

4 Rue de Chevreuse -

Dear Cousin Lucy and Cousin Pierre -

Today is the Boucuf Gras

- consequently no lecture and there is time before the procession to write in. The shortcomings of the weather looks badly for the tissue paper parts.

Mama's last letter said you would probably have seen "Ant" and Alice as they planned to see you on the way South. It is a month since Nina wrote they were to go, and there has been no word since. I hope sincerely she is not as ill as "Ant" thinks, for I know she worries very much over her always - and that the change will help them both. Nina was apparently very well when she left here. She had sometimes a very slight cough before breakfast, but so little Miss Parvotte who was with us two months and those who were with her next here, insist they never heard her cough at all. So you see apparently it was nothing serious here. She is so fond of fun and life, it seems extra hard to have to go right in the middle of the gaieties -

The weather is beginning to brighten, these days there

actually has been sunshine, and one begins to get excited for "sunny" things again. Sunday before last a San Francisco man I had met here, asked me to go sketching with him, choosing the place by the name and price of R.R. fare - Saint-Denis - l'Annoué this time, as it sounded old, and as if there would be a church - or Abbaye, and how we hurried ~~at~~ as each station proved a manufactory or new brick mill town, for fear ours would be as unromantic as some of the Montmorency de Villiers - etc. - It proved very quaint and small, with picturesque little courts and hilly streets, but no church, - fortunately on the other side the track, was the town of Pontoise, built on a hill so that the whole town seemed to rise to the top of the town of its church, as though it had been given the crowning place to pull all the rest up. It a very interesting church - the open chapels very old Gothic, ^{the} the tower early romanesque Renaissance, and the building itself all stages of Renaissance from earliest to date, some details like a doorway, some pilasters, and capitals, being really charming. There was an old glass window showing the ancient town on some "procession of relics" day, with another church, a chateau, fortifications etc. - and getting the general idea, we went out to hunt them - to find the church sure enough, and parts of the high retaining walls evidently of the chateau, but not a trace of itself - The church was once an abbaye, a curious conglomeration outside, low and stupidly buttressed, round apse etc. - but most unexpectedly pleasing inside, a good idea for a modern town's episcopal church. It rained of course when we began to work outside, so though we staid two days there was little drawing. This Sunday I went with Mrs Budd and a friend of hers to Versailles for the day, - the first beautiful day, sunny, the trees just showing signs of budding out, and so bright after

the two months of gray - you felt like living. The Palais
and Louvres are becoming very familiar - The gallery of
statues of the Kings of France always impresses me anew with
the sense of their really having been.

The Magicks arrived unexpectedly one day three or four
weeks ago - that is arrived at an unexpected place, and it
seemed mighty good to see them - They hunted up all the Californian
men, found how they were living and working, and gave them
all a dinner "to be sure they had enough for once" - before one
their own accidents. After a few days they left for Holland
Belgium and England and have not returned. M. de Monclo
crossed on the same steamer, having gone to New York to see
Mr Magick and missed him, - suffered for some one to speak
French with - as his wife was ill, - and now knows it "because
the Passange list was printed in English". He thinks very few
Frenchmen would enter the competition under the terms proposed -
the same as spoken of in New York probably - It certainly
seems ~~and~~ ^{an} injuriously chancy system of award - and judgment -

The chief work at the Beau Arts has been the Rouquie
Prix Competition - the subject "a carpet for the Salle de
Cassation of the Palais de Justice", one hundred & eighty
competitors - Some of the Rendus were fine pieces of work, one
or two so like real velvet the corners of the paper were
rolled up from the mount or stretcher, from the effort to 'feel'
if it were stuff or paper - reminding of the bronze door at
Washington. Whichever you saw a brilliant red & blue purple
drawing it was almost sure to prove an American. The
present problem is the "Parthenon" - due the 4th of April.

Mrs Budd has returned to the atelier again - is living
in an apartment with a Miss Newbold who has charge of the
girls cottages at Mr Chace's summer school, and who consequently
returns soon - wherefore Miss B. is very anxious for me to
join her instead when she leaves. In many ways it ought
to be very convenient and homelike - but again I think you
have to be a person very well indeed to be all day as well

as living with them - and do not feel quite sure but in this case it might be too much - she is very kindhearted and anxious to have me promise, but it is hard to explain the intangible notions which make congenialness for living - I hardly know how to decide yet.

Since beginning to write I have seen the Boeuf Gras fit - from a balcony on the Boulevard around the corner - been nearly drowned in confetti which does not stick good when a hand full lands unexpectedly in your mouth, and after several brushings still chafes out of my coat sleeves. There were some very bright, pretty floats - One of Japanese maidens each with a flower pot - with budding chrysanthemums, which blossomed on a sudden into great flowers which hid completely the maidens - Harvest carts, where all the vegetables attended on horse back, the white "Boeuf" in state on his cart, etc., - not very long, but really very pretty, good like some ballet march on a great stage - The same thing repeats for Mardi Gras tomorrow -

The "Architect" arrives on each Thursday's steamer, and is much enjoyed - The whole atelier is obliged for it. It seemed quite natural to see Saint Sulpice and the Noelleme in the last one -

The very latest grievances against the French are their shoes and rubbers - when they have to be worn, - but otherwise, language always excepted, we are getting on very well. When it becomes too warm for night class work I'll turn to the Language again and make a desperate effort to speak it with some degree of correctness -

I hope little Mrs. Purie is still growing handsome - I would like much to see them as well as yourselves - Will you remember me to your sisters if you think of it? Is Carrie entirely well?

Very lovingly

Julia Morgan -

March 1st 1877.



Mrs Pierre L. Le Brun

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