At Warkington Hall

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(Ravenswood) Chicago. Ills.
— U. S. A. —

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 20

Greystone.
Arnside. Westmorland, Eng.
Sunday. 9. p.m. Oct. 8th 1905.—

My dear Dannie:

Your letter of Sept. 9th was forwarded by Delegman Brother to Miss Impey and by her here,— a few days ago.— and I have come up to our cosey room a little before bed time so as to write you before seeking my couch.— I am afraid I will not proceed very far, however, for I am already sleepy.—

The steamer on which we sail Nov. 4th from Cherbourg is the "Philadelphia" of the American Line.— I have sailed twice on the New York,— her sister ship,— and once on the Philadelphia, so shall be quite at home,— but can hardly expect good weather at this time

of the year. — I have written to Mr Gipperly that we will put off the Memorial services until Tuesday, Nov. 14th. fearing if we should have a bad passage that Addie may not be able to go on immediately on landing. I do not care about for Mr Murphy, the new Consul — that he is a Catholic and a Democrat would prejudice one against him had I no other reason. — Since leaving Bordeaux, I have had nothing from there, though I left several business matters with Mr Friedt — on which he has not yet reported. — As I wrote you before leaving Mr Friedt was not at all well, having rheumatism — and it is most the busiest season of the year and I suppose Frank

~~demands on his time and strength overshadow anything he should do for me.—~~

~~I think I have now answered your letter and will proceed to other things. Begin here~~

We are being most delightfully entertained here. The family seem quite well-to-do.—Mr Shepherd has retired from practice, and not being in good health, because of a railway accident some years ago,—lives a quiet, studious sort of life. They have travelled much and are in every way charming people to be with. And we are enjoying to the fullest extent the charms of English hospitality.—One day last week, I went with Mrs Shepherd to call on the wife of their candidate for member of Parliament. They are all here the staunchest of Liberals. The

candidate.—Mr Stewart-Smith,—is a London barrister,—who is "standing" for this constituency, the sitting member being on the other side. And the present government under the lead of Mr Parnell, is in great disfavor in this part of England. Mr Stewart-Smith, has rented for a couple of months "Seizher Castle". And is making the tour and becoming acquainted with his would-be constituency. The Castle, about 10 miles from Arnside,—belongs to the Strickland family,—the present head being Sir Gerald Strickland,—who with his family are on the continent somewhere.—It is a grand old pile some of it dating from the 11th century but most of it, Elizabethean. There is much beautiful carving,—and we were shown the room where Queen Elizabeth once spent a night,—during one of her royal progresses. We had

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The Curwens own Belle Isle, - in Lake Windermere and have always done so. I guess, as in the Romney portrait of Isabella, the background is Windermere, - with the Hall showing through the trees. I send with this a postcard of Belle Isle and have put a cross mark to indicate the house. This place is usually rented. I copy from the "Who's Who," of the world of England, the following.

"Curwen, Allan de Lancy, of Workington Cumberland & Belle Isle, Windermere, July surviving son of Hy. Curwen, J.P., D.L. of Workington who died in 1906. & Mary Ann Tudor, youngest daughter of the late Col. Chas. Christian Johnston, of Argenteuil, Canada, - married Mabel, 2nd daughter of Sir Wilfred Laurier - 1st Baronet of Drayton, and has a son, Alfred Henry, - born 1897. - Mr Curwen is patron of 2 livings. Area, Workington Hall Cumberland, Belfield Isle, Windermere, & Belle Grange Lancaster."

Now, I think I have done up the genealogy business on the mother's side pretty thoroughly & will leave the Kilbourne side until another

time. — I wrote for the book you wanted to the author of Bees but have heard nothing from him this for. —

Sunday, 15th. — I had my letter returned this morning from the Dead Letter office in London, which I mention above — marked "Deceased". — So as the man is dead, I may not be able to get the book — though Karl, the third son, — who is a lawyer in Kendal, — is going to try if he can find it. — Sir Alan said, when I mentioned it, that he thought there were but 50 copies printed and doubted if I could procure one. — which, however, remains to be seen.

Your letter of the 1st, — came this morning. I wish now I had had you return the clipping to me as Mrs Shepherd, who is a most ardent admirer of Albion's, — would

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is quite wintry. — unusual, they say for this time of the year here. — and I prefer the warm chimney corner to the open sea in a row boat. but Lodie seems to think it great fun. —

I shall finish this letter and mail To-day and not write more until we get to Plympton Hall — Haywood. — where the Rees are. You can only write me often receiving this, at Mayville — not knowing time for a letter to cross the ocean before we start. — I had a nice letter from Mr Foord last week — who has been several months in the West Indies.

We have had such a pleasant and cordial reception everywhere we have been in England. — and have seen so much that was delightful that we feel quite at home — quite as though we were among our own people — which we could never feel in France.

Love to Grace. What has become of Robert — is he married yet?

Affectionately
Emma

have greatly enjoyed reading it. — If you are preparing for your visit to California. Perhaps you will think you cannot come to Mayville for the Memorial Services. — I shall be so sorry if you cannot. — I do not suppose any of Albion's relatives — from not one have we heard a line since his death — will be there. I think I will write to his cousins in Andover and give them the date, as they cannot say. they knew nothing of it — as a reason for not coming. — Monday. — It is a cold bright day and Lodie has gone with Hebert — for a sail — I looked out of the window just now and saw them coming bravely up with the tide. Though the sun is shining so brightly, there is a chill in the air which is quite

tea and toast, and were shown the pretty baby.— Mr Stewart Smith is a very pleasant person.— So or so.— and we found mutual acquaintances in the Pringle family at Biarritz and had altogether a very pleasant call.— Another page from an English novel, as Lodie says.— She did not go with us.— but took a ride with "Dr Tom",— the eldest son,— and his wife in their motor car, to another old place.—

Wednesday a.m.—

You are being quite neglected, both in the rush of doing things, there seems no time for recounting them, but now that we have made our pilgrimage to the ancestral hall, I must write you about it before the memory is crowded out.—

Mr Shepherd very kindly arranged everything for us, and put us on the train at 9.45 Monday morning for

Whitehaven, where we would change for Workington. — 18 minutes by train from Whitehaven. — The day was ideal — soft and warm. — and our route was all along the picturesque coast of the Irish Sea. — and we enjoyed every moment of it. — We reached Workington at 1.35. — and went to a little inn near the station and had a simple country luncheon, after which we ordered a carriage and drove about the town for a half hour or so. It is quite a large manufacturing place, — Iron & Coal — and is consequently dirty, smoky and most uninteresting. A little after 2. — we entered the lodge gate and drove up the winding avenue to Workington Hall. — through the archway shone in the postcard sent you into the court — where a door opposite the archway opens

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into the family apartments. The coachman rang the bell, and when the white-capped, white-aproned maid answered the summons, — we asked if Mrs Curwen was in. She said, her mistress had gone to ride with the children. — We then presented our cards, and asked if Mr Curwen was at home, — if so, — to say to him that we were descendants of the Curwens in America, and would like to see the house. — She took the cards, and returned very shortly saying Mr Curwen was in and would be pleased to receive us. She showed us up the stairs through several winding passages to the large reception room, where a cheery fire was burning in the grate. In a moment the master entered, — Mr Alan de Lancy Curwen — the present head of the house. He is a tall, delicate, looking man, —

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35 or 40, — with a decided "tic" as the French call it, — that is, a jerky sort of motion first in one arm, then in the other. He has small features, blue eyes, — loose jointed and shambling in his gait, owing doubtless to his infirmity. He received us very pleasantly, knew all about "Captain George" and at once asked us to follow him to the picture gallery to view the ancestral portraits. We ~~saw~~ looked at the Romney portrait of the beautiful Isabella Curwen, — which, as a picture, holds the place of honor, — with great interest and admiration. Some of the older portraits have the decided Corwin look, with which we are familiar from Captain George to Aunt Jane. It was, as you may imagine, very interesting to us. There was in the gallery a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, — who at one time spent a night at Workington Hall,

who in recognition of the hospitality given her - presented the family with a peculiar agate cup which has ever since been known as the "Luck of Workington Hall". This was shown us together with the ancient deeds and other interesting papers. - When we had gone the rounds and I had climbed the tower for the famous view into Scotland - which Lodie was not quite equal to - we returned to the Library - and Mr Curwen remarked that he thought his wife had returned and if we would excuse him a moment, he would see - and he was sure she would be glad to have us stay and take tea with her. She soon came in - a shy, rosy cheeked, dark eyed lady about 30 - not at all "set up" as Lodie expressed it - but cordial and seconded the invitation to tea - which soon was brought in - and

on our asking to see the children she rang for the nurse, who came with the little troop.— a girl of about 8.— delicate like her father.— but with her mother's brown eyes.— and two rosy, plump, handsome boys.— Henry,— about 2,— and Adam a baby of 18 months.— Before the kettle boiled for the tea— a message came for the mistress.— some one having called to see her about some charitable matter. She excused herself,— and when the water was ready for the tea, Mr Curwen himself made the tea. He handed me each a cup.— a most delicious decoction,— and on our refusing the toast,— bread & butter, cake, jam &c,— as we had had so late a luncheon, he seemed quite distressed.— I begged to be excused for looking at my watch,— as we were to take the 5. train,

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when he said, time was in hurry.- 10 minutes being sufficient to drive to the station.- Then, the wife came back, and said she was glad "Alan" had made the tea, as he always made it better than she did,- and was very genial and seemed to have gotten over his shyness a little. She is the daughter of Sir Wilfred Lawson,- a former prominent Member of Parliament.- When we found we must not stay longer,- having already been there nearly 2 hours,- they both went with us to the carriage, he helping us in and tucking up the rug,- also cutting for me a sprig of ivy from the wall- a leaf of which I enclose.- Thus ends the story of our ancestral pilgrimage, in every way, most satisfactory and entertaining. Mr Curwen is quite artistic.- paints.

business brain,- is exceedingly well up in all things pertaining to the past history of his family,- a dreamy, scholarly man. Much resembling the portrait of his mother. He said on the other side of the river Derwent- were the ruins of the former seat of the family when they were the "Barons of Kendal".- Such that the family had much deteriorated both in importance and wealth.- but were yet staunch royalists,- and always for the King.-

We were going to spend the night at Furness, an hours ride by train from Arnside.- To visit in the morning the famous ruins of Furness Abbey. As we left Workington and the sun went down we had a view of one of the finest sunsets I ever witnessed.- and when its glories had quite faded,- from

the window on the Holyhead side of the car, the full moon lighted up the rugged rocky coast and dimpling waves of the Irish Sea. — a fitting close of a most delightful day. — We reached Furness about 8. — and after a dainty lunch in the beautiful hotel dining-room (you will see a full description of it, in the Guide to Furness Abbey which I send in same mail) we were glad to go to bed. —

We were wakened by the sunshine pouring into our room and the birds singing melodiously without. After our breakfast we sauntered into the lovely grounds of the Abbey. — The situation the old monks chose, is an ideal one. — Lodie Christened it "The Valley of Dreams." — When you read the Guide book — you will see why — with=

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out knowing it before we found ourselves enchanted with the place because of its personal interest to our family. — I send a sprig from a vine growing on the tombs of the Barons of Kendal — just as a little souvenir of the place. — not for its beauty in the ~~tea~~ withered state. — though it is very pretty growing over the stones.

We were back at Arnside in time for luncheon. — ~~[illegible]~~ 1.30 p.m. We unearthed a rather curious incident during our researches before going to Workington, — that the wife of Mr Curwen was a connection by marriage of Mrs Shepherd, — a sister of Mrs Shepherd's father having married a brother of Mrs Curwen's father, — which made it all the more interesting to our hostess. — who was all excitement, — over our voyage of discovery

Tomorrow, if the weather is
fine, we go with a party in two
motor cars to Windermere. One
of Mrs Shepherd's sons has one,—
and a maiden sister another.
To go and return is 70 miles.—
and I imagine we shall be
pretty tired when we get back
Last night the rector and his
wife were here for dinner. and
we have had tea with several
of Mrs S's friends. She seems
very proud to have us as guests
and would not hear to our
going away at the end of the
week as we had intended but
insisted on [illegible] remaining
until the 18th. She has a
most perfectly ordered
household.— 2 Finnish
servants, who come into prayers
in the morning in their white
aprons and caps, with blue dresses
and with their blonde hair and
big blue eyes,— one seems
but the replica of the other
and it is quite impossible
for me to tell which is Anna,— ~~one from~~
which Bertha, which Matilda, etc.—
~~the other~~.

I think this is quite
enough for to-day!
Love to all.
Affectionately
Emma

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