

7-5-1897

## Letter from Margaret Whitney Pratt, Bonn, Germany, to Anne Whitney, 1897 July 5

Margaret Whitney Pratt

Wellesley College Archives

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Another landing - Kesseling!  
and it is seven o'clock and  
we get to Cologne at 7.30 -  
Will we have seen the Rhine  
and the ruins, and all  
the beautiful things in song &  
story - so that now it is  
a delightful "real-ability" as  
our little Ned used to say.

We shall soon get to gay  
glittering Paris - and I already  
feel myself on the home  
stretch - after such sweeps  
between great cities on the  
Continent. It will not be  
many days before we shall  
be thinking about the "Lucas"  
and making our way to Liverpool  
- but what memories we  
have of the two months  
we have lived in these foreign  
lands - Most lovingly yours  
and our fondest love to Aunt  
Carrie and the friends that cherish

Bonn -  
On the Rhine  
July 5<sup>th</sup> 1897.

Dear Aunt Anne -  
We have just  
pulled away from the dock at  
the city I date from, and our  
trip down the Rhine is drawing  
to an end. We certainly have  
had a stiff breeze since we steamed  
away from Weisbaden <sup>or Biebrich</sup> - until  
dinner time it was rather de-  
pressing and the clouds promised  
rain - but the fate favored  
us and we drifted along into  
sunshine and a balmy air.  
We had our dinner on the  
boat - and we had one of  
the pleasantest surprises of our  
journey - for we did not  
expect the banquet would be  
very tempting - and it proved  
to be everything that the hungriest



and most fastidious of tourists  
could desire -

The Rhine is certainly lively -  
with Crafts of all kinds con-  
stantly passing our Steamboat  
"The Schiller". Passengers have  
been coming on and going  
off all day - rollicking Dutch-  
men - with their fat Hams -  
and many neat little "pastors"  
with their sleek silk hats and  
long black coats - and funny  
little bald spots on the back  
of their heads - that George  
has just called my attention  
to. I have worn my heavy winter  
coat most of the day - but gay  
Young maidens have come  
aboard in white dresses - and  
small children with bare  
arms and legs & they still  
live & seem happy -  
All the men with the green

wreaths about their hats are  
quite full of joy and eager -  
and are treating us to an oc-  
casional chorus - I don't think  
I could count the tall green  
bottles ahead of me as I look  
down the tables on deck -

We are hoping for a pile  
of letters at Brussels - we have  
missed some letters but probably  
will get them there there. We have  
not had any return yet for all  
the letters we have written home.  
One from George's sister yester-  
day from Hamilton was the first  
acknowledgement of having  
heard from us - I heard  
Mother left for Arlington in  
good spirits and quite well -  
on the 10<sup>th</sup> of June - & hope soon  
to hear how she stout the jour-  
ney & the general news from  
the little cottage there -