

Eisenanch.
June 13th. 1869,
Sunday Eve.

My dear Lewis

With this date my thoughts turn to you, and my pen goes yr. way instead of Highfield - all these anniversary days keep bright the memorid of home - and yesterday I thought on all remembered dear Aunt Lucia - What a strange sensation it would have been in her life to have thought of me in this far away place. I imagined you and little Em going to Gorham at noon - with me how sick poor little Chas had been, and it seemed as if yr. anxieties and grandmā's were never to end - also that you were to repair and fix yr. house, and the family all going to Gorham for the summer - so I wonder if you are arranged by this time, and perhaps what more than repairs you will make on the house - will the long thought of addition now find execution, and how will it all be when I get home

Dear Mr. Sunday Eve. Just got letter from you in the God and you and little Em. Nelly Nichols.

[?] Tuesday we just read letter from
with
Cambridge ^ good
news from
Nelly
Nichols.

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Contributed to Maine Memory Network by an individual through Maine Historical Society

MMN #36069

Date: June 13, 1869
Description: Anne L. Pierce letter from Germany

Do you realize how the months are slipping by, and how few and scarce the months are growing for you to send me letters abroad - on this point I feel that yr. mind should be deeply impressed - Perhaps Mrs. Martha will have returned to Portland, by the time you get this, I believe though it was in July she was to cross, as I remember I queried would she meet the Brown's in Paris, if so would she ^{take passage} with them - but speculations are vain, about you all, and as we found no letters from Highfield waiting us at Milan, we have no hope of hearing you ten days later than this - as our letters were ordered to be sent to Paris after 7th. June.

I wrote you last from Florence - since then a letter to Sissin from Venice - a place we all enjoyed very much - leaving on the 3d. June we have since visited Padua and Verona, and said farewell to beautiful Italy, crossing over the Brenner Pass into the Tyrol - but nothing so fine, to me, as our last summer at Switzerland - we must speak well of the bridge that carried us safely over, and so of the R. Road I suppose - so I wont complain, though it did seem to me a

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fearful way - the mountain sides bound
with withers - for miles - in a net
work of diamonds pattern to pre-
vent the sliding earth, which you
felt any heavy shower might wash
down upon you, as well as under-
mine the often very high embank-
ment on which the road is often
laid - fortunately the rails are of
steel admirably laid, and the road
is the smoothest that I ever was on -
Saturday night brought us to Ins-
pruch, where we spent this day under
a pleasant place most beautifully
situated in a rich valley between
the mountains - from there through
the most some looking country, over
a far stretching plain, to Munich -
where we enjoyed, more than any other,
I think I can say, the fine Gallery
of Paintings, all aglow with grand
old Titian's - wonderful portraits
by Rembrandt, and Van Dyk, and
rooms filled with Rubens rich
coloring, and free Art - but only now
and then a picture of his in the
least attractive to my eyes - of this
wonderfully fine Gallery I must wait
to tell you better than I can write in
a hurry about it - leaving your
imagination to mull on the thought,
of entire rooms filled with the great
pictures of the great masters - and
Van Dyks and Rembrandt by the dozen,
and Claudes & Murillos, any seper-

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ate one of which would be a treasure in
our land - it certainly was the most
enjoyable gallery we have seen, partly
because of the escape from the Catholic
pictures of martyrdoms, and huge
saints - But I was to write you of
Munich principally to tell you of
the interest I felt there in the aris-
tocrat of the family - Count Rum-
ford - it awakened all my old asso-
ciations and dear George's interest in
all relating to him - so I looked with
pleasure and satisfaction, and fam-
ily pride, on the very fine statue
they have put up of him in their
new part of the City - Strausse Max-
imilian - it is of gilt bronze, stand-
ing with head uncovered - cloak hang-
ing gracefully from his shoulders -
open in front showing his orders, or
trappings - sword at his side, and
in one hand a roll or scroll of
paper with the words English Garden
readable upon it - fine head, and the
face extremely like the likeness we
have - high top boots with tassels -
an elegant, commanding statue -
it stands high upon a plain gray
stone pedestal, on the front of which
in gold deep cut letters is the name -
Benjamin Thompson Franz von Rumford -
on the other side of the pedestal - Eret
Erected by Maximilian 2d., King of
Bavaria - But better than monument
of bronze is that of the English Garden
which lives and grows a lasting
monument of him - which he

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planned, and was the maker of - a
beautiful extensive Park, with broad
carriage ways winding about and
endless paths - fine trees in great
variety - the river winding through it,
and little brooks with swans and
the sound of gently falling water -
bridges, all simple and rustic, and
charming openings and ravines, all
so diversified and well arranged that
it seemed to you all natural and not
the work of man, so much wild wood
and open slopes, and fields of grass
full of busy hay makers - seats in
all manner of tempting places and
so few adornments, only one Temple
a circle of white columns with roof
on a little hill having more the
look of stern N. England than the
ornate temples of sunny Italy -
I believe it is four miles in from
the entrance, but in its meandering
roads you can drive endless distance
as we all felt while seeking to find
the old monument to Rumford
there - after much difficulty, our
coachmen were evidently more
ignorant than we, for we did know
there was one there, while they had
never heard of it - we found the
object of our search - a most un-

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our [cross out] coachmen were evidently more
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-attractive and shabby old thing, so Maximilian did well to put up the new one - it is not even stone, only the tablet on the front of marble, on which is this inscription in German, which H.W.L. copied for me - I give his translation here - the German when I come home -

Pause, Pleasure Seeker. Thanks strengthen enjoyment. A creative hint to Carl Theodore from Rumford the Friend of Man, Embraced with Thought and Sympathy and Love, has Ennobled this once desert region into what thou now seest around thee.

Cut in the plaster of the opposite side, the following - translated thus.

To him who removed the most disgraceful of public evils, Idleness and Beggary, who helped Poverty Labor and Morals, who gave to the Youth of the Country so many Institutions of Education.

Go Pleasure-Seeker and strive to be like him in Thought and Deed, and like us in thanks -

Above this last inscription is a white medallion likeness, very ugly with no resemblance whatever except in the mouth and chin -

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Above the inscription on the front is a
bas-relief - two figures standing, one
holds a cornucopia of fruit and wheat,
the other rests one hand on a shield -
at each end a wreath ^{of oak} leaves - the whole structure ^{is} ^{mounted}
it with a large ball of stone, or its
imitation - the pediment is of gran-
ite, or like it - and against this on
each side a long squared block of
the same, for seats. - It stands a
little off from the road under tall
trees - the babbling water runs near
not seen but heard, and a weeping
ash stands at one corner - the
grass about it kept cut, and some
leaves and branches were on one of
the seats, as if the injunction to
rest, or pause, had been heeded in
one sense, by some one, child or
man - We went a second time to see
it - the first time caught in a heavy
shower just before we found it, and
though I got out with Sam to scruti-
nize we could not pause to copy the
inscription, which in Sam's free trans-
lation as he read it was very amu-
sing, and less intelligible than the one
H.W.L. took on the spot, and the after
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The new statue shows well in every
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in the last two years - about a year I think they said, and next to a dark bronze statue to Schiller in the old part of Munich it struck me as the handsomest of the Eighteen Statues on view in the streets of that city.

In greatest haste I have given you a long story, thinking all the time how intensely interested yr. dear Father would have felt in all the matter and details - the English Garden the city may well feel proud of - it is one of the beautiful places long to be remembered. -

Mond. morning - I'm an off at noon today for Dresden - much love to all including Highfield tell them I shall write again soon to them - and shall take early leisure to write a Rumford letter to Aunt Hannah. Of course I shall find a letter from you waiting me in Paris, at least I hope so - our latest delivered me the 16th. May from Highfield and Mary's latest the 20th. from Cambridge. Affectly. Yrs
Aunt Anne
kisses to the chicks.

Mother I think she will be interested in the Rumford part of this letter.

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