's Columbus till dinner. I served in the afternoon till towards sunset. I was sitting upon the gallery, and was just observing the serene heavens without a cloud in its rosy depths, when the thought struck me that it was about time to mount my horse and ride. I went to the other side of the house to see the state of the sun – when – such a scene in sunset land! I have not before beheld any thing so grand and magnificent there as this was. I am going to paint it, for I gear it surpasses description. The clouds looked like giants dipped in liquid jasper, and amethyst and gold towering up in magnificence in striking contrast with the calm and soft repose of all the rest of the sky. With a bound I rushed back after every body to come, Mrs M. and Luisa from the piano, Mary from her chamber. They did not say very pretty as a certain Lady did in Kennebeck whom I once summond to look at a glorious sky; but used the right words in their ex

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expressions of admiration. Mary and Luisa concluded to ride with me, and so we all set forth. The sun very soon took his departure utterly and the whole mass was a magnificent blue. In Mary's letter which she has written you this evening she has not given you the right idea exactly about the sun settings, for she is not so well acquainted with them as I am, as hardly one passes without my watching it on horse-back. After the first flush of brightness has gone, in a little while there is a reillumination, an after thought, more soft than the first colours and this lasts till night comes with stars and moon. On our return the full moon rose from a crimson bed in the east like the sun, and we say a cucullo for the first time. Louisa caught it and we brought it home, in great triumph, as it was the first that had been seen this season. We shall soon have quantities of them I suppose. It seems that their eyes are the lights. Their eyes are nothing but a ball of this brilliant greenish gold flame. and when the creature fell over on its back, I saw that it was full of this same light. It reminded me of the imprisoned soul shining

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out through the eyes. We sat out upon the gallery in the evening for it was a splendid night and dear little Carlito got between Mary and me and made us put our cheeks to his. He is so loving – among other things he said “Miss Sophia, suppose I make you some wings so that you can fly up into the sky?” “Suppose you do”, said I, “& suppose you begin ~~this~~ tomorrow morning, so that I can go soon?” “I can't make them at all,” he replied “but I can get some Turkey wings, and fasten them on your hands and neck, and perhaps you can go.” I told him about the terrible locust of Palistine, and fortunately had the picture of one to show him. You can read in this Cuba moonlight exactly as well as by candle light You remember Henry Cleveland's saying that moon light in Cuba could be cut by a knife.

See appendix for Mary's letter of the 25th page 11th 26. Dearest Mother, we received three letters this morning, two by Mr Knights dated Feb 12 & 16th

written before the last which we received. Poor Lizz!
what a dreadful time she had with the rheumatism
I was thankful to see your hand writing again
No, dear Mother, we do not forget the sabbath. It
is always a peculiar day to me. Last evening
there was a terrible commotion among the dogs
and guards for an express came to Dr M. to go

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and see a very sick Lord. He could not go till
this morning, for he has been and is too unwell
to make an unwonted effort. Mrs Morrel told us
this morning that the gentleman had married
the daughter of the Countess of [Ivicor], who
entertained the duke of Orleans when he was
here an exile. She gave up her superb house
to him in the city and spent thirty thousand
dollars in entertaining him and gave him 20,000
more, when he left for his travelling expenses.
When he became king of the French he remitted
the 40,000. Was not that magnificent hospitality?
(I am writing with the quill of a duck) This
evening I went to ride and Mary and Luisa walked.
It was a very different sunset from last evening, not
nearly so splendid. But the moon rose to night
gloriously enough. It came up behind a cloud in
the shape of a spread Eagle. Not I alone saw
the resemblance. The moon was in the head
of it and the wings were tipped with silver.
It made a most majestic appearance, so very
dark, so mighty, just ready to soar. Presently
the cloud grew narrower and smaller &
then resembled a bat; but it again changed
and disappeared as an Albatross. I never
watched a cloud with so great interest. The
stars to night are remarkably rainbowy.

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Mar 29th.

I studied Spanish verbs till breakfast with
great energy, and after wrote a long letters
to George, read Columbus and Madame de Stael's
French revolution, and then made a cap for
Felician's new born babe, which is to be named
Leocadia. We had a slight shower at noon here
but towards the mountains it poured so tremendously
that Mrs M. called us to hear the sound of it. It

was like the roaring of the ocean in a storm, a perfectly distinct noise from the thunder, which rolled over head. When the rain stopped the sun still kept, hidden, so we all set out for San Juan Dr M's other estate. Louisa, Edward & I upon horseback and the rest walking. We went to see the coffee prepared for the market. Two long tables were upon the gallery of the building around which the negroes sat, picking out the broken and black coffee from the good. We went into the house where a negro was turning a machine, which performs three operations at once. At the same instant the round kernels are separated from the flat, the flat is divided into two pieces and that again into three. This last is picked over by a woman, who gives it the

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final touch and then it is bagged. The velocity with which that negress did her part was amazing. Mrs M. said there were but three or four of them that understood it. Oh what a difference between the sugar making and this. Every thing was nice & cool and clean and the people all in good case. When we were there who should come in from the road but Don Fernando and Don Andres de Gayas. I have told you how much I admire Don Fernando. Louisa sent Edward for them to join us, for they were going on to the house not perceiving us. So they immediately turned back and Fernando came up on a superb horse looking all spirit. Louisa calls him a spark of fire. We soon came home and they have but just gone. Fernando has been playing on the piano beautifully. He has a natural taste for music and never took lessons; but sits down with the utmost ease and makes sweet music even while he is talking. I had the pleasure of thanking him for his music in Spanish. Don Andres talks french so he and Mary

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had a quite amicable talk by themselves. He is a good youth; but has not so much mind and Spirit and grace as his brothers. He was educated in Paris, and he even talks a little English

They have come to their Father's estate to spend the Easter holidays and we shall see them very often. I am quite well to day. Good night dear Pappy & Mammy.

28. Took a very pleasant ride this morning and then studied Spanish. After breakfast I drew that little Cupid & Psyche riding tandem, & read Colombus. In the afternoon it was a little cloudy and so fitful that we did not venture to ride. At last Luisa thought she would go to Almirante's, and her mother proposed that she should have the Quintrine, and so she did and I went with her. We found two or three visitors there, and Tolida and her invalid sister just returned from the mountains.

See Mary's letter Appendix page 20th 30th. This is the last holiday of Easter week. For the last five or six days, no carriage, or horse has been seen in the streets of Havanna, no bell is allowed to ring and no beepiness to be transailed You can imagine the profound solemnity which must prevail outwardly at least.

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March 31.

The Doctor arrived from La Reserva this morning and brings word that Richard is better. There have been some stylish people here, if one may judge from the caparisons of the Calesero and footman., the relations of the Gayas family and don Manuel Gayas himself. Mrs M. and Luisa were going to day to call upon the Marquis of Ramo's sister, who is in a consumption; but this company prevented. Tomorrow we are to have a huge dinner partly of all the Gayas house and than visitors and I do not know who else. Still Mrs M. and Luisa went to the marquis's this afternoon, and Mrs M. says there is absolutely nothing left of Asuneion, the Marquis' sister, but she is not aware of her danger and talks of going to America in May and of travelling about there for six months. Vicente, the young, Lord, was well and in good estate, though extremely anxious about his sister.

Apr. 1st. The company has just gone; and instead of a huge party, there were but six cavaliers, Don Andres & don Raffael Gayas, brothers

Letter 11: Page 13

(the former, Father of don Fernando, Manuel and Andres) & Manuel and Andres, (Fernando did not come) and a lawyer Don Cintra. My curiosity was greatly excited about the elder Don Andres, because Mrs M had said so much about his unrivalled genius and talent, and of his peculiar and distinguished appearance, just what one would imagine of a true Castilian, noble, yet withal, unprincipled, a refined Epicure. I was not disappointed, his head is cast in a fine mould, extremely intellectual, with an air of perfect polish & grace. There is an indescrivable atmosphere of intellectual refinement about him. His eyes are not large but full and brilliant and seem as if they would pierce through any subject to tomorrow; yet there is an expression in his countenance which makes me distrust him as I would the graceful & beautiful serpent who spoke with Eve. He must have been eminently handsome in his youth & now is "the fairest of his sons". Mrs M. says he belongs to a committee who regulate the affairs of the Island, and that he has them all completely under his thumb, though there are men of talent in it; such is the all powerful influence of his mind.

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His brother Don Raffael, O dear, dear that ever I should have to call him a man! for he is the personification of the abstract idea of a hog. Hog – h – o – g hog is written all about him from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. He destroyed my happiness at the dinner table utterly. He ought to get down upon all fours at once; for he is of the swinish multitude. When he laughs! Alas that man should so erase the image of God ~~which~~ to take the form of a brute. It makes my soul shudder. The lawyer was a very acute looking person; Mrs M. says he is the tool of Don Andres, who is a lawyer himself but does not stoop to practice law any way and so he informs this man with his spirit. Mrs M. thinks he has the most horrid face she ever saw. He does indeed look wicked. I was so happy as to be able to talk Spanish with Don Manuel for whom I have a great respect. He has an angelic character

Carolina Fernandes says, who has known them all from infancy. He has great sensibility and feels his Father's moral wants very keenly, and it makes him graven and more melancholy than

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his brothers. Andres was completely silenced by the presence of his Father of whom they all stand in great awe. The more I think of that Father's face, the more I do not like it. He has a way of looking with his eyes, which I especially dislike; but let him pass. There was a very animated discussion at table between him and Cintra about Don Carlos & the Queen, of which I did not understand much excepting the shrugs of the shoulders accompanied as they always are by a curl of the lip and elevation of the eye brow, a part of the manner of every Spaniard. that I have yet seen, and it is indescribably effective sometimes the only reply is this motion & no more is needed. The lawyer told me that I must teach him English that he might talk to me. He said "goodnight Madam" to me however when he left and I suspect understands English already. Mary talked French a little with the elegant Old Noble. Evening. This evening Mrs. M. Doctor & Mary and I had a very agreeable conversation round the tea-table till ½ past ten. about the state of nations & about the Basque nation. Dr M's, former administrator was

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was a Basque. I have seen him several times, but did not observe him particularly as I should have done, had I known that he was of that ancient and interesting people. April 2d. A most lovely morning. The air life itself. I rode forth for the first time since last Friday sunset and gathered branches of flowers from the trees on my way, One especially that I found this morning was beautiful, growing in clusters, snowy white petals very thick and with an aromatic perfume. I have drawn it for you. Another was a tall pink flower also growing in clusters and

of a bell shape. This is also upon the paper, to be copied in a better style. Yesterday I painted a branch of the tree at the corner of the house called the Majaqua. It bears a flower as large as our Tiger lily and some what of the shape but more red. It is a very tall tree and there is this large red flower at the end of every branch and twig. There is another tree which has a most peculiar blossom. They grow in a pyramidal form thus and each blossom is as large as this [blossom drawing] of the most

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brilliant scarlet, such as you see nowhere but in Chinese paintings and under tropical skies. Every tree has leaves thick as the magnolia & look as if they could last from one end of the year to the other. Some seem like myrtle with leaves quite as small; but the tree is high as the Cherry. There is one tall tree, with leaves precisely like the sensitive plant, just so delicate and fairy-like. To day I saw several brilliant birds and the patches of wild wood that I passed rang with melody. We have had fine showers this afternoon & it is very cool and delicious. Mary is reading Eugene Aram to Mrs M. and I am sitting in the table room with a wet raf on my aching head, scribbling to you, beloved Mother & Father. Good night. My head is too bad to be used.

April 3d. Now I wish you could be here at this moment, just towards sunset. There have been shower ever since three o'clock, & now there is a noiseless rain descending and the sun comes out so that there is a beautiful rainbow on a dark spreading cloud of deep blue. The green of the trees is greener than any green I ever saw before. What a vile libel that was we heard, of there being no fresh bright green in Cuba. It was one of the many great

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mistakes that have been made about this Island. Mrs M. says it is astonishing how little is known about it by strangers. Oh! this rainbow! It is a bright unbroken semicircle & so brilliant that there is a reflection of it all along. I opened my eyes this morning without any remains of the agonizing headache of last night. & I

have been remarkably well in that region all day. I read and studied Spanish and wrote to Cornelia before dinner, & since have been sewing a little. I must not omit to introduce you to a pair of ring doves which were given to Luisa by an old French Gentleman the other day. They are before me in a cage and are veritably the loveliest things of the animal kind I ever saw in my life. Their cooing is so sadly sweet, & their motions the perfection of grace. Mary and I read Spanish all this afternoon while the Dr and Mrs M. went to Almirante's to see his sick daughter, and we talked and talked all the evening; after they returned.

April 4th A glorious morning. Edward & I went to ride on horse back, & then Molly and I read Spanish till breakfast. I then sat down with Mrs M. till Louisa was ready to draw.

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& just now have been tasting of a new Fruit called the Guajavena. It has the flavor of the strawberry; but is as large as a melon. There are several large and heavy fruits here, that grow up on high trees ~~here~~, and which would crack a man's skull if they happened to fall on it. It is now the season for the Caymito also, which is very delicious. It is noon. The sky is clouded and the thunder beginning to roll, and the rain beginning to fall.

Evening. There was a splendid shower while I laid down, which [maneuvers?] of the avenues; but Dr. M. said when he returned from Don Raffael Gaya's that it extended only to the last square of coffee at San Juan & that he had rode in dust!

April 5th. I rose this morning and found the coffee again in bud, and we shall have another blooming soon. We ~~had~~ received no letters by the mail to day and I felt a hard tug at my heart when Mary told me so. But I soon came to my senses and good behavior. Madame M. had a letter from Mrs Cleveland in which she says her husband is better and that she shall come to Recomenza with him very soon. Is not that delightful! Mr Cleveland has had a brain fever.

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The carts that carry the bags of coffee to town have just arrived and brought some books to Mary. The Greek history of E's & Vegetable physiology and Robinson Crusoe. Edward & Carlito have been looking forward to its arrival with intense longing, and I wish you could have seen Carlito's exstacy when he saw the cart coming. He almost annihilated me with embraces and shouts of joy. Such frantic attitudes I never saw. As soon as it was unpacked Mary had to sit down and read it to them & now they are taking it in as one would manna from heaven.

Dear Mother An attempt from me to add a line to one of Sophia's journals is like putting a black patch on a bright red garment. It is my bounden duty to tell you, that within the last two or three weeks, I have felt like a new creature. I have shaken off all homesick~~ness~~ feelings like "dew drops from the lion's mane" and can now take up a pen to write home without feeling as if it were utterly incapable of expressing my meaning. The paralysis of heart & hand that you and I exchanged experiences about once upon a time is cured. I attribute the change to two causes; Time, the healer of

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all woes, and the opening Spring. I love to realize the influences of nature. They strengthen my conviction of that connexion which I believe to exist between all God's works, the remotest link of the Chain that God himself. I shall write to Miss Rawlins this week and endeavor to make her understand why I have written to her so little. She will think it strange when I tell her, that the very reason, is, because I knew she cared so much for me and my absence.

There is a strong northern blast to night & it really feels cold and chilly; but I have not heard such a beloved sound in the regions of upper [air] since I have been here. It is more musical to my ear than the singing of birds or the soft

sighing of the south wind “My Country! when
I forget thee may my right hand forget her
cunning!” Sophia says it gives her ‘a holy feeling’
to me there is something sublime in it Good
night dear Father and Mother, your most
affectionate Mary

Letter 12: Page 1

April 4. 1834.

My dearest Parentage,

Yesterday and to day have been like our October weather, dear, cold, glorious weather. When the air seems like diamonds & the winds are strong and valiant. It is very uncommon weather for Cuba especially so late in the season. The thermometer in the hall is at 70°. and I suppose this is as low as it ever falls. I have been actually shivering and would like amazingly to be wrapt in a shawl two yards square. I am afraid you are all turned into pillars of ice at the north. On Saturday there was a tremendous threatening of a violent thunder storm after a morning of great heat; but the wind came up and the black clouds fell away to the south so far that though we saw the lightning leaping madly all the evening we could not hear the thunder. We took a ride in the morning in a waggon that belongs to Marc Antony de Wolfe, a vehicle which he brought out from America, to drive himself about in. It was two enormous wheels & is drawn by two horses. If the horses had not been poor wretched lean creatures we should have had a most merry time, and rode in the royal road; but as it was we could not bear the lashing they had to undergo, and so only went to the other estate. I read and wrote quietly all day till it was time to ride in the afternoon, & then

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I mounted Rositio and took a splendid turn round both estates, through palms, oranges, mangoes and Coconuts, by the beautiful woods & the fragrant coffee I saw a magnificent bird of many colours, and when it alighted upon a tree in a little forrest I drove in after it and frightened it from its perch that I might again see its beauty & grace. I made Rositio peet his nose into a great many thickets and hedges after flowers, and if he were not the gentlest and sweetest horse alive as well as mighty, I should not accomplish half so much as I do. I gathered a bunch of Pinon that scarlet flower I drew in my last letter, and also another flower, more graceful and lovely than any I have seen here. It is called the Guacamayo, the Paroquet & is of the most splendid, orange, crimson and scarlet tints mingled together, and the green

leaf is like that of the sensitive plant. It grows in trees as large as the lilac. It is so remarkably handsome that a tree of it seems almost too much. A little twig would satisfy me intirely. I am determined to get some seeds & try to make it grow in our Land in a pot. I read some Spanish & German after breakfast and served a little & took a Siesta. Monsieur and Madam Henni & Monsieur Aubert dined with us & French, French, French, was talked exclusively.

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Just as the coffee was finished a Quintrine with three white horses drove up to the back gallery where we always dine, much to our amazement Three horses are great Style, and we soon discovered it had something to do with the marquis of Ramos. Two Gentlemen came in. One introduced the other as sent by the Marquis to the Dr, & this other proved to be Mr Parish of Hamburgh. You will remember the rich Mr Parish, who was at the fairs in Boston & wrote a book full of wit and burlesque about them. Perhaps too you heard that he was the handsomest man that ever was. Well it was he indeed. The marquis could not come with him because Asuncion was much worse last night & therefore he sent his Administrator. Mr P. is a beauty there is no denying it. His eyes are uncommonly beautiful & so is his brow. In short his whole face is entirely out of the common course. He is on a rapid [reconnecting] tour over the Island, with the design of seeing all that is to be seen, and finding out all that he can. He asked the Dr a thousand questions about coffee and talked upon various subjects with amazing fluency He speaks English with a very taking accent

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and French perfectly well and he is a born German. It really seemed queer that we should meet Mr Parish in Cuba. Richard Cleveland is still at Mr Fellow's & does not yet leave his chamber. Dear me, how cold I am. I think I shall go make a visit to Tomas the cook, for he has the only fire that one can get at. Have I ever told you that Tom looks like Mr Sparks? for he does truly

and has a fine head and countenance. He is very good and valuable besides.

8th It is very cold this morning. I rode at dawn and have just returned. Poor Urbano, who brings me my horse was wrapped in all the blankets and rags he could find. He answered to my “mucho frio?” “Si, muchissimo frio Sinorita”. I rode on and presently met Pierre Louis “Muchissimo frio?” said I “Frio muchissimo” he replied. The sun rise was gorgeous. There was a cloud shaped like steps this way of gold and amethyst & pearl, which led up to the heavenly world, and made me think of Jacob on the plain, he called Bethel. It has grown warm now as usual. I drew an hour this morning, and this afternoon I took a table out on the gallery

Letter 12: Page 5

and drew till it grew shadowy, While I was there Edward mounted Monsieur Blane’s horse, and rode off after some flowers for me to draw, and brought a branch of a beautiful white flower. Ancient Teckla came out to see what it was, and I showed her the coral flower and Guacamyo that I had painted in my book. Such a transport of delight as it threw her into! She threw up her long black arms & exclaimed “Ave Maria!” Por Dios! and then summoned Juana & Cecelia to see the wonders. I am going to take a full length portrait of this old woman one day for your edification

9th Four letters by to day’s mail delectable [dictees?!] Three from the little Jackson’s and Lizz’s big journal! Dearest Mother, I long to hear from you. Evening. I felt rather heavy to day as if I wanted to heave a fathomless sigh, until about an hour before sun set when Edward and I went to ride on horseback & explored both estates. Such a time as we had! Put together all your ideas of glory and softness, & freshness & beauty & music & ~~freshness~~ freshness fragrance, & you may have some notion of my estate under the combined influence

Letter 12: Page 6

of all. Edward is most agreeable always upon horse back. It seems to exalt him and he is too happy to know exactly what to do. He is devotedly attentive, spares no pains to get me every flower

within reach, and often out of his reach & ex-claims and comments upon the beauties above around and about him con amore
When he brought me one splendid bunch of piñon. I said “thank you, darling” and a long while after when we were almost home, he asked me “What was it you called me Miss Sophia, when you spoke to me just now?” I am sure I do not remember Ned, I call you so many things.” “Not remember? that is strange. Don’t you always know what you say?” “Yes, at the time Ned, but I do not know when you mean.” “It was darling” he replied in a very low voice, “and I do not think I deserve to have you call me darling.” In our deep discussion on this subject we were winding through a narrow path, & suddenly a shriek from ~~our little dog~~ from our little dog Trabaco broke upon the golden air. My gentle Rositio had trodden on his foot. Edward, I and our horses looked at each other in utter consternation and I verily believe the

Letter 12: Page 7

tears were in Rositio’s eyes; for he has the greatest sensibility and always takes the most particular care. He turned his head very concernedly and looked at the poor animal. When I first dismounted, I felt as if tides of glory were rushing over me, and as it grew dark the splendid Cucullos flashed their eyes of light, moving magnificently through the air. My heart was ready to burst!

10th At the earliest dawn I was abroad this morning. I painted flowers till breakfast time. The passion flower grows wild here & Mr Hogan, says he will bring me some of it, as it grows ~~wild~~ on the Mariana estate. My dearest Mother, you cannot think how often I dream of you, delightful dreams too. You always appear to me with a most happy countenance, full of hope and satisfaction, and I am always well. I dreamed once that you and Father came to Cuba to carry me home, and last night I dreamed that Betty came, My head has been tolerable this week; but my eyes trouble me greatly. I can do nothing in the evening.

Letter 12: Page 8

24th Last evening we received twelve letters by the mail. You may imagine our delight. But I can think of nothing yet; but the death of Mrs Walter Channing. I read your letter first in which you speak of it, and it came upon me so abruptly, that I was for a few moments overwhelmed. Edward was standing by and looked full of sympathy and wonder, so I told him why I felt so. We have not received the bag by Capt. Lander, but shall when Dr M.'s carts go to Havanna. Mrs Cleveland and her husband have been here a week, and we enjoy them to the last degree. Her mind is in its Zenith, clear and elevated, and bright and earnest as it ever was I never loved her so much. Richard is also here convalescent from his terrible sickness at the Reserva. I cannot write much while they are here. Thy Sophy

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Letter 13: Page 1

May 11th 1834.

My beloved Mother

I am sorry for the sake of your eyes that there is no black ink at La Recompensa; but I can wait no longer for any 'appliances' or any peculiar combination of circumstances. It is now four weeks since I have written one letter for America! I can scarce believe my own [couvichor?] of the fact. Mrs Cleveland was here the first fortnight & then I had not a moment, & the third week was occupied by the Fellowes' family, + this last I have been too tired + feeling too bed-ward, to put hand to paper. I have besides been waiting for the bag, which only arrived yesterday! Five letters from you, my blessed mother. This was indeed a jubilee of the heart. Still in all the five you do not say enough about yourself. What you do daily – how you fill up your time – whom you go to see - + all such little items wh would place me in our own dear little domicile + before you.

It is indeed true that I am the maiden of prowess I boast to be – that is – that I do indeed ride on horseback + in [tolants] – that I do walk off to draw trees - + that I can tell of sound sleep such as I have not [realived] since childhood. But you shall have the exact truth. My head aches very badly most of the time + I am still weary, weary, weary. but since the summer weather has come, the gentle perspiration upon my forehead has been like the dew of [Hermon?] to the pain + several times I have been sensibly relieved by it. While we were preparing four

Letter 13: Page 2

living pictures (ride Mary's letter to & upon this subject) one evening I had a most tremendous, clinging headache, but when the exhibition was closed, Mary concluded to enact the Magdalenes, + I to arrange her. To do this I got up on the platform under forty lights, in a little room where there was no air – because air made the lights flicker, + I assure you the valley of Hinnom

must have been cool compared to that spot. The heat was so intense that great drops of perspiration stood upon my brow - + my headach melted away like a vapour. So much for effect of heat. I am entirely free from dreadful visions - excepting for the last week or two when my exercise has not been so regular. but this interruption to my good sleep is merely accidental. I have years of rest to make up to my body you know, dearest Mother. Therefore I cannot say I wake in the morning satisfied, but I feel what I never did before that so far is so good - for heretofore every night only seemed to add to the vast accumulation of infinite fatigue which I am well aware was eating into my very vitals. Now I feel as if a small shaw was being taken away + as if I should be able to unfold my wings again. I must pay a penalty for all that unnatural strength + excitement

Letter 13: Page 3

which nothing but our bracing climate enabled me to excess - I was living upon that extra force which Mrs Frost said was given to every one for uncommon occasions. The more I can comprehend that I may regain a natural state - the more I wonder how I lived so long in that agonizing - sensitive condition - when noise + emotion were like the perpetual stabbing of daggers into the very fountain of my nerves. Dr Shattuck said he never saw such morbid sensitiveness - + it seems to me that one drop more in the cup would have made me a maniac or an idiot. But under the ineffable softness of these skies I feel as if I might come back - My hope is so strong that I would not return to America on any account till I feel that the experiment has been fully tired. I assure you dearest Mother that with this expectation, I look forward with decided pleasure to my sojourn in this foreign land. If I grow to feel

homesick, you shall know it – but I do not feel it now indeed. With all its rainbow stars – golden skies – perpetual flowers + eternal [verdure?] – one little spot of stern New England is worth all of this bright island to my heart. I look forward to returning to it

Letter 13: Page 4

with nothing less than ecstasy – and at the very moment that I enjoy the perfection of this climate + the lonely + splendor of the vegetation + much as I love the family – I still feel as if my stay here was something to be got through + that when it was over – with what a bounding feeling I should go ~~back to~~ home. I enjoy every day entirely, + mark carefully all its aspects of beauty + wonder that it has gone when night comes. Yet I say to myself always – “Well – I am one day nearer to the end of my sojourn” Do you understand me entirely? I believe I can say what I mean in one word – I am delighted to stay, + I shall be delighted when it is the fitting time to go. So, dearest Mother – rest content about my tranquility of mind.

It does not cost any thing to get package from Mr Prêle, but we sometimes have to wait a great while for them – as for this bag – but Dr Morrell’s Pablo brought it at last on his return from escorting Richard Cleveland to the city. Remember me to Dr Hubbard. I trust he has been free from the attacks of his fierce [evening?] this last winter – My dear little chamber – Do not let it make you feel sad – but imagine me occupying it again with roses on my cheeks + a spring in my step. See appendix May 12th page

Letter 14: Page 1

May 16. 1834

My dearest Mother,

I left off in the middle of a sentence I believe, in my last letter, and there is no knowing if you will ever find out from whence it came. I have this moment closed a letter of eleven pages to Miss Rawlins, and I suppose you are as glad to know this, as if I had already written twenty to you, if not much “gladder” as Carlito would say. I must resume my journal to you again, otherwise I lose many interesting things, besides feeling as if I was disloyal to the strongest wish of my heart, which is to entertain you, and keep you advised of my whereabouts and whatabouts till I appear before you in my own proper person. It seems that you had not received my last huge epistle when you wrote, which was a month ago & I fear that when I hear from you again it will be that you were utterly crushed by the pile that was heaped upon you all at once. It is a perfect mystery where the quantities of letters are which we have dispatched. I did not say half I wanted to in the letter dispatched last week about our exultation over the contents of the bag. When I opened the Christian Register and the Salem Gazette I was immediately transported back to our dear little nest in Church Street, and that cozy little parlour, which seems to me now, not much bigger than the cell of a bee, with Welly’s sweet eyes looking down upon me from under his beautiful brow

Letter 14: Page 2

and dame Elizabeth just ready to burst out a laughing on the other side; the little boy “that reads his book always,” on the mantel, the rocking Chair under Willie Tyler, which, my dear Father, you may keep rocking ever and aye, till I return, that you may remunerate yourself for the sudden checks you so often received from me in the full tide that lovely curve motion. I would not imply however that you are to stop rocking when I return, for I hope then to be able to see everything Animate and inanimate rocking and rolling with perfect composure, and to hear the

shovel and tongs screech and the andirons
scream and the doors bang, with indifference
I was glad to see the Phrenology too, & the Botany
too, & the Wordsworth, & each and every separate
thing which the wonderful bag contained & con-
tinued to pour out, till I began to think the house
would come next, with you all in it. It is astonishing
what resources a carpet bag has!

This afternoon Luisa and I rode in the
volante to Santa Ann, the estate of Lufria
to invite Teresa and Merced to come

Letter 14: Page 3

to our tableaux tomorrow evening. We wanted
to induce them to perform as our beautiful Ma-
tilde was gone. We were received by the sweet
Teresa, whose face is a dear little miniature
of her mother, who is a tableau in herself. This
Mother's hair snowy white, was parted Madoña
like on her ~~snowy white~~ full white brow +
a plain muslin half handkerchief just simply
tied over it under the chin. Her features are
all very handsome especially her dark, large
eyes and her countenance is mild and gentle.
We were ushered into a huge apartment + soon
Doña Merced joined us, a real Spanish Lady
in her tout ensemble, round & full – a clean
brunette, with tiny tapering hands and twinkling
feet. She had a golden mantle round her neck,
which both Luisa & I longed to pull off for our
tableaux, & what should she do, but offer it to
us, as well as her white satin dress. She
said she could not perform a picture, she could
not be our queen; but Teresa consented at once
to be anything we could make her into. We walked
in the garden, fragrant & brilliant with flowers,
Teresa dressed my hair with them. Spanish
Ladies always wear natural flowers in their
hair. Coming home we met a Camelion?

Letter 14: Page 4

May 18th. Last evening four of the Justiniani
family, four of the Chapalins, Teresa Lufria &
her brother, Don Antonio Torres & Tolita Almirante
came to our spectacle. Our pictures were pretty,
but nothing to the others. First we had the young
Harlequin, made out of Edward Carlito and me. Edward

had on a picturesque cap, with feathers and gold chains a dark blue cloak over one shoulder * a crimson sash tied under the left arm. His under dress was white, with a plaided ruffle round his throat, graceful & becoming Ned was the Harlequin and Carlito and I the Children. Carlito was sweetly dressed in white and blue. Louisa and Teresa were the fortune tellers, with little black Elsie for the page. Louisa was arrayed like a Gentleman, and looked precisely like her Father. Teresa was dressed in blue satin, with a black bodice and a black lace veil floating over her, and a silver chain round her head. Elsie in bows and sashes made a great dash. Rebecca and Rowena were beautiful. The golden mantle of Merced Lopes was Rebecca's turban with a jet Chain round it – Her dress blue satin – with coral, cornelian gold and lapis lazuli ornaments – Rowena was in Satin embroidered muslins, lace veils pearls &c.
~~Sophia forgot to say~~

Letter 14: Page 5

After the exhibition, we went out to an elegant supper, & after that danced. It was a lovely moonlight, and between eleven and twelve they were all gone. Thine Sophy.
Sophy forgot to tell you, I made a sweet pretty tableau, and of what do you think? a quaker girl. I made a Bonnet that could not have been surpassed by a first rate milliner of drab satin. My dress was the same colour, and my grass cloth parasol completed the picture. I tried to look just like Rebecca Chase; but I doubt – Mrs M. said the Spaniards had a great curiosity to see the dress, and I thought I could look friendly if I tried. I was so unfortunate as to smile, when I heard Mrs Morrell saying, that is the dress of the Kwakers; but I stood long enough to shew the costume. I think I looked sweetly –
Mary.

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Letter 15: Page 1

May 25th. 1834

La Recompensa San Marcos.

My dearest father

I have been at home all night, dreaming about you + I must continue the delusion as much longer as I can by writing you a letter. I was again in the Church St nest. Mother had gone to Boston, + you + I were keeping house together, + all unexpectedly to me, one evening the stage drove up, + Lydia Haven + Carolina Fernandez descended from it. It was a plan of yours; to give me an agreeable surprise in our loneliness.

I cannot express to you, my dear Father, how much pleasure the papers + periodicals have given me which you were so kind as to send by Mr Lander. I feel as if I knew as well all that had passed at home since we came away as you do yourselves. They give us possession of all public events & Elizabeth's voluminous + minute journals keep us informed of all that happens in private. I do not believe two errant damsels were ever so favoured before. We can ask for no more, unless we would be at home + in a foreign land at the same time. When you send any more Examiners, dear Father, I wish you would first ask Mr Aphram who are the writers of the separate articles. I think Elizabeth must have written that upon the character of Christ. but I cannot think who was the author of Speculative Philosophy which I like very much indeed. Mrs Morrell enjoys our treasures exceedingly also-

I do not think so – Me

[The following is written vertically up the page]

Even in this garden of Eden I could sing from my heart –

“Mid pleasures + palaces tho' we may roam – yet I am very happy

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home”

to be here
for a while.
Goodbye
dearest
Father.
Remember
me to
Dr Hubbard
Your

loving
daughter
Sophy.
Love to
Nathibus –

Letter 15: Page 2

May 30th Since commencing this letter, dear Father I have written to Mother about the night blooming cereus + sent the epistle travelling on its way to America – yet she may not receive it till you do this, as Mrs Cleveland will take all she can find when she goes. Yesterday afternoon I sketched Mary for Mother, as she desired me, in a letter that came in the carpet bag. It has her grave, thoughtful look + they all think it is a very good likeness here. even the servants knew it excepting poor good, stupid Juana, who thought it was ‘Niña Sofia’, maugre my pug nose! Alas for her configuration! Feliciana + Francesca recognized it directly. I shall send another with a more smiling face very soon, so that you may have her in various aspects. When I am better, I shall paint her in oils for you about as large as Philip Chase’s portrait I depend upon drawing her with such a contagious smile that you will be sure to laugh all the time you are looking at it. Oh how I should love to see you throw back your head as in days of yore + have a good shaking laugh. Tell Mary Newhall, with my best love, that she must be sure to keep your + Mother duly supplied with fun, because it is good for the health + spirits to have one’s visibles in action.

The rubbing process wh I mentioned

Letter 15: Page 3

in my letter of the 24th + 28th to Mother, is very beneficial I think. It not only puts me into a glow at night but it makes me cool, + I have excellent sleep after it. We sleep upon separate cots, wh are so made that they are the most delicious beds in the world. When I sink down upon mine, it is a natural consequence that my eyelids should sink too, + my waking sense along with them. I cannot say that I never have troublesome dreams,

but I can say that they are few + very far between instead of being constant as formerly. I have sweet visions of home all the time as well as of other pleasant things. I come back from my rides in the morning with a great appetite + I believe there has not been a single meal in which I have not partaken excepting when my headached too bad to move my mastoid process! My stomach preserves its high + orderly character, + as Dr Walter used to say, I have a very high respect for it. _____ After raining a great part of nine days, it has been perfectly fair & bright for the last three, + those avenues which have been broken up by the carts look exactly like frozen ground. The sun has baked the earth as hard as a rock. The rays are like flames of fire, + yet the heat is not nearly so intolerable as at the North. I never feel uncomfortably warm – but if one does not

Letter 15: Page 4

stand directly in the shine, the air is so fresh that it is perfectly supportable. The thermometer has been at 84° the highest degree since I have been here. It is indeed a perfect climate. There is no denying it. But yet I would not for the world give up the fire-side pleasures of New England for these soft & perfumed gales which are at this.

[Written Vertically]
Dr Nathaniel Peabody
Salem
Mrs R. J. Cleveland

[Written horizontally – cont. from above]
moment trying hard to take possession of the epistle under my pen – It has been on the floor three times + Dr Morrell says he thinks my composition must be very light. or for all the delicious fruits + gorgeous flowers which perpetually hang & bloom in rich profusion from year's end to year's end. +

Letter 16: Page 1

May 27th 1834

San Marcos La Recompensa

My dearest Mother,

Mrs. Cleveland expects to go to the states in the first comfortable vessel after the first of June + that is next week. But she may not, for Richard is very ill again, + I should not be in the least surprised to hear that he was dead by this evening's mail, for the Cholera is in Havana, + the rains have been pouring for the last ten days, making that abominable + filthy city ten times more abominable than every; + poor Richard in the noise + dampness + bad atmosphere stands a poor chance, since even in this pure country, Dr Morrell was at one time fearful he would not live with this same complaint. And poor dear Mrs Cleveland will get so tired + worn that I do not believe she will escape without a sickness. Alas – alas – how deeply do I mourn for her + with her. But it would be rather a ridiculous little circumstance if she should go to America without a letter from me to you + therefore I shall commence one [unrecognizable word]

Yesterday I took up the Knickerbockers, + found some pressed flowers of yours in them – dearest Mother. I cannot express to you what a home feeling they gave me. They had been in your very hand. I went immediately back to the little room you [wol] of, at the head of the stairs, where you + the flowers were always to be found together. How happy I used to be in that cosie house. I think it was the sweetest portion of my life, for left alone with you

Letter 16: Page 2

in that way, I really felt as if I were a source of pleasure to you, + I am sure you were the greatest comfort + delight to me in the world. I find myself all the time lost in a reverie of the future when I shall be less [anxiety?] + I hope a greater pleasure to you that I have every been yet. Mary has within a few days let out to rub me with a brush + tell kind Dr Hubbard, that so far it has resulted in the good effect he anticipated. Tell him

too that I always thought it would do me as much good as he did, but I had not strength to do it myself + I would not allow you on account of your hand, & these were the sole reasons why I did not follow his advice. My head has been better since Mary began – till yesterday, when presuming too far upon my powers, I [ahaud?] Carlito round the gallery + utterly [bouleversed] my whole internal system. I have not yet made up with myself for being such a fool.

Have you yet heard about the wild night blooming Cereus which we have found upon Dr Morrell's estates in such abundance? For a long while I walked the strange looking vine in my daily rides, because Mary said she knows it must at least be a species of the Cactus. At last appearances like little bunches of reddish white wool came out of the snake like curling tendrils very

Letter 16: Page 3

strange indeed. They are always growing over an old stump this wise [drawing] Those little dots in the vile [drawing] sketch mean little points all [drawing] over the stalk like those [drawing] upon the prickly pear [drawing] though not so sharp. [drawing] + the excrescences are the [drawing] hairy buds. The stalks are of a pale green. Presently the buds grew longer thus – [illustration] the extremity of a deep rich red. At last one evening, after a long discontinuance of rides I went to see after my cactus, + I saw what seemed to me an opening flower; but my horse was so high + it was so dusky that I could not distinguish + therefore trolled home for Mary to go on foot + pluck it. This she did + I went with her. When she put the gathered flower into my hand, such was the extraordinary beauty + splendor, + so sweet + strong the perfume that I could not help shouting to the extent of my capability. If I had not given [unknown word] to the superabundant swelling of my heart in this way. I do believe I should

have suffocated - . It had not quite opened
because it was not yet dark, + we put
it in water + watched it all evening.
It would be impossible for me to describe my emotions
while looking at it as it gradually unfolded itself.
Nothing more could be asked for in a flower –
I wished for no more excepting that it were
immortal – deathless, unsusceptible of change

Letter 16: Page 4

for that any thing so glorious should die seemed a
prodigality, a waste of surpassing beauty.
and now I will try to describe it. Here I have
drawn [Illustration] the flower as it looks just
before [Illustration] dark. All those can ceolate
folioles [Illustration] are the calypse I believe,
and [Illustration] their color is the
[Illustration] richest orange brown
[Illustration] softening into a pure
[Illustration] golden tint at the
[Illustration] lip of each. There
[Illustration] are seventy of them.
[Illustration] Those fringed points
[Illustration] are the petals of
[Illustration] a white which is
[Illustration] to pure + darling
[Illustration] to be compared
to any but [Illustration] Polar snows.
The stem is covered in the little [Illustration] short things –
(excuse my unscientific language) [Illustration] brown
at the lips + pale green below + the [Illustration] stern itself
is of a pale dingy pink covered [Illustration] with fine
hairs of a yellowish white. The [Illustration] stem
is a hollow tube + longer than this, [Illustration] but I
had not room for it. When it [Illustration] begins
to unfold, those long brown lances [Illustration]
spread out like the rays of a sun [Illustration]
till they form a circle longer much [Illustration] than
this page would make, + as they are of [Illustration] a
golden colour inside, they look still more [Illustration]
like the sun's land. Then those delicate snowy [Illustration]
ethereal petals begin to open. (Perhaps you [Illustration]
will have a better idea of their appearance [Illustration])

Letter 16: Page 5

if I tell you the fact that they so precisely resemble the most downy + fine feathers, that even if you put your eye as near as possible to them, still they look as if they must be feathers. The fine fringe upon the top increases the resemblance.) The petals open + reveal a sanctuary of exquisite beauty, from which comes forth our overpowering perfume like musk. I do not think it is exaggeration to say that there are a thousand stamens. The filaments are of a pale ~~golden~~ & the anthers of a bright [Illustration] yellow. The pistil is the whole of that [Illustration] shaded style & the stigma is divided into [Illustration] several parts. I forget how many. [Illustration] I have only drawn a few stamens [Illustration] to show you how gracefully they fall over [Illustration] like plumes. They come up from the [Illustration] bottom of the long tube & from that deep place [Illustration] comes too a green light which is [Illustration] rather a thoughts of green than the [Illustration] colour itself. and I think it is formed [Illustration] of the blue in the atmosphere + of that [Illustration] golden tint of the pistil + filaments of the [Illustration] stamens. The Morrells had never seen it [Illustration] before, + did not know there was such [Illustration] a flower on their plantation!!! Flowers [Illustration] have no [favour?] in their own country any [Illustration] more than prophets I believe. One suspect [Illustration] time, I rode round there + upon the [Illustration] two mounds were fourteen flowers just [Illustration] ready to bloom! Such is the munificence of [Illustration] Nature here. I could perceive the strong fragrance at an immense distance.
We shall try out possible to get you seeds of

Letter 16: Page 6

it dearest Mother. We have lately been reading Mr Norton's book upon the Trinity. I do not know when I have read do much divinity as since I have been at La Recompensa. Wedy. 28th May. By the letters this morning we hear that Richard Cleveland is doing well, + that they will all go next week to the States. It is a perfectly glorious day promised by a golden set last Night. The sky was completely overcast with dim clouds at one moment yesterday afternoon, when I espied a blue

spot in the south east + in the twinkling
of [~~crossed out words~~] an eye the whole
aspect of the heavens was as soft + pure
+ beautiful, as if the former condition
of its face had only been a gloomy
thought in one's own mind – The clouds
took dolphin hues - + the starry sandalled
host came out as brilliantly as if they
were all Lucifers but unfallen.

Mrs Morrel calls for my letter +
therefore I must let it go unfinished –
as I find by the paper there is a vessel
for Boston. I took a ride on horseback
this morning + am pretty well. [Jiggers
are droont.] Thine own dear
daughter Sophy –
I sent a letter of eight pages to Maria
Chore + one of eight to Mary White
last week -

[blank page]

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See appendix for Mary's letter of the 30th

[red stamp with number 6]

Mrs Elizabeth Peabody
Care of George F. Peabody –
[Seade + Aphain]
Boston
Massachussets
/p-Rouse/ N. America

Foreward by
H. M. C.
Havanna 29 May 1834

Letter 17: Page 1

May 31st 1834

San Marcos La Recompensa

My own dearest Mother,

This [unknown word] to be [unknown word]
[unknown word cont] day we received a huge packet from
home containing three long letters from you
dated 13th + 27th of April, a voluminous journal
from Betty of 26th + 27th + a letter from Maria
Martha Cochrane. I begin to think Mrs Cleveland
will be obliged to charter a separate vessel
for our letters, for we have already indiled
a mighty pile. I have just closed one to
Mr Brazer which I wrote for your sake as
well as for his. Your dear letter is dated
“snowstorm” + I cannot by any manner of
means take in the idea those two words are
meant to convey. There is a flower before me
which looks like pink snowflakes + if you re –
member the exquisite form of those same
transient things, you may imagine the beauty
of it. It is as if the snow flakes were
suddenly transfixed + suffuted with rosy light.
I am delighted that my journal proves inter-
esting + I shall go on with it again. What
delightful news that Mr Joka Vaughan is
settled at Salem! How agreeable it is
for you. + will be for me when I return-
Pray remember me to him + his wife very
particularly + bid them a cordial welcome
in my behalf. Poor crazy Mr Cheever! I
hope that “stepping westward” will soften his
spirit – Salem must seem very still in the
absence of such a hurricane + tornado of a
man. I am pretty good + lazy; dearest Mamita
as the Spaniards say – I means little Mama. You will

[Written Vertically up the page]

This is the nearest approach I can make to the
[conception] of snow!

PS. Give
my love
to Mary
Pickman
+ tell her
I meant
to reply to

her very
agreeable
letters
by Mrs
Cleveland,
but the
time is
out +
it is not
done.
But a
response
will be
forthcoming
directly.
Meanwhile
she will
not have
read through
my [unknown word] to Miss Rawlins.

Letter 17: Page 2

acknowledge that I am tolerably without in this way when I tell you that I do not paint, though my heart's desire is to take a portrait of every thing I see in the heavens + on the earth. But in my few attempts I failed it wearied me so torturingly that I concluded it was in the highest degree immoral, seeing that I had left house + home to get well I shall wait till I feel really stronger + better in head + then how I will paint! You ask if a Cuba spring is like a New England one. It is a renewing of the face of nature here as well as at the north. New shoots put forth from trees already green, + it is the time for planting. Dr. Morrell has just planted three hundred acres of corn, + you must know that if you plant any thing one day, it comes up the next. Indeed I do not know but it begins to sprout while they are putting the seed into the ground. That it is a sober fact that it appears the second day. The rains too give a new brilliancy to all things. I rejoice to hear that you have begun your botanied excursions. Did not you read that account of Sir James Edward Smith in the Christian

Examine couamore? He was a Botanist
after your own heart I think - + what
a sweet + elevated spirit was his! I suppose
little Harriet sympathises with you – for she
had a great individuality [organ] – Oh Mother
if I return able to accompany you in

Letter 17: Page 3

your exploring walks – will it not be worth
something? My heart dances at the thought
Dear Mr Taylor! His love for Nelly is certainly
an opensesame to all our hearts. I can see
him looking at that sweet picture of him
which does indeed give promise of a
fair intellect + a lovely nature from wh
any thing might be expected. God grant
that he may be true to himself hereafter –
I think of him a great deal
June 1st. Thus far I wrote last night when weariness
overcame me as I had been writing all day, dear
Mother. I intended to tell you about our
excursion to La Resolucion; the beautiful estate
of Abneo, a man of immense wealth, but without
a [erased word]!! But Mary has written to Miss Rawlins
about it + I refer you to her. There was a
long hedge there of that exquisite pink flower!
about ten feet high. I have tried to give
an idea of its shape + this is not in the least like it
so do not look at it. I have been reading lately
Saturday Night by the author of the Natural [unknown word]
of Enthusiasm. From the chapter called “The
Hidden World” onward as far as I have gone
I do think it is very fine + most true +
a magnificent coup d’ail of matters. I wish
you would get the book, for I know you
would enjoy it to the utmost. I do not agree
with all his doctrines however, + I do not see how
he can hold them with such a wide + philoso-
phical + comprehensive intellect- with so much
human love too, + just appreciation of the
Revelation of Love.

I am sorry to hear that Mr Gardiner did not
look bright. It is quite himself for his wheel to turn

Letter 17: Page 4

up I think. It is very strange that Abby does not answer my letter. No, he did not tell me where to look for Orion but I believe I know the constellation. I wish I could read the heavens + I shall try when Urania's Mirror comes.

Thank dear Maria for her welcome letter + tell her I should answer it by this opportunity of Mrs Cleveland of there were any time but we send our paquet this morning to the City. I dispatched an eight page epistle to her last week in answer to her last. When you see David, please to tell him that my thoughts + purposes have been towards him many times, but as yet it has been impossible to embody them in a letter. If he could only write + ask me some questions + tell me about himself I could renew our correspondence with much more ease.

How is your wrist? You have never said a word about it, + I want to know very much. I send you a piece of lace from a lace tree that grows upon Santa Susanna, the estate of Madame Jouve in the mountains. (The noble ladies of the Havana made a shirk for "his blessed Majesty, now in glory" our of it!) + some seeds of the splendid Guacamayo which grows here without any particular care + I think may be made to flourish in a big pot at home. I would give a great deal to have you see the flower.

I have written to Nathaniel – but not a letter very weighty in wisdom. I am rejoiced that he is getting along in his establishment. Give my love to Miss Perkins + to Esther. Fare thee well – I shall send you a more smiling Mary very soon. but this is not a sad expression only thoughtful. I long to know how it strikes you.

I will draw another for Miss Rawlins.

Thine Soph

Letter 18: Page 1

June 2d, 1834

San Marcos La Recompensa

My dearest Mother,

Yesterday we sent fifteen letters to Mrs Cleveland for America + when they had gone I sat down to read "Saturday Evening" to Mary – those parts I liked particularly, + read till she was sleepy, + then I took the Christian Registers, + read that glorious extract from Fox's sermon about the [Royale Rammohun Roy.] It is worthy of his subject + no greater praise can be given it. Those registers are treasures of price doubly so in this land. Then I took a long siesta during which I lost our little 'meeting' which we have every Sunday when Mrs Morrell reads the Bible + prayers + a sermon to us. I felt delightfully drowsy which is the nearest approach I have made to physical comfort for years + years! Then after dressing + a bath, it was dinner time. After dinner I went on with the Registers, + among other interesting things, found Mr Roscoe's account of Robert R. Jones – the Welch prodigy of learning + awkwardness. When the shadows grew long, Louisa + Edward went to Almirante's on horseback, + Madame Morrel, Mary, + Carlito to walk. I did not feel like exercising + so I sat on the gallery alone in the light of such a sunset as never can be described. I made a visit to our little garden (wh I hope you remember we are making) + found a great many things grown so much that it was absolutely incredible + almost monstrous. It is but a very short time since that [unknown word] was a circle of grass, + now there a great many flower all in bloom. By the time I had gone through my examinations + amazement the pedestrians returned from a visit to the night blooming Cereus. The mosquitoes came pretty thickly as it grew back + Mrs Morrel had a fire kindled on the gallery [word cut off] which dispersed them entirely, together

[Written Vertically up the page]

dozen blackies + I remained watching the gorgeous scene around me. The sun was so low that the light was no longer pale
yellow but
a veil
orange gold,
+ with this

superb light
was the
whole
earth
illuminated
The green
of the trees
looked
greener
+ brighter
than ever
Gigantic
+ splendid
clouds
were just
catching
the dolphin
hues of
the dying
day. An
incommun-
icable

Letter 18: Page 2

with a breeze & there she sat + talked about her father + family. All her relations on her father's side are Royalists from education + habit – though she said there never was a truer Republican than her father. He was of an ancient family of high rank + was himself a Chevalier of the order of St Louis. His brother was a Knight of Malsa, + Baron + held high offices in the government. He gave a grand fete to the nobles of the land upon some great occasion one night, + decorations in the gardens took fire + caused the most frightful confusion + distress. His only daughter was burnt to death, his wife so dreadfully injured as to die in the course of a year, + he himself in exerting himself to save them, was hurt so much that in a year after that, he dies of his wounds + his grief! Her father was strikingly handsome – noble hearted + polite to the meanest slave. He never minded the 'coat' of a man. but treated him according to the inner worth. + this principle she said he strongly inenbrated upon his children. She has an engraving of him wh I shall copy for you. Her relations

are very numerous in France. One cousin of the name of Cruella, a favorite nephew of her father, has suffered dreadfully from the late disturbances about the Duchess of Berri + King Charles + now a price is set upon his head + he is an outlaw from his country, wife + children. He is a man of remarkable refinement + elegance of manners + appearance + extremely interesting in character. full of ardour, & of the nicest honour. She is afraid he is now dead, for she heard he had been dangerously wounded in Portugal. Her

[written vertically up page]

[words cut off] which I never can describe + you never can know till you come + see.

Letter 18: Page 3

mother has just gone to France from Philadelphia + she expects to hear every thing from her That rumor of La Fayette's being at the head of us, our troops + Louis Philippe in England gave her a horrible feeling for she felt that all her relations were so [unknown word] the King. After a while she went to the piano + played + Mary + Louisa sang sacred music with her till tea time [unknown word]. After tea, Molly began as usual to talk politics with the Dr. + the conversation ended in her reading that noble speech of Webster upon the everlasting topic – Bank deposits. While Mr Webster was on the floor Mrs Morrel + Louisa went to bed. + thitherward marched we as soon as he had left it. It is a perfect feast either to read any thing or talk to the Dr., Such is the illumination of his attentive eye + brow upon you all the time. He has the most transparent complexion I ever saw in a gentleman + when his soul is in his face, it is a real light. It was a magnificent starry night, and a few flashing stars, called cueullos careering statelily through the air as if that sentinel host on high had sent down some of their numbers to keep a nearer watch over the world. I slept all night very comfortably + was waked this morning by a shadow falling on my eyelids, wh proved to be Mary dear with brush in hand ready to give

me a rubbing. I studied Spanish before breakfast
+ have been serving since till I began
this journal + now Mary has just come in
from her school, + says she has had a beautiful
time with the children. Evening. I have
just left the hall where Madame Morrell is reading
[Ivanhoe] to her husband. She is [word cut off] the very

Letter 18: Page 4

think of the fight + the Dr is spell bound. As I
have just read it + told it over + over again to
Edward, I thought I would leave + come + say a
few words to you before I go to bed. I studied a
little Spanish before dinner + at dinner Mrs
Morrell announced her intention of going to the
Artenusa with the children, + we thought since
that was the case I would write to Maria this
afternoon. as I should have no cause to be sociable.
So I sat down to the desk + wrote four lines +
then Louisa began to play the variations of Dr
Janti Palpiti, + with pen in surpease + eyes lost
in space + thoughts 'gone tumbling after' I wasted about
an hour, for that air always sets me dreaming.
Mary was by my side devouring Nathan the Wise –
(A German book) ever + anon explaining "What an
exquisite creature!" "How beautiful." "What wit!"
+ hearing a sigh whenever she was obliged to look
for a word in the Dict-y or cut open a leaf
of her book. Finding I could not write though
I had eight pages to say to dear Maria, I opened
Lord Chesterfield's letters. There was so much
[unknown word] + wit + truth in what he said, that
I could not help reading out every few minutes
to Mary, till the poor child, driven to madness
by my pertinacious call for sympathy, when
she was so absorbed in her story, suddenly
caught up her Dictionary + fled. I soon
followed + found her upon the gallery.
She looked reproachfully at me + asked me
what I came for. I told her, 'because I chose,
+ because I liked the air' & we sat very
quietly together, till I began to assure her
that it was her duty to go + take a walk. After
a little while she went to work in the garden with

Letter 18: Page 5

Now from a heap of white clouds in the south, the lightning is flashing + leaping + through the graceful + large Guacima it looks like the most splendid fireworks playing along its branches. While I was sitting there the Dr. rode up from his ride + asked me why I was not abroad on such a lovely evening, + at the same time directed Urbans to bring forth my horse. I took a beautiful turn to San Juan but the insects disturbed Rosillo so much that I did not go far. By the way, Edward, in one of his manifold conversations about Ivanhoe, wanted to know how people became knights + after telling him I proposed that he should be dubbed himself. He was thrown into such a rapture at the idea of that he stood up straight in his stirrups + then embraced the mane of his horse. + then nearly threw himself upon me to embrace me likewise. "Yes! said he, I will be your Knight" As soon as we got home, he procured a knife + begged me to go out on the gallery + ennoble him directly. He knelt down + with all the solemnity of a crowned king or queen I administered the oath + the honour. He knelt Edward Morrel + arose 'Edward, Knight of San Juan'. It was entirely a matter of sentiment with him + his face was of the deepest crimson when the ceremony was finished. Now if I say at any thing he does that is not knightly" he is immediately covered with confusion. + if it will make him graceful it will be well, for he is perfectly gauche now in every thing but his mind + heart. His motions annoy Carlito so much that sometimes they almost make him cry. He does not exactly know what it is that disturbs his serenity, but doubtless it is like discord to the ear of a musician so nice is his perception of beauty. Goodnight – dearest Mother.

[Written Vertically Up Page]

courtly terms. "Lindidsima! no quieres un compañero?" (Most beautiful! do you not wish a companion?) 'Mi alma! venga conmigo.' (My life! come with me + such like greetings rable from the lips of the worst looking in this [mellifluous]

Letter 18: Page 6

3d. Another brilliant day. It is very unusual to have such continued brilliant weather after the waters commence. It generally rains some part of every day. but not a drop has fallen for now seven days – although

dark clouds have once or twice threatened round the horizon + a few heavy rolls of thunder + much lightning have given signs. This whole morning passed upon the bed from mere listlessness – not from any particular ailment + this afternoon I have been reading the memories of Prince Eugene of Savory, written by himself. It was such a dirty old book that I had some scruples about holding it in my fair fingers! but when I had begun it, it was as necessary to finish it as it is for a ball to come down to the earth wh you throw into the air. Yet it is amazingly unsatisfactory. There is no egotism in the book. No one would imagine that he was one of the greatest generals the world ever saw to read his account of his own proceedings. He is perfectly modest. I kept wishing all the time that there were some notes to the text, to give me the testimony of a third person to his illustrious worth but he made me love him. I found on the cover “Madlle Laurette de Tousard” So I suppose it belonged to Madame’s library when she was young. This afternoon she + Louisa + Carlito went to La Independencia, (Madame Henri’s) + in the beautiful sunset Edward + I went to ride on horseback + directed our way through one of the exterior avenues of San Juan by the royal road, so as to meet them on their return. This is a lovely little ride, for the plantation opposite that side of San Juan is bordered with a very long row of palms which look their best in the light of the setting sun. The broad lime

Letter 18: Page 7

hedge which borders both estates of Dr Morrel, was on one side of us. + the innumerable squares of coffee + plantain trees upon the other. The lime was very fragrant in the evening dew + there was a cloud in the south west so grand + splendid that I had like to have fallen off my horse in the intensity of my wingy sensations. We had not gone far before we perceived a cloud of dust in the distance + Edward shouted “The Qintrine! Casaballi + Arogante! Andres!” And so it proved though the horses were so discoloured by the heat that I could not see a trace of their whiteness + declared they could not be Casaballi + Arogante. There was a great twinkling of hands + gleaming of smiles, but they drove so rapidly past that

no other greeting could be exchanges. Mrs
Morrell finished Ivanhoe this evening. The Doctor
heaved a very deep breath when Brian de Bois
Guilbert was found to be dead!

4th. I have written of my principal deeds to do
to Mary Pickman to whom I refer you [torn page]
Mother.

5th Spanish newspapers, sewing, + writing have fillness
any day just at set of sun. Ferez, Mr Fellowes' lord
chamberlain! an uncommonly graceful + polished
Negro, came with an express from the Reserva.
I received a delightful + long letter from Elizabeth
Williams + Louisa a note from Matilda. It
was a most agreeable surprised. for we had not
heard a word from them since they went
away more than a month ago. Elizabeth
says that Mr Booth sent a pair of
whiskers + mustachios directed to Conrad
after he went to the city + as she was "Conrad
in our tableau with Gulnare, she took posses
sion of them herself + will sport them on
the next occasion. It is past sunset + the western
sky is of such a brilliant gold that it dazzles my eyes

Letter 18: Page 8

like a diffused sun. Everything seems transmuted
into the precious metal.

6th Still fair + bright. This morning just at sunrise
I took a lovely walk to an odoriferous wood not
far from the house + found a new vine with a
purple flower shaped almost exactly like the laurel.
I have been writing a quantity of Spanish exercises
today after spending two or three hours on the bed –
+ at sunset I took a beautiful ride – not on the
clumsy Seron; but on a saddle + I assure you I felt exceed-

[Addressed Vertically Up Page]

Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody

No 8. Bulfinch Place.

Care of George F. Peabody.

Boston

Massachussets

United States.

[continued horizontally beneath address]

ingly genteel besides looking so – according to Mary's
testimony. Pacing down the Palm avenue a
lady + two gentlemen passed at the foot of it

along the royal road + she twinkled her hand
at me + the cavaliers touched their hats. Tho
we were too far apart to distinguish a feature
But the lowest Montera is polite in this land of the
sons of chivalry - + even his impudence is couched in

[written vertically down page]

language. June 7th Sunrise. I have just returned from an enchanting ride on horseback
but I will take another sheet rather than purrate your
eyes with crossed [stain prohibits reading] goodbye – I am very
bright this morning Ever [stain prohibits reading] own dear daughter Sophy

Letter 19: Page 1

June 6th 1834

San Marcos La Recompensa

My dearest Mother,

This morning a paquet was sent by the Correo, containing my journal un – finished like that immediately proceeding but I wait till the last moment + then often the letters are sent off suddenly, + you must excuse all the anonymous documents you receive for this reason. Pepillo + Francisco de Gayas were to go to the city today, but dispatches from there changed their plan + next Tuesday was fixed upon. Yesterday however, the letters that Pepi received again altered their purposes, + in the afternoon, as Louisa, Mary + I were quietly sitting upon the gallery. (Madame + the Dr gone to La Independencia, Madame Hawii's) + not expecting our friend, because he made a long visit in the morning. Lo! at the end of the mango avenue the well known form appeared – the not to be mistaken contour of a DeGayas. He dismounted “in hot haste” + announced that they were going to the Havana at three in the morning, that we must give him all the letters, the drawing + all our commands. He fled about like a [unknown word] fakins exclaimed Caramba! wh he said meant despair + wondered what Paucho could mean by It was very early, but it seems he was determined to spend his last moments + hours at La Recompensa, + he staid till nine o'clk – Mrs Morrel had left word that he should be invited to dine today with Paucho. When she returned, she was duly surprised at the new plan + told him it must not be-

[Written Vertically Up Page]

His name is pronounced Papeyo.

Letter 19: Page 2

that the turkey was killed + sent to the kitchen + that they must dine here to day for Paucho had disappointed her before. While she was saying this he was in a state of intense motion exclaiming ‘Ay! Paucho! [lifeliz] de mi” He came + sat down by me when he was more

quiet + I talked a good deal with him.
He said he did not wish to go but Paucho did. I gave him my drawing – charging him to be very careful of it. + he poured out a torrent of protestations. At last he sent for his horse with a profound sigh + when he said, “Adios” to us all we all replied “hasta mañana” at least Mrs Morrel + I did. This morning an express came from the Gayas estate while we were at breakfast! just as Mrs M. was going to send a negro there to see whether they had gone. A note for the Dr + a message from Pepillo, who sent word that they should come + dine! I was perfectly sure last night that he had determined to stay + would bring his end to parts very early. (in this country visitors may be expected after eight o’clk) – Ancient Fecla came to herald their arrival! Not a person was dressed in distracted Chinete, for she had drawn her hair up into a knot on the crown of her head + her robe was very much in [disfabrille]. She rushed into a corner- but caught Repillo’s eye first from the gallery,

[Written Vertically Up Page near “hasta mañana”]
+ till tomorrow

Letter 19: Page 3

who could not help smiling at her odd appearance. I ran another way + Mrs Morrell alone went to receive them. We concluded that they were going to the city this afternoon + had come early on that account + would return directly – but Louisa, after making her toilet with wonderful dispatch, [crossed out word] told us that they had “come for good”. It was evident that Don Pepi – meant to have a long day of it. While we were dressing, dear little Carlito ran into our chamber with the earnestly desired paquet by Mr Lander which he has been in Havana more than a month. The blessed – precious paquet! I tore open your letter first + Father’s. + then that sweet greeting from dear Mary White - & left Mary reading her twenty four pages from Betty as Louisa wanted me in the

hall. so that she might finish dressing. I felt perfectly intoxicated with the letters. It seemed as if I were stepping on air + the world was beneath my feet. I felt as if I could talk Spanish or any other language with perfect ease! My pulses beat high measure + I went into the room with a frigate sensation – Pepillo gave a leap from the sofa towards me + described the most peculiar + inexplicable figure in the air I asked Louisa to translate the gesture + she said it was an expression of his joy + gladness in gaining a day from Pancho. When I received from the effect of the sudden motion. I sat down + began

Letter 19: Page 4

to talk Spanish with the more gentle brother. He told me they should go tomorrow + I said I did not believe it after so many fruitless attempts. He seemed very much amused at my incredulity but assured me that it was a fact indeed. He had a Spanish Newspaper in his hand + gave me to read all the interesting passages + news telling me how to pronounce the words + finishing the words I did not know in the Lexicon. When the paper was exhausted, we talked about America + I told him of Boston + its charms + the comparative attractions of the great cities + then the [Haban] opera – Tornasare Pedroth + we discussed + I assure you I took a fine lesson in Spanish – a pure draught from the fount of Castaly. He has been there on the very spot. + described its beauty con amore. This is the most majestic + [mellifluous] language, spoken slowly as he speaks to me ‘linked sweetness long drawn out.’ I told him about my fears + adventures on horseback – + he said he had a very gentle horse which he wished I would mount in the afternoon. But I forget that all this does not sound so beautifully as it did in Spanish. We all went to walk at sunset round the edge of the plantation + home through the Palms. Pepillo was frantic with his gaiety. It was rather too warm to walk + I would gladly have sat down in the terre rouge every other step. Pancho entertained me all the way with his tonettes of trees + shrubs + flowers.

[Written vertically up page]
having noted them all!

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We were quite wearied when we returned that is Madame + I were but after I had sunk into an easy chair upon the gallery + the heavenly centinel began their watch + a pure delicious breeze came by, as if the spirits who were pouring out the dew upon the warm earth were stirring the air with their cool wings. I gradually felt the good influences of my exercise, while the weariness lost its sting. Pepillo excessively heated both by the working of his mind + body, took a chair outside the pillar against which I was sitting. + there he composed himself a little + kept still till it was time to go home. He said that it was very bad for Pancho to be in the city, because there they were obliged to dress in the deepest mourning, which was excessively cumbersome + oppressive, + Pancho was not well enough to bear it. + would therefore stay in the house all the time + he wished he would remain in the country Pancho said himself that if he found it very hot he should come back immediately after he had transacted a little business of importance which required his presence. He will return to very different scenes. Louisa says they have always lived in the greatest elegance + style + luxury every wish gratified + most happy together. Fortunately two sisters married into families of vast wealth + relations to them also. Indeed there is no end to the de Gayas family + it is composed of the first people in Cuba. Therefore they cannot suffer. This immense sugar estate will also be divided between them as it was their inheritance from their mother + here one of them will

Letter 19: Page 6

always be. All at once up walked Jose' with Pepillo's horse. He sprang on his feet + exclaimed "Ay! Pancho- infeliz de mi!" Pancho smiled. for it seems that he had very quietly ordered the good steeds without letting any one know it.

expecting I suppose some remonstrance from Pepi – And now they have really gone I believe though Louisa declares she expects to see Pepillo again tomorrow. He had told her how he succeeded in gaining this day. When he arrived home last evening, he found Paucho gone to bed. He took off the coat which contained my drawing + all the letters for Carolina + put it upon the table in the hall + then making as much noise as he possibly could he stamped up stairs into the chamber – put down the candle with a shock, called to the servant for his supper in his loudest voice - + after he had done all this, Paucho began to murmur in his sleep + at last to say ‘Porque Pepi’ + at this question he poured forth + told him it was utterly impossible to go tomorrow! Paucho said he did not know why. that it was rather utterly impossible to stay + that the horses had all been ordered + the servant who was to accompany them that every thing was prepared + they would start off at three ocl^k Well you can do exactly as you think proper answered the rogue but I think it will be excessively impolite. Impolite! how impolite? Why Madame Morrell expects you to dine tomorrow – + told me that the turkey was killed + sent to the kitchen - + you disappointed her the other

[Written Vertically Up Page]
+ wherefore? Papi –

Letter 19: Page 7

day + she will think you have no regard for her invitations if you refuse this also. However let it be exactly as you like – I have nothing to do with it! because I am young + they will not consider what I do. It is you who must decide. Madame Morrell expects us. the turkey is killed + sent to the kitchen. Pancho gradually rose from his disturbed couch + began to attire himself + went down to countermand the servants + horses! The journey was deferred till tomorrow morning. After Pepillo had succeeded in his purpose he suddenly remembered that he had left the “precious drawing, as he called it in his pocket + he flew down to get it. His

coat was gone! In consternation he roused all the negroes + sent them to find it; but it was not to be found. + he returned to his chamber in despair. When to! in came Pancho with the said coat on. It was fortunate that it was the gentle Pancho who, in his haste, mistook the garment for Pepillo would have annihilated the picture, if he had seized it unawares – However all matters being now settled they finally retired to rest. Today when Pepi sat down to the dinner table. he looked affectionately at the turkey + said – “To that turkey I owe the pleasure of this day.” Monday 7th. My dear blessed mother. Your letter is the greatest possible comfort to me. How could you say that perhaps it would be wiser to let Father’s & Lizzy’s letters be all that should come by this

Letter 19: Page 8

pacquet! You are very naughty for saying so I should have felt a want wh nothing could make up if there had been no words from you. I dream about you every night just as surely as I close my eyes, so that there is no danger of my losing your image a moment, + they are beautiful dreams which bring you to my mind. When I go to bed, it is next to going home for I am at home certainly a part of every night I had quite a natural vision last night – for I thought while I was sitting in our little parlour in Church early in the mourning in [dishabille] Pepillo de Gayas rode up to make a call! Francisco inquired yesterday what the number of our house was + said he should visit us when he went to America next year. I am rejoiced that you find my journal interesting – though I can hardly believe it excepting so far as you would be interested in any sort of an account of me, let it be never so meagre. But it delights my very heart that I can give pleasure to you from this distance. + I shall feel a greater impulse than ever to put as much of myself as possible upon paper. I will religiously observe all your wishes about horse backing. And now I will tell you a little secret. You must know, dear Mother, that I always felt I was necessary at least to one person upon

the face of the earth - + that is yourself - + for
you I have always had this body by which I
am manifested to your eye in great respect
+ care. much greater than I should or could if
it were not for your I know that every one else

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of my beloved friends could get along just as well
without as with me, though they might truly mourn
my loss but I never thought of leaving you without
a pang which nothing besides can give. A thousand
times I have been withheld from adventuring
+ doing things for this reason. I think to myself
should I be killed. Alas for Mother! + that thought
restrains me. I know that when my Father
in Heaven chooses to take me from life
below to that above. that it must be best
both for you + me. but I would not risk
the destruction of this tabernacle – no - not for
the world – while you are in it especially. From
any carelessness or foolishness. And now
will you rest content dearest Mother? But I
am getting to walk with much more ease. My
foot does not pain me as it used to
do I moan to that degree. + if I learn to take
long walks. will not it be worth some
separation? I think that next to Evil – Sepa
ration is the most dreadful thing in the world.
This afternoon Edward + I took a delightful
walk to the other estate. + talked about the
Talisman all the way. Now the whole east
is in one unintermitted flash of lightning
Tuesday 8th Such a sunset!!! Alas! how unspeak
ably magnificent. It has all come suddenly [now]
as if from the overflowing horn of Infinite
beauty had unawares poured out the very
effervescence of the cup. There has been a
tremendous thunderstorm – truly tropical –
I could think of nothing but the battle of

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the angels described by Milton as the thunder
continually roared + the lightning leaped +
darted without a moment's cessation –
The rattling crashing, growling class were
sometimes overpowered by one long grand
peal afar off - + that seemed the voice of

God heard above the dim of combat
The [tympam] of my ear seemed to crack
several times + my mortality was found
upon my notice even amidst a scene so
exalting + awful. It lasted a long time - +
the sky has looked inky till within fifteen
minutes + now! I cannot turn my eye upon
one spot that has not been suffused with
this foam of beauty that has gushed from the
flowing horn. And to crown the wonder-
ful works. I have just discovered ‘the silver
scythe amidst the heavenly harvest’ with one
brilliant star. just a pencil line of light above
a mass of clouds of deep, rich hues. What is so
beautiful as the new moon? This is the first
rain we have had for a fortnight. We are not troubled
at all with insects of late.
May 9th I have just returned from a sunrise ride.
You may conceive of the glory of the earth + air after
such a purification by lightning + rain. The east
was an extended rainbow + every tree + shrub
& blade of grass hung with myriads of jewels –
Now there is a deep roar of thunder as a distance as if the

Letter 19: Page 11

principalities + powers were again gathering up in
mortal defiance. though it is so early in the
morning. ‘He arises + his voice shakes terribly
the earth’

After breakfast. The letters have come but none
for us. Louisa received a letter from Carolina how
ever, in which she says she has seen Pepillo + received
the picture + should write me by next Correo. She
says Pepi declares Recompensa to be Paradise +
that he is now in Purgatory. Dr Morrell announced
at breakfast the death of La Fayette! You probably
have heard of it long since. The news made me
feel perfectly still. It is quite time he should enter
upon his inheritance then that he should ‘‘See GOD’’
‘‘obtain mercy’’ ‘‘inherit the earth’’ + ‘‘the kingdom
of heaven’’ ‘Let him pass.’ He will not be a
stranger in the congregation of the Just.

The Dr also said that the troubles of Spain were at
an end that Dr Miguel was at London – Don
Carlos at Rome. + the infant Queen Isabel
left in quiet possession + that the august Cortes was
to assemble. Last night I read the address to
the Queen regent upon the subject of the Cortes

+ she has consented to the wishes expressed there though rather unwillingly.

I am very well + continue to have an excellent appetite – I live upon the wings of chickens, ducks, + turkeys, + I fully expect to take flight some day. cackling, quacking, + gobbling in sweet concord among the fowls of the air – I have not had a very bad headache in a long while. I shall answer dear Father's letter to day if I have time before the Correo. but perhaps I shall not be able till next time. My best + dutiful

[Written Vertically Up Page]

love to him – in most affectionate memorials to Molly Newhall – Remember me too to Miss Burchmore – I shall write to Esther soon – Tell Miss Perkins if she will send me a letter I will answer it directly + give her my love. Ever Thy Sophy.

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Mrs Elizabeth Peabody
Salem

Letter 20: Page 1

Sunday June 8th 1834 San Marcos Cafetal La Recompensa
My dearest Mother,

I have been to ride on horse back. I would say this Sabbath dawn but ever dawn is Sabbath. There was a slight mist, though cloudless, + the sun rose like a vast ruby, its rays so subdued that I could look it in the face. The corn with which the coffee is interlined, is now so high that it makes distinct hues of delicate green in beautiful contrast with the rich deep hue of the coffee. I find I did not say rightly when I told you that spring is the time for planting. Corn + rice are sowed – but Mrs Morrell says October is the month for planting in general. The waters at this season are so heavy + violent that they would wash away the seeds. There can hardly be found in the chronicles of Cuba, such a long period recorded of perfectly fair weather for eleven days as was after the waters commence. The Dr sighs for his corn but it is hard to find fault with such gorgeous days. Evening. This morning I read ‘Saturday evening’ till Nature demanded a remuneration for her interrupted repose at starlight + I took a long siesta. Then our little congregation met + Mrs Morrell read one of Mr Brazer’s sermons from a volume of the Liberal Preacher. It was a most excellent sermon – clear, forcible finished + elegant like all his productions, + Mary was inspired by it to write him a letter. I went on with ‘Saturday evening’ admiring very much the noble + glorious thoughts till I stumbled upon that stumbling block. The atoning blood of GOD in the flesh! + I was so astonished to find that a man who could reason as he can should accept as the most important of all truths what he acknowledges to be

[Written Vertically Up the Page]

beautiful lime hedge so pressed perfectly flat + even like a wall of living green - + just now, with a crowning of tender shoots, two or three shades paler than the lower part within this square are the

pine
apples.
Presumably
Mary
Batson
exclaimed

“the young
moon!”
+ there
to be sure
it was
just a
line of silvers
with a
pale
star
beneath.
This com-
pleted
the
scene –
I could
not bear
to go
away-
but at
last.

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incomprehensible. that I put down the book +
fell into a deep pit of thought + Mary took
it. Louisa + Mary + Edward went to Madame
Henri’s in the afternoon. Dr + Mrs M. + Carlito to
walk, + I mounted Rositto, + had a delightful ride –
This evening Mary read aloud Dr Chauring’s
glorious sermon upon immortality to Madame + Dr.
9th Another morning ride, but rather too late to be as
pleasant as usual, because Pope Urban the groom, could
not get a new seron to yield to the proper bending
+ foldings necessary in order to keep me therein
I thought it would never be fixed, + I sat on the
gallery with whip in hand + eye fixed alternately on
the mounting sun, + the ebony + partially nude
figure of Urbano, whose attitudes + costume
put my amor pingendi into strong action. The
end of his turban hung upon his base shoulder
one leg of his pantaloons was torn off just above
the knee – his coat looked as Scott says ‘as
if each part was bidding adieu to the others! His
usually mild + serene countenance, wh has none
of the negro in it, was now somewhat disturbed
by the stubbornness of the paseja but at last
he led up the steed fully caporaioned + sprang
on + was off like a bird after my little

Knight whom I had sent on before. Poor little Sir Edward! he was not in the least awake + we rode along quite silently. I found him at San Juan in the very midst of the pineapples with Pierre Luis at his heels, telling him how soon he thought each one would be ripe. He had no remark to make, not even about Ivanhoe or Richard the Lion hearted & I left him in the orange avenue to get some fruit + hastened home out of the fiery seen. I

[Written Vertically Up the Page]

it was necessary + we returned through the palms. The bamboos around the laguna never bowed their graceful head so gracefully. They

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wrote a great many Spanish exercises before breakfast, + after told Edward about William the Conqueror, Edward 6th Mary + Elizabeth – Richard 2d + the vile John till school time. After a little sewing I then took a siesta + after dressing, I had just taken my seat on the sofa in the hall with a Spanish book, when Ned came running in to hear about some more kings + queens. + I held forth till dinner. Just before dinner, the first time for twelve days. there was a slight shower which was more delicious than words can express. It is impossible to convey an idea of the feel of the air coming through those diamond drops. ‘Not any Northwester that ever blew in dear New England ever gave one such a sensation of life in its essence. It made me explain. ‘I would create a soul under the ribs of death.’ It caused the exhilaration produced by your northern blasts without any of the congregation. It was as fresh as new life – yet soft + comforting + such it has been through the day. My sensations have been not mountainous exactly – but mountainy – It soon stopped showering – but the air lost none of its elasticity + coolness. The thermometer full then degrees in a few hours! from 92° - to 22° - yet even at 92° I was not uncomfortable in the least, - for it is not dry heat - + there is in the least, - for it is not dry heat. + there is an abundance of air. I have been more thoroughly uncomfortable in one hour in an American hot summer that I have since I have seen

in Cuba. Perhaps it will express how I have
full to day if I tell you that ‘ I conceived it
absolutely necessary to draw a palm tree!
+ so Mary + I + Carlito rode in the volante to the
orange Avenue, + Louisa + Ned on horseback +

[Written Vertically Up the Page]

minded me of Matilda Fellowes as she looked in Gulnare + the seis
sister. Just at the Laguna Louisa + Edward came clashing by on their
palfreys + then the Doctor in the Luitrine. Mrs Morrell

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we all went to the end of the allee where we
could see Terrala’s long line of palms one especially
was beautiful that was opposite my point of view
of that I took possession with my crayon. Edward
climbed an orange tree + threw down some golden
apples for us. + Mary sat down upon a piece of palm
with “Saturday evening” (but she did not read much.) I thought
I would eat my orange before I finished my tree, +
I found it very refreshing, but the juice so soiled
my hands + face that it was quite impossible to go
on with drawing till I had performed blesal
ablutions. I tried to use orange leaves for a towel but
Mary declared I looked worse + worse, + at last I con-
cluded to go to Pierre Luis’s house + get water.
Caridad (meaning Charity) came out + supplied me
with a tin cup, + Mary poured the pure element on
my hands + I had a nice laving, using the air for my
napkin. I scarcely had finished before Luisa pranced
by on horseback, soon followed by the volante – wh
had returned to the house + taken Madame Morrell. She
wanted me to get in + ride home; but it was
so delicious + cool that I thought I would walk
+ Mary Batson waited to walk with me + give me
the benefit of her arm. I sat upon the coffee dreiers
a long time filled + exalted with the perfect
beauty of the earth, heaven + air. Before me was
the quadruple avenue of cocoas, their distinct
polished Lancaster branches marked on
the glowing golden [drawing of branch] horizon. Each branch
is about three yards [drawing of branch] long + each lance
three feet very thick [drawing of branch] + stiff, of a polished
rich green. Before me for was a side view of the
long orange avenue. the trees branching out from
the very ground + beyond them were the mountains
looking like a mars of lapis lazuli sweeping the
west with their waving outline. Behind me was

the quadruple avenue of young palms, + around the square in the midst of wh I was sitting was the

[Written Vertically Up Page]

and Mary had long been home. I told stories to Carlito till Mrs Morrell had finished playing on the piano + then I read Kenilworth about to her + the Doctor + Now I am going to bed.

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San Marcos La Recompensa June 10th

Dearest Mother

This morning I did not wake sufficiently early to ride, partly on account of my walk last evening – (which however produced only genial fatigue.) When I first came to Recompensa I could only walk my horse, but now I can ride fast without discomforting my head at all. This is an improvement I think – I took up Kenilworth till breakfast + after sewed till I laid down Tolita Almirante dined here - + I had the felicity of having the turtle dove twice peret upon my shoulder + once upon my head where it staid a quarter of an hour I should think. The mother bird has laid another egg. I sewed a while + then read Renilworth till I threw it down in a paroxysm of indignation + wrath + pity + grief + went to ride on horseback. It was such an evening as night bring peace to the heart as well as new vigor to the frame. Edward had been riding an hour + we met at the Ceyba tree. but he first walked home to bring something to ancient Tecla before he commenced escort duty. When we came in front of the western sky, it looked so wonderfully beautiful that I reined up Rosillo at once to gaze awhile. The sun had set + from the bed of pure gold upon which he couched, like [radie] from the centre of a circle streamed up diverging broad rays of soft blue in alternation with rose + pale bird of paradise – these last so blended into each other + yet so changing that it called to mind irresistibly, as often before – that race [unknown word] the opal. In one of blue rays – was the young moon + the evening star. “Oh” said Ned “that is

[written vertically up page]

evening it was till I can talk angel language. Mrs Morrel + Louise had not returned from Alimirante's when we got back.

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too beautiful to look at! I wonder if there are coffee trees in that world + whether they speak Spanish there.' Then suddenly turning from his stary contemplations he said – "Wilfrid Ivanhoe'. Ah – he was brave; was not he? + to that question asked for the thousandth time, for the thousandth time I answered 'Yes Edward – very brave' - + then on he went enacting the part of a note of interrogation till we got home. While I varied my affirmations as much as possible. Mrs Morrell + the Dr had been to Las Mangas where the Dr has lately purchased a Posters of an hundred + ninety eight acres. about five miles from Recompensa. Madame had never been there before + she said there were some beautiful patches of wood – glorious palms. + palmettoes. I suspect we may all go during this moon. Kemilworth is the order of the evening in the hall - + I am going to bed.

11th June. I have just returned from a sweet ride the sky was cloudless excepting round the horizon where there was a range of cone like clouds their summits catching prismatic colours. so exactly like mountains that it was hard to believe them not. In one point there was a huge man like a castle with a battlemented wall + from the turrets streamed up long flashes of light as if the heavenly hosts were doing battle with celestial artillery. I was just rather later than usual + so had to lie down directly after prayers. & did not rise again till one oclck! By that time I was in the most genial condition imaginable. My whole head in a gentle perspiration, which softened my pains like

[written vertically up page]

but we soon heard the roll of the volante. – Madame – seated herself as the piano, + from the midst of a beautiful symphony her voice gradually

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magic. This tropical heat is nothing less than delicious I have no doubt it will cure me. It is exactly like being in a perfumed bath all the time. My sober + serious conclusion is this day that it will take the enemy unawares. Storm + escalade have been fried in vain. but now he is being lulled to

sleep + then you know like Jarl of old I can drive
a nail through his head + he will be dead forever
I sat down in the hall after dressing, at the
function of four huge doors opening to the four
points of the compass, + the vapour which kept
my head humid was perpetually cooled by the
purest airs that met upon my proper person.
The Doctor in undress walked out of his room
+ asked me if I did not think it very hot +
I told him it was a heat I could not quarrel with
for it only made me feel delightfully. After dinner
I talked English History to Edward. He is so interes
ted in Richard Lion hearted. that he wants to
know all that came before + after him. This
is caused by that happy circumstance of my
telling him the stories of Ivanhoe + the Talisman.
Then I finished drawing my palm. (but it
is not pretty.) + at sunset I concluded to walk
with the rest instead of riding. We went by
a hedge that separates Recompensa from the
next estate composed of Piñon. twenty feet
high, + bearing that splendid scarlet sword
shaped flower – a magnificent stead for a
fence. It is not in bloom this month. At last
we came to a beautiful wood. one tall tree as exquisitely
delicate as any pot flower you ever saw – the
leaves as small as then + from the junction
of every two leaves a [picture of palm leaf] bunch of yellow
flowers springs out [picture of palm leaf] Mrs Morrell tried
hard to get a branch [picture of palm leaf] but it was too

[written vertically up page]

breathed out in ones so sweet + soft that it seemed like a spirit's
[seered?] - + there she sat + warbled alone for twenty minutes. Whenever
she shopped I begged her to go on. At last the Dr came in + the

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high for her to reach even with a long stick. We visited
the ciruela trees. (ciruela is plum in English –
but not our plum.) which are in the midst of the
negroes land. They all have a portion of the
earth wh belongs to them exclusively, where they
plant corn + rise + whatever they choose. besides
having each one or more bags (which they sell at
a great price here, for the monteros eat no other
meat at all.) + legions of hens + chickens. Mrs
Morrell buys fowls for her table of them, + they
sell them to people who come for the purpose

+ exchange them with the vendidors for clothing – same of the negroes who have been here a long time are quite rich + when they get money enough, they can buy their freedom. Yes sometimes they do not choose to.

I was obliged to run to my couch as soon as I got home where I had a dewy mass before led + now Kemilworth is on the carpet + I have escaped to you – dearest Mother - + to bed which I took forward to with great pleasure. Can you conceive of my looking forward to a bed with any thing but horror + weariness. This then is a decided improvement. Good night. I am coming on.

June 12th I waked too late to ride – greatly to my sorrow. Mary dear rubbed me briskly wh made up for the lost exercise – but I missed the sweet fresh air + the wide + verdant views. I studied Spanish before breakfast – but have not accomplished any thing for my eyes ached a little. Now I have just returned from another walk to San Juan, which Mary + I took alone together. Pierre Luis's dogs greeted us with a furious barking but I disarmed them by calling one by name who changed his nose of defiance to a caress directly. We sat down upon the driers till the [unknown word] came on – + I believe I will not tell you what an

[written vertically up page]
children + broke the charm. But do you know dearest Mother that I have taken that long, long walk + yet am now writing to

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you instead of being on my bed as last night
The exercise put me skin into that soft moist state so grateful to my head, + I do not feel it necessary to tie down at all. Does not your heart whisper a little hope? I am very careful about giving you any encouragement, for fear the event may prove it false – but I am quite as careful to tell you all that I am sure of.

13th Mary spoke to me just as the stars had burnt out – this morning + I went upon a delightful excursion. I saw a marvel. In the orange avenue several piles of uprooted yours have long been lying. long sticks with crooked + manifold roots. It is no less true than wonderful that these sticks have sprouted with as much animation + profusion as if they

still drew nourishment from the mother of all living! I have long thought the flourishing branches of beautiful green leaves were of some other tree but no! out of the dead cometh forth life. Sun, air + dew are quite sufficient – or rather every thing will grow + increase in this land. Whether one chooses or not. If I should stay out in the sun + air long enough, I have no doubt I should blossom as the rose green leaves + all of perchance a dead stump of some huge forest tree is left remaining, immediately a light, spreading tall bush + often a tree springs up + entirely covers + embraces the unseemly corpse with their living arms of green + upon old stumps you find the most magnificent of all flowers – night blooming Cereus itself – to which I would say

Thou from the crowd thy vestal beauty turning
Keepst in dim urns the precious odor shrined,
Till steps are hushed + faithful stars are burning
And the moon's eye looks down, serenely kind!

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Shut from the sounds wherein the day rejoiced
So no triumphant song your petals thrill;
But yield their fragrance with the faint sweet voices
Rising from hidden fowls when all is still –
 So doth lone prayers arise
 Mingling with [unknown word] sighs
 When grief unfolds like you
 Her breast for heavenly dew
 In silent hours to fill.

The truth is that there is life + must be life – wherever you turn your eye in this land - Mr Lynch breakfasted with us – lately from Havana, + said that the city was precisely like a red hot oven – morning, noon + night still the same! And here we are as comfortable as possible. Soon after four o'clk just as we were about leaving the table – a whirlwind swept over the face of the earth + soon down came the waters – They poured for an hour or more till the house was like a floating island. We were surrounded with lagunes – Carlito came running in + said pouring out
“there is Lake Michigan + lake Erie + all the lakes. Miss Mary.” There was something so exhilarating in the resounding torrents that the children were perfectly wild as well as some

of the horses standing round + the Dr was
so glad for his cron, that he looked even more
than six feet tall + his eye sparkled lustroously.
Gracias a Dios! he exclaimed as he watched
the [slaking] of the earth's thirst. It was too wet
to ride or walk to night – but now the moon is
up + it is a [unknown word] night. Fare thee well
The first rain for seventeen days except one sprinkle of

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ten minutes.

June 14th My beloved mother Your dear, beautiful, letter of
May – arrived to us by this morning's mail – with
Elizabeth's Journal + a letter from Mary Hathaway Watson.
Your letter suggests a thousand things but I cannot
answer it to day because one of my eyes is very weak
+ covered + it is too great a strain to write with one.
Give my love to Pukman Tyler + ask him
to unite to me – He owes me a letter. I want to
see him as much as he can me – How
interesting that visit to sweet Elizabeth 10th Heuy!
I am very sure there is more in her than is
thoughts! or she is a pageant – for her whole
appearance + manner bespeak something uncommon
Give my most affectionate love to her + prau
do not forget it. + tell her I think of her a
great deal. I suspect William is “happier than
he knows” now – as Anna Stephen used to say
of him. I meant to unite to Pickman to day –
were it not for my eye – I am rejoiced [oh]
you enjoy the fields as much as every. Nature
wakes all your poetry of mind + hearts – Tell
Father that his irresistibly comic note to the
first page of your letter made me laugh
till I was quite uncomfortable. But I ought not
to say any more now. Thine wholly – Sophia –

I suppose you have heard that the queen's party
in Spain has prevailed – a new governor has come
out here, who intend to make great improvements tho
old one who is a Garlert is afraid to return to Spain having
heard that his brothers head has been cut off – the
archbishop has this appeared. And all things we uturned.
These are our politics but you do not say a word of
yours. I thought it was a [word obscured by burn in paper] this little place

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should not be filled. But I cannot fill these great corners for I am pressed for time – so Adieu Mary – Dr Morrell says that Catalonia, the most considerable + effective province of Spain, has taken a very decided stand, + insists upon the assembling of the Cortes before it will consent to the upholding of the Queen Regent – He says when the Cortes assembles there is no doubt but that the slave trade will be abolished in the colonies.

Sophy

[Written Vertically Up Page]

Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody

No 8. Bullfinch Place

Care of George H. Peabody Boston Masstts

United States.

The late governor, who was also Count of Cuba, has made a fortune of 600,000 dollars out of his office tho' when he came, he was quite poor.

Say no more of its being an effort to write this journal to you. It is one of my most decided pleasures + no more effort than silent thought.

Letter 21: Page 1

June 12th 1834

San Marcos La Recompensa. Evening

My dearest Mamà,

No journal this week! but I have written a long letter to Mary White, + one to Father both of which you will see I suppose. This has been mail day + we missed our friend Pepi very much, for he always took our letters out of the Post office with his own, at the earliest hour, + today we had to wait till two o'clk nearly + then there was nothing for us. A very pleasant greeting from the Reserva came however to Louisa from Matilda, in which she gives a most amusing account of their mistake about the time of the eclipse! They all sat up the whole of the wrong night! wandering about the house like troubled spirits, & quite out of patience with "the disobliging moon" for looking so beautiful + bright, + all the while the poor thing had been eclipsed the night before! It was perfectly ridiculous. Horace Cleveland is there recruiting from a little illness he has had of late. I have read a great quantity of Spanish today. nearly through a novel intensely romantic in which the course of true love runs crookedly + billowy-ly enough to prove its truth beyond the shadow of all doubt. This afternoon an express came from La Providencia (Gayas') in the shape of a negro on horseback. He took out paquet after paquet till it began to be laughable, + Madame's arms were entirely overloaded. Not one

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bundle was directed, - but the negro said they had been sent by Pepi several days ago, + he did not know where to carry them till the arrival of Niño Fernando yesterday, who said they were for Recompensa. The first thing Mrs Morrell opened was a bushel of various coloured beads. whom for – no one could tell, though Madame was sure they were for Louise from Carolina. Then some boxes of cotton. probably for the seamstresses – then a pack of thread which Mrs M. had sent for – a piece of Muslin for Louise – a bunch of locks for the Dr. [+c+c+c]

came rushing out + was duly provoked that he had gone before she could ask him all the questions she wished. In the course of fifteen minutes he appeared again, + said that the niño Fernando would be here directly - + would bring the letters that he arrived at La Providencia last night – He again took leave - + after the next half hour came dashing up the avenue, + brought another dispatch – some engravings for Louise from Pepillo + a head drawn by Don Manuel. Two things more only were now to come. the books for me from Pepi, + an inkstand for Madame. + we fully. expected. the black phantom to appear once more at least. But the next apparition was Don Fernando himself. When he alighted from his horse the deep suffusion of his noble countenance

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showed how much he felt at seeing the family for the first time after the death of his Father. There. was an air of seriousness + profound sensibility in his manner which was the more impressive + interesting, because he was before so gay + sportive + vivacious. He had more an air of nobility about him than either of the other brothers + much more grace. He is decided by the most enchanting. of the five. + this evening especially. Before he sat down he took the letters from his pocket + delivered their round to Louise, Mary + me from Carolina – ours were sweet Spanish notes from the little dear in which she said that the bushel of beads was for us! + that she has charged Fernando to talk a great deal with us in her idiom. In the course of the evening we got him seated at the piano + he played the most beautiful Waltz I ever heard with exquisite taste + expression + then “his own compositions” – He sits at the piano as one would sit upon an ottoman – leaning back with the greatest ease while his fingers wander over the keys as if of their own will. ~~Presently~~ When his horse was brought for him to go home, he took from the saddle the inkstand! + had said before that the books would come by the Correo. so now all things are accounted for. He has great dignity of manner. Mrs Morrell

invited him to come morning, noon & night _ to

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breakfast + dine whenever he was inclined
white he was a solitaire – But Manuel is coming
soon. The head of a warrior drawn in crayon
by Manuel is very fine, + shows an uncommon
talent + taste for the act. Fernando said that
Pancho draws still better. + the modest
youth gave me to understand that he hardly
knew how to use the pencil. It is an
elegant accomplishment for a gentleman-
July 13th I was up at the dawn this lovely Sabbath morning
+ rode a good hour + met old Tomas off the Portrero –
which was the only ugly thing I saw. He stopped to make
a [unknown word] + to pronounce a benediction + then
passed on. As I loitered along in the fresh
+ still + holy dawn, I thought with great vividness
of the morning of the resurrection + felt as if I could
realize it better in this oriental climate than ever.
I was excessively tired when I got home + had to
lie down all the forenoon, excepting during our little
meeting in wh Mrs Morrell read a fine sermon
of Mr Frothingham. In the afternoon my headach
+ the negroe's drum prevented me from reading
much + I wandered about till a Quitrine appeared
down the avenue, which proved to contain Don
Jacob Lufroi + his sister Ana Teresa. She is a
pretty little thing. with a beautiful figure + a sweet
face not illumined by a great share of mind.
Her head was full of natural flowers, which are
the universal headdress in this country + a most
becoming one. Her turnica was like gossamer
with short sleeves – the fashion here – even with
huge married ladies. As to Jacob, he is a
collection of rectangles thrown together. Nothing
can equal his utter want of curves but his goodness –

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Mrs Morrell. has a great respect for him. He is besides
cultivated. much above the common par - &
I believe was educated in France. At any rate he
has been there + speaks French very well. Neither
he nor his sister look in the least Spanish. They
both have light hair + eyes + though not fair –
are not of the tint of most children of Spain.
They speak very distinctly however, + I made out

to talk to them a little. Jacob speaks just as he looks. in right angles (drawing of right angles) He said among many other things that the Marquis of Romus + his sister had gone to Cadiz instead of to the north. so tell Mary Puckman, with my love, that I have flattered her with false hopes of seeing the young Vicente. They made a “bouncing visit” as Louise called it, of three hours.

14th PM. I have been on the bed all day – till three o’clk – quite an unusual thing for me – Evening just then Madame invited me to take a drive with her in the volante to the other estate - + we took Carlitos with us. We went to the Portrero to see a little black lamb which his father has given him – an unac – countable production, for its mother is white, + there is not another black one in the flock. There was + had been all the afternoon an inky pall stretched over the heavens but there never is a cloud so thick or dark that the setting sun does not [courmute] it into glory in this land. The weather is never sulky as in the north. + accordingly, the. curtain began to be fringed with the most splendid colours – which in the west interfused themselves nearly to the Zenith. Coming home we met. Don Antonio, the Mayoral, who looks exactly like a feather bed with his head, arms + legs tied off. A little farther on we found Louisa + Edward on horseback

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careering full speed through the Palms. Louise has a Die Vernon air on the back of a horse. Soon after we all arrived home, came Don Fernando de Gayas. His countenance was of the natural colour this time, + he did not look so deeply excited. I found from what he said that it was Ponton who had gone to Cadiz + not the Marquis and that the Marquis had been heard from and Asuncion is better. He sat down to the piano + played again that enchanting waltz. Mrs Morrell + Louisa play it; but it. is a totally different thing from their fingers. The reason is that Fernando hears the martial band at Havana. which is superior to any other troupe. execute it with every grace + embellishment, + as he plays from his ear principally, he is not shackled by the mere notes. I could have listened to it all night. Mrs Morrell says that she heard a lady in Havana declare that the hearing of that band was quite recompense enough for living

in the city. Unfortunately when Mary + I were there his blessed Majesty (Q.E.E.G.) was just dead, + all sounds of joy were muffled, + we suffered. the aggravation. of seeing the troupe pass – with every eloquent + unrivalled instrument choked with grief, in the form of black crape- + sounding like voices from the tombs. Yet even under all that disadvantage I never felt so excited by music. Madame invited Fernando to dine with us tomorrow; but he is not well & thought it would not be possible. He wore the first Spanish cloak I have seen since I have been here + it added greatly to his exceeding grace.

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15th. This morning the Dr said at breakfast that he thought a railroad would actually be commenced between Havana + Rincon, a distance of fifteen miles. It will. cost thirty thousand dollars per mile!! I. have been very busy indeed today + have not lain down at all. Spanish all day. This afternoon Mrs Morrell + Molly – Carl + Batson went to walk – Louisa + Ned began to prepare for a horsebacking + I kept quietly at my Spanish book on the gallery – not caring to go out in the wild winds. (By the way we took our dessert on the front gallery today, which was very agreeable.) No one expected the Marques – because he was sick. but suddenly he rode up, looking as brilliant as if he had never known a pain. I had to receive him by myself perforce - + when I asked him how he did he said he was “bastante malo”. (ill enough). + after the bright flush of greeting passed away I saw that he looked indeed “bastante malo.” Louisa soon came out. After a while I thought he would feel better if he were discoursing his most excellent music on the piano; so I opened + turned to ask him, but he did not wait for the words, + there he sat entrancing us for a long time - + when Mary got home, she + Louisa waltzed up + down the gallery by that splendid Waltz ‘the Rotunda’ – called so after the estate of the Countess of Sombillo. In the evening there was a great deal of music all round - + when Fernando was again at the piano, the Dr arrived with the letters! What a wish – but none for us nor for any body, excepting a short one from Charlotte de Wolfe Malanas, to Louise – which indeed

contained good news [crossed out words]

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Mrs Morrell could not bear to have Fernando go home + be alone [crossed out word] feeling ill as he did - + invited him to stay all night – but he said he had there the woman who always took care of the sick, beside a great many other servants + he thought he had better return. She told he should not ride in the sun - + he replied that he would not ‘hasta mañana, por la tarde’ – (till tomorrow afternoon) when he will be at Recompensa again. at last he wrapped himself carefully in his “inky cloak” wh made me think of Hamlet + went to his solitary home. The Dr said tonight the the new Governor had issued a decree prohibiting any man, woman or child from wearing any knife dagger – sword – or any dangerous weapon whatsoever in her infant majesty’s dominance + he is enforcing it with full rigor in Havana – having already imprisoned several for transgressing so you perceive that as Don Francisco said ‘the morning cometh’ to the athenesse by degrees 16th I took a long ride at dawn + Guajamon was more animated than usual. The sun rolled up like a brass globe + I perceived that it was raining on the mountains. I went to the sheepfold, where I saw the little black lamb + multitudes of little black pigs. + directly in the midst of them all sat Rogue, the little shepherd + swined, in serene companionship, allowing the clean + nuclear animals to run over his nude feet + legs as if they were playmates. I am sitting on the front gallery – It is sunset + in the distant part of the avenue before me are Madame, Batson, Mary, + Carlitos, upon a stroll. Ned + Louisa are off on horseback. One heap of snow in the south is changing into a pile of roses but there is not much glory in the heavens to night. Our noble knight Fernando

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has not made his appearance + we fear he is more ill. A stupid slave from there this morning said he was quite unwell. I have sewed a little + studied a great deal of Spanish to day. + drawn a few strokes. – Just at that moment Louisa + Edward came galloping up + Louisa said that when she was at the fort of the palm avenue some Moneteros passed

+ one called out “Luidissima!” (most beautiful) to her + she turned so as to have a fair feeld for a flight + then ventured to reply “Adios Lindo!” struck spurs to her horse + vanished, + she could hear the shouts of the people as she went. These Monteros have a dress from which they never vary – It masks their caste. It is a camisa + Pantaloons – very loose + fastened round their waists by a coloured pocket handkerchief in which a sword is fastened They wear no suspenders. Sometimes they look very gracefully. The only difference between them is a finer + cleaner linen. the costume is always the same, + separates the Monetero from the Caballero or gentleman. They always are on horseback. Indeed no one, not even beggars, are ever seen on foot. Here even the beggars ride. A person would be considered mad if her were found walking on the royal road – That pile of roses changed into snow again as the moon began to give light + the most brilliant silver lighting has been playing in it ever since – There is not a cloud nor an insect to be seen nor felt, + Madame Morrell is playing that entrancing waltz - + trying to imitate Fernando – but she does not succeed. ‘What a night! Feliz de mi

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The Dr has just returned from a visit to Gayas’ – + says Fernando is a little better – but that it is excessively dull there in that huge house alone – Madame sent for him to come + stay here till he was well – but I believe he declined [unknown abbrv.] 17th Sunrise. This is one of those mornings which seem just from the hand of GOD. There is a great deal of air as pure + cool + fresh as if it had stirred a thousand fountains before visiting my face. Grand clouds with sharp jagged outlines like rocks rent by a thunderbolt in the cast seem actually to wound the soft delicate hue of the sky. but though they are rough – perhaps their magnificence may alone – They fell back + the sun rises up between them I am waiting for my horse to be saddled – for I must go out in this air even if the sun’s rays have filled the earth. I did not wake as early as usual. I dreamed of you all night + it appears as if I had but just parted from you dearest Mother. Sunset. I did not ride this morning – oring to the stupidity of the single [unknown word] Pope Urban. but I took a

delightful walk – gathered golden lemons from under the trees. the branch of a tiny palm tree, just spring out of its mother earth, + a superbly tinted leaf which looks as if it had been touched by Autumn’s finger. I never saw richer colours in the north. There has been a torbellino today – the most furious wind we have had yet with an uninterrupted roar of thunder + a goodly quantity of rain. The thunder to day sounded like the angry bellowing of a thousand lions. The Doctor says the wind has blown down nearly all the plaintain trees upon the other estate + a

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great many upon this + also two Guacinas – which are large spreading. It is a most beautiful sunset a golden suffusion – as if the sun had breathed his own essence into the hither to sun blue cloud which covered the west. The moon is coming out to finish the conquest over all the dimnesses in the regions of air. The Doctor says “when the moon fulls, we shall be favoured with water.” Fernando is no better. 18th Fri. I rode this morning + saw some of the havoc which the wind made yesterday – Louisa began to copy the fine head drawn by Manuel de Gayas + was so much interested that she sat two hours + a half at it. At noon a vast cloud, black + clear covered half the heavens. It was really terrific, + I thought we should have a tremendous hurricane + tempest. but it descended in a more quiet rain than usual, with very little wind + thunder. I read Spanish till I espied at the farthest end of one of the avenues Fernando himself coming to tell his own story. I was delighted to know he was able to ride. When he dismounted he said he was not entirely well, but much relieved that he had not eaten an individual morsel of any thing for four days, + all his nourishment had been a glass of sugar + water (a very common beverage here) three times a day. His appearance corroborated his words. for he looked much thinner than before. but very brilliant. It is astonishing – the change that has taken place in his face since last Christmas - + since the death of his father + the trouble + perplexity consequent. His eyes are twice as large + deep

+ decidedly a darker hazel + his forehead seems to have expanded. His son seems to have had a sudden overflow + awakening + reanimated the temple anew. We were again enchanted with that Waltz of which I fear you will tire of hearing – but it is so beautiful that I cannot help mentioning it every time. [crossed out words] Louisa + Mary walked round the room till poor Molly because so overpoweringly ‘guinea’ (as Carlito pronounces ‘giddy’) that she fell into a chair quite tragedy like, + Fernando sprang from the piano + told her to get up + unwind herself by turning the other way. but she either did not understand his Spanish or was in too much of a maze to listen. At any rate there she sat as red as mahogany poor dear - + she will be topsy turvy for two or three days I know. Madame at last sat down to play + Mary + Louisa sang. I happened to have a paste crayon in my hand which Fernando took + began to sketch Louisa upon his glove. When he came to the mouth. he was in despair + asked me if I could take faces. for he never could draw a mouth. I told him yes, + he begged me to do it for him. But the naughty child would not hold still + it was rather difficult to make a delicate stroke upon his glove! + so I gave up. All this involved considerable Spanish in which I requited myself very well I assure you! The night surpasses my power of description. We went out upon the gallery in the moonlight + it was enough! Fernando’s horse was brought but he stood talking a long time. even after he was cloaked. He wanted us all to go to Providencia upon horseback. ‘Why’ said Louisa. ‘Para ver el niño Fernando’.

Letter 22: Page 1

Monday June 14th 1834 San Marcos La Recompensa

My beloved Mother,

My eye is quite well today, + I am going to enjoy myself with you a little while. This morning I read your dear letter over again. It is the sweetest letter. It gives me a sense of waking bliss to find you can feel so serene + calm + elevated + trustful during the bereavement of three of your jewels. It takes away the sting of parting; for my deepest regret was in leaving you + Father for I knew you would miss your patient much more than if I had been no care. That little description of your visit to Elizabeth 10th – is a perfect picture & one of the loveliest I ever beheld. She looked like a vestal. now she must have the expression of the Madonna, with the holy mother in her sweet lofty face. I know she has a warm, affectionate heart, but I think she does not communicate but to a few. Cold I am sure she is not. The cordial pressure of her hand is a proof to the contrary. Yesterday was a great day at La Recompensa. A dozen or more negroes went to the Artemisa at the baptizing of four of their infants into the euphonious names of Maria Leocadia, Valentino, Henrique + Bonifacio. Louisa + Mary + Batson were two hours I should think dressing up the babies + children. The groom Urbano was godfather to one, + Jose la Lura – to another. The patriarch Carlos + wife + five children made the greatest display of finery. They are the aristocracy of the dark race. Valentino saw fit to screech all the way + even into the ear of the Priest, who filled his mouth with sacred salt to stop him! When they returned, there was a grand dance. They came

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in front of the house + formed a semicircle + Cristobal began a wild furious evolution to the music of two drums + the measured clapping of all hands with a loud song. Just in the full hide, however, the Doctor sent word that they must go somewhere else, + so they retreated back upon the driers, + again set up their strange + savage claut. I went out with Mrs Morrell to see them.

A woman is invited to dance by having a hat put upon her head, or a handkerchief into her hand. + they become so perfectly intoxicated with the motion + music that long after they stop, they reel about as if under the influence of wine. The stately Isabella, chief laundress, brod on the light fantastic – with Jose la Lus. the handsomest son of Afric upon the Plantation - + our good, simple Juana was quite frantic with the delirium of her excitement – Her voice was the loudest + she tossed her [auras] like a wild spirit. They keep perfect time. Today Juana is hoarse + no wonder. They danced + screamed incessantly from eleven till dark! In the morning I told Carlito the story of Joseph + of Goliath + David, which kept him entranced out of the sun for an hour or two. Mrs Morrell read one of David's Psalms afterwards in our little church + when I told him it was written by the same David who was so brave + good his interest was intense. Mrs M. read a sermon of

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Dr [thirst] upon the Sabbath wh was excellent – After dinner Carlito wanted to hear some more story + I told him about Solomon + his wisdom + splendor – + the temple he built. He was so breathlessly attentive that he became very tired + I stopped short just as I had sounded the silver trumpets into his ear. Mary + Luisa went to Madame Henri's in the latter part of the afternoon – And had not long been gone before the young Don Francisco + Pepillo Gayas rode up on horseback. It was the first time they had been here since their Father's death. Their mourning in the country consisted of a black vest, + neckerchief – Pepillo is the youngest son + I never saw him still before. He sat as demurely as possible – without a word, except in reply to Mrs M. once in a while. though he looked as keen witted + full of fire as you please. But as soon as Luisa came home, the torrent burst forth + he did not stop talking on instant till he went. I spoke a sentence I believe; to Francisco. The evening was heavenly half a moon, + soft as down. + they staid quite late. When Pepillo was just about to spring upon his beautiful horse, he gave

him a sounding slap + while the creature
was prancing, he vaulted on his back
+ fled like the wind. This was a youthful
display of horsemanship I suppose.
This morning I studied Spanish + sewed + slept
the did not dime till afternoon so that it
was late in the afternoon when we left
the table + Mary took her drawing + I thought
I would come + write to you. But to! here
comes Don Pepillo again caracoling on his spirited sleep
[word cut off] he is bowing [toure] as I sit writing - + [unknown word]

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he has spring off + left him to go where he
liveth. I must fo into the hall + take a
Spanish lesson from his conversation.
Evening. The youth has just gone. We went
to walk to our beautiful wood at sunset.
+ I feel much better for the exercise. Mrs
Morrell is now playing + singing sweetly on
the piano. the lightning is flashing + thunder
rolling, but no rain. The Dr has gone to
Guanina to see the sick old Mr Charles de
Wolfe. Goodnight. It is the anniversary of
Bunker Hill battle!
June 18th This morning Mary + I took a walk at sunrise
but it was uncommonly hot for so early an hour - +
my steps rather dragged. I read Spanish when I returned
till our suite of rooms! was arranged + then I was
obliged to take a nap before breakfast. Meanwhile
the Doctor returned from Guanine. I sat down with
Madame + Louisa in the back gallery after breakfast
where we always sit in the morning wind a great
square table, + Madame was extremely agreeable
She told me about the Carolls of Carollton. One
of the daughters of Charles was a perfectly worldly woman
+ brought up her daughters each to act a particular
part on the stage of life, putting heart + duty out of
the question. She was a woman of great talent, +
her daughter were exceedingly fascinating + beautiful-
One married a Mr Patterson for his money, a rough
coarse, disagreeable man, [crossed out words] she
went to Europe with time + hers other sisters. The youngest
took the character of a sweet, unconscious innocent,
+ made hundreds her dupes. Madame de Tousard
knew them & told Mrs M. that she did + said the
most abominable + indecent things under this cloak
of simplicity. The archbishop of Caroll thought she was

an angel of light, such was her consummate act.

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They were in Europe just at the time the Duke of Wellington was enjoying his high fame as a General, + the young wife + this simple Louisa were seen every where upon each arm of the illustrious lord, so that they were talked about constantly. He saw thro' the character of Louisa + sometimes with an oath bid her have done with her innocence! The reason why they were in the first circles was because old Charles Carroll their Grandfather had been very generous + hospitable to the French Emigrants, +when they went to court at Paris as all strangers may, the Queen which them particularly + received them very graciously on account of him, + there they became acquainted with the Duke of Wellington. The extraordinary beauty + grace of Mrs Pallerson would have made her distinguished anwhere at any rate. And they were never seen excepting upon his grace's arms. which made them famous. At Last Mr Pallerson died + his wife returned to America; but soon thought she must go back to Europe for her health, tho' Mrs Morrell said it was probably that she might have a higher field of action. The Duke was instantly in her cortege again + gave her letters to a great many Lords + Ladies of the grand monde among. the rest to his brother the Marquis of Wellesly The old man, seventy years of age, had heard a great deal of her, + was determined not to see her or be introduced; but she was equally determined to the contrary. Such was his decided repugrance that he left his own house + went to that of a noble Lady of his acquaintance to stay while the sorcerers passed by. But lo! she had letters to this very noble Lady + there she appeared in defiance of all his precautions. And such was her irresistible beauty + grace + art, that in twenty

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four hours he was her humble slave + soon her husband! Now they have in separate houses. She is a favorite maid of honour to the Queen Adelaide Thus far has she gone on in her career. Miss Louisa meanwhile was not inactive. She met with the young Duke Caernavon + made a conquest of him – + though he was a profligate wretch - + drunkard;

she married him + is now Duchess of Argyle. for her has since inherited that title. Another sister, never intended to marry. but she received attentions from numberless adorers whom she severally rejected with such address that each one left her thinking she was the noblest + finest of women. One gentleman she accepted + every thing was prepared for the marriage – even the plate worker with their names when suddenly the lady told the gentleman that she thought it was her duty not to marry him because she felt she did not love him sufficiently! + he acquired at the same time declaring that she was the most high minded of beings! She is now with her sister in Europe still another of this extraordinary sisterhood married in America, + her husband dying, she went to live with an immensely wealthy uncle, pretending that she could not possibly go to Europe + leave the dear old man, + she so insinuated herself into his affections + obtained such power over him that she made him arrange his will so as to leave her a much larger proportion of his vast fortune than either to his children or wife. Did you ever hear of such proceedings? This afternoon Mary + Luisa walked to the other estate- + Edward mounted a horse + went.

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to the Cereus spot + brought me two of the glorious flowers, at this moment before my eyes + pouring their fragrance around. He then rode to the laguna + returned with a splendid purple flower which I wish you could see. He said there was an immense tree of it there! It grows in clusters in a cone like form – as large as the horse chesnut. Away he went again + came back for Mary's sewing + Louisa's. Meantime the volante was brought + Mrs Morrell, Carlito + I jumped in + rode to (Here is Juana with a cup of smoking orange tea- I'll stop a while + sip -) San Juan, & these we found Molly sewing on the Driers, + Louisa on Ned's horse. Carlite joined Ned + Madame + I passed on to the fortress this the cocoa Avenue. There we found old Tomas. who seemed to be very busy about the fowls just at that moment, for wh Mrs M. called him an old fox. I do not think you ever imagined such a looking creature he is - + it

is quite impossible to describe him. He puts soot on his heard to make himself look young & when it gets off he says there is ashes on it, To day he had his wool braided into a [unknown word] behind – He is quite old + tall + large + a great way withal – such motions! I never saw the Portrero look so beautifully. There is a splendid wood half round it, bordered by the Piñon. + on one side is a grove of Palms. It was just sunset + the mountains were arrayed in their bluest mantle. From there we went to Almirante's. In the gallery sat old Don Tomas, blind + ever saying "Gracias a Dios." The poor man has lately lost a favorite daughter. + is in very distressed circumstances. but Mrs Morrell

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says he prays from morning till night over his [to say] and the burden of his prayers is Thanks to God! He is a man of uncommonly pure + honest character. Tolita came out in a most becoming costume. She is always in white, (excepting when in black) + to night she had on an embroidered muslin - + a black shawl very tastefully wound round her shoulders + a dark blue, richly bordered kerchief over her head. She had a cold. She is an excellent daughter. We came home through [unkown word's] plantation. Now it is a brilliant moonlight. It lightens in the east – but no thunder. Louisa is playing on the piano a splendid piece of martial music which the Boston band used to perform upon the common in those days you cool of! I am ready to fly. There comes the Doctor + perhaps he has brought letters. I must go + see Bed time. The Doctor brought us no letters from America. but one from Reserva to Louisa with a little note to me. from Elizabeth Williams. Matilda tells Louisa that Horace Cleveland is there, to their great joy – for they were very dull. Good night June 19th – Good morning, dear Mother – Sophy and I have just returned from a morning walk, which she is beginning to substitute her rides and I think they will do more good. She begins to say in reality that little word better – which has been expelled from her vocabulary so long _ she begins to feel something like buoyance of frame, and is conscious all the time that the heat is doing her good – the heat here is of a very different quality from yours – It does not affect me as our

summer heats do we always get comfortably [corled]
in the evening, and there are very few mornings
that are not comfortable till clocks in the part
of the house that is shady – the thermometer rages
from 86 to 93 generally. Love to all yo Mary

Letter 23: Page 1

June 19th 1834. San Marcos La Recompensa

My dearest Mother, Yesterday morning we sent a paquet to Havanna wh will probably reach you with one sent the week before. I did not do any thing but study a little Spanish yesterday + begin lot sketch Colonel de Tousard. Mrs Morrell + the Dr went to Madame Henri's + at sunset I walked to San Juan with Batson – It was a perfect evening. At the other entrance we met Pepillo de Gayas coming to see us – Louisa was in the Orange Avenue on horseback, but I told her of the arrival + she trotted home to see him while “Botts”+ I finished our walk + saw the sun depart quite + all his glory fade before we returned. Here he not the sun was pouring out his calaract of words which did not cease till he departed. There were no mosquitoes + the moon was as bright as day upon us as we sat out on the gallery basking in its shine. Pepillo was greatly advantaged by the peculiar light as only his outline could be seen which is noble, + not his complexion, wh is vile He said he was excessively dull at the sugar Estate. alone with his brother Francisco – for the books were all locked up excepting one wh he knew by heart. This estate has been occupied for fifteen years buy that woman + her ten children - + there for tho'. the sans went there upon the holidays – his lawful daughters never have been under the roof of the house since – entirely banished I am sure the relief it is to be rid of that whole establishment is so. incalculable that they must soon he reconcited to their father's death. – Now the house is not only deserted of its forever inmates – but the woman has carried off every thing she could lay her hands upon- the domestic slaves + all. Pepillo + Francisco are there in the deserted halls. to recreate themselves in the country.

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Mrs Morrell at last went into the hall + sat down to the piano + played all the variations of the inimitable Dr Tanti Palpiti + some Spanish Waltzes. It was great luxury thus how it in a Cuba moonlight + listen to such sweet music. not an insect about. Mosquitoes are by no means constant. + when they do come are immediately driven away by a little smoke of corn cobs. This

was not quite early enough. We visited the Laguna + saw that splendid tread of pyramidal clusters of flowers of which I spoke to you in my last journal I read Spanish till my siesta – sitting with Mrs Morrell meantime, who entertained me with agreeable converse. Now we have just returned from La Providencia, the de Gayas estate!! Pepillo was very earnest that we should all go, + this afternoon Madame, Louisa, Mary, the boys + I went. It is approached by a ride, beautiful avenue of Mangoes. which opens upon a circular hedge of roses, + beyond this is a garden of flowers directly before the gallery of the house. We had hardly arrived When Pepillo came flying through the hall, throwing off his spurs + hat as he ran. The mansion is immensely large. We went all over it. There is no end to the chambers in the second story, + the gallery which they open upon, is surrounded with Venetian blinds all around were quite extensive + beautiful The back gallery is really grand. Large white pillars support the corridor + on each side are the unfinished remains of stone wings with red columns, which made it look like an old castle. The prospect from this back gallery is down a long vista in wh the eye is lost. We went over the establishments where sugar is made

[written vertically up the page]

+He was probably just coming here.

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+ were not troubled by any disagreeable sights, because there is no making of sugar at this season. The buildings are much more spacious + furnished than that of Don Andres Diaz, which we went to see before. + now are in the nicest order. The huge square pillars of the place where the cane is pressed are as Francisco said “pour bonjours” everlasting made of iron wood. so hard as to burn the largest nail. In our world Edward brought me the flower of the pomegranate which grows there as a part of the hedges. It is of the most superb scarlet + orange colour of this shape. The calyay is orange + the petals of scarlet [drawing of shape] The calyay is very thick like ivory paper [drawing of shape] wh gives great richness to its appear [drawing of shape] ance Two splendid Hastronia trees grow at each end of the

front gallery, oleanders as large as peach trees + various rare plants. Pepillo was overflowing with intense life as usual – but Pancho (the diminutive of Francisco.) was also as usual grave, though extremely pleasant + attentive + polite – a perfectly finished cavalier. He has a fine face + is very gentle in his manners Pepillo is an illustration of perpetual motion – full of wit + ideas. of which he allows his neighbors to have the benefit all the time. He said he should die of eunici if Madame Morrell were not kind enough to admit him at La Recompensa + here he comes every day. We did not leave till quite late. as there was a bright moon Madame invited the lone youths. to come + spend the day tomorrow.

20th This morning I brought forth my oil paints to picture the pomegranate + the Hastronomia -but I did not succeed altogether as I liked. Pepillo came very early at twelve, + said he left Pancho in the bath but. he followed after soon I admire to talk Spanish to them because they help me along + correct what is not right. as if they were really interested in my progress. I taught Francisco English too at

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the same time. It is in vain to attempt to understand Pepillo for he talks as fast as Susan Prescott. but I think I shall soon be able to get along with the elder + more dedate brother. While Pepillo is running on in a stream of talk – every inch of his body in violent motion, Pancho looks round at him with a forbearing smile + says ‘It is youth. in one older it would be folly.’ It is morally impossible to help sympathizing with such spirits. He makes the blood flow faster volens volens. After dinner an excursion was proposed – the volant + quintrine were brought + Pepillo’s horse, + we set forth for Don Pancho Justiniani’s. Leaving the Dr + Fransisco behind... We had “just arrived at the end of the first avenue when we met a volante! wh proved to be Madame Henri + her husband, + so. we all turned back. There was something bordering upon the ridiculous in thus being checked at the very outset. for it takes just a little Infinity of time for all the horses so he caparaioned - + such another for the caleseros to lace their boots + arrange their toilet that it had somewhat the effect upon me of a person’s

having his mouth gagged just as he had
summoned his force to give a good shout
We all love Madame Henri so much, however, that
it was no cross to come back + see her. The
carriages were drawn up into the shade. +
so I concluded the expedition was not given up
+ thus it proved. Mrs Morrell soon proposed that
Louisa + I, escorted by Pepillo, should go
on + she would follow later. And a merry
ride we had of it. Pepillo's horse (well named
El Volador, the Flyer.) was as full of mettle
spirit + fire as his young master; & though he
rides with great grace + dexterity, my heart was

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all the time in my mouth while he caracoled +
pranced along. Twice he lost off his hat – Every child
he met he asked if he or she had the cholera. “Linda! tiene
el Colera?” Pretty one – hast the Cholera?’ He sat in
his saddle as one would in an easy chair. perfectly
straight + still watever the horse was doing. The
saddles in this country are very different from ours
They are made of soft quilted leather, reaching nearly to the feet
on each side, with high cushions before + behind.
as easy as it is possible. Just over the forehead
of Pepillo's horse was a band of burnished silver
which nearly put my eyes out every time he
turned his head towards us to speak. At
about a mile from home we found there had
been a heavy rain + the roads were very heavy.+
once in a while we were saluted by a lump
of mud upon our nice white muslins. + then Gayego's
tail got unbraided + Pablo had to jump down
+ arrange it while Pepillo dismounted also, + stood
between the three horse's heads during the
His nice white pants were sadly soiled, + he
said he was not fit to go + make a visit. However
it was dusk before we arrived. + besides this, we
found Doña Pila in the act of weeding her garden, &
her white muslin dress was none the better for the
mud. Her hair was disheveled too. She called
for [emer] + napkin directly + we approached her
while she was in the act of [having]. But such was
the perfect ease + polish of her manners. that
she made us feel perfectly comfortable at once,
+ when her hands were clean, she came forward
+ kissed Louisa on either cheek as is the custom +
gave me her hand + she could not have been more

embarrassed if she had been in full dress. She has a very agreeable face though plain – The expression make up for want of beauty of feature Her husband

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was held fast in the hall by a [goudy] fool. + Pepillo much against his will, was obliged to go in + talk business to him, while we staid out taking the fresh + the tea roses. It was pretty late before Mrs Morrell + Mary arrived. + as soon as Madame went in to speak to Don Pancho, Pepillo rushed out panting + puffing + said he was almost dead from being obliged to talk soberly so long upon business The moon rose! That expresses more inn this country even then in ours. one end of the gallery- (Pepillo has just rode up, shaking the letters at me which he has brought from the Postoffice. but there are more for us. He has just told me – as I sit here writing to give his love – I suppose to my correspondent-) One end of the gallery is partially covered with a beautiful vine in the form of an arch - + the moonlight came twinkling through the leaves. while the other side was in broad shine – + an uncommonly beautiful almond tree of this shape with very large leaves, stood forth distinctly [drawing of shape of tree] marked on the pure heaven beyond [drawing of shape of tree] The adorous flowers – the moon - + [drawing of shape of tree] that other moon – the evening star. [drawing of shape of tree] were our entertainment. When we started to come away – Pepillo disappeared in the garden. + brought back an herb which he gave me with a resounding shout. I did not quite comprehend the wit of it, but it smelled so strong + not agreeably. that I threw it away - + he crossed himself + exclaimed ‘Ave Maria purissima!’ Our ride home was enchanting – Pepillo sung like the Monteros nearly all the way, + we met dozens of laden mules. It was after nine when we got to Recompensa.

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21st Last night was a total eclipse of the moon at 52 minutes past two wh we saw. It was a very singular one – not like any I ever saw before. Instead of a black lady gradually, as it were, cutting off the planet from our view. there was a shadow thrown across it in this way. [drawing of shadow gradient] of a brownish

tint which finally overspread the whole, of an equal thickness. but at first darker at one end + softening the moon perfectly bright, as it went in a decided line. I do not comprehend it + should like to have it explained.

Dr Morrell says he can safely say that there never has been such a June as this in Cuba. The month has nearly passed without more than one rousing shower when here before it has rained every day from the beginning. the unwanted heat + bright weather makes him very uncomfortable, + yesterday + today Jose la Lura has been putting some natural venetian blinds round the gallery, with the long splendid branches of the Cocoa tree. They make a delightful screen as the air can penetrate the little interstices. The Dr is going to build a house on the other estate just at the end of the quadruple avenue of Palms. + it will be a much pleasanter situation than this, for the site is higher. besides being much more beautiful.

22d After all we had a note from Horace yesterday in wh he says "The weather to be sure is hot enough for anybody. Mr Morland says it has not been so hot these fifteen years. It causes great tribulation among the Dandies, for all the starch in Christendom wont stiffen a shirt collar, + the poor things are dreadful nervous!! As for me I've no nerve + no system - I'm all constitution, so I don't mind the heat" He says the new Governor is sick + has six doctors at work upon him - + that Mr Fist, the new Consul has gone to New York. I read Spanish all day till I went to [words cut off] Madame Morrell to San Juan. Just as we [word cut off]

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in came Pepillo as if on the wings of the wind from the royal road. He reined up before us + seemed a little abashed to have come again so soon but took some Spanish papers from his hat which the Dr had lent him, as if his purpose was to return them. But of course he could not give them to either of us to take home + so after fumbling about them a while he put them back into his hat - + I made a desperate effort to talk to him in Spanish to relieve him a little. I made out very well. I told him Louisa was riding on horseback + various items + when I had exhausted my knowledge for the time being, he made a plunge after Mrs Morrell who had gone on. + down went the fore feet of his horse into a deep gallery. Mrs M. shrieked + ran, but in less than the twinkle of an

eye he was up + upon the full race after her
again. but as she kept running from him as if he
were going to trample her he suddenly turned short
about upon me. + though I had reason to feel perfect
confidence in his horsemanship, I could not help
jumping aside, he all the time laughing at our
avoidance of him. At last he came to a dead halt
+ then Mrs M. approached. He said he would first
go to the Artemisa + return + greet us all at the
house, + like a flash he darted through that avenue
of palms in an even line till he was lost in the distance
+ we sat down upon the driers to rest Louisa + Edward
soon joined us on horseback, Edward with a magnificent
bunch of Guacamayo for me. They had met the Mercury
My walk made me feel delightfully- My head seems
really better of late. + not so much for the rubbing – (as
our brush is worn out as for the dewy heat wh I
enjoy marvelously for the sake of my brain. Yet no
earthly consideration would induce me to live in
this country my life long. For a year or so I should
desire it much just to see + feel all the peculiar
beauty of a new region – yet “no more but so.” New
England – nay – Massachusetts – Suffolk + Northfolk forever!
I never could say this before with the meaning I call now
Pedestrians + equestrians all met finally in the
gallery + I talked some more Spanish with the young Don
[line obscured by cut off page] before us in the pomp [word obscured by cut off page]

[written vertically up page]
first but gradually in serene blue majesty. A pair of turtle doves
joined in the clusters of the evening + now all four are cooing in concert
[written upside down at the top of the page]
Goodbye. It is a still Sabbath morning + I am very well
Love to all. Thine Sophy.

Letter 24: Page 1

La Recompensa San Marcos June 23d 1834 Monday

Dearest Mother, Yesterday I had hardly closed my letter before the waters. came. down abundantly for an hour or two, + then after an interval of sunshine, they came again. I felt excessively drowsy however instead of being more thoroughly waked + was obliged to lie down with an uncommonly bad headach for me now a days. Does not that sound good But I roused myself to hear Mrs Morrell read a sermon of Mr Foster. upon Conversion very sensible+ then I felt. like singing Psalms with the sweet. Psalmist + I took my Hebrew Matter + the English one + read till I was again oblided to lie down. After dinner all the magnificent mountain clouds sank away about the horizon + the afternoon was perfectly fresh + lovely. I began to read Creation, + when Lot looked around him upon the plains of Jordan, + behold it was ever as the garden of the Lord, ‘ I comprehended as I had not before the beauty of that plain by just turning my eyes from the book to the green + golden glories around me. The Volante was brought at sunset for Mary + Carlito + I to take a drive + we excursed through our own + Almirante’s + Munoz’ estates during set of sun. We rode under the superb + graceful area of an avenue of Bamboos, in their fullest bravery of emeralds. Imagine a long row of clustered plumes seventy + eighty feet high joining their bending summits in on arch above, + you may have a distant notion of them. but it is impossible to describe them. Mrs Cleveland said she found it in vain to attempt to give a notion of anything in this country to her friends. so utterly dissimilar is the land + its productions + its people from America + especially N. England. The sunset was in the last degree splendid. Just before

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the sun was a dark blue sharp angled cloud like a huge rock of lapis lazuli; - on one side, from a broad base – a purple + rose coloured mass floated up like a soft dream, at the same time in a line obliques from the sun. as if drawing back in self sufficient beauty from ever the source of all – on the other side an immense arch of the most

brilliant saffron + gold from the blue sweep
of the mountains was thrown over nearly to meet
that proud, retreating form, + making a vast
circuit. But what words can paint the space
they enclosed! It seemed the door of heaven. so
far off, so unutterably clear + pure – like a pearl
from the farthest depths of the sea. with its pale +
exquisite hangings of rose + blue + orange + a green
which I have always thought must be the reflection
of the trees of Paradise. Long after we
returned, the Doctor called me to the end of
the gallery to look at the west - + it was the
same excepting that every colour had deepened
seven fold + the evening star had begun
its watch in the keystone of that arch not
made with hands. In the evening as I sat
just opposite the Mango avenue, a brilliant
star as large as Venus suddenly appeared at
the little [text obscured by gray] of sky at the end of it, + I called
Louisa to look at it, when lo! it moved from
its sphere + came floating forwards + downwards
till it was almost within my reach, + it was
ever a cucullo of the first magnitude!
This morning I read Spanish + sewed - + held the newly
arrived turtle doves while Mary fixed their cage.
Spanish again in the afternoon, till I played
checkers with Carlito to relieve his restlessness + soon

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after that came our daily enlivening Pepillo de Gayas!
When we went to his estate the other day we
carried him two of our Spanish books that Mr
Forbes gave Mary, to read. + I was amused at the
hurry + eagerness with which he now tenfolded them
+ brought them to me with “Muchissimas gracias”.
a thousand [sharks] – as if to return them were his
object in coming again so soon. At sunset I left
the youth to mount Guajamon upon a real, bona
fide side saddle. Louisa has one at last + no
one can appreciate the luxury, who had not been
obliged to ride serons six months. I rode till
dark + enjoyed it extremely, for the saddle is just
as easy as an ottoman. All the evening I listened
to the conversation of Pepillo for the sake of
learning – but not with much profit, for I
could not understand him well unless when he
spoke to me. But the animation, aptness +
eloquence of his gesticulations + manner interpreted

all his emotions exactly. This life you find always more or less in Spaniards men + women when they are talking, + sometimes a whole sentence of which you can comprehend every part too.) is nothing but a series of shrugs + gestures. I wish you could have seen him at Justimani's the other evening when his gaiety + sing of the heart, his energy, + earnestness were all turned to indignation in describing an insult his Father had received. He sprang from his chair - + threw himself back again, his voice uttered thunder + his eyes flashed lightning, + a few passionate tears glistened in them, like heavy drops before a storm. His hands he dashed through his hair till he made it stand straight

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+ I was glad enough when the tempest was stilled, for I was gasping for want of breath. He is about seventeen.

24. Tuesday. I am sitting in the very face of a saffron sunrise It is perfectly quiet – the household is asleep – excepting the cooing of these four turtle doves – on Sunday another little dove was hatched from the shell Evening. The heat of the sun sent me away from the desk in our antechamber this morning, + soon after I went out into the hall Don Francisco de Gayas rode up + I stopped reading Spanish to talk Spanish. He was uncommonly animated. + breakfasted with us Tolita Almirante came to spend the day early in the forenoon + I ran off + wrote a letter to Maria, wh I send with this. There was a grand waterfall at noon. I talked a great deal of Spanish with Tolita + feel quite encouraged. Late in the P.M. up splashed our constant friend Pepillo in all the mud + rain! to return some papers wh the Dr lent him yesterday! His dress was all the worse for the lagunas of red mud through wh his Volador had waded. – but it had not obfused his wits at all, + I had quite a decent conversation with him. At night he went to the Artemisa for his letters, + brought. back the Doctor's also – but none for us – Fornasari, the tall [Malian super] – the Pharoah who roared his obstinacy into the spectacled Moses' ear in our hearing, has been excessively ill of the yellow fever in the city so as to lose his voice almost entirely, + Montresor

has been at the gates of the grave – but Pepillo's
letters said he was better now. Goodbye –
beloved sources. Vayan con Dios – as the Spaniards say
Go with GOD. Sophia.

Letter 25: Page 1

June 26th 1834. San Marcos La Recompensa

My dearest Mother.

Yesterday morning 25th we sent a paquet to Horace to forward to Boston, containing my journal to the present time, a letter to Maria from me. + from Mary to Emma G. Harnett Abott. Lydia Haven + Betty. I was aroused very, very early + with a Spanish book in hand promenaded up + down the long gallery during sunrise + after. It was a purpureal sunrise, but in the south west a cloud like ink came up, wh I concluded was full of tornados, thunder, lightning + water, & very rapidly overspread the whole heaven + then descended in rain – but no wind. It has rained from that time, with a few intervals, all day till sunset, which was magnificent. This morning Tom the cook finished an immense cage for the turtle doves. which has been on the carpet for these last three months. Such rejoicing as there was! It is really a palace, + the doves enjoyed its spaciousness + airiness, even more, than we did. For a long time they spread their wings & hung suspended as if for the mere pleasure of trying their powers again. I was more than an hour arranging their cups + nest + got quite tired so that I was obliged to lie down. Spanish, Spanish – all the afternoon. The Dr is very unwell. This morning is very fresh + cool. The sun has just thrown off his saffron mantle + sent a glance over the Palm tops. Evening. There has been a little rain today. I have been sitting still + reading Spanish till Francisco de Gayas made his appearance – + then I went to hear him talk + peradventure to talk to him. It is the most rare + inestimable circumstance that we can thus hear + converse with these Gayases. because they speak the purest

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+ most elegant Castilian – their Father being of the very first rank, besides being highly accomplished - + from Castaly itself – the can draw from the very fount of Castaly. Are not we the fortunate among maidens? Don Francisco looked so exquisitely nice, that I conclude he flew to Recompensa instead of splashing through the mud. Not a speck tarnished the dazzling whiteness of his pants. As the

Chases' laundress said once "they looked as though they'd speak to you." Gentlemen never dress in cloth in the country. but always in linen with straw hats. He looked in better spirits than usual + understood all he said! There is an expression of the most profound quiet in his countenance. + a very bright look too. He is one of the gentle orders or something has imbued his. fire. Edward brought me a new + splendid flower this afternoon. entirely unlike any thing I ever imagined of the flower kingdom – He says the Portrero wood is full of it + I shall paint it – The colours are brilliant scarlet, pearl white + green striped with purple.

24th. A lovely day. Spanish all the morning + most of the afternoon. It was so very bright that it seemed impossible it should rain; but so it always looks – although daily I again think such brilliancy cannot be over – shadowed. The rains come generally at midday when it would be hottest, + cool the air deliciously, + then the clouds fall away from the zenith into magnificent forms round the horizon, + the sun commutes them into heaps of unimaginable splendor. How beautiful is the Providence of GOD! Soon after dinner the waters descended – Then was then an interval of clear sunshine – but again it darkened + a still more plentiful flood came down, in the midst of which I took to my couch + had a sound nap. When I awoke + looked out –

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I could scarcely believe my eyes. When I last saw the sky it was all over dim grey. In those few moments what a change! The Infinite blue was unspotted, + from the perfect clearness of the atmosphere seemed more blue. than usual. Round the horizon were a few clouds as delicate + light as the dreams of Ariel. It seemed as if I had waked in a purer sphere. It is impossible to describe what I felt. This evening Mrs Morrell began to read the Talisman to her husband.

28th Sat. A beautiful morning. I was uprisen almost early enough to go to ride, but not quite. + such a quantity of Spanish as I learned! It is mail day + we were almost – nay quite sure we should have letters – Long before the usual time the voice of Edward rang into my ear "letters for Miss Mary + Miss Sophia" – + soon after the voice of Pepillo Gayas – in one unbroken stream of sound followed on. I sprang

at Ned. + found he had a letter from Mr Russell + a note from Horace. I was delighted to hear from the beloved Russells. but I must say I never read a communication from them with so little pleasure. for I do thirst + hunger for some bread + water from our very home. Pepillo had brought them himself + I went into the hall, he rushed at me explaining “Una carta para usted. no?” – (a letter for you – is not there?) I told him yes with many thanks. He was even more full of motion than ever. I never saw any one before who was literally struck with thoughts as he is. He is not only struck, but knocked about with ideas as if they were material substances. Two or three times when Louisa said something, he was propelled out of the hall + of our sight for a moment. + then sent back again as if he had had a violent push from another notion wh he met upon the corridor. He made a dozen attempts

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to take leave after his horse was brought. but the first thing we knew he would be sitting down on the sofa again as if he had no intention of going. Once he put his foot in the stirrup even + then returned + staid ten minutes longer. When he. finally had disappeared I felt as if I had been at a game of gymnastics. In the afternoon the sun was clouded, + I went very early to ride on horseback. I was eminently in danger of falling into pits, for I could not possibly help looking upward all the time, such was the grandeur of the clouds in every direction There was no appearance of rain + I went to the cocoas. but all at once a light inky cloud rose up + in a moment more any eyelash caught a drop. I whipped up Guajamon with great diligence, for accounting to the custom of descending cataracts, I expected to be washed away directly; but I fortunately arrived at the corn house before I was much wetted - + there Robbin + I patiently waited the event. The sky purposes changed however - + just as I issued from my shelter – who should dash into the avenue beyond but that stranger to our halls + eyes. Pepillo de Gayas! For one moment he reined up his horse + then he went on ‘like an arrow shot from a strong bow’. I could not

help laughing all by myself to see him come again. Soon after I got home. Francisco appeared too. The demon Ennui drives them to Recompensa as with a scourge of throngs. Sometimes when Pepillo comes alone he says with clasped hands + uplifted eyes. “Ay! Pancho y agua! Fuego!” (‘Ah – Pancho + rain - fire!’) “as if those two things together were more than mortal could bear.

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He does not relish Pancho’s gravity + sedatedness at all. They are the answer of the rock to the wave’ in his present state of youthful effervescence. I enjoy Pancho’s gentle courtes exceedingly. He teaches me a great deal of Spanish for when I am in trouble with my sentences, he always tells me how to say them in the best way. + pronounce them after him word by word. Mary talks French to him – in which he is equally at home, as he was educated with his twin brother Andres in Paris. There is the greatest refinement + delicacy in his appearance + manners. We had quite an animated evening for Madame Morrell sat down to the piano + played a great many spirited + splendid waltzes + there was singing also -which Pepillo accompanied with head. feet. hands + even a low manner of the voice. Pancho caught me a beautiful Cucullo, which I wore as a jewel a little while, as long as I could bear the ticking sound it makes when it wants to get loose. It escaped me unawares + flew upon Pepillo who set it free directly. Sunday 29th Evening. No language can describe the beauty + splendor of this hour! The heavenly country with its floor of sapphires + peopled + rubies + amethysts. even in this land never showed so wonderfully fair & for. It is the hour after sunset. The lofty palm stands just against the spot that is most golden where the sun has set. It is hard to believe that its “slender top is not close against the sky.” We have had an uncommonly quiet Sabbath, because the negroes did not dance. But here is Pepillo!!! Farewell awhile – Buenas Noches! (Good evening) The modern Mercury has gone.

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+ I return to my tale. The negroes' drum was untouched to day + the most profound stillness reigned within + without the house. I read the Old Testament all the morning, + you can have no idea how much more I enjoy + realize it in this oriental-like region. It is an Opensesame to a great many little descriptions which I never felt the force of before or understood the beauty. It is like a new thing + I read it with inexpressible pleasure. In the afternoon Mary read aloud a sermon of Dr Baveroft. which was rather quaint + queer. Then Louisa + Edward went away on horseback + Mary + Batson to walk + Madame + I took our looks – neither feeling inclined to move. There was an indescribable sunset. in the midst of which Luisa + Edward returned with Don Pepillo whom they had found on their way Monday 30th Another glorious morning. It must be dreadfully tiresome to you to have me forever telling over again the splendors of our dawns + [crapuscles] – but to me every succeeding one is as new as if I had just opened my eyes upon the world. Every time I look it seems as if there never was any thing like it before. I have drawn on a little picture which I am going to send to Carolina Fernandez all day – with intervals of rest. Very early this afternoon came our constant friend Pepillo + staid till nearly nine o'clk. He was unwontedly grave. Have I told you that I have drawn his head from memory so you will see it - + I intend to take a sketch of all the people I should like you to see, just as Mrs Farrer's sister Maria does. As I can sketch now from recollection – nobody can help themselves. I talked considerable Spanish with him - + he is going to

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send me a quantity of Spanish books from the city. the works of the celebrated Lopez de Vega among the rest. Is not that delightful? I am uncommonly well. Mother – I am getting better I do verily believe.

July 1st. Tues. Another paradisaical day. I rose very early + drew on my little tower till I was driven from my room by Feliciana the chamber woman. + then I wrote a Spanish note to Carolina Fernandez. Tonight comes the

Correo, + Pepillo said last night he should be here this evening with letters if he were not sick in bed. + as there is no danger of this. he will come + we shall certainly have some, because we told Horace in our last dispatch to take the letters from that longer paquet + send them by themselves. Last evening Pepillo told something to Louise which she could hardly credit + asked him if it were indeed true. He was standing at some distance from her when the question reached his ear he sprang forward + falling upon one knee + clasping his hands exclaimed – “By all these crosses + this bended knee!” It was done with such rapidity + grace that I doubted somewhat whether I had seen the act at all. He is so perfectly natural + impulsive that it had all the charm of naivete. Evening. This afternoon I drew on my tower till dusk. Pepillo came - + the poor child was nearer than I imagined he would be to being sick in bed. He had a tremendous kick from one of his horses this morning upon his side which made him almost insensible at first. He did not tell Pancho for fear of frightening him + bathed it himself. It swelled up very much at first + he said it pained him exceedingly. Louisa + I tried to induce him

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tell the Doctor but he would not. At the suitable hour he went to Artemisa for his own + our letters. Before he went Madame Morrel told him to sit down + teach me some Spanish. so he came + asked me a question to which I answered “Si”. (yes). “Si Señor” said he. I told him I did not know he was to teach me politeness. but I would be very careful to say si Señor ever after. Mrs Morrell shouted, Louisa fled laughing. He went on however + we had quite a conversation. While he was gone I read the Talisman aloud to the Dr + Mrs. (the Doctor is well as usual again.) that magnificent tale of the East. till he returned. But he returned empty handed! The letters had not yet arrived on account of the badness of the roads. We were woefully disappointed. but there was no point of sighing. He said he should go early in the morning. Mrs Morrell invited him + Pancho to dine here tomorrow.
2d July. It is the freshest morning in the world.

By no other form of speech can I do justice to this air. Pepillo has just been here. but only brought Louisa's letter; for the Dr had preceded him + taken the big paquet, + now it seems as if the Dr would never come back. When Pepillo rode up. Jose. one of the household servants, - with a very quizzical expression upon his hideous face said "Ave Maria! how early becomes this time!" The youth's side is not worse.
+ I translate his Spanish:

[Written upside down]
We have not heard

Letter 26: Page 1

July 2d 1834 La Recompensa San Marcos

My dearest Mother,

When the Doctor returned this morning from the Artemisa, he called to me as I sat in anxious expectations upon the corredot "Not a line from Boston, Sophia!" I have thought it unaccountable that when I long so earnestly for a letter from home + hang upon ever moment for the arrival of the Correo [crossed out words] as soon as I am told that there are none, I accede immediately, + go on to the next time. My mind turns right about so quickly that I feel the motion! The vendedor with his moving shop of goods came. + we made some purchases. These people sometimes have two horses + immense serons on panniers upon them with more goods in them than you could think it possible – The man sits in the midst like a monje on a haystack – especially our little Señor who is not much bigger than one. We had a call too from Mr Willard, the administrator of the Manaña – a Rhode Islander such English as he talks recalls the new world to us "It's violent warm today, m'a'am" +c. He is an excellent, sensible person but he must be in the most forlorn situation possible. He does not understand Spanish + he never sees a white person from one end of the month to the other excepting when he comes here. He cannot read there in the evening because he says the light attracts the insects + there he is alone with a host of negroes! It can never enter into my heart to conceive how any mortal mixture of earth's mould can give up all the blessings of domestic life + happiness + all society whatever just to make money. He has a wife at home. I believe upon consideration that I do not think him sensible, for I think a sensible man would prefer home + less revenues. There was a tremendous cloud gathering at noon -

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+ the thunder rolled + shook the air. + the elements seemed preparing for a furious contest. But just before the rain began. Pepillo de Gayas – came as if on a winged Pegasus. rushing up the avenue. He was determined not to lose his chance of spending the day by the approaching

cataract. Pancho could not come + I was very sorry indeed, for I intended to learn a great deal of Spanish from him. Tolita Almirante was here too. Our entertainment through the day was Pepillo's voice – gestures - + expressions – He talked all the time – excepting when Madame Morrell occupied the ground. + certainly it is incredible almost that the same set of features can show such an infinite variety of change. There is a great charm in animated manner. I think one lives more by the minute, who feels every thing with all his soul + mind + strength. A drive was proposed towards sunset. Tolita Leary + I in the Volant – Pepillo, Edward + Luisa on horseback. We went to the Fortresa + saw the beautiful lambs and _____ the pigs! + on our return met the Dr perambulating. We threaded the cocoa + Palm avenues - + then came to the house + Madame sent us off in another direction to Almirante's + Bretos' estates. Pepillo was in great distress because he could not be in two places at the same time. He thought it was very unchivalrous not to escort the carriage, + it certainly would be, not to escort the horsewoman. but finally we in the carriage drove on home + left the equestrians behind – Tolita having changed places with Edward. Pepillo has gone now + my [lympamism] still is ringing to the six hours

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striking of his voice upon it.
3d June. I was up at moonlight starlight + dawn all at the same moment. The crescent moon + the morning star were like pure silver upon the blue sky + beneath them the deep golden flush of dawn streamed up like a blush. Day overtook Night. I took a long ride before like sun appeared + then drew all the day upon Carolina's picture. Madame + Luisa – Ned + Carlitos all went to Santa Ana, the Lufrieste estate this afternoon. Pepillo was to come + go with them – but did not appear until long after their departure. + then he flew up as far as the garden, + the little nig working there telling him they had gone, he just twinkled his hand at us, + fled again. But we had a visit from Don Francisco – a dear little visit – for he is as.

gentle as a lamb, + talked Spanish to us as slowly as we wished + heard Mary pronounce from her book. Presently the Dr came back from his ride - + then the rest excepting Pepi- who staid to make a longer visit. It began to lightning + thunder tropically. The lightning comes in almost palpable floods – with a whim – more vivid than you can imagine. My eyes. fell burned up in their sockets. Francisco took leave immediately to escape the cataract which however has not come.

4th of July!!! It was a peculiar feeling that I remembered this morning what day it is! There was a rush of something over me – which I suppose was a flood from Memory's land. I felt as if I knew what the people were about at home. orating – coronading - + feasting. + it brought home very near. It was the touch of home that thrilled me. I drew on my little picture all the morning

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+ finished it + in the PM. took a Spanish book + sat down with the circle on the gallery where we always spend our afternoons. Monsieur Henri + Frederico Rance made us a call - + when they had gone. Madame + Mary went to walk + Louisa + Ned horsebacking + I was left queen of all I surveyed for the time being. I had sufficient occupation in looking at the sky. In the east was a cloud wh covered nearly a fifth of the circumference of the heavens from the horizon quite to the zenith on the highest scale of grandeur. The side farthest from the sun was of a deep lapiz lazuli blue with an idea of purple in it - + this rich tint – gradually softened off through every degree + shade of purple – blue + rose colour till towards the sun it faded into the invisible. The perfect otherness + imperceptible comingling of colours exceeded any thing I ever beheld. There was not a break in the whole mighty mass. It was at the same moment inexpressibly beautiful + grand. It was all softness + loveliness throughout but its vast sune elevated it into grandeur. While I watched. there suddenly quivered over it a narrow, vivid line of lightning - + a far off wall of thunder followed that touch of the finger of the storm genius – It was dusk before the wanderers returned & then Pepillo

de Gayas came too. We had some music in the evening + just in the midst of it a blinding flash of lightning threw Pepi upon his feet + in the expectation of a tempest he departed. I like to have him come so constantly because he amuses Mrs Morrell + keeps her from sad thoughts at least while he is talking, + I bless him for every bright smile he produces upon her

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sweet face. I think she is in better spirits lately + every day I love her more. Carlitos jammed his finger this afternoon + with streaming tears he came to his chief comforter for sympathy- She took his little hand in both her own with the greatest gentleness + kissed it + soothed him with such tones + words as made me thrill from head to foot, & feel as if any imaginable pain would be deprived of its sting by the like. Carlito felt so too. + was quiet in a moment while he looked in her face with his tearful eyes, like a little sorrowing angel – sometimes when she speaks to me, her ones descend upon my heart like the dew of Hermon. They are the tenderness manifested by “Angel speech” I am ready to exclaim with tender Herder when she thrills me in this way “Almighty one! who hast united heart + tongue + granted power to a weak breath + to an empty sound to tone forth the emotions of the heart. Thou Last given wings to thought + power to overflow the soul of a brother with the sweet cadence of undying song! – The light of words inflames my spirit, the power of tones lifts my heart_ An idle breath gives fleeting thoughts Eternity!

July 5th I took a sunrise walk this morning – It is mail day. Pepillo brought letters, but none from America!!! He looked like a flash of light in the morning + he is more like one than anything else I think – Mrs Morrell’s letters from Prãle told of a box there for us wh is to come very soon now.

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Dear Mother, I have not written you a letter since the 11th of May, and as I have not where withal to fill one at this present time, I will just step in to Sophia's stuck, while she is reposing from her morning's ride. She is not yet as strong and able to bear fatigue as most people but the improvement in her health is wondrous. this constant heat which seldom varies but a few degrees keeps her system in a fine state and she has grown quite handsome since she has begun to grow plump. She is in fine spirits – too, studying Spanish, aye and talking it too, and picks up a little pleasures all about – Today Don Pepillo goes to town so that we shall have no more Spanish conversation for the present. we are greatly interested in these young men. They have been at the “head of society and though not considered rich, have enjoyed all the comforts of life, And now that their father is dead, they must remove from the city to the suburbs, which is very mortifying as well as disagreeable, and the sisters are to be separated from the brothers to remain with a married sister. They are all very much attached to one another, and this reverse is deeply felt by all. The wicked woman who has supplanted the original family, has stripped them of every thing she could take and the law cannot prevent her from doing so. Their country – house is completely stripped and they seek refuge here every day from the desolation –

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that is, the little one comes every day to Louisa + Sophia's great entertainment the elder and more sedate brother feels his reverses so much that it is difficult to draw him from his solitude. Mrs. Morrell + the Dr. are most – lovely to them – at this season we scarcely see any one else and we are making the most of the opportunity of talking + passing, against the Christmas holidays, when all the world in the Colonies meet together to dance, sing and talk when I get some more letters I shall undoubtedly send you an outpouring - but at present I am as dry as the weather. Love to All the

beloved people around you – Adieu your own daughter
Mary.

‘I have no time to fill up this sheet

July [8th?]

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Tu July 5

[written vertically up page]

Mr. George J. Peabody

for Miss E. P. P.

care of [unkown name]

Boston

Mass

Nct

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