

AMERICAN CONSULATE
HAVRE, FRANCE

Havre, December 11, 1908.

Dear Mrs. Tourgée: ~

I received, to-day, the copy of "The Buffalo Express" containing your article, and thank you for having thought of me.

I should be very happy to receive, from time to time, any articles that you may write; and I should think that you could write some very interesting matters about life in France,

looked at from the most favorable angle of vision.

Anything relating to Judge Touqué interests me, and I have often regretted that I did not remain in Bordeaux with him, and absorb, as one naturally must by being in daily contact with such a man, some of his erudition. It was my desire to remain in Bordeaux, and I am sure that if I had done so the Judge and I would have got along admirably, as I would have

done everything in my power to make things agreeable for him, and have been as much of a friend as a subordinate. But fate, or circumstances, willed otherwise, and (now that almost twelve years have elapsed) I may say that the fault was the Judge's and not mine. When your husband was appointed my father, at my request, invited him to dinner at the club in New York, told him of my desire to remain in Bordeaux, and asked the Judge if he would keep me.

To this Mr. Touqée would give no definite answer. The result was that, rather than be kept for several months in a state of uncertainty, I applied to the Consul at Havre, who, after having made inquiries about me at the State Department, engaged my services before even meeting me, and during the interval between the Judge's appointment and arrival.

You remember, I dare say, how annoyed Mr. Touqée was when he found that he could not count upon

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me, while I had reason to be still more disappointed.

I hear occasionally from Mr. Murphy, the present Consul at Bordeaux. He, and his family seem to like it there, though they would not object to being in some place where the winters are less foggy and rainy. Mr. Murphy offered me \$1,800. a year if I would return to Bordeaux as Vice Consul (an increase of \$300. in my present salary) but I

have now become, after over eleven years' residence, attached to Haver, and declined. Man, like an animal, is a creature of habit, and dislikes changes. This feeling is described in the article you sent me, when you refer to the breaking up of your home in Denver.

You may, or may not, have heard that Fricot went entirely to the bad, and had to be dismissed. He borrowed from various people who did business with the Consulate

sums aggregating to Frs. 60,000. (or \$12,000.) and owed a lot of tradespeople in Bordeaux as well. I never met Fricot, but from what I have heard he was a man who, although married, spent a lot of money on other women and lived beyond his means. In other respects I am told that he was not a bad sort of chap, and both amiable and obliging.

Mr. and Mrs. Wiley have been travelling for a year in Europe, but have now returned

to Buffalo. Mr. Knowles (Mr. Wiley's predecessor at Bordeaux) is now Minister to Roumania.

I am quite happy with my present situation and surroundings. The Consul at Marse is a most charming and affable man, a graduate of Harvard, a lawyer, and distinctly literary in his tastes. He speaks and writes French quite as well as English, as his early education was in French schools in Quebec and Montreal.

I should be delighted to hear from you if you can find

the time to write. Is your daughter with you, or is she married? I retain a most agreeable souvenir of you both, and, as the world is small, I hope we may meet again some day.

With best regards, and thanking you again for having thought of me I remain

Sincerely yours

J. P. Beecher.

23 Place Gambetta.

Marse, France.

P. S. Martinsen is in the wine business but has no permanent address, and never remains in one place long. When I last heard from him he was in Malaga.

Toisin has been in Paris for several years, but although he has not left the capital he never retains a situation for any great length of time. He is very capable in certain respects, but also very vacillating.

I enclose one of my photographs, taken five or six months ago with my bulldog. J.P.B.