

Berlin, June 8, 1858

My dear Friend :

It is just a month yesterday since we parted from you at the Piræus, and high time that I should redeem my promise of giving you an account of our homeward journey. (I say homeward, because Gotha is in one sense a home to me). God be thanked, my wife has safely gotten over the trip, and is now resting quietly with her parents, while I am off on a short trip to Russia. We had a most prosperous voyage of 37 hours to Constantinople, and M. improved so much by the change of air, that she was able to boat (or rather kaïk) considerably in the Golden Horn, walk in the Valley of the Sweet Waters and ride in a jolting Turkish araba. In fact, we suffered shipwreck, our kaïk being driven ashore in a violent wind, striking on the rocks and filling,

while we escaped into a swamp.
We saw the illumination of the
Leilet-el-Kadr — 27th day of Ramadan
— and had a distant view of the
Sultan. Left Constantinople on
Wednesday, May 12th, and had,
on the whole, a good voyage
across the Black Sea, although we
were both sea-sick. However,
M. kept her berth, and was some
the worse for it afterwards.

Our voyage up the Danube was
remarkably rapid: we reached
Vienna in just seven days after
leaving Constantinople.

M. stood the journey so
well that we reached Gotha
on the 23^d, a day sooner than
we were expected. Of course there
were great rejoicings, and many
fatted calves were killed. What
with visits, festivals, and the
writing of my belated letters to
the Tribune, the time has gone
by so rapidly that I am
half afraid you will think

"out of sight" is "out of mind" with me. However, as you are a man of sense, I will make neither excuses nor assertions. I leave here to-night for Cracow, on my way to Warsaw and Moscow, accompanied by the incomparable Praxisted. We shall be back again in Gotha by the end of July, at which time the little stranger is expected to arrive. Marie is in very good health and spirits, and as for me — my tailor has discovered, by referring to his last measurements, that I have increased four inches in girth, in the short space of seven months! At this rate I shall soon equal, in healthy and comfortable portliness — my worthy friend, John H. Hill! Praxisted also continues to expand, but not in the same magnificent ratio.

The weather here is as hot and dry as when we left Athens. This I presume, will find you, not in the

cool shades of Karà, but broiling
beside your hot pepper trees in the
dusty and illustrious Athens. May
it find you with no diminution
of shadow, and your wife with in-
creased sunshine on her face —
if the latter is possible. I shall
write to you again when, if God
wills it, a new and unspeakable
happiness shall be mine. Give
my love to Mr. Hill, and remember
me most kindly to Miss Mason
and Miss Baldwin — also to
Gen. Church and Sir Tho. Blyse,
when you see them. Gov. Wright,
our Minister here, begs to send his
congratulations to Miss Abby King.
Write to me whenever you can
— "p. adresse Hofrath Hansen, Gotha,
via Trieste" — and believe me ever,
my dear Mr. Hill,

Affectionately yours friend,
Bayard Taylor.

I suppose no more Tribunes came,
as we rec'd none, either at Vienna
or Gotha.