

The Agamemnon of Aeschylus  
as translated by Fitzgerald  
Our friend of Omar Khayyam  
in his studies. It is truly mag-  
nificent and Mr. Thayer  
reads it well.

J. F. joins me in every  
best wish to you both. I killed  
I wish you were nearer; but  
our best possessions are brought  
with a price and this penalty  
of absence is rewarded to  
you by your wonderful op-  
portunities of culture.

Goodbye. Do write me again  
at your earliest chance  
and believe me ever most  
faithfully and affectionately  
yours  
Annie Field.

Christmas Day. 148 Charles St.  
Boston.  
[1875] / 76 [received  
by AW]

Dear friend:

I was delighted to get  
your bit of a note "about maffin-  
time" the other morning; all the  
more because I did not deserve  
it. I write no more letters though  
I assure you it is not that I do  
not wish it, but the larger part of  
my life just now is given to  
attempting to systematize the  
work among the poor in Boston.  
We have a frightful population in  
our large cities the hot bed of  
vice and every trouble, which I need  
not list if people who knew better  
would look after them a little: so  
with my little hammer I am chipping  
away at this great stone of  
human indifference and it yet  
remains to be seen whether the  
great dispenser will let me or  
the stone crumble first.

at the same time I do not  
forget the Centennial. I  
am glad Banks is willing  
however late and you shall have  
as good a place as possible.

We saw the model of Sumner  
among a crowd of Sumners  
done in clay, the larger number  
of which were so bad that  
the scene was perfect. Cuddevarius  
yours was a light among them  
Emma Stebbins without knowing  
yours, as yours, picked it  
out at once as the best.

She has been talking of writing  
you and this is one reason  
I have delayed my note

but she is utterly absorbed  
by Miss Cushman. They are  
at the Parker House and  
C. C. is very ill. She is hopeful  
still, especially as a young  
physician Dr. Thornton has  
come upon the scene in whom  
she has great faith. But this  
frightful disease holds her  
in its dutches.

I should like to hear  
more of Miss Manning and her  
master Manner Couture. I  
had no idea he still ad-  
-mitted pupils. I have always  
felt if I were an artist I  
should make a bee-line  
for that grand old fellow.  
Hunt still lives alone and  
master has been reading

12-25-1875

# Letter from Annie Adams Fields, Boston, Massachusetts, to Anne Whitney, 1875 December 25

Annie Adams Fields

Wellesley College Archives

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