

Kidderley Feb. 12th. 1865

of Messrs. Harjes and Co.
Paris France

My dear May;

I wrote a line at Christmas to
thank you for the pretty card and friendly
message. Then I asked Mr. Rice of the
North American Review to forward by you
the ms. of an essay on American
Home Industries at Zurich in case he
decided not to publish it, thinking the
club might care to hear it some Wed-
nesday afternoon. You have probably
had the essay some time in your hands
and are doubtless wondering what further
to do with it. Will you kindly send
it to Mr. George William Curtis and
let me know, at your convenience, what
postage & passage etc. you have paid
on it? I can hardly hope for its publi-
cation - it dealt too candidly with our
American economists, but at least I
can try.

I wonder whether you saw a cruel
& miserable slander that went the rounds
of the American press, as to the founder

2 of my action in suppressing a little book
of Travellers letters from England that
I outgrew while it was in press. I hope
you saw my Father's denunciation
of the standard if you saw the original.
I wish you could share for a time
our quiet student life that, in its peace-
ful uniformity, is almost a reclusal life.
But it is kept from stagnation by our
sharing the revolutionary life of the
working people on both continents, whose
organs come to us in Russian, English,
French and German, weekly or monthly,
as the case may be, and keep our horizon
broad and our quiet from falling into
dullness. That does not mean that
we are friends of Mosb or Russia's
or the other murderous cowards who
preach bloodshed. Socialism is not
dynamite warfare and the mightiest
revolutions are peaceful ones.

I am translating a German socialist
work and trying to find an American
publisher for it. I do not know whether
I shall succeed. My husband vanishes

to his first clinic at nine and in four
 three hours during which I translate
 ore read for my degree. Then we have
 an hour among the English, American
 and German papers in the Museum.

Then dined at an admirable club in the
 neighborhood and a two hours chat or
 quiet reading time, over our coffee, in our
 sunny study. Then come lectures from
 four until half past seven, during which
 I again translate or read for my degree.

Then tea in the study and a long evening
 of reading aloud, rarely the theatre or a
 concert for we are happier together in our
 nook. Every day my mother who, with
 Albert, is in a German pension around
 two corners from us, comes to me or I
 go to her. Last night, a great excite-
 tion - we were all looters on at a carnival
 masquerade in the Museum until
 midnight.

I wonder whether your mother remem-
 bers a tiny note which Charles Annes
 brought me to the steamer when I left Amer-
 ica. I have it yet. It was a bright
 spot in gloomy days, not only on ship
 board but later when my charge was ill

4 and find at Amignon and vice. She
does kind things habitually and has
probably forgotten it. But I have not.

Kurt and Karen write pretty freely,
my other correspondents, disheartened
by evil habits of postponing an-
swers and neglecting questions are
growing silent. Newspapers which
praised my trashy letters two years
ago & the stars will not touch my work
now when I have learned something
from two years' study.

This letter is full of mine; ^{me and} but that
is doing as I would be done by.

Will you be coming aboard within
calculable time? He goes back to Zürich
when my husband has his degree
and stay until I get mine. Zürich
is the loveliest dwelling place I have
ever seen or dreamed of.

Kiss your mother for me and love me

Yours sincerely

Florence Kelley Wischniewsky

Miss Mary Thom Lewis