

1893

Lisbon, September 25.

Dearest Henry: I received three
 days ago your letter of the 10th and
 that of dear mamma's of the 11th with
 the enclosures of deed &c. I have not at-
 tempted to send this back because of the
 uncertainty as to when you will be in N.Y.
 I don't know how even to address this
 letter - as mamma doubts whether she will
 be in 54th St. I cannot but hope it may
 be found practicable for you to hang out
 in Fannie's apartment for a while, so
 that, if needs must, mamma can seek
 a new home unhurried. We have been
 here now a week out of quarantine &
 I find the place grows on me very much.
 I was rather sorry in a letter I wrote I

Aunt Jenny two days ago, but my repeated
wanderings increase my liking for it. I am
sorry that we must go away - probably on
Monday Oct 2. for Gibraltar. The climate
is simply exquisite, clear, bright, sunny,
warm but not too warm, and exhilara-
ting. I have met nothing like it since
Coyuimbo - and then Coyuimbo itself was a
hole. This city is built on a succession of
hills, along the river side for about a mile
and a half. The hills are about four hundred
feet high, the houses rising one above the
other, mostly white but many of them also
blue, red, yellow or pink with mixture of
other colors - a great deal of green here and
and the most delicious light blue sky and
white clouds. It is really a dream -

like what we hear of Italy. Ashore the place has no particular beauty, al-
though there a few - very few - handsome shops - and some fine residence
streets of the Spanish and Portuguese type; but what is perfectly delightful
is the old parts - the streets about twelve feet wide, wandering round up
hill and downhill, round corners and up lanes, just as if they had started
out for a walk and had no particular reason to go one way rather than
another. The houses in these parts are pretty high, and the windows all have
verandas of different bright colors - usually green - and the picturesque
effect is immensely increased by an artless way they have of hanging
their wash on poles stuck out of the front windows - mingled with
brooms, chenueis, children's petticoats &c. The windows were then
occupied are largely filled with the heads of women, peering out to see

what is going on. On Sunday I found my way to a garden to which mamma
and I were driven when we stopped here on our way home from South America
with your useful little self of two years on the front seat - that is to
say you were put on the front seat, and I think I can maintain without
exaggeration that you often stayed on it as much as two hours at
a time. As I came down from the Jardim da Estrella, as it is called, I
passed a scene which recalled your babyhood in Montevideo, when you
went out every morning in your nurse's arms, cup in hand, to get your
milk fresh from the cow - at what is there called a Tambo. I saw a
neatly tiled stable with ten cows, all beautifully groomed, feeding from
a semi-circular manger, all their heads together in the center, and
tails out. As there was plenty of hay for all, all seemed happy, and I

Suppose the milk is sold on the premises. It
was called Vaccaria Normanda. The language
here is quite a study for me. I don't know it
but its change from the Spanish are of a pretty
regular kind so I can spell my way through
pretty well. It varies in vowels, discarding
consonants E. G. Union - Uniao; Concepcion
Conceicao; but could mamma tell what means
"Iomaos" from her knowledge of Spanish -
"hermanos." It is quite funny & contrast
with French thus: ⁷² Without, ⁷² Sans, ⁷² Sin,
^{Port} Sem. The gardens are a very charming feature
of this attractive town - many plants that
could not live with us growing pretty and
large out of doors - chiefly great palms
of different kinds, in addition to which they
have many of our own plants. These public
gardens are scattered all over, and from many
you get beautiful views. As for me, I simply

gander all over the place, starting for some point
and getting there but hardly knowing how. I'm
seeing any pretty faces on the streets, possi-
bly there may be some somewhere but they
don't show up. Tell mamma I will send the
deed back as soon as I know when to send
it, but as Dodie is also on his I suppose
there is no great hurry.

Sep. 30 I have kept my letter open until
now thinking I might hear from mamma
again, and her letter of the 14th was recd.

to day. It calls for no answer, however, and
I can only hope she may have thought of taking
you to 34th St for October, which might
solve many difficulties. I have nothing more to
say ^{but} that I am well. Give my love to
dearest mamma and to the rest

Your loving father

A. T. M.

Sept. 28. 1893

Miss Helen Evans Mahan

75 East 54th St

New York

Estados- Unidos de America