

in Palermo is not at all necessary until the middle of October, when the first fruits of the season are ripe enough to be exported. During the Summer there is nothing at all to do here except contriving from morning till evening to keep cool; therefore my absence will not at all interfere with the office duties.

I am very glad that you found Nellie's photograph very good. We have an excellent artist here, and I had a little card photograph of my lost one enlarged to almost a natural size, and it was a most wonderful success, the child seems to be speaking from it. When the artist gave it to me, he said "*Non posso darvi la parola ma la bimba e la!*" And indeed it is as lifelike as anything I have seen before.

With love to all

Believe me Ever Truly Yours

Luigi Monti

Torquay
Devonshire County
England

July 20th 1870.

My Dear Mr. Longfellow

After nearly two months of hunting about I have finally settled in the charming town of Torquay, in the County that you recommended as the pleasantest in England to pass a winter.

Nelly already goes to school, and begins to talk English as she ought to.

If my wife can manage to stay here next winter, Nelly will know English enough to come back to Palermo and continue her education there.

We were in London three weeks and had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Mackintosh several times.

I did not present the other letters because Mrs.

Langel was not in Richmond, as Mrs. Mackintosh informed me; nor did I go to Hampstead, finding that it would have been impossible to settle in the neighborhood of London, because the expense of living was on the par with the great City, and beyond my limited means. So I tried a Cathedral town far from London, and came to Exeter. But the place disappointed me. Exeter is the County town of Devonshire where all the business of the County is transacted, and instead of the quiet place which I expected, it is the most bustling and the roughest that I ever was in, especially on the two market days of the week.

There is very little good society in the town proper, all the best people and clergy living in their estates and manors, and leaving the town for the tradespeople and county farmers who come to market, and generally remain over night.

In the evening one could not walk the streets without being shoked at the drunkenness and rowdism one met on every side. I saw it was no place to leave my wife and child, so I came away to Torquay.

I don't know whether you ever visited Torquay, but I can assure you that I never would have supposed that this foggy Island possessed such a place, for it combines the charming English country scenery with the almost Italian climate and delightful sea-coast.

The Bay of Tor reminds me very much of the Bay of Siracuse with some scrap of that of Naples towards Posilipo. The town, nestled between two hills is entirely composed of Italian Villas perched one above the other to the very top of them, many of these with Neapolitan names, such as "Villa Maggiore" "Vomero" "Sorrento" "Capo di Monte." The population of about 16,000. now, in the winter months is increased by about 5,000. more who come from all