

4 Rue des Chiroux - Paris -

Dear Cousin Lucy and Cousin Pierre -

We went to Rouen after all -

There was a dense fog when we woke the morning of getting into Havre, so they could not find the entrance and so missed the morning train for Paris. As I did not want to get here alone at night, we decided to stop at Rouen. A Portier said in English at the station that the "Victoria" was near, and he would show us. It had been recommended to Mr. Bachelor, so we asked him where? The gun fearfully embarrassed and after a struggle said in French - I understand a little English but I don't understand American. It was afternoon, we were tired and not not all agog for sunny things - but after a dinner of eight courses, good cooking but poor surroundings, we went on foot down the Rue Jean d'Arc from the Hotel - about 5 on Rue Verte, Budeaux, to Rue Thiers to Saint Julien, which delighted especially the transept tower and interior. Then down the Rue D. du Robec to San Malon whose doors looks as they ought to, - we could have only a glimpse of the interior because of a first Communion service packing it; - then to the Cathedral which I saw pretty thoroughly inside - there was only a glimpse of the Tomb des Cardinaux d'Amboise through the arch of the apse. They are beginning restorations which looked very crude and hard on the facade - probably extensive ones.

From there to the Palais de Justice - very true to the pictures; - to the Veuve Marché and the Hotel Bonghould where I met my friend pore-a-pie in the flesh; - to the Jones Andie and the Grosse-Horloge. Then Mr. Bachelor got two most disquieting looking cab drivers and by dint of train watching mine and I explained we had seen the churches etc. and wanted to see streets aged and picturesque. - And I should say we did. Through very little narrow, evil smelling alley way, - through streets packed with market women who had to move their noses off, with words, down the Rue Eau de Robe and all the little ones near it. We could not find words to explain our objectives and finally Mr. B. said I must say something so I got out that we would finish in a Restaurant. Probably it being very late and we had made it seem worse than it was really. We drove back by the Boulevard Gambetta to the Grosse Horloge, home supper and a feather bed. The next cheerfulness was reaching the train to find it gone a half hour before - the landlords fault. So we walked up the Boulevard Beauvoisine to the hill overlooking the tower - and it did seem very lonely from there - all the equalled distances gone, and all lonely things inside walls opened up - it was fully worth missing the train - and I'll remember it all even if it happens we don't go back.

We did reach Paris at last - (only losing a pass by the way - how no one can see unless taken - it was not serious) - Long before we came in, it seemed as though I could tell nearly all the principal things, thanks to the friendly cousin Pierre & the books have given to them - indeed as you said, the place does not make you feel a stranger. We left the Bachelors at the station and rode over to the Gare Mont Parnasse in a bus as the cab men were trying to impose on us at St. James without success - it's only a few minutes walk from here. It's a miserably little street with a two foot side walk - but cheerful enough when we opened the door and found Miss Sumner expecting us -

I had written from Paris - and things all straight. The
blue and white China has become somewhat cracked in the
months since the "article" was written - the service might be a
trifle more dainty - the rooms have a little more convenient
assortment of furniture - clothes room etc. - But to make up
for little failing of these notions, it's a perfectly safe and
proper place, - the garden though there may be equally
pretty in Paris, is large and very pleasant when you
get used to it indeed. The house is the one we thought -
very quaint and old, but clean, - with all sorts of dark
and obvious hall ways and unexpected steps and stairs -
Miss Bunnell has aged very much and seems only too
happy to have come one to take interest in. She must
evidently have been very lonely. Maria has a nice room
with pretty view over gardens and courts. I've moved twice
since Friday and have a little one on the first now, with
promise of a better one later.

I found "The Bird" next door. She has been quite ill,
but says she gets soon after leaving here. I continue to
like her, - she is working with Mr. de Monro.

Saturday we got our trunks without having been opened
at all, and spent the rest of the day around the Luxembourg
and calling. Sunday it rained much, but we went over to
the Church of the Trinity with the letter to Mr Morgan. The
was very pleasant and kind. Today we went (in the rain)
to Notre Dame, and you can imagine the enjoyment, - I
brought Baderic and Maria the Dictionary. People say never to
let Maria out alone in this Quarter. The map is getting pretty
well into my head. We walked around the Island, looked
at the Palais de Justice, the Le Brun house on the little
street - down along the Quai by the tower - past the Beauvais,
had lunch in a Poterie. Went to see Mlle Monro. in the Rue de

L'Annee Comedie - Then to the Bonne Marche (first of last time) to the Louvre and here again - pretty foot trail.

M. de Moncel is young, as guessed. He could not show any pupils work and but little of his own. The rooms are on the 3rd floor on a small court, are quite well lighted and clean. Miss Budd likes it. I think probably she work there 1/2 day until Miss goes, - any way - And find out in the mean time whom I could have better, - etc. but will see Mr Van Pelt and some of the California friends first if I can. The Van Pelt are friends of Miss Sumell.

The Grand Auto is to be opened to Women in Architecture in the fall - but with out separate tickets - and I don't think from the few days I've seen her, that that is a very possible arrangement. I'm glad I came - It makes one up wonderfully more than Boston.

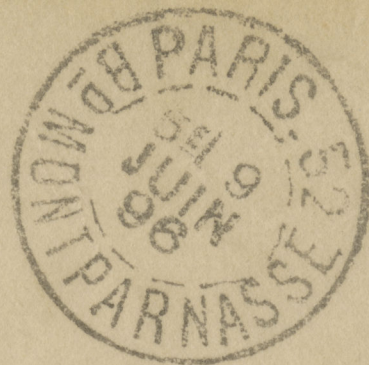
Tomorrow we are going to the Champs Elysees - Salon, etc. The next day to Versailles if it clears up.

I hope the problem is solved satisfactorily - I have a curiosity about it - quite large. Also that the loggia is progressing - and the summation going very fast indeed. With much love for you,

Julia Morgan.

June 8th 1896.

If you find time for a letter, its 4 Rue de Cherbourg.



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