

Venice Oct 14th 1892

My Dear Mother

I feel as if I'd like to have
a talk with you - I will pardon the paper. I
want all the news of the book world at home & want
an American paper, not even the Standard publi-
cations; + I don't know why Stowell left the Com-
mission, or what he is doing, or what is to be done
of the "Ergy chain" or what any of the men are at.
So tell me all about it, do as well as you can.

A couple of months in London, nearly a month in
Paris, a few days at Aix, and a week here, then
join the Mark Twain in Florence end of the month.

+ the Vedder in Rome in December. Did some work
in London - met all sorts of interesting fellows
there of both sexes; Irving, Miss Terry, Oscar
Wilde, E. S. Willard, Mrs. Clara Bell, Mrs. Pennington
(My Little Lady) Frederick Wells, Hobson, Ross, the
son letter of a worldly woman woman, son Mirich
the Frank Jackson, Combs, Guy of Yale, the Joe
Switchee, Mrs. Black, Sara One Junck, or lot more.
Paris was full of Americans, but of a different
stamp. Generally called young men who carry Kodaks,
or played-out young men who drink cocktails, and
some loping & do nothing all day or money made
by some other plan. They interest me not. The only

man I cared to talk to in Paris was Jules Champ
ney, who knows his side of Paris thoroughly, and
is full of infectious enthusiasm. There I have Sidney
Bunce who is an amusing one. He is still paint-
ing the same old yellow sails & red sunsets but I
think in a better way. Mrs. Stetson is taking lessons in
Italian & going out to tea among painting and
writing women. We loaf about in gondolas & we
study the paving stones of Venice in the delightful
litter-curbed streets. I think I do a Literary
Leisure article & am making stray notes - do
doing no writing to that effect. How sells my Book
book? & what do men say of it? The South Market
seen

seem to have been fairly well received in London,⁴
and I get on the track of other. No rails to wit
Carey & Rosetti's & the great Duke of Arlington,
all of which I hope to press some time. Saw young
Browning the other day in his gorgeous palace bought
by his wife who ~~was~~ is an American but while his
bank lives the poet's sister he can't let us forget
the poet's work. Our very warmest regards to you & to Mrs
North. Remember me to Mr Scribner, Marvin, Huntington
Benj. Moore, & any body else who remembers me. It like to
sit down in the corner behind that desk of yours & talk
things over, but this is as near as I can come to it now.
Write my permanent address of Osford Hill Strand No 45
Albemarle St. W. London, & please use Yours sincerely
Lawrence Stutton