

228 So. Broad St.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Feb. 25th 89.

Dear Papa..

I went to the "Merchant
of Venice" Wednesday night, and
you I did wish you might
have been with us to enjoy
Booth's splendid imperson-
ation of Shylock. I hate to
gush over anything, and
use superlative adjectives, as
you know, but this was
really grand, a promise thing
for once in a lifetime. Law-
rence Barrett was 'Bassanio'
but there was nothing in
that part to allow a dis-

play of great acting, so
it passed that he did his
part as well as the part
allowed. But that Shylock
was perfect - to utter the truth,
it was the only piece of
acting that ever made me
feel hot and cold, and
wish I could do it myself.

The scenery and costume
were very fine, also the
support. Both were so much
better than the troupe and
stage selling that Mary
Anderson had with her -
that it set me to thinking
what a mistaken notion
it was for a star to imag-
ine a poor support set

off to advantage their own
fine acting. The scenery
was very nice. There was one
scene where the Adriatic
and Venice at sunset
could be seen through
the columns of a hall, that
was exquisite. Do you
remember when we saw
Booth in Boston in '85
how poorly he was supported,
and the girl that was
Lucius - was it not? Brutus
page, how horribly she sang?
I do not remember of being
so much enthusiased then.
Do you object to the word
enthusiased?

We kept Washington's

Sunday very patriotically
here. The schools had a
holiday, and the streets were
crowded with ragamuffins,
big and little, and where
ever they could peer up a
drum, a flag, and sometimes
a pipe, they collected in little
bands and marched and
yelled in ecstatic happiness.
Hoyler's windows were filled
with little hatchets, about a
foot long, with hollow
paper handles and
heads, perfectly naturally
colored, and filled with
candy. I got one and sent
it to Aunt Miller, by mail
without any letter telling

the secret of the candy inside.
I'll trust her to hold it,
however. Then too, we had
Washington pie for dinner
here, Pat-biscuits all round,
as we should be.

I am getting well of the
cold that is closely attached
to me the day of the
fire. Mamma says she thinks
Miss Spaulding must know
by this time how nicely it
sounds for us to her blasts,
for I am not ^{going} lacking when
it comes to returning any
neighborly kindness in
that line. Has the cold ever
struck you? It came here
yesterday, and now the
papers say it was within
a degree or so of zero last

night, so for me, I can't touch anything metal or any powder, but what the sparks fly. I to vary startling & must confess, to pick up a hair pin, put my hand out to get the rizz of car by any accident touch the gas fixtures, and have the sparks stinging at my finger tips. The doorknob, the plated knife, and the paper, all respond to my touch with an alacrity and eagerness that might be very flattering.

Mamma & Mrs H. have just come from church. The former says she thinks she'll not write, not having read my letter, she does not think there's any thing to write. Hope you're not frozen up -
Love loving daughter Annie L.J.