

4879

ALLEYWOOD,

WIMBLEDON PARK,

LONDON.

June 12<sup>th</sup> 1892

My dear Papa, I hope you will observe how I hasten to write to you so as to be able to talk on a laye d.d. - d to your dis? - tiquished name! I hope the ceremony went off all right and that you did not have an apo- plectic fit what with the uniform and the gown. On Friday the deserted

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cranes whose fate it was  
to be left here went to  
the International Horticultural  
Exhibition that is  
to say to Buffalo Bill's  
Wild West. We went to  
the evening performance &  
it was great fun. I have  
never been to an exhibition  
at night before and I thought  
the illuminations in the  
garden very pretty. Yesterday  
I went to lunch with

Daisy Sichel & afterwards  
to the Royal Academy.  
It certainly is about the  
feeblest show I have ever  
seen. There was a great  
crowd & it was very hot  
so we did not stay long  
but adjourned to a Hungarian  
Bread Shop where we feasted  
on ices & gingerbeer.  
Last night a friend of  
M<sup>rs</sup> Lowestree, Madame de Lefevre

came. She is going to stay here some time I think. She is very old and calls Mlle Louvestre "ma petite"; I believe she used to give Mlle Louvestre music-lessons, if you can imagine it.

Besides myself there are 3 girls staying here for the week, a cousin of Ethel Coall's, & 2 German girls who are going to London for the day.

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I hope James will soon  
recover. How did he  
get it? the measles, I mean?  
The ticket for the Royal  
Society swansy arrived  
last night.

I am reading a Voyage  
round the World in French  
by the Comte de Beauvoir.  
It is in 3 volumes, Australia,  
Java, Pekin & San Francisco.  
The Count of B. was only

20 when he made the  
voyage & only 22 when he  
wrote the book so he  
is naturally very enthu-  
siastic indeed about  
everything. I have finished  
Australia where he speaks  
of Brisbane as being  
"un grand village"; the date  
of his book is 1869. Before  
attempting to begin the second  
volume I thought I would  
read some light literature

so I have begun a book  
called *Nouvelles découvertes*  
which I find still more  
stodgy than the *Comat*.  
The other day Mlle Sawestie  
read us *La Pierre de Touché*  
by Saudeau & Regier.

I will now say  
goodbye.  
yr loving  
Perrin.