

Chet Chetani de Lizarde -  
Bellfontaine -

Dear Cousin

The letter which came last week gave very much  
pleasure - mine must have reached you a few days after this started,  
so you know why I had not written - The next day, the heat  
or reaction from the work was so surprising in results, that I could  
not do even the small things intended, which is why you have not  
received the book I said would come - will send it as soon as  
I go back - That decided coming here directly, and the last  
three weeks have been simply begging, with once going out to Paris  
to the Grand Prix de Rome, incidentally the doctors, those Van  
Celt's recommendation last year for mine - He said my first  
coming or traveling this summer if I expected to enter the examinations  
in October was out of the question, but if I did be quiet without  
any working till September I'd be all right - which eased my  
conscience, for it seemed so wasteful of time and opportunity to  
actively be in Europe, and then settle calmly in one tiny little place &  
do nothing - The Grand Prix drawings were very interesting  
indeed - a Pilgrimage church with a complicated Programme - the  
"Prix" was very original and full of sentiment and grace,  
though departing entirely from the ordinary "ape" system of the  
Academy. They said the Jury did not hesitate a second on it, though  
there were long debates over the 2<sup>nd</sup> Prixes - It was the design of a  
M. Desguine, pupil of M. Pascal whom I expect to go to if  
passed in October - it seemed like though Cousin Pierre  
would like it - but I don't know how it will look reproduced,  
so often there in the "Interieur Club" are hardly recognizable -

from home the news is all good - Emma seems much better, and the  
other well - Sam struggling with his lessons, Amy camping in the mountains,  
where he "steals away from the fellows" to try water colors now and then -  
Florence & Emma were to go to Montreal with friends, but no word of decision  
as to when they come, only just "don't worry, we will come" - Miss  
Piquette came here Monday to say goodby, as she lights for home  
last Friday - the last of those I know who were here, or have  
been here since last June - except Miss Budd. She gave up  
her appartement - am very glad indeed not to have been persuaded  
into joining her, for it would not have been successful - Appartement  
living will have to wait until - "if" - Amy comes - If her sister does  
not come back until October, I will go back to Miss Kalishus until  
then, though it may be the Club again for the winter, though  
would like to find a "quiet nice family" near the Bazaar  
Arts - a year of restaurant life seems amply enough even if  
it prove very flattering.

The next examinations begin the 15<sup>th</sup> October, so if I commence  
work the 1<sup>st</sup> of September there will be six weeks - which Mr. de  
Monvel thinks will be enough, but with <sup>80</sup> many competitors the  
chance is always small - for strangers about 10 in 400 next time -  
if not secured, will study with Mr. Pascal anyway for the next  
year, and not try again for black, for it would not pay  
for the time left to stay - The de Monvels have been very  
kind and friendly - their baby, a dear pretty little fellow  
has been very unwell, and caused much anxiety - For  
a few days I hardly dared ask for it, they are so  
wrapped up in him, but now the weather is better, and he  
with it - his little Purkin's age - They live in the little  
village of Trivicourt a good twenty minutes walk from here - when  
you come to see and bring your baggies - I often think how  
you would enjoy their woods - The de Monvels will much, Madame  
about her in her riding suit.

The house, is a very small village, Bellefontaine about a half  
hour drive from a branch "accommodation R.R." - but that  
half hour drive takes you completely out of the ordinary world,  
and back at least a half or three quarters century - This  
"Petit Chateau" has its gates & lodge on the principal "place" of the

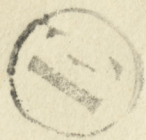
village an ~~address~~ <sup>meeting</sup> place of old, shabby stone houses built  
when property went into each other like pieces of a crazy quilt and houses built  
in and out and around accordingly, without regard to roads - It seems that  
the village in some queer way works itself nicely around this place,  
just leaving a crawling in place as it were - and yet once in, you  
are completely ~~off~~ <sup>away</sup> from it - its a plain house but sunny looking,  
set down in a little hollow the ground tierced up on all sides  
with plentiful old trees, - flowers and grass - a fountain fish pond  
in front, bridges covered with vines, above a Bois all your own,  
rightish gardens, duck ponds set in flower, - Its the completest  
little place you ever saw, and seems many times its real size  
by the skillfulness of its plan - It was laid out by the man  
who made the Bois de Boulogne - The house has a large  
pleasant hall, with 2 alleys a manger one side, billiard room the  
other, the salon and kitchen making opposite end wings - And  
wonder! It has an immense bath room, toilet, showers,  
sit work rooms and all!!! The first stationary walk basin  
I've seen since the <sup>last</sup> morning I was with you - In taking my  
view of all this splendor is that Madame  
had 18 years at London where she has a large firm - diamond  
seams, dressmakers - But there were no sisters. She owns the  
de Mouches place and happened to say one day she wished  
she could get some one for a small charge for board  
to come as the house seemed so empty - there are two  
large modern fire, grandchildren visiting, and the servants -  
that is all - She is very large of body, and generous in  
degar, with a Frenchman's spirit of economy - has been  
very kind - There's a house & trap where it is wanted,  
but I like to walk - To come to home to visit for a little  
though as its usually too rainy or cloudy during all  
the ordinary hours of the day, that has not been so  
very successful though it helps on - This village has  
a simple but very graceful little church, gaining much by  
its trees, and in each of the eight villages near there is  
either a little church, an old ferme, a columbiere, quite  
picturesque, though it is more a country merely "pretty"  
than else - For, the next village has an little old church  
of the 13<sup>th</sup> C. not used, but belonging to the "Monuments Francaise"  
to be preserved - its beautiful inside, all yellow & green with  
mold, with a curious old tomb in a corner, - you look into the into

an oven. <sup>village</sup> It has a peculiar air, it feels to me like a fiodable  
sense, with the high long walls, of its farms, tall old  
houses inside with their great gables above the living room  
stories, old mills in the court yards, and banded windows. It is  
the most interesting to me, though Lenzburg has a church with  
a regular honey comb of chapels of all dates around its apex, &  
Meyls la Ville another <sup>church</sup> with an odd wooden porch, but  
restored to painful respectability, come to a furnace. The  
people are very fond and yet full of curiosity and I furnished  
a choice model for the latter - and the fact of drawing a little  
brings the former sight away - It is wonderful how many one  
can come to know in three weeks - In spite the mill built (but  
ugly) school houses, they are very ignorant, and look upon those  
who can write so you can read it, as one boasted, as quite marvels.  
Madame Gailois, who lives opp the gate, with skin like rich  
mahogany and merry brash black eyes, says "No, Californie? No,  
I've never been to Californie, but I've been to Lenzburg."  
And M. le Mayor, wants to know if you cross any water to  
get to England. "Yes is a rapid Socialist by the way, and the  
richest man in the village - His wife works in the fields from  
4.30 to 7. and when I made her acquaintance was milking  
the cows, and filling the cans or bowls of the old peasant women  
waiting on the stone benches around the doors each with  
their own. This worth at least 50,000 they say.

The camera must be very interesting - whenever I see one I  
think of Corbie and her life long lost opportunity! Wrote it funny!  
I would like very much <sup>to</sup> have the baby Pierre and Allison -  
but more if you'd steal ~~each~~ <sup>each</sup> one of the other for me - even  
if they were not perfect - Mamma wanted one before her birthday  
so I must before I left Paris, - they would send no proofs,  
and the pictures are so bad I dared not send them for  
fear Mamma would really think I looked like them - so scared  
and stiff - and not showing the features expected as to  
face - all of which is not valuers - so I could not  
send you one either - I thank you very much for the  
"Architect" - it seems as though a sort of letter from  
you -

Hoping Mr. Napoleon is better, and you are having  
a happy summer, tomorrow.

Leila Morgan -  
Aug. 15<sup>th</sup> 1897.



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Mrs. Pierre L. Le Brun  
111 Jerusalem Street  
Brooklyn  
New York

U.S. 17

Via American Line  
Southampton.