

American cruisers are scarce and
vast crowds of the citizens boarded
them the tugs and row boats reaping
a rich harvest. They start
across the Atlantic this week
and may visit Kingstown
sooner or later though they go
to Lisbon first I believe.

Your affectionate son
F. E. Pendergast.

Newton Highlands. Mass.
Dec. 8th 1889

My dear Papa

I have yours of Nov.
23^d also a letter, a card, and an "Echo"
of about same date from J. S. P.

I send by same mail with these
two photographs of Lucretia; the colored
one is for W. P. P., the other for
you. I send them together to save
postage and for greater stiffness of
the package. We think it a good
likeness. The side view is, I think,
most like her general look.

Monday morning May, Lucretia
and I started for Hemiker, May
having at last found someone to
come in to keep house and take care
of the baby - Miss Moore, sister of
the principal had master of the
school here. We stopped for three
hours at Manchester, dining with

the Eatons (Marys aunt Knostice) and reaching Henniker at dark. We were there till Thursday. Mrs. Child is well in general health but still uses a crutch though only in crossing the room when she cannot touch her hand to anything. From there we returned to Candia where Mary has two aunts and some cousins, stopping there one day. Next day we returned to Manchester and spent the evening and night at the house of Ex. gov. Smyth whose first wife was Marys aunt Emily.

We returned yesterday Saturday, and found all well except Jip who has a bad cold and sore throat.

My cough and cold are very much the better of the trip to the drier air of New Hampshire, though the mercury fell to 2° below zero while we were there and at Henniker

on one night the water in our water pitcher in the bedroom froze nearly solid. We had a good trip and pleasant visits everywhere, which Anne much enjoyed and behaved very well. There are fine far reaching (extensive) views at Candia, but New England in the country districts, mostly seems very quiet and indeed deserted, so many have moved into the cities or gone west. Those that remain are mostly old people.

We are still meditating a flight to California and expect to start this month. Yesterday I saw my friend Mr. Kimball, who was just starting for San Diego on a business trip of a few weeks.

Miss Moore said Ruth was a very good girl while we were away. Miss Peabody came over from Newton Center to day to see us and I walked

back with her with the three younger children. A gentleman we met remarked on Ruth's rosy cheeks and look of health.

It is ten o'clock, a wet night. Last night it froze quite hard. Such are our changes here.

Your affectionate son
F. E. Prendergast.

Newton Highlands, Mass.
Dec. 16. 1889.

My dear Papa

Your last is of Nov. 27th received about a week ago, enclosing a letter to Jeffery which seemed to please him.

Monday morning we began packing up, and were at it all the week.

Part of the furniture I sent to an auction room in Boston, but shipped the rest of it. This morning we left the house before breakfast, and came to a boarding house nearby, where I now write at 8 p.m.

We start tomorrow, Tuesday Dec. 17, for National City, California, to which place you can address letters for the present. It is on "the Bay" four miles south of San Diego.

I had intended going to some part of San Diego County, but my reason

for going to National City is on account of a certain business connection there. My friend Mr. ^{Ben.} Turnbull left for there a few days ago.

We go by Chicago, Kansas City, Denver, Cheyenne, Ogden (near Salt Lake City), Sacramento and Los Angeles; we are due at the latter place Tuesday

Dec. 24th and should reach National City (what a name!) on Christmas day. A long journey of about 3300 miles.

Mary says she is glad to go, if it will end our long separations.

All the children, except Jeffy, were pleased at the idea. He thought he should like to stay here and go through the High School, but said if he could have a gun, or go hunting, or live on a farm, he should like to go.

Our friends say they envy us going to such a fine climate and beautiful

country. It is surprising how many we hear of who have gone to some part of Southern California.

I enclose a little circular which will show you our route and how we go. I shall endeavour to write while on the way, and being tired to night will write no more now.

I sent two photographs of Lucretia last week.

Your affectionate son
F. Z. Prudergast.

I sent another circular with view of "the Bay" &c to day.

You might read up what Dana said of it in Two Years Before the Mast.