



R.M.S. "Teutonic"
6th July 1897

My dear Kelman,

We expect to arrive in New York tomorrow forenoon so I must write you a few lines today.

You were quite right when you told me the "Teutonic" was a fine ship. I have never been on board a better. She is so steady and does not roll a bit, and then the speed that she goes thro' the water is marvellous. When I waken in the morning I always peep through my port at the water and think I am in a railway train instead of a steamer. Then the cabins are simply lovely. Mine has 6 berths, but as there are only three of us in it, we have plenty of room and we can kick up our heels to our hearts' content.

One of my companions in the cabin is 84 years of age and I can tell you he is a lively old customer. He has crossed the Atlantic 56 times and knows all the officers aboard. His name is Brookes the picture dealer in The Strand and when he goes to America he never sells less than £10,000 worth of pictures.

Another of my fellow passengers is a Mr. Scorell (*Scovell?*) who is just returning from Greece where he was War Correspondent for a New York newspaper. He has told us some wonderful stories and I hope for his sake they are all true. He is taking a little Greek boy back with him to America whom he found on the roadside after one of the battles literally, he said, "like a bundle of rags." The little fellow is very much attached to Scorell. He is going to teach him English and make him his valet.

Before Mr Scorell went to Greece he was down in Cuba where the natives have rebelled against the Spaniards. He attached himself to the rebels for the sake of writing their side of the story. One day the Spanish soldiers caught him and as he was travelling under an assumed name they took him for a spy and sentenced him to death. He was to be shot at 10 o'clock the next morning. That night, he bribed his guard and got a letter sent to the Captain of one of the U.S. warships lying at Havana, telling who he really was, an American citizen. So at 6 o'clock next morning the American Captain sent a letter to the Spanish general that if a hair of Scorell's head was touched he would blow up the town. Of course, Scorell got off. I know this story is true for I remember reading it in the English newspapers. He is quite young, about 27 years of age and full of fun. He expects to be sent back to Cuba for the war there is not finished.

There are only two little boys on board and they are very shy. I have never got an opportunity to speak to them. I am going to spend one day in New York and will call on Mr Morgan's friend Mr Swift. I start on Thursday for New Orleans and will go through Washington, Atlanta and Montgomery [illegible]. If you care to look at the map you will see the route. I am told the journey will be dreadfully hot this time of the year. I wish I could carry an iceberg along with me.

I will expect to hear from you a week after I arrive. Goodbye.

Your affectionate Father.