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Granard, June 5

My dearest Helen: If you at home only knew how much writing I have to do, I think you would forgive me if I cut you shorter than I do. Two letters did I mail today - mostly short it is true and then the evening mail brings six more. But a truce to complaining - only you must not be surprised at any traces of hurry. I think my last to mamma was on Friday the 1st and that in it I gave an account of my dining with Lord Rosebery, and that I happened to have the evening vacant because I had reserved it for a day of rest. The temptation of dining almost tête à tête with the Prime Minister, a man who being little over 45 now should be prominent for many years to come was too much for my weak powers of resistance. Next evening we dined with our ambassador, Mr. Bayard, who, as you may have seen, and at least will see when I have time to send the papers, spoke very handsomely of me at the "Banquet." Adieu! Helen was taken suddenly with a severe congestion of the throat - commonly called cold, but Helen's stomach - which prevented

him from speaking, so that when I stopped for him
in the carriage he commissioned me to make his
excuses. There were I suppose twenty four guests,
English and Americans - among them being Mr.
Whitney formerly Secretary of the Navy. I sat
on Mr. Bayards left and next to Lord George
Hamilton, who was first lord of the Admiralty
under the last administration, Lord Salisbury's.
He was very complimentary, as they all are - in
fact he had written me a note some days before
complimenting me incidentally on my speech, the
which I own surprised me. The trouble is that
so many things pass I can't remember all
from day to day. Mr. Whitney also made some
complimentary remark to which I replied, as
far as I recollect, that the work was pretty
much all done for the War College. He has apt,
more than the intervening time, since I saw
him last. That night after dinner were perfected
the arrangements for our presentation at the
levee the following Monday - a presentation
which I understand followed upon the express

invitation of the Prince of Wales. The following night, Saturday, I dined with
the Royal Navy Club, an organization which has existed since 1765, though there
with a Club house. They simply dine together several times a year, usually upon
the anniversary of naval victories. We had been asked - Eben and I - for the Queen's
birth day, by a special exception to their rule, which allows only one guest at each
dinner. They then already had one, and were anxious to take us two in. We were however
already engaged then and so they asked us again for Lord Howe's anniversary,
this year his centenary, whereof mamma by type writing knows somewhat.
The admiral remaining indisposed again excused himself, so I was the 2nd guest
and as such was seated on the right of the president, Adm. Sir Henry Hamilton
which on any other side was Sir Houston Stewart also an admiral. I remember
well the latter's father, who was commander-in-chief at Plymouth when I
was there in 1863 - a man who had been shipmate with Maryath, the
celebrated wonkist, in 1806, under the command of Cochrane one of the most
dashing captains of that day. I mentioned the fact to Sir Houston, who is
a ruddy robust man of 68 to 70, of medium height and sturdy frame,
aquiline nose and iron gray hair. He assured me his father would have
welcomed me most heartily, and went on to tell me he had never thoroughly
understood the first of June, 1794, till I had explained it. He added
that my last chapter was wonderful - magnificent - I forgot the exact
word, but it was a large adjective. Meanwhile the president told me I should
have done more to the least of the first - which took me unawares, but I am
getting harder and don't care much. So when the time came for "the Guest" to be
toasted Sir Houston got up and made a speech that was really quite eloquent,
about England and America and poor papa's writings - concluding with a
call for their cheers for me and after another. It was really quite over-
whelming to see this sturdy quiet old gentleman so enthusiastic. The
attendance was large, - nearly double the usual they do me - and cheered very

beauty, which I stood bowing and rather abashed
by my reception. I had found something to say
in the fact that almost all the famous old naval
writers of whom I had written so much had been
members of the club, and while I cannot flatter
myself that what I said was brilliant, it was
said steadily and without embarrassment,
and was well received. This closed the evening's
proceedings, but a great many both then and
before dinner, came up when introduced down. I
came home that night to the ship, but by bad
luck got into the slower of the two trains that
leave nearly at the same time. I slept most
of the way down but still was late in bed.

The next day I had promised to lunch with
Mrs. Harry Blake, which I did, greatly
glad that the trains ran so as to deprive
me of of church. Indeed, Spear Church is
being put sadly in the background of historic
society of the upper class, & I myself am

ill at ease over the occasional regrets into
which I have been betrayed. I do not think,
however, I was willingly or willingly out of
church and into this I was unwittingly led by
circumstances not necessary or entirely & solute.
There was nothing specially interesting in the
church - under the fact that we had to wait a
half hour, as commonly happens at all
London meals. I passed the afternoon at a
musical reception, which emphasized to me
the unfortunate dept of London society. I am
no sabbatarian - yet I could not but think
that people who labor at society the six days
might spare the 7th for better use. From there
I went to the Schiffs for a cup of tea, sat
with them for an hour much like 34th
st, then home & dress for the dinner which
was to conclude my London sojourn, at a Mrs
Beaumont's whom I met at Vicci last winter

The company was middling and which always vexes me, who am prone to forget I
am the same and would prefer to take down some pretty young woman. How-
ever the one assigned to me, though grey from debauchery, had a delicate refined
face, once pretty, and was bright. Though I did not take our hostess
down I sat on her report. She said to me during dinner what struck me as
odd - I wonder will it you? She said "I was particularly interested in your
works for a special reason. Did you ever hear of Sir George Colley?" I replied -
"Do you mean the one who was killed in South Africa?" "Yes" she said "he
was my husband, and he was Chief of our staff Colley and had a firm
of mind I thought much like yours &c." I thought her eyes moistened
a little, and wondered how number two at the other end of the table - a
rather odd sort of man - would appreciate the situation. However,
everything cannot be so arranged, and Englishwomen are quite apt in not
suppressing allusion to their first husbands - when they have had such.
It saves blunders. Nothing very remarkable happened at this dinner - the
same cordiality I receive everywhere. I think never any dear I
will stop. I enclose Lord Rosebery's note, which must be carefully
kept. As our friend Brown used to say, in his mysterious way - "It is
autograph" and may some day be most interesting. I will only men-
tion that I have mamma's letter of her visit to the house and satis-
faction with it. Our present arrangement is a reception on board
on the 11th - our wedding day - and sail on the 13th - Now
adieu. Love to all Your loving father.

June 6. Closing for the mail. Take a good rest at Quebec dear child,
and now that you are losing your old pupils be careful not to take too many new
ones. Overwork is much to be deprecated before the physician is thoroughly un-
derstood - do you guard against it

June 5 - 1894

Miss Helen Evans Mahan

Quogue

Long Island

New York

United States of America