A sketchy scene in
the Mediterranean.

At the tidy, white steamer lodge
out into the deeper blue of the Mediterranean,
a vigorous, young woman impulsively
jumped from the chair beside her
companion and walked to the gangway.

They had been watching with great
interest the colorful life of Barcelona
a full of trams of every description.

Now an important French
navigator was here
wishing, but without
causing too much commotion.

He was the picturesque native craft manned by
wealthy, noble, or merchant
fishermen, and they were highly impressed
by the beauty of the city's
dazzling cityscape.

They picked their way, and on their
boat picked their way, as an young
woman, laughter on her lips, "likes some
fair lady, head high and skirts
swept, chattered with many a toss
of her plate, petti-coat in her wake!"

The companion, a youthful man,
remained in his chair reclining
with eyes closed, a smile on his lips,
or this last remark perhaps, yet
his eyes closed, but his face keenly
alert to every sight of the waterfront
from the distance, rending
on that have a fantasful melody.
to be transferred to three long white hands at first opportunity—
you may have guessed by now who those two may be—Brice
Cheyssin and Quentin Fengland.

This glimpse of these celebrities reveals their character to us as much later over the years... Thus she stood, totted head thrown back, flying that uniform lackluster the harbor the bridge was playing with his toboggan black Levi... yes totted... it was after the failure of her companion Jeannette... she was as independent in her mode of dress as her mode of living which lasted, would... for he concluded most independent even in those modern times for hadn't she run off two years... previous to Tunis with de Musset for her inspirations just after young... peanut was that time... The spirit of public criticism adhe...rowned... at the meeting... battleship... as they hailed her... didn't it represent that lonely public which she renounced... which she... still...
Her worst enemy could never accuse her of this. She was honest to a fault and no generous of the faults of others. At what in the days thinking as she stood there?

James I, perhaps, the youthful King of Aragon, who in the early part of the 13th century set forth with a proud fleet and army of ten thousand men to wrest those islands from the hands of his royal lineage. This day came to the mouth of the Bosphorus. The telescope mighty spanned the gulf and the Bosphorus Islands, the Golden Isles of the ancients. For was she looking forward (which would have been time out of mind and musing at the morn, they would get in the morn, a day and night with her two children and Chopin's piano!

So much for our imaginations. They break the cities' ramparts, and we again are our winnings worthless. And a get out one subject
in hand for after all our romantic pair are not the only ones who traveled to Mallorca and even the ordinary tourists would be carried away by the sight of slagless rings that are the purest headlands of the island rising from the sea sheer * precipitous * cliffs raise higher * still higher are the little streams across war.

The harbor of El Taneu, pink blue * green superposed in sunlight take on a surface like translucent enamel, not unlike those mosaics in which the island is famous and indeed both their name.

The town of Palma, graded by massive walls * its clustered turrets about the golden mass of its Cathedral the roads are 20 steps that they are laid out in steps and so narrow that only a slit of sky appears between the cornices at the gnom bade.

The balconies suggest the direct descendants of Iberians, of Carthaginians and Romans, of Vandals and Moors.
The Mallorcans are a mixed race with that a heritage. Though truly meridional in temperament, with their quiet genius and reserved ways, they are quite insular, none too fond of the stranger or a little jealous of their own beautiful island. Many good Mallorcan when he goes forth to America, on to South America, to France to seek his fortune, dreams to one day return to build a villa (unfortunately for the towns of Soller, a little further on, many of these dreams have come true). The rainy family struggles with just the cost of houses that one would expect to find under these circumstances.

They speak a curious but rather harsh language. Their national costume has about disappeared except in the remote districts, its only vestige remaining being the 'trotillas' still worn by many of the women, a sort of cape. A shoulder cape combined (listen to an unless description of this special Cape). 

'Maimade' is served for breakfast.
its origin lost in remotest antiquity.
and is just fit for the gods—
being something like a doughnut,
but a doughnut without a hole.
pale and golden in color, light and fluffy
as a dream, absorbing in its tender
core the sharpness of the coffee
or your cappuccino or chococlate
to melt deliciously in your mouth

After some hours of discussion
with the Mediterranean mind, you
will be surprised when I say that
cleanliness is quite a characteristic
of most of the villages of Mallorca.

Thus recall, with
plagued Trafalgar, to give clarion
with handsome viaducts. Return
to the second floor, where stays an handy
earl morning for the visitor. One is
welcomed into a vast vestibule with
a lofty beamed ceiling. Candles and
lanterns hang with family portraits
from this hall you enter a succession
of rich salons that seem to continue
forever, a salon of red brocade,
a tapestry salon, a green salon & rose
the furniture is interesting but...
from noble or French influence
it shows more restraint in their
design of churches to their work than
the more flamboyant products of
the Spanish artists.

Beyond Palma, stretches the
road through a flat region, well
tiled and dotted with farms, dominated
by the Randya, a single conical
peak.

The Mediterranean Sea is
shimmering along the southern
horizon, while to the west and
west the mountain ranges that
are the crowning glory of the island.

It was along this road that
Chopin and George Sand came for,
after their arrival in the town of
Palm. Chopina was taken ill with the
malady that was to carry him off in
the full prime of his life. This
illness combined with their regular
situations created many serious
difficulties for them in Palma.

After raining, searching for shelter
they were compelled to go to the
town of Valldemosa.

What stress and inspiration Sand
must have been to live now. Her tenderness andcharm, her enthusiasm for the ability of infusing human emotion into external and inanimate objects. I am thinking especially what she must have made of this trip along the road from Palma to the abandoned monastery of Valdemossa. (While they finally took refuge) Her innate love of the country and the peasants of the simple things of the soil, her enthusiasm for this particular countryside. This dirty white road bounded by low walls covered with prickly pear and cacti, the houses with their walls planted by deep colonnades marked in almost every case by one or two tall palm trees; the olive groves, the acacias and fig trees & pomegranates along the way all making a truly African scene. And while the watercourses, lined with in the tops of the walls to irrigate the thirsty fields, as well as the primitive water-wheels turned by hump-shouldered donkeys. They had installed themselves at the monastery, but may have been...
difficult to settle the children
needs but how in the world they
ever managed to get the piano
up such a precipitous slope, no one
knows.

However then they were and
both started work - Chopin on his
Préludes & his nocturnes of which the
13th notably lends the imprint of
the place with its groans of anguish
alternating with the chanting of the
monks. The strange spots made a
deep impression on his romantic
nature of the old vaults of the
monastery accustomed only to
monastic chants, must have been
emotional at the passionate sounds
of his piano.

George Sand describes this life &
their troubles in Valdémora in
her "Le Nahu à Majorque."

The made many excursions to the
quaint village of Pellema where the
inhabitants make their living plying
their humble trades or catching the fish
of the sea and it is this primitive
life that held such fascination for her.
In every year observant, an aged farmer sits spinning on
the distaff or a child is busy
making bosoms, or woman clothes
in groups as they mean a embroidery
on linen as you pass you catch
a glimpse of a cobbler or cabinet
maker at work in shallow shutters
old using the same implements
that their forefathers had used many
years ago.

Sh paddocks bring
t heir flocks, pigs squeal as they
are graded along the road the
2 wheeled country carts return
from the fields laden with singing
harvesters, while everyone in awhile
thinks passes an old man, his
long gray locks crown with a
broad felt hat & dress in
the wide legged trousers & the
bizarre shirt of other days.

Back to Paris after one winter
in agria met Chopin Sand & the
Two children, & the piano. To be
truthful I don't know.