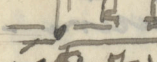


Couvent des Sœurs Chétives
Provins, S. et M.

Dear Cousin Lucy and Cousin Pierre -

For the last two nights I
have slept in the room Blanche de Castelle
had in an old convent opposite the ancient
monastery of the Jacobins - Tonight sleep in
the old infirmary, and three nights ago had
the room in the little visitors house for the
reception of bishops and visiting dignitaries
in the Commune itself which now occupies
the old Jacobins place - I had come across
Provins in the Beau Art Library, - the only
books however of many years ago, and
the friend who lives with me & I came on
the chance of its being as quaint and
full of 12th & 13th C. houses as then -
But the last fifty years have been enough
to remake nearly every house, all in the
newest French stucco and paint, and "retors"
all the churches & whitewash & raised floors.

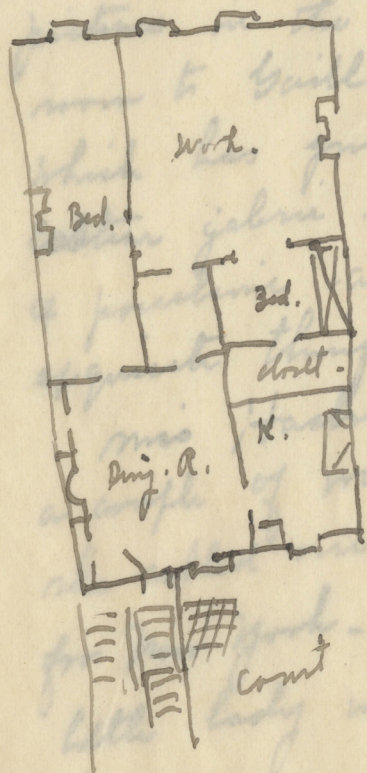
The French lady whom I was last year told
me that very often the Sisters were glad to take
one or two girls in the summer, and so when
we were at a loss to find a good place in the
town, the idea struck to try here, - they think
some one sent us, as they cannot grasp the idea
of our coming by chance, - but they took ~~us~~^{care}
and have been just as kindly and hospitable
as one could possibly imagine - They cannot
quite understand me, and say outright this
whitney is very "amusement", - but as they
asked first off if we spoke English in
America, and wanted to know if we put
hors d'oeuvres out when walking, you
hardly wonder we surprise them. They
have a prison, a crèche, a orphan asylum,
and the mother institution all in the town,
and being with them has unexpectedly made
an "open sesame" to the old buildings public
and private. The first day I was disappointed,
having learned to love the city as it built
it up from its foundations and its founders,
but each day it grows more interesting and
proves to be more rich in its treasures, la
ville Haute especially - you find the old stones
the payments in feudal times were made on
old mills, - houses in parts or whole unstructed

or apparently touched - One called the Grange
our dinner, is a beauty - the 1st story a great
vaulted hall the chimneys at each end, (the fire
places gone) with a crypt equally high and
fine, beautiful capitals, - and an upper
story with  windows seats like at Chillon,
beautifully  carved center mullions,
about five ^{sets of windows} on each side and one on the end -
the stairs outside on the side - the upper room
open to the top of the steep roof, all the
timbers wooden-pinned - the keeper has gay
pots of plants in the windows and it has
a most charming effect - There are vaulted
cells below the crypt, but we had no
candle - There are others of equal interest,
apparently, not explored yet - the old defense
walls on two sides are fairly well preserved,
no attempt made to restore or even save
them - with fine old vaulted round towers
and gates - the dragon you probably know -
St. Quiricus' byzantine dome has a very
nifty modern successor, and St Agnes & St
Crisp have been painfully restored - the water
cloes and always has had the boats of
rising and entering the cellars and churches
so the city had has been continually rising,
which makes the floors rise over the faces
of the abbeys and climb the shafts going

green, but not his pleasing proportions - The whole
place is full of shutters, - the work under these
monasteries, - which have fine stars still. We
will stay two weeks in all - and then in the
fall perhaps Arny and I can go on a little
trip - some where else.

I have finally decided on an apartment
for us, after much indecision. There were
several nice new apartments at the price we
could pay, but always so small they made
me home sick and cramped - especially when
one would have to work in them - ^{no} - Chance -
much having no atelier for students. There
was one old place nicely papered and arranged
on the Rue des Capucins, on the 'Cite', with
three big windows on the Seine, big rooms,
with a view from the Barriers and the
de Trump to beyond Notre Dame, the Pont
Neuf, all you could have nearly - And
another unmodernized old place, but very
clean and comfortable feeling, with large
rooms and windows, on the rue Guenegand
which leads by the Passage Pont Neuf into
the rue de Seine - It was hard not to
take the former, but I had fears the
other occupants might be disagreeable
while the latter house is a very quiet
impeccably respectable one. Behind the

fashions, that is all - The dining room has cupboard all one side with a porcelain store in an alcove, a most attractive basket of flowers where the pipe enters the top - and the quaint old blue, red, paper with coat ladies and clanging carabais - all but the work room (to be), and bed room have tiles - there is a large alcove that has double false doors into former, so that in the day time it is



hardly visible - The windows on the court are large, and the court ~~is~~ not closed in - It promises to be very comfortable - Mrs Whitney is to arrive soon and take the one I have now.

I saw the Grand Prix de Rome Friday - a palais for a visiting monarch, - all interesting almost, particularly as the ^{men} names and their work are familiar now. The paintings were poor, but several of the pieces of sculpture good - Saw also the Ensis de Rome - the most interesting the water color renderings of the library door &

exterior chapel at Sina. They have the new
pictures in the Luxembourg and ^{have} given a whole
room to Gaillards' work! The new drawing
which has given much pleasure is the
Eastern gallery at the Louvre - Japanese china
& porcelain and drawings - some most
exquisite things. in rooms on the quasi wing.
Miss Itashinchi turned up most unexpectedly
a couple of weeks ago, having staid in Italy -
she called one evening and has already sailed
for New York. I think she is a very good
little lady in spite of her budlike cheer-
fulness.

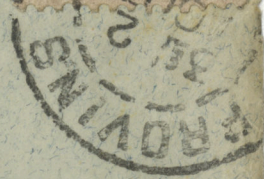
From the Evening Class connections I have
become acquainted with a number of Russian
women, fine strong workers, and very
intelligent and good, - but they smoke &
drink tea - the first almost I've seen of
bottled tea, & I immediately thought of
the exhibition I promised Cousin Pierre
of all I learned in that way - that I
practised.

Caro wrote of his very pleasant visit
lastly from Washington, and Mamma writes
me the untold tale - you are very very
good to us - I must get into one of those
high white rilled beds - thankful not to be
its true possessor - with very much love
and best wishes for you both, Julia Morgan

July 31st 95.

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Nov 13



Mrs Pierre L. Le Brun

111 Jerusalem Street

Brooklyn

New York -

Etats Unis.