

1910

Unidentified Letters and Fragments 1910, undated

Susan Hale

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the Ch. - Jan 26. 1910
a vile book in my opinion. I couldn't
get through with it, and had somebody
tell me the ghastly wind up of it.
People give it to me because I have been
twice in Egypt, and am tolerably
familiar with the Nile, all the more
deadly for avoiding a book that stains
all the picturesque effect of the scenery
with evil imaginations. I'm sorry
I think Mr. Nichol is very capable.
But I'm reading French all the
time, and just now have hit upon
a charming novel — so far — most
of them end in disaster. Mary Keating
has to be provided with literature, and

as she dont read french I was ruining myself
in "Lauchnitz" tales for her; - but seems there's
an excellent Circulating Library at the English
Book Store here, and she can take out the whole
of it, one at a time, for some trifling subscription
Carnival is just about to begin, and the shops
are full of Masks and Dominos, nothing much doing
yet, and the weather has been vile for a week
but we shall see the whole of it from my Balcony -
showing wind has stirred up the Mediterranean;
there is snow on the "Estreles," the tints on the waves have
been Florious, purple deep blue, Emerald, green, pink sand dunes.

I must leave for home is the Wash - Sat. W. 1. A.

My dear! This sickening, disgusting, -
 horrible. I am just overwhelmed
 and can't turn my mind to
 anything else (your letter ^{arrived} here this
 minute) I must know that
 Lily Rogers told me (in Buffalo
 last month) that there was a
 man with belly up in the Office
 early last year named Durycor,
 asked me if it meant anything,
 help, as you know, says none we
 in Santa B. on account of mourning
 but Lily Rogers happened to be up
 that remotest of all valleys, and
 saw them, constantly ^{off} together & although
 Miss Whitman was nominally there -
 I supposed it was "Pete" when I heard
 this. Let us hope the other is better.
 - There's only this to be said. We have
 all along been secretly reading the worst, and
 now the very worst is come. Amen.

She wishes me privacy, didn't want to make gossip
 about me then.

There are lots of nice cheap streets, and their street there -

I am carried away by a pleasure of ^{Parisian} French

in Paris. I saw he was ^{the} ^{great} ^{metropolis} ^{and} ^{the} ^{charge}

at three miles toward Selkirk's house & with several

weavers if they go to work to -

There are lots of nice streets and

in Chicago and other parts of the

Northwestern Free who will be their

then in the Highlands that -

There are lots of streets beyond the

with the street & full room for a

and thank you also -
 No 23. 1895 -
 Mornington Road Lower City
 Paris -

Dr Lovell's name is out of it, -
he must be glad -

I feel thus, what must be
you state, my poor dear. How could
she! how could she! - attempt
other things how could she be such
a fool. Well, well, now the only
thing is to try to make the best of it!
You William will be well.

I ought to write about other things,
to turn your thoughts if possible, but
how! - I was thinking of you ^{this morning} in
bed, and that you were probably not
far off. Two days from Cincinnati
(must be sure to get enough N.S. in)
seems near. but by today you are
sliding down into sunny ~~perfumed~~
Patelena. We have lovely spring weather
here today, windows open, snow melting.
I am getting a bit bored by the women
of the place; they're gone crazy over the

dear lady, you better; they hang on me. I get impatient
for me their necks; about a hundred women make the ~~bedding~~
and they are shabby round and round after Colburn
like a cat and he tail. - You'd tell them a lot
of things, attempt them to let their mind alone and stand
at their measures. - I will stop a hint or so when please -
By the way I was more than no, for he got me here for
his own eating. The men of the place are certainly
the women have forgotten all about their men, and are
out of doors talking continually. - There are several young
profs: who has been in cities, & they come from
Cig or to visit Edward, for his own the well. Their
number me - and is also the beautiful sky and great
big sun rise and country, hands walks and lots of trees.

Carry Adams (at Algona) had just had a bombing (seven minutes eld) and the telegram was sent after her mother to California. Mary Richardson (Architect's daughter) was first engaged to Dr Jones, - and a Lee had just married a Cabot. I can't think that anything else had occurred in my absence. They had cleared away the debris of the Hotel Pilham explosion, but I saw several victims of it still in crutches. Me, Mrs Frank Wells was calling on Mrs C. B. Wells when I was there. She looked cheerful, but was still lame - - and expects I believe high damages. The Ludlow still swarms with repaired decayed ladies; and Linzer, Effie and Lisa Lilder also are there. May Davis and her mother left the bendover the day I came to Boston, so I didn't see them. They said they was looking badly, but they always peck at her in Boston -

which I could think of more. Porter's they tell you, but really that's all. All my contemporaries looked a thousand years old. My the big sweet Mrs Sam Perkins (he was almost the last of her kind before I passed away last fall) and the hair all about you (in 3 minutes) he was crooked, cerebral, a sort. - sit me the you that thought: Hearing that Abby wrote has heard an account, I smiled in a kind of way. She knew, that is you remember, that he & Mary boarded with me a year in Northam (Three More) when he was say 13, when he had a problem to me - Mr, he took photographs of me, and said numbers off in a corner - and looked his watch, and said numbers off in a corner - attacking a fearful in Parliament & 91 in a ghostly whisper, - and then announced that the car was a great heist, capture, the son of hearing things unsaid, but that the other was up to the mark, and that "my & Catherine's report of the numerous members, the Nelsons partake of the subscription table was somewhat unfraternal; but what we said, you know - He knew this kind of highest degree, which said "Bang!", and suggested simple remedies like gently preparing - and

I sweat down when I slept & commenced
hoping to find I could start matters at
my house & stay about a week, settling
accounts, writing letters, sewing on a few
gowns and reading my Italian novels.
My dear, it was colder than 10 Decr.
Elisha had locked up the house for winter
not believing I should ever back. The
front door was nailed up. The blinds
were tied down, windows nailed tight
and great fat flies jammed into the
ashes that fell out in a job when
I opened them. Not a ray of sunshine
nor any flame had cleared the place
for weeks, a great hortensia was blowing
and blowing round the house, great
waves on the Pond, the grass brown and
see the trees bare, and only a few
wistful honeysuckles blossomed on my fence.
I had to put up at Mattox. Mattox
the house is the stone cottage under the
hill inhabited by Mr & Mrs Mattox
and kindly souls just as hospitable as
possible, with Romantic tendencies that
cause them to call their house Hidden Hearts.
Hidden Angels I should now call it, for

In haste, sent for Fane's Pilgrim and lined with him
at the Manhattan Restaurant and Chrysanthemums &
the food I left unwise, - took him & 175 West 75 Street
then Fala Edward was just making the ^{great} grand daughter's party
and I was to see her for temporary cheer. I heard by
a wire. - at 10, Fala Edward & Mrs & the 42d St
Station, both to me, both in separate trains, and travelled
back to Fane's. I arrived at 6 1/2 am, and breakfasted
conspicuously at 8, after my father, at the ^{Thomble} ~~Thomble~~ ^{Thomble} ~~Thomble~~
way at breakfast with the horse show. ~~Thomble~~ ^{Thomble} ~~Thomble~~
Herald, & expressed a the love of ~~Thomble~~ ^{Thomble} ~~Thomble~~
pleases. With me and I say they also are ~~Thomble~~ ^{Thomble} ~~Thomble~~
Electors who I think the the scene ~~Thomble~~ ^{Thomble} ~~Thomble~~
for now, - into Regent, for six feet toward up. Your boy's letter
I never see to I said I to the City of New York

at that time of year it was most
uncomfortable. Crawped small and
old, no stans but back, stans so
steep that as I clomped them up
in heavy shoes I felt like a cow
elephant going to pasture in the
Himalaya mountains. My room was
so small that I pushed the top of
it with my boxnet - poupon, had to
keep my gun under the bed and wash
myself in a tub. There is no
bath-room, and the W.C. so called
is a small edifice without the house
a few pretty walk at sunrise with
the mercury below 0. - Then, my daily
task was to climb the hills to my
house colder than Greenland. Elisha
moved my trunk into the kitchen, and
made a roaring fire in the stove and
by dint of warming the thermometer on
my hand to get it up to 41° - I had
a funny time then, though, for the neighbors
got wind of my presence and came and
called on me, sitting in their great coats
by the stove, when it was pretty
comfortable, so they didn't want to go away

Unpacked my trunk, went all on the house, examined
a good mouse which was just made manifest in
a chest, sorted all the tea sugar & by reflections
killed my bits, always? discovered, packed a tin with the
the boxes, and came off hot haste in heavy morning
after 3 nights and 2 days of absolute despair, in fear of
Munson's, Mammotion, Keemology, and Pundal Cuts. - I
shined all unhealed at the like, and for 24 hours
sweated in the water cabinet of Real Bed (it was a cot
at the Cotter) Electric, Bath Power, Water Clock, steam
Radiators, and hot stoves, and water jets and steam when
was (not was) water, and I might a good hour and
read it straight through. These things necessitate heavy coats
the Calcutta winter at a pace, in the bedchamber, where there
only, best for a better & night in the 3 days - where there
only, at 3, engaged a long room at the Nankhara, where there

Did I write you, Mypt, — by the way
Forget most things, now, but when
the pen and good times we can had, —
I spent a Sunday at Nahant ^{it was in June} with
Geop and Mrs Geop Abbott James,
and with them reviewed the Past
with a big P. Lowland is lovely
now, ~~and~~ I was amazed at the
growth of trees and things all over
Nahant. I haven't been there these
20 years, literally, — ev'ing is much
improved, cleaned up, Park-ified,
but the glorious Rocks are the same.
Mr James is of deaf you know, but
he is ^{now} a deaf man, I think. His
whole pleasure in life is recalling
the old Times with the old Wits
and Wonders he used to entertain
at his house. You know I know

his sister, Mrs Bancroft, well. She went aboard with
me one time. He wanted to talk with me about her
recent
sad death in London. I had a charming time with
them both, Frank and Lily. — altho there was a thick
fog all the time, except when it was pouring. —
= Old Mister Browning is dead, him that used to say all
the funny matrimonial things I quote so often. It was he who
in a discomfited moment remarked (of his son) "Tom, — he's
all ~~stove~~ stove up and I — Be what I Be." — Edw
Fray and I went to the funeral in the BaBtist church here
It lasted two hours. — Now you write, and then I'll write and
tell you more things. Where is Louise? Love loving Susie

The small group are all here, Frank & Susie
Mulle, Lily, Frank & Susie

except a worthy couple, English, named
Bright, who are always ^{in winter} here, and they
showed me the Doctor named Bright
'I'm Russ I have been here lots of times
since Susan Day and invented it
in 1890.' - and I have the very same
Julian & take me my favorite drives
in his little voiture. - But I really
thought, and there wasnt anything else to think,
that it would be merciful if I became
stone-deaf. Imagine my relief when
one day -- the noise stopped! I mean
my worst noise. Things sound boiling
all the time, ^{yet} - still the Clatter like
tin pans is gone, and really hear about
as well as most old ladies.

Another thing was, - did I write to
this? what did I write to? I was (in
Boston) having some false teeth, made -
and spent lots of time and much money
(it pains continually, and I ~~spend~~
passed my hours in cabs) ^{on} Dr Piker
who attended to the Hale Laws, - a big job it is.

But now anything in the house above me (except furniture)

take a drive

There is a sweet girl, Miss Milnes, that
like me, - she is teaching the Mrs and Mrs Bright, and
they were at her got out, so she hadnt seen a thing
outside the town. She is excellent with the long shore, and
Helen, and the other Mrs Brights with them, it
makes her eyes sparkle and just cost my nose - and
There is an interesting Miss Roberts, who is her wife
a nice one has a spine so she has a lot of hair always
They have a private nurse, - and I mean than Miss
just with me (she will talk in the afternoon). So that
at about noon, - but about you and it splendid for us tonight
Mrs. 'Just see for a before I leave home about May 1st. Well
the hotel in New York. Henry Murray. - Helen. And can have a
two days with Spauld & Mead and a maid and a carriage, when shall it come to New York
but it seems a Man.

There now; and that a good plan? and do you wish me well? [I wish you'd go too]. I mean to stay here till Oct 15th (two weeks longer) then shut up Concord and here, and send Mary H. to and she will get doubtless a new hat and be so fine that every body on Board will think she's the mistress and I'm the maid (but that's no matter) while I spend the interval ^{Oct 15 to} _{Nov. 15} with Louis Church and his nice wife at Dana - an old trick of mine to be there in November. You know

My Mother's ^{will let the} whole estate ~~take~~ ^{look, live out, sinker} & his ~~take~~ ^{take}; -

into Kelly as executor. Your Clerk is lawyer.

and things are now settled yet, but settling.

When they will have quite as welcome to me,

they are selling the of Highland St. Now, but it is not worth anything; that neighbor hood has gone & hotly not.

[I have not in it, not the house, nor the mill] but that is as it should be. You know you have been

dependent on my brother in my way shape or manner.

except love and devotion. - So see the of them.

show my neighbors, and will be as my neighbors; but that let them monkey with my blood, - or

that me in sanctuaries. Writing Write! R.I. MATINLUCK, and there me you opinion not what they wish to! and there me you opinion

Thence I will descend to
New York, and sail from
Nephew Arthur's apartment
in Gramercy Park or near
it, and May K will join
me there with all her
Pots and Pans. Long be it.

Now: ^{must know} ~~you~~ that (this
is rather private) it is my
intention from this moment
to cut loose from the Holes,
to speak, and to mind my
own business. You must have
observed that I am ~~the only~~
Real Hale there is left, —
and these are no more on my Conscience.

Nelly is ~~the~~ greatest saint and angel in the world
and I forgive her that I should believe me
after business. She is just now out of
the Red clothing when they have laid strong,
and she has taken a house in
of Graham Avenue, ^{where she has placed her}
where our Parents, including her Mother (87) and
the well-seasoned Maids. Nelly is a dear in writing
me & come there, now and forever. But that I have
not the faintest intention of doing, as for my poor
Nelly, she has her own house in Washington & will go there later
with the old Maids.

* I am about other business. I only
just felt like making the picture
of the Beast and Me going for food.
= I shall only be here a couple
of weeks more, and I am thinking
when I break up here of going to
stop at 6 Commonwealth &
Campt Rose for a day or two like
I lean for Govt. would that be
a good plan? I'm loving Lillie

"Nobody but 47 can come into the Bus."
An old woman darted forward and
showed 47 on her round ticket and
got in. "48!" then 48 got in. I
was "50" and mine was the last
seat! and lots had to wait for other
omnibuses. I gave him my Round
thing which he seemed to expect
and got in, and was having a
very pleasant little ride in the
dark, when I perceived there was
a great jangling of bells in the
Bus, and the Guard was yawning
that somebody hadn't paid, and at
the great deal of gabbling it turned
out it was me! Then all the
people turned and rent me and
said "Oh Madame, vous n'avez pas
de Correspondance" and I said I
did have Correspondance, and then
the Guard got very mad, and there
was a bawling of voices and all
pitching into me and "Correspondance
- pondance - pondance!" resounded.
Then I made my first Maiden
speech before a French Audience
and told ^{them all} exactly where I got in &
what I had done - and then they
all said "Oh! she left her ticket at
the Bureau!" - Seems I ought to have
kept the Square thing I got in the first
time, - whereas I thought I was to ex-
change it for the Round thing!!! - "Oh

Paris Nov 9.
Well now, lots of things, although I
could spend much more time com-
menting on your letter, and by the way
you are excellent in referring to mine
for I know that that is what an
other Voyageur like.
We are beginning to pull out the
bolts and let ourselves loose from
this thistle Parisian life, whereupon
Despair falls upon me, for I hate to
stir, and still more to plan stirring.
I shall be here all next week, and
till Wednesday of the next; - and if
I were alone, I should float on till
a week from Tuesday and then
skedaddle (I think you have this word,
have you not) - but that won't do, of
course there is reason of farewell
visiting to do - and winding up in
general, and endless discussing of
Routes and the like - I shall take
my last lesson of Aust next Sat-
urday. He says "he has never parted
from any one with so much respect"
 $\frac{3}{4}$ flattery, if not $\frac{7}{8}$, but he is very
good to me - and I have immensely
enjoyed the lessons. Long to show you the
things he and I have done - Well, yester-
day I shut myself up in my room and
composed a German letter to the Sisters
of St. Gertrude, warning her of our approach.
It was done with 3 dictionaries, and the

gins consider it a Prodigy of Skill -
- We shall first absteigen at the
Est. Point Hotel, so the room you
begin & direct thither the better; un-
less Charley thinks "Lech Restaurant"
better. "Winter, Germany" seems to
be considered sufficient otherwise
Meanwhile, Munroe will forward I
trust, but these Bankers are so negli-
gent! I shall keep a regular num-
bered plaster at their feet, by writing
all the time if letters don't arrive.
- very interesting; - and I want
to tell you about the Édélies. At-
ten my time yesterday, at 4 o'clock,
I took a fiacre and got on to
Boulevard St Michel - but had not
my Carmet, and could not recollect
the N^o of the house. I let the man
leave me, and walked along looking
at the houses, but all looked just
alike. I perceived a "Pharmacie"
and stopping ⁱⁿ asked if perhaps they
knew the demeure of one St Édélies.
"Oh oui, en haut, Madame -"
"Comment dans la maison même?"
"Parfaitement, oh oui, Mlle."
Odd, was it not? So I went up and
saw the dear French things again, and
soon fell & talking in their high
speaking voice. They invited me and
"Miss Gems," who went with me to
& dine! and we are going next Wednesday.

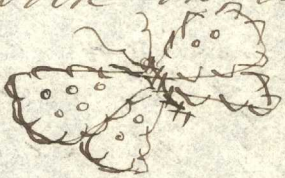
Just as I came out into the Rue, an
omnibus came by - Pas Complet, so I
sprang in, without that prayer and
fasting which should chasten the
mind before risking it in a French
omnibus. "Correspondence pour la
Place Vendôme" - I said to the man,
and he took it calmly - I paid 6
sous, and he gave me a little square
ticket - In some vast distances
and crossed bridges and passed
fountains, and exchanged whole
carbons of passengers at different
places, still he said not a word
till I reached Place du Chatelet.
(Pitch dark, you observe) - Here I
alighted, and went in to the Bureau
and said again "Correspondence pour
la place Vendôme" which worked again
for the man gave me a Round thing
I went back to the side-walk, but
how the dirt (this is a quotation) was
I to know What omnibuses & take for
they were rushing by as thick as the
flies in Spates's dining-room. I soon
got a great facility in reading the
labels - and when one came that said
Rue Rivoli, I thought I would risk
myself on that - A whole flock of
Bonne in caps, old Seals and Curries
were of the same mind. We crowded
up to the omnibus the Grand Yacped

There's a love scene --- Well, no use
talking about it - Fancy one of Chate-
liau's novels, - or even M. de Camors
acted out on the stage. I never yet
brought up - in the same manner -
by acting. Simply the people WERE
the people they impersonated. It
was just as Bad and exciting, ^{not vulgar or coarse} as it
could be. "La queue du Loup" - a
new play with a great run -
Frog Wells was then in a stage
box with his Marm and all her
relatives, and Diamond in her class.
Quite a well looking woman - a little
like Jane King. I ought to write
Miss Fiske about the play. I think she
and also Mary would like to see
this last sheet of this letter, & you
might let them -

I don't mention much a running fire
of calls from Mrs Ritchie and James
Lowell and Charles Fox and Armand
and ainsi de suite, because I am not
near a catalogue American - but it
all takes time and complicates the
getting away - James Lowell is always
boody, I must breakfast there once more.
Somebody has told him that I speak
French wonderfully! - and he told Mr
Dorr that my paintings were better
than M. Gust's. - Goodbye - There's
another letter I haven't acknowledged - about
one - about what the Meredith Reads said, &
Jim Washington's installation, with Charles - They are

Ord. Containment, I replied - and
pretended to think that settled the
whole thing - but the Guard continued
to grumble, so I asked him if he
still expected me to pay and what
sum, and gave him 6 sous over again
murmuring something about the need
to "go to the strausus." - I
think the sentiment of the House was
with me, and my neighbors spoke
nothing words - This skirmish took
so much time that we soon reached
Rue d'Alger, and I left the Bus -
showing the difficulties in managing
his Correspondences. But you know now
I think I know how to do it; and
what I really think is, that if you
get into any Omnibus in any street
going either way, it will take you
where you want to go, if you give it
time -

I got the most lovely little strip, 20
stitches wide only, - on canvass wa-
ter that width - 2 metres long, with
almost all the colours floss, - for 12
pence. It goes off like lightning &
I can work on it in the evening while
Aunt or Bowdoin (Hally's watchman)
or other calls on her - At the shop
there are sprawy butterflies in the new
style & work - They are like those
Harriet Gold had, only are on a sort

of course Java canvass, marked out
with black. This must be what
the Brean patterns mean - and
it is not like Maids butterflies
for you dont fill in between the
marks at all, only work on the
line - Understood?
I've regulated the columns
by the eye, only one  corner is done for you to copy re-
versed. - Good fun - but it is quite
tasty, and looks coarse when it is done.
I thought these done and didnt
bad, for I shall doubtless see better
in Germany.

All the Parisian women go about
with neat petticoats of black moken
just to the tops of their boots - then
they hold or hitch their dresses up
quite out of sight, they are
rithen with a flounce or not
frimmed with ^{top of black} velvet ^{ribbon} or not.

I have just got one - to wear
instead of any kind of crinoline
except a bustle at the top - I think
it is the neatest sweetest fashion for
a long time - No French woman dreams
of letting her skirts drag in the mud
or dust - and you can tell them from
the Americans in a minute by this
difference - Black Moken, and really short
not very full; mine is flounced behind, but
smooth in front.

Carrie and I had a Carrouse at the
"Au Louvre" Magazine today, and I got
all the rest of that kind of thing I
need. I mean to make a list of the
things I have bought for you, with prices
~~and~~ not till I get to Wimsa. How it
will make you mouth water for how
thing! - He also went round the
Palais Royal - and praise me! I didnt
buy me thing! - I saw a Bang for
15 francs I should certainly have bought
you if I had any chance of sending
it - a parure of Crois and Carrius of
pink crystals set in oxidized iron.

By Jingo! - excuse me - but it just
strikes me that though I have written
to Edward since, I have not told you
about dining at Sophia's and going
to the theatre - Han J. & That was
Monday - I dont believe I have written
you since Sunday. Mercy! - Tell Miss
Whitwell asked Susan, Hatty and me
to dine and go to the theatre with her
and Horatio. We went to the Gymnase
and saw first, Je suis chez ma mere, and
then - simply the most precious
play of sentiment you ever saw. Utterly
impossible in English - Quite improper
because so intense - But so well acted.
The man is a cold-blooded kind of
- ~~Pickack Jay~~ - the woman a pas-
sionate, conscientious, plain woman!
How French to her he not handsome

The princesses cant go out alone, and they cant mix even with the Court circle familiarly - They have all their clothes from Paris, and their Papa, the Grand Duke, himself, lays out every day the dress he thinks proper for them to wear. I dont know whether they decide about their own stockings or not. To return to the men; its very well that my days of heeding that sex are over, I encounter so few of them. I have established a passing remark for an officer from Altona who was at the Hotel; and afterwards ^{became} introduced to me at a party. I am told he is "munter" and he is very tall with lovely lovely epaulettes. I cant help wishing to be embraced by him to see where they would bump. - but as yet he is rather afraid of me and my German, I fear. Goodbye my dear Mary, I must fix my hair for the Opera. Dont show this letter to many, for it is silly on purpose, partly to relax my German mind, and partly to make you laugh - which I wish I could hear and see you do it. If I conclude to find for Lucretia I live here always you will come & visit us, wont you? Meantime write. I always remembering Julie Halsbruch to many sisters - I shall eventually write again to Annie, whose

she flew early Monday morning to buy tickets for us all - - No tickets to be had till the "Abonnement" people had chosen what seats they would buy. Very well then, she would buy seats for Franklin Hale who has an abonnement. Ach ja! - but that cant be, because Franklin Hale has no children! So she has no right of choice - - - - -!!!!
Now, did you see! - Gives you an idea of the size of the town - This business is all conducted by a sort of Fallan who gives out the tickets; Herr Heyer. He has got very fond of me and my German - and is very assiduous putting on my Basket which he knows how to tie behind. In the corridors of the theatre, and every body takes their things of acid hangs them up, and nobody looks them. You can go perfectly well alone and back from the theatre; we separate at the door, & I rush home by myself - and the other evening as I flew through the quiet moonlit street,



I could not shake off the impression that it was all a dream, and that I should wake up and find myself — but when? — when should I find myself? — So on the whole, it appears that one thing is after all no more absurd than another. — The Hebbelstedts now wait for me under the Bogen Fran A. is the prominent actor of the theatre, & he espouse the "famous men" — They own this house, and live in it, up stairs; & it is very well for them to come home with me — very well, — but More German!

There's another respect that makes Wismar like Koenigsberg — Men are scarce! The popular report says 45 single females and 3 men — Strangely like Brookline also! — But no one would think it to see the prächtige epaulettes every evening at the theatre — Howson saw told that these come on from Erfurt where there is a Camp, or a Lagubies or

Something; — just as good, I should think, for practical purposes. The Grand Duke is not very good to flirt with, because you can't get at him. It's rather melancholy about his daughters; they are very libenswardig and have good broad German backs and not uncomely faces, — the oldest is 25; — this can't possibly be married my son, because there is nobody in the world of the Right Rank for them. Isn't that hard. — You see it is perfectly well known, for of course they have their Gotha Almanacs every year with all the first families printed down in it — and a husband can't be born all of a sudden to them, because now he would be too young. Is it not just like Old Prails when only two are playing? Of course you know exactly when you've got the Card. — Somebody's wife might die to be sure — and there is an old Con about sixty nine years old, who has just lost his 4th wife the Prince of Hockensperkenhaus a something — but Princess Elizabeth won't marry him. So even she has refused somebody!

It was in came very comfortably to "Elbe".
Chapter III: Gubitin to ~~Am~~ "Elbe".
But as I have written this all in the sketch
I will pull up & get ready for luncheon.
[Tuesday morning]

On Sunday morning, we took matters very
easy. Anne the nice maid brought my tea
in bed; - about 9, Mrs Stevens & I had a
breakfast of ^{cutting flowers for me to take} beefsteak & coffee. We dawdled
about the garden, with Miss Jenny and Mrs
Judith (penicill?) who is there, very tear-ful
about Charles's kindness in America, and
at 11 am. walked down to the pretty station
where I had farewell to Mrs S. and little
Harry (preacher) who was with us. My train
was to leave London at 12.25, so it served
ample time. This Gubitin train came along
at 11.18 - It proved a milk-train, i.e.
stopping at many stations to take out
great cans as big as a man in great
numbers, so that instead of 2 an hour
we were ages reaching London, and at
Faux hall, the last stop before Waterloo, it
was 12! - I was getting very nervous, as
there was lots to do; - but at arriving, the
Trusty Petherick stood at the door with a
Porter who seized my things. We went up
stairs & down stairs (you must not cross a track
down in that big station) found my large trunk,
found the other train, did all the Red tape
required by the Britons, and had time to breathe
before starting. My new friend Mrs Richard was
there, "on her way to the Row," & bid me goodbye.



Confidence came along, and when we started, the steam down to the
ship was very pretty. Set of signals, Horn, Castle, Nelly, 'Schicht' &
The same stopped on Big ship about dusk. It was from Helen's
the Smith office of the North-German Lloyd, by request of Stevens
instructed me to the worthy German Captain, with a red face & white
mustache. They were in perfect, and all surprised, & the service
wonderful. The probability of course had not been marked me for her own.
I had a late dinner served, as the others (Tom Brown) were gone
I found myself in the rest of noisy musicians - who are good
of their kind - but the notes of a few English were very high.
Perhaps with regard to these men were Canada and Germany in their
concerns on the Green when they all saw Saturday as the week
my & then the Petherick Palace at the East End. But my time
was to run the next day at the first seat meal. The 10! Ben Swan's
name led all the rest and was placed on the left hand of the
Captain. While now regard this letter as she, as I have brought
upheld up to them, although I have say I shall write more later on.
When a delicious cold salt bath very morning, with a great big Bath
The coffee is good! brought me by Mrs Gitting, who also substituted my
books, & for the sea is worth, but that's open, no marks needed on deck
also my own basket.

with a bunch of primroses in her hand
she had been at the Meet at some place,
wrapped with Lady Dumbleton, heard
lots of ridiculous stories about Mrs John
and Buffalo B. L. who are over here, and was generally
full of good spirits. It was a little hard
to converse her with Petherick, his messages
& Molly, and squeezing me account. By the way
you celebrated £3 check was exactly the
thing to hand over to him for my expenses in
England. It not only did that, but squared
my account with B. F. (in Madeira) so that
I lean the County with 6 shillings to my credit
and absolutely no bother in handling English
money. Except a few shillings for the way.
= So after all my alarms, I slid out of
the Waterloo station laden with flowers
in a First Class carriage all to myself.
That was a Mail train to hit my steamer
at Southampton. It stopped nowhere, just
flowed through the land like a jet from a
hydrant. The County was lovely, all blossomy
and green. As we shot by a station I saw
the name Basingstoke, and a Ruin which
Edward & I sketched there once! - The train
stops in the Dock as they call the Wharf, &
the Tender was ready. Tender tars handled
my baggage, the few passengers assembled, - to
be told -- the Steamer would be in the offing
at 6 1/4 p.m. It was now about 3! - We
could go into the town if we liked, and a
worthy Hotel Man who was hanging round took me

in his clutter, and led me through a gate in a high wall to a street
such as Tommy Price's house to my own house. He took me to
and I saw nothing of her father in his shirt, sleeves. He took me to
a little German-English Hotel. I made three visits to grand Maestri
in the firm. He went into a ^{messy} parlour about like 6 Hamilton Place
with Paulina & getting down. She sat down a square ring table,
and a kindly maid told me what I could have for breakfast.
Soup, "a potato, milk?" "fruit of water, Cucki Plum, tart and Beer.
While there are looking, a hungry lot of fellow passengers' names!
in all men of all circumstances. A German, a Doctor, a
Station, and an Englishman from yesterday with a French son, sat at
my table, the other was recognized by a noisy party of Americans. It
was Mary! - The maid came up to me by the window which was looking
before - So they are very curious then, - but when the first course it
was hot & good, and the counterpane beam favored. What Companies
boys and other people in square in various countries. These Companies
are all travelling on "highness," as the Cheesman dear calls it. I got
things just, and left them to take a walk in the firm. But it was
hot, dusty, sandy, and returned to the table when 4 1/2, with 2 hours
to wait, and at last to leave but the latter having with me the clock
nowhere, the shop was busy, the day growing busy towards it and, various

would be amazed to see how
Beacon St is built up - there
are houses, ^{new this summer} on one or other
side nearly to the toll-house
and now there is a new
splendid broad plank walk
all the way where sidewalk
is not. - Clarkston, South-
mouth, Exeter and even Fair-
fax streets, are now real streets
not myths of the future. The
Gorp Hales are building a house
on the corner of Marlboro' and
Fairfax - In Commonwealth
Avenue the trees are planted
and the broad path made for
beyond the actual houses. This
makes a pleasant walk (pre-
sented chiefly by me & grasshopper)
but how strange to be walking
on terra-firma where so lately
the tide rose & fell, and dead-
cats floated on the Backbay waves.
I suppose Luc. got the tale of her Refrain
& leave, and staying here with Arthur. Was
it not wonderful! - Always Yours Susie -

- Dissipations of the week. -
I dined one day at Helen Everett's.
She lives with her mother Mrs
Adams in Beacon St. not far
from here, very pleasantly -
and she is quite a subtle person.
With an inordinate admiration
for everything Swett, which ex-
tends to anything Hale - It is
then amusing to hear her and
her mother vaunt the likeness
of Nddy, the oldest hope, to
his Grandfather. "A real Swett"
they say bridling - So he is -
a bright-red-headed boy,
with wide out-sticking ears,
and no beauty - Should
infer, no brains - a nice ordi-
nary boy, but the casual observ-
er don't see the Edward Everett
in him yet. He is just in the
Latin-school, and the papers
have announced the arrival there
of Edward Everett 3^d - Let us hope

that the mantlepiece, if it fall, will fall gently on his shoulder -

Mrs Adams is a clear gabbler, tongue but talks, & do her justice, pretty well, about people and things. She is greatly up on the East, on account of Mrs Richard (Fanny) who is her sister, and naturally on you, who did so much for Mrs R. She had one or two things wrong about the Hol' Land - but on the whole, did well - Mrs R. is to be in Boston by and by and then Sam to be brought to bear on her.

Yesterday I dined at Mrs Sam Gilds. I have not seen them here since they came up from Nahant - It was a tremendous North-East rain all day, so I found it convenient only to rush

in there (No 102) in my Water-Proof, & dine - and they were (or seemed) glad to see me in that unexpected manner. They are always nice. Old Mrs Rice who is entirely blind, Mrs Sam, and Minnie, I had to tell all my summer warts, and then we had to discuss the Lothrop Infirmary, which in all its aspects, still occupies polite Society. The Marriage will take place in November.

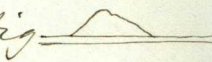
The Fiskes have got settled in town, and I make pretty frequent pilgrimages there to see Frank has reached that stage of convalescence when he likes to play Cribbage in the evening, and Annie does not go out much, so she likes to be entertained with the gossip of the town - I'm

part of the family, except me,
will go back, and celebrate in
Incester Street with the rest of
them. I shall miss you awfully,
and it seems too bad when this
house is so big and splendid
for all the family ones are nipped in
the bud. I got the last of
my "things" to-day. The shops
are packing with buyers and
everything costs "4.00" you'd
think. - I met Mrs. R. B. Forbes
& Dad who was very cordial &
asked about you with great
interest, referring also to William
Thayer. I did one idiotic thing
which was paying 75 cents for
a pound of candy and then leaving
the bundle on the counter. - but
otherwise preserved my intelligence.
- I haven't acknowledged my own
special from you which was very
interesting, about Boston. - I shall tell
Annie Fisher about that, & let her
report to Lizzie Sherman. I hope R
will soon come to America. - To think

I saw Mrs Frank Lee, Lucy Lovell
and all the Chestnut Hill
mummies, who were cordial, &
profess to miss me much
as schoolmarm -
Well, I came home Wednesday
because there was a tea. spoke
at the Charles Heald for Luc-
retia and me. It stormed and
snowed furiously all day &
drifted and banked like the
storms of my childhood; but
I ordered the "fly" (now
a Campall-on-runners) and,
being richly doped, entered
that vehicle which awaited
us at the door. - The driver
started off, - drove intelligently
at "the Island" in stead of
round it, - and tipped his wagon
heavily into the snow. We all
came down on our sides. My
head smashed the glass of the
window. Then we crawled out

of the front of the thing on
all fours and plunged back
to the house, not in the least
hurt, very much respected, &
highly amused. The man picked
up his carriage, clucked
his horse, who stood meekly
through the tangle, and diving
round the Island called out
at the door "Hall! here I
am; ready to try again?" So
he concluded to, and this
time got safely to the Head -
Alas! of 16 invited guests
we were the only brave. The
others were Chestnut Hill
and Jamaica Plain people
who may be excused for
not venturing out in the storm -
It seemed a pity that the
nice tea and pretty - with - much -
silver - and - glass - adorned table
not to speak of wax candle
chandelier should be wasted;
but we did our best at the

vicar, and had a cozy
game at whist. Mr Head
is very amusing & pleasant -
He announced by the way
that Annie Fiske has another
son, three or four days
old - That makes two girls
and two boys, a very good
arrangement, & I suppose they
are pleased. - Should send
Annie a bouquet tomorrow
But very meagre bunches
are \$5. and nothing left, as
I discovered on inquiring to-day.
We are rather melancholy
about our Christmas feast;
for the children have the
whooping-cough and I have
never had it, & we can't meet.
and Emily can't come either.
However this now settled that
Edward, Susan, shall dine here
tomorrow, & we'll "have the things"
immediately after - Then all our

Mary's, Mr Garland, ^(named) especially,
and we were glad to see them.
They are very jolly and
gentlemanly - today ~~the~~ ^{they took us} ~~boat~~
over to White Island where
the Light-house is - and went
to the top of the Light-house.
The view there is magnificent
for the surf is finer and the
rocks farther out at sea than
any of the Islands. That's the
place where the waves go over
the Light-house in storms as
we read in Newspapers. Oh Lucia!
at sunset last night I saw
Mt Washington!!! about so big 
beyond Agamenticus and over the sea
wasn't that a good way to celebrate
the 4th? He looked so honest and like
himself, though so little - I'm afraid
my imagination gave him his natural

Massachusetts government ordered
the people off Appledone and
they all had to move. The
nominal reason was that
they couldn't be protected here
during the war - but its Father
Laighton's opinion (he takes gloom
views of things) that they were
afraid the folks here would
help the British - Anyhow off
they went, quite like Papa
and Mamma - Evangeline and the rest
and the island has since been
deserted, until Laighton left the
world in disgust and came to live
here - The inhabitants of Gospat
on Star Island were not driven
off - that island belonged to New
Hampshire and that Government
let them stay - the present

natives of Star. are only
half-civilized fishermen, the
descendants of those old
settles - and their houses look
as if they might be the
same old things.

— Monday, peaceful day again
there never was such a quiet
4th, on the 5th. We heard
two crackers, which a man
had in his pocket. — and we
could dimly distinguish the
sound of noon-guns over at
Patsmouth — and saw in the
evening little dim specks of
fire-works along the shore from
Porchmouth (everybody calls it so here)
to Newburyport. Oh! it was that
morning that we were excited by

the arrival of the Yatch
"Surprise". It came about 5
in the morning and its crew
stayed to breakfast — consisting
of ten or twelve young men
the flocks of Boston, Sturpis,
Cunningham, Bob Stevenson,
Charley Adams, &c. all babes,
of whom I recognized several
but had no dealings ^{with}, as we only
met at tath and they went
off directly after breakfast
again. They were very jolly and
looked hearty & handsome in their
red flannel shirts, — rather a
contrast to their Beacon St. costume

In the afternoon Mr Garland
and Mr Clapp of Dover came
They are both acquaintances of

It is very good of you to enjoy my
letters, and invites me to go on
doing it. Since I wrote you last
I am very much better, in fact, about
normal. My dear English
doctor, and he is interested in my
Ears and all my maladies, he thinks
I was Run Down and so I was, and
he has given me tonics, good advice
and encouraging criticism, and that
into the quiet life and no worry
works wonders. By the way, he has
to be paid, and although each visit
is well worth the little gold 20
francs
if only for the good cheer of it.
It makes a hole in the Letter & Credit
Besides he wants me to drive, and as
I am very fond of that. I mean to
go ahead with it, until I get really
well, especially as I can give pleasure
& two nice English ladies here by
inviting them each to go with me

With regard of a 3^d letter. I don't read much, and
don't want myself to receive, so I try not to
follow novels for 3 francs, when they are
give them away. I do also have books for London
(A. F. letters and poems) it is nice to have London
in my hand & read them some little things by mail (2 days)
My letters from friends their directions is in Rome, and in
exchange letters as early as if the one at home in
Rome N. N. and Pope is material. I know about
that & they is sometimes for a short distance, but
then - is most the country. I have written for long
and must "get busy" i. e. give me the letter but I must
never still
of any of my family feel like depositing
any money for me, don't discourage them.

The Hotel, since New Year, is filling up a bit, but still its the quietest place I've been in, I am just trying to scrape acquaintance with the few English here. They are stiff as Ramrod (you know how long its five weeks only) I am now an old stager, and we've regarded me, I think, as a Pillar of the House; its fun to be getting back my French, which works well in the pretty little shops in Rue d'Antibes, "Châie Madame", "Foujour Madame". I don't know when they lie, they do it so readily as when they inform me that "C'est une occasion" & buy something I want, — twice the right price I dare say, but since I want it, that's no matter, and compared with our prices at home, it is cheap.

What agree with you about Christmas, and this time something must be done about it. Everybody feels a

Sergeant himself in his repertoire the small cards at the exchange of letters - such is and must - but that now you are. I had, want the things, and it forces my body to give and take equally. In my

time, we used to enjoy leaving like a heart-rupture, and then; but now its a worse like a check-up. You feel out of it too; but a (strange) day in my Room is pleasant with cards and greetings and souvenirs from all parts of the world. You take time with the card and you know - Don't lead me this. Travels. It makes me nervous. Every day, N. Y. Sun strikes pictures and is trying; its taking down on the street at present. I suppose they are

Will it be pleasing to
your minds oh! brother and
sister! to have me come up
and spend Friday night? I
want to see you very much;
so prepare your minds to see
me then - I think I will
take the $4\frac{1}{2}$ Express train, and
arrive via the Junk. Perhaps
Lucretia will come too, but at
any rate I will; and if she
does it will be splendid.
I have got lots to say, and I
want to hear lots and see the
farm, and all the things I
haven't seen, or had seen -

Miss Rosella George arrived
last night to do the cooking, &
this morning she announces she
knows she shan't be contented

and she may as well say so
first as last, so we had
better look out for another
'gal.' so Lucia is now
gone a-hunting. Rosella
T. gives no reason at all for
her sensations - some suppose
she has heard of your having
a Rosella, and is afraid of
a confusion of ideas.

I am enchanted with the
motto -

"Where is it," cries Tot notes "where
that I can see a little Bear!"

T. M. says it frequently
tochaid aile her agga mattoige
spak in .Cat langad, but
tochaid her feelins on that
tohubduk buched he to make
uch of he Engluck!

There was a fearful
randsan yesterday of Willy
Everett et al. in the midst
of which Mother despatched
yr valise. I have got a
dreadful cold in my head
which is too bad, for I was
so well all the time I was
away. but I am plying it
with all sorts of remedies
and hope it is getting better.

Goodby, from your loving
Julie

I hope you like to have
me come tomorrow

Thursday morning August 25. '53.

I saw Mrs James & Larrabee the
other day, when I called, but
not Mr. L. — She was very
pleasant and cordial, —
— little dis-traité, having
— many things on her
mind, being only a few weeks
arrived. They had a very
comfortable passage, and
seem glad to be home; but
Mr. Retch and other pieces
seem to find James less active
than when he went away.

Charloth Tambor, who
was Charloth Gibon has just
got a new baby, a little girl
weighing 11½ pounds. In con-
sequence of this arrival, she
has forwarded her small son
aged 2 years with his nurse
& Milton to stay at Annie's —
This caused great excitement

they arrived last evening amid
a perfect thunder-storm
of telegrams from Mr Taintor
& Frank and back, and ex-
press messages from
Frank in Boston &
Annie. He is a fat little
fellow, and very aggressive
I expect when I go back
to-night to find every thing
smashed in the house and
the young Giles, such is his
name, standing exultant
over the prostrate bodies of
Annie and the two nurses. —

Fullum has got the sweetest
cat in training for me. He is
at Worcester Street, I saw him
last week for the first time —
I wish Madame Barthou could
see him — Kelly & Karus brought
home an Angora Cat from Paris. The
butcher or brand the steamer took care
of him, or she had no bother at all
Goodby — Always yours Jessie.

tomorrow on the meadow, and take
this Sunday interval to write Jim
When I get through writing, I start off
alone for a sweat-bath and to
renew my tone. The place is so large
I can walk miles without getting
tired of it. It is very pretty, great
avenuer of trees, a pond, nooks of
shade, and always the wide view
of the river & mountains. It is a little
monotonous in that just as much as you
go down you have to climb up again
being on the very top of everything. In
this reminding me of Monadnock $\frac{1}{2}$ way
House.

We meet at lunch (which nobody can
eat but me and the boys - It makes me
appear a Ravenous wild beast) - but retire
for naps or novels - But between I and
Jim we come out richly dressed and
assemble on whatever piazza porch or
ombra commands the best advantages
for seeing and cooling, - and then talk, talk
talk till dinner at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$, and then the same
all evening till about 10 o'clock bedtime -
We are all in fact, very agreeable, and nobody
takes up a book much though every form
of literature is lying round. Coffee is served
after dinner in little cups with exquisite little
spoons each one different in the shape of some flower
or leaf. all these things are Jim Church's taste.

So Tuesday, I believe it was, Mr
Palmer, the sculptor arrived, and
his wife. He is an old friend of
Jim Church, and a most jolly
man, ^{handsome} somewhat of the John Hodder,
or perhaps Thos. Brown type, the
sort that inevitably takes to me as
a duck to the water; for in 5
minutes he was sitting close up
to me, cracking his jokes, admiring
my hands, and offering unending
devotion. He is an immense
talker. His wife is a plain quiet
sensible person who once was handsome
but had to have her whole lower jaw
taken out and made over again with
flesh from the chin, which gives her
a painful look. They stayed only
a couple of nights. Later day
came - Jack and Mrs. Evinger!
Mrs. Church & I went down to Hudson
to get them, and reached here just
to see a magnificent thunder-storm
which lasted all the evening. The
River and mountains with tumbling
clouds lurid lights and zig-zag flashes
kept us watching ~~it~~ till nearly bedtime.

Jack is very much married, even more so that he was at Saratoga but he thrives under it being fat even to jowls, and very bald. His wife sits silent, watching him for a chance to nag whenever he slips up. She is very handsome with a pillar of a white throat. They talk chiefly to each other, and mostly about their dog Tuffy, who was left behind, - so they stopped in the station here at Hudson to send a telegram back to him. (fact)

Jack has lots of old stories from the New York clubs at which we laugh. The subject of Hurlbut's engagement started him off on the whole Annals of his crimes, for which I was rather sorry, for Church loves Hurlbut, and sticks to him loyally -

It seems as if I had been here a thousand years. It is a lonely quiet life, and with my own minor state of spirits better than another place and better than this would at another time.

They are certainly the loveliest people that ever were, but ~~not~~ exciting. Breakfast is very punctual at 8. The neat maid ~~travels~~ a triangle to summon us, and we meet in the superb dining room which is a picture gallery, with a Salvator Rosa, ^{the} Church's Murillo, ^{Santa Rosa,} and many other pictures - The walls are all windows except on one side where the light comes from above the great fire place. Up there you see the branches waving - but below it is cloister-like. Exquisite flowers arranged only by Mrs Church are always on the table, and long plates and pitcher and napkin is chosen for its beauty & prettiness. Delicious cream, and perfect coffee, burnt in the only machine of its kind in the world; vegetables, fruit ^{cherries, raspberries, currants} all from our own gardens, and so on -

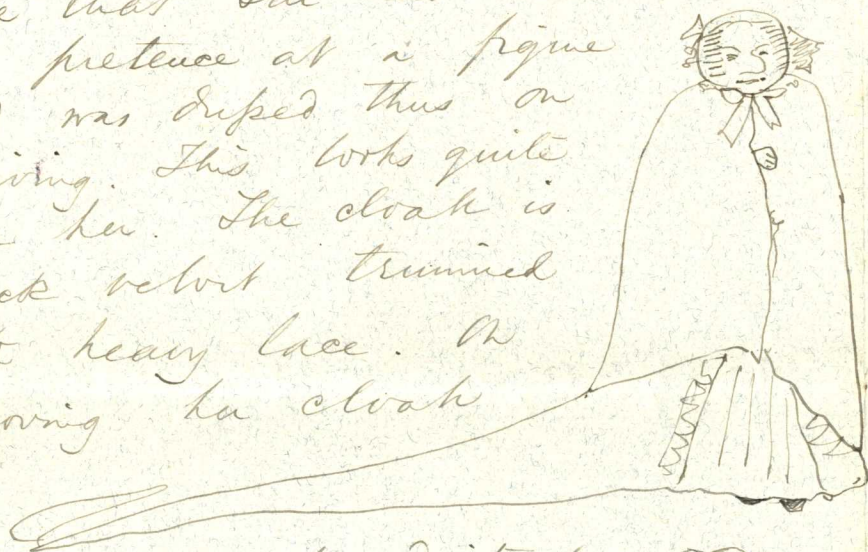


Prayers are always after breakfast. Some go to the tables and all read aloud. - Then I retire to write in my room. - I have just finished F. F. and sent the whole thing off to Lathrop. Break ground

Out of the land, what you call --
rehearse -- that what any some
of his poem - what you say? That
were so very beautiful, here to sit
with the Varry Poet -- what you
call - to -- how was how he write
Or words to this effect, from which
we gathered his idea. - We all
shivered; - "Miss Hale" was feebly
called upon but was unequal
to the occasion; - when after a
blank pause the dear Port Cogley
said to thought he could do a
very little one himself, - and very
gracefully repeated "the Maiden
and the Weathercock," "Principessa"
calling out "Bravo! Bravo!" and
"That is most beautiful" at every
pause. They departed with
many expressions of mutual esteem.
Mr. Appleton was very funny about
him next day, and so we all were
in fact. - Mind we loved him in
spite of her greatness, and Grace Ellis
says she is a perfect lady, - though
how she is able to judge, I don't know

¹⁸¹³ ^{New York} I had my daily bath at noon
and the tides were just right &
water delicious - at 1 1/2 a
straggling lunch - then retirement
for all, meeting on the piazza
by and by and then chat chat
till dinner - In the evening chat
again, winding up with a solid
two hours of reading aloud. You
have just finished Reata which
delights J. G. - ~~But~~ The secret
of the charm is the chat being
so good - but how repeat all the
grace and gay and light good
things. The great excitement
was the dinner in honor to
Princess Ghika, Dora d'Estria.
Have you read about her in
the paper? I hope you have in the
Daily. She is staying with all
Grace Ellis Oliver, who of course
is chiefly to an extreme in consequence
she came to this country with 3 wishes
1. To see Grace Ellis
2. To see Mr. Langfellow
3. To see Niagara -
So the ^{secret} ~~secret~~ was
of these ^{secret} ~~secret~~ was
these ^{secret} ~~secret~~ was
accomplished

She is an immense woman, so wide that she has abandoned all pretence at a figure and was duped thus on arriving. This looks quite like her. The cloak is black velvet trimmed with heavy lace. On removing the cloak



the waist: showed itself thus, a mere sack - (but the likeness is much better in the top one.) This material was a thick kind of woode of a peacock-neck nature, trimmed flat with lots of old Italian lace



I helped take off her bonnet & the button of it got all mixed in a mass of rats and chignons which I shall Annie compare her to the White Queen in Alice, - (You saw a whole brush & comb got lost in her hair.)

But she is a dear good worthy woman, talking very crude English but preferring to speak that, so we had to suppress an other language. She sat by Mr. Longfellow at dinner, and rather held the talk herself, speaking of Albanians and Byron and Wallachians and Dalmatians &c. Grace Olive sat swelling on the other side of Mr. L. the first time she was ever in such company, and from her we extracted gossiping information about the Princeps, her Italian maid, her other good clothes &c. After dinner ^{they} she smoked right smartly, after dallying with two or three cigarettes, settled down to one of the 'Poets' bifset cigars. In all state in the evening-light in the piazza, where coffee was brought. Once she said "now it was be warra naice if for some body how of this interesting-thin --- what you call - circle - to say

Today was so weary and lonely
that with one accord it
was decided to sail hither in
the Alice! - so I hurriedly
packed my trunks, & the Confidant
& Specarium Expresses. - let us hope
they will turn up! - and in all
went on board, - and reached here
after a delicious and rapid
run. Mr. T. G. and Nathan landed
with me, and I showed them the
spot, Hunt's studio &c. with all
which they were much delighted.
The meals were just swarming
in & dinner, & Kate mine in my
hat - Miss K. is in bed with a
bad throat caught in the bad
damp weather of last week. The
Mild and his wife, or rather his
Spinster sister, seems to be here.
Aunt Caroline! with the Carroll Everett
Isabella James's admiral daughter &
Sophie and so on, but I haven't seen
the quartet of them, for I have retreated
to my corner, and into Miss K.'s stippers

until my Trunks shall arrive -
Arthur came to Nahant yesterday
in the p.m. boat. It was nice
to see him, but I couldn't extract
any information from him about the
family. Miss K. has letters here
from Kelly, - which throw some light
on her impressions. Bobby wasn't
well on Sunday, and she was taking
care of him. I guess they don't
have enough heat when I am
not keeping house - Wouldn't it be
odd if any one of them should
write to me! - By the way, if
you think well, you might send
my Mattapoisett letter to Papa Edward,
cutting off however the first part
which said I think about other
things - I wouldn't send anything but
just the bare description.
- I shall stick it out here as long
as it seems lucrative. - The corner
is so cosy that I may bear it very
well, and all nature looks lovely,
but ugh! the squirming mass of being
with lots of use { Glad you are in
such a nice place

and we took a heartrending farewell of each other - for Aunt P. Lilla, Ranty and Augusta departed for Salem at 10 o'clock this morning - Just after she was gone, ^{last night} your letter came with hers enclosed - and I instantly sent Fallow over with it - and think she got it last night - I don't know her Worcester views - At this moment the Kitchen levee becomes boisterous -

There is an Aunt of the girls staying here - a regular Aunt Lane, who sits round in ~~the~~ ^{the} kitchen, as erst ours did in the parlor!! To-day mother had a long session from Hannah ~~xxxxxx~~ who was hässlichly slow-coach, & is in the process of moving. I have not yet put her in the direction book. This afternoon Nathan & I took a stroll on the common, afterwards I went to see Mary Loring - The L's move to Chelsea Thursday - Mary was wearing the Archery pin. Have you seen To-day No. 21? We think it very good. Charlie is chipper - as are the rest of us - I had a session on the house top this afternoon and received a visit from

Fanny King had seen these to see Auntie & the Elmans - but I didn't see her, for John had taken her to drive - Augusta had a plan to come and spend the evening with us; to counteract which Ranty invented a party for the Museum - I left Augusta and got home to tea - Our tea hour by-the-way, is splendidly pushed into a late seven, which makes the walking-time charmingly long, - as you see; for how much I did, though I didn't start till 6! Such a spree as the Kitchen-ladies did have last night - Heavens! as I passed the kitchen door early after tea I saw - - -



4 belles rowed out before one felloren beard.

Augusta did come after tea, having actually struck against joining the Museum Party - I must detail its unhappy fate. Rantz, Rantz Gilman & one Mrs Hunt - a Pharisee - started in the carryall for the Museum; - Rantz was not able to provide Reserved Seats, for Mrs G - couldn't make up her mind about going till 7 o'clock - They hied them to the Museum - dis-hiped their carriage - sans any gentleman, you observe, and just dark; - demanded Reserved Seats the performance being then begun that is, it must have been, though they don't say so, but it was nearly eight o'clock - and so could not get R. Seats Rantz felt that Mrs G - must not face the plebeian crowd for a 2nd seat - and they resolved to return home. Three lone females!

Mrs Hunt, with a determination worthy the sterner sex, - returns home on foot, and sends the carriage back for the two Rantz &!! The comma, dash after 'sex' indicates a pause of an hour's duration, for Olly Nobody came in, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ effort so unusual to him, that I left off writing, to talk to him. I paid him Susie Lyman's 10 cents, which have been turning in my pocket - and assuaged his anxiety about Lucy Emerson's shawl. He was very pleasant - and less misanthropic than usual I think - He brought for us to see, a capital Daguerreotype of Everett & Will, which they have sent through the P.O. He & Aunt Annetta are gone now - so I "resume the pen" - Augusta spent Monday evening & John came for her. She took her little Dysma - almost if not wholly dead! alas!

= 'But Alas!' for Matumsh. How
I miss the Sun (not that of
New York but of the Zodiac)
There are Cats in our Land
but no Sunshine, and I have
to go into Kelly's room to see it,
as that faces East. As for the Full
Moon last night, I knew it not.

May 11. and I got off most
triumphantly, every thing working
well. George Jones and Elsie
nailed us up and locked our
trunks, and Willard, he come up
with the Trunk-Team, and
Ann she drove us over. The
last thing I saw was the two
wan cats, black ones; old Saw-
Horse wasn't there, guess he is dead

I miss her, but I kind of enjoy my liberty.
May 11 is in Concord. I miss her, but I kind of enjoy my liberty.

The Kingston Road was a Dream of Richness. I can't
 think I've ever seen it so fine, I can seldom see
 so early ^{in the day}, when the Sun is rather faint against
 the Maples and Sassafras and hickories
 as we are

There's a place, just by Keewau, approaching
 the long stretch of SWORMIP, where you
 look between glowing trees & the far
 distance. These hills were deep ultra-violet blue
 and between ^{them and us} broad streaks of flame color and orange
 sort of framed in in front. Edward writes me he
 is making his own pastels in a Pestle and mortar. Do write
 and let me see you when you come. p.m. tea here about 4 1/2.
 I am Susan



I am sending that 1/2 of his letter

just as genial and gentle as ever
 and the kind you can prattle into
 indefinitely. I tell him everything I
 know, and he tells me everything he
 knows; we don't love each other in the
 least. If I wanted him to go away I
 should tell him so, but as it
 happens I don't. At present there
 is nobody but me in this "lodgings"
 foolishly now elevated to being a Hotel
 except a couple that come in it,
 by reason of living in the opposite
 house, having their meals at other
 times than mine, and driving on
 the country in their buggy most of the
 time. We come together at 6 o'clock
 dinner, and chat in the evenings and
 odd times. They are named Phillips
 but I needn't describe them as they
 are going away shortly. My present
 landlady is a gabby silly little
 woman with a gabber filly like
 older mother

I changed
 the lodgings. But the
 I keep the
 Mrs. Schinner

They bore me; but Dr Miller is a protection, and so are
the Phillipses - These ^{latter} really think are giving away miserly
because they cant stand the silly-gabby-ness. They have
been here two months, and are now taking a furnished
house as far as possible from this one but within the
town limits, because they like the climate.
So here I am very happy, with my things "spread out", and
my time quite at my disposal, and several enterprises
on foot like altering my Gray self want, and making
a pin cushion & send Miss Smith of Dry Harbour; I am buying
a Gold Bowl, but, May, Henry is really more voracious than
usual. He takes two whole chapters page 87-108, & says that
Mrs Rance went into the billiard Room and came out again.
I saw my Sun, ten days old, and read copy two of it, and I'm in
fine condition, semi-idiotic but happily well. Loving Sister

were The Cats, and more or
Carla, Nat and Polly. We all
shut up and depart now or
soon, and only the Sibley Smittles
are left, on top of Asthouse
Pond in their little Shack; -
They live ^{winter} now in Providence,
You (Dont) know, where the
landscapes gardens, and
escapes Helen making anything
by it, but she is Rich. They
have one small child which
goes by the name of Puffin,
and 2 automobiles which
~~goes~~ ^{go} by ~~they~~ they call something else.

So now, what wait we for? the Mailman,
Who is temporary and must be paid -
but everybody else has and wean that I
can imagine is paid, let alone Old greens
and silver ^{and} thrown in, (literally) ^{the waste} ^{bucket}

So address Care the S. P. Church
Hudson New York

and wish me well, and write lots.
Shan a nice letter from Eliza. Loving Susan.

Yesterday we saw a 'possum just caught, and today I believe we are to have him for dinner. He has a prehensile tail, think of that [I should did it.]

The Southerners all have pointed grater sort of beard, and look like Americans on the stage, in all plays. They either have a high squeaky voice, or talk from very low down in their throats. The young ladies look very limpy, with pale pasty complexions, and much bandolined bangs on their brows.

Now about the Bath. There is a little Braman's bath of warm spring water, bubbling up from a pebbly bottom, about as warm as you naturally make a warm bath.

It is so singular to be floating diving and swimming in such hot water.

I have it all alone, so need no bathing. Dep - when the Colored lady who presides thinks I've had enough (about 5 minutes) she wraps me, at the water's edge in a sheet or blanket and then rubs me down like a horse calling me "honey" &c. It is very agreeable and the effect delicious, not enervating

with only boards for walls; a wonderful punker on the table was jerked all through the meal by a little nig, named Susan. We had buttermilk, and fried chicken, and quidelle cakes and endless things all together, and slept like tops. My room gave on the upper piazza, and my door had no sort of hasp or lock or even handle, which you know is exactly how I like it, and indeed as the window opened on the piazza, I had to be open, there was no great object in shutting the door, so I did it. We were pretty much the only people there, for "the season" is over. - I wonder if I shall ever travel anywhere that "the season isn't just over." Well, next morning early, after a couple of sketches, we got all packed into an carriac again, & now we had 27 miles of the same only more humpy and jolting

paying toll for repairs at a
gate of \$1.75, which made us
marvel to think of that road
before it was made. We nooned
at Marshall, a half-way house
much like Alexandria only more
squalid, and not so picturesque.
But at dusk the ^{scene} changed, as
we clattered on a ramshackle
bridge, and found ourselves ^{here} before
an immense hotel. It seems
even larger than the Saratoga
hotels, but I suppose it is only
by contrast with these other little
ones - a long Doric corridor with
pillars to the top of the 2d story,
and eubled out-buildings and
ells and galleries - all tumbling
into decay as fast as they
can go. "Warm Springs" has been
a fashionable Southern watering
place for 200 years - It reminds
me of Stafford Springs for its
dilapidation - but it is still
kept on a grand scale, unnumbered
darkies & servants, - huge dining-room,
long bill of fare &c. About 50 people

in the house now, which seems
a mere circumstance it is so
big; - but they say 900 have
just left.
We are perfectly enchanted with
the spot, and continue so, - for
it is on a sort of flat island
with the divided river on all
sides, & looking across at wooded
peaks, high enough to catch
flocks of cloud and hold them
Everything picturesque, and the
sound of the river close by.
Our great big rooms open on a
pretentious gallery with a grand
view; alas the ^{of it} flooring is so
cracked that we see through
to the piazza below, and step
with fear and trembling. There
is a long deserted corridor
of empty rooms and a magnificently
mirrored parlour with a piano
where no one ever comes. - It is
damp today, and we have a
wood fire in the great big chimney
of Mr & Mrs Church's room, where we
congregate as it is the largest.

This is a Government Establishment, and
so the Landlady is called the Matron;
but it has ^{men} ~~men~~ like loyalty in Jamaica -
so that there are no "governed" as
far as I can see, but only "paying guests."
Mrs Macaulay is a hard-mouthed black
Jamaican, of a type well known to me here.
She put me in my Crack because the other
house is full. I anticipated twenty people,
but found when I came to face them
only 2 ladies and three men. But
just I went down two flights to the
Bath. I think it is horrid, but very
efficient for bones-aches. There are
but two rooms I should think, deep Cells
with arched tops white washed, not a
breath of air. Steps to go down into a
pleached-bottan-square with the water
(flowing through slats) constantly changing -
the water about as hot as a warm
bath, the air hotter in fact suffocating -
It is just deep enough to lie down in
and float, and deep enough to immerse about
ⁱⁿ say 10 x 10 feet, and deeply saturated
with salts, as I did it once to swallow
any, and feel cresty new in my face
that that but you know, its so elevating,

As I carried the stuff to Mrs. Macaulay's Bath, so I carried the stuff to Mrs. Macaulay's Bath.

probably in regard to how the most say, jolly talk like the
people at Inns in the town - of course it takes out the
Jim Leg comes from Louisville Kentucky and that he comes
Mobbie Bruce wheels wheel, auster Shoo. This account had
in his appearance - a regular Kentucky Belle - Mr Macaulay had
taken up at Misses; at which he presided in a best-coat
very splendid. Jim Leg was in every sort, black, & white,
a few black chairs, I kept up my end of the steel wire -
their chest next and clear tie. Mr Macaulay had ordered
for the little thing came on note, what the size of a Turkey
part, but alas, he won't cooked soup (of the pie) Mrs Macaulay
and had to do with the table, while in fiasco on Chicken and
ham, leg pot, and jinnal chat sits the pot. They are all very
nice & true, without saying rightly about me, nor, the plumes of one
present state. There is always lots of talk about when I go in Jamaica
one of these men is being the school on his school. Although it
is a great had had had the mat of any sort, off at one
bath this morning. Off at one hand when you see

and then when I had scrambled out
lest I should perish into exhaustion
the warm day outside felt cold.
But I don't mean by this to denounce
the baths, because this is what they are
for. I didn't expect to like them, but
I would know for myself. The accord
Jamaican is so absolutely powdered to
the any idea of a place. When I
was dressed in nice clean white (wearing)
I came out to face the inmates, in
a large breezy delightful ^{public setting} room all
jalousie-windowed, with the pretty
view facing away from my chamber,
across the River. - By the way, it
was now 2 o'clock and I had had not
a mouthful & eat since my coffee
at 7. - Mrs Knicker had assured me
Lushin would be at one. It was 3
when it was served. Meanwhile Miss
White and Mr Richy and Mr Jordan
stroked in, and we all became chatty
and say, they had come from their baths
while they love and stay so long in
that an hour, an hour, and think it does
them good.

They jotted about the layers of meals etc, particularly
the meal consisted of a white fish pie, very good, side
tea, the water unshakable, (no ice of course) afterwards
opened a bread, and some cheese, then oranges all half
on a plate. I steamed this meal but it was not
After in one seat, Mrs Devey of Newhall sailed in, in
Newhall had told me she was the most beautiful woman
in America. I asked when was he, he is a very, she was
the looks exactly like very little in color, her hair a
brunnet. With hints showing been prematurely black & grey with
complexion slightly, languid eyes, a slender nose, tall
than me. Instead of being a "fancy lady" as you would expect
her manner was chatting, gracious and simple with no pretence
Miss White seems to be her partner's companion, and they are here
Mrs Devey "Remembrance of the West" or perhaps in Miss Richy's party as
the 17th pm breakfast.

P.S. last night, I felt fine this morning
and drank with and cured of several of my diseases.

but arriving there Saturday, could find
no place where people would take
them & board with the children. They
spent Sunday and all their money, in
vain, & were literally turned out of the
town. They had friends in Westbury, &
started to walk there, but the poor woman
got foot-sore in heavy men's boots.
She is very English, he American-Irish,
but apparently worthy people, the children
nicely bred. I had bones of Compassion
and asked them up to the house, but
as Cornelia asked there was absolutely
nothing for them to eat — my basket
hadn't come, & I ^{suspect} was living on salt ~~hock~~
and Johnny cakes, of which none were left.
Only a small quantity of milk existed!
This we gave them. There was an old fowl
and potatoes boiling in the stove, but
my just on, as this was about eleven —
I had just seen a fine pair of discarded
terrier shoes when I went up garret for
the pillow, & I gave them to the woman,
and a dollar to the man. Cornelia told
them to stop at Newyork's Mills where
she says there are new & elegant mills
put up by Miss' George Weedon. So perhaps
they are there now, perhaps fallen by the wayside

That evening all the stores came from Kingston & the basket, and
no end of provisions from many neighbors, so I was all right,
but when I knew was the cupboard & bare - of course I
told them I had just arrived. They probably found food further
on at some friendly Peruville house -
I got a quantity of letters from Coronado which Benham
had given & Highland Street from Thomdike (how tiresome)
and to me forwarded to California after I left - It was fine
of the man there to return them, but the delay has caused bother
as they bear date of April 6th or thereabouts. I've seen Mrs. from
Edward himself which contain things I never heard otherwise
one from you, dated 13th I believe -
My thumb justly as I was strolling along on beach with
the sunset at my back, I considered how, just 4 weeks
ago, Wednesday April 19, I was same-wise strolling along the Pacific
with sea ditto, in the two beaches run parallel, only that much
further south, no doubt. The Pacific was glorious that night - but I
repe the Atlantic. Smells saltier, I don't know why. Bought a cod,
which Cornelia is now boiling in dinner. ~~to fix~~

Spent the summer (probably) at
on dear York, and we like to think
how we can have you there and talk
up all the family histories -

— In as she has probably told
you, I spent last Sunday in Keene,
and we had a splendid time;
for we hadn't met for so long. So
all the exciting events of the Fair
had to be discussed. She is still
laid up with her foot, but very
jolly; and I had a room next
hers, and we had great talks -
also with Annie Fiske & Mary Sims -
mom. (By the way, ^{your} George Rhodes
is going abroad again this summer
with Mrs. Helen (Uncle Philip's widow)
Fiske.) - Charley! Lucretia's Veilleuse
is perfectly lovely! I never saw any thing
so sweet. It ticks away so sweetly
all day, and shines by night. What
folks everybody are not to have
them! only they can't. This is a
good sentence - might look well
in the Transcript. - I hadn't seen
her watch before, which is a beauty,
nor the Chauffrette; - but the Veilleuse

Somebody (not I) has set afloat
some big lie about the profits,
so that I am not un frequently
congratulated on the large sum I
made for the Truck. - I don't bother
to deny it, neither to inquire
too closely what was the precise
sum, - I really don't know -

— Now, let me tell you about your
second part. - C. Chase and I
were in fever about it; and we
both said it must come for the
last, so we always left in our
minds a gap for Charles No. 2.
Monday was the last number
you know. - Now, in this Paritania
Land, it's the greatest nuisance
that we get no letters by Penny
post on Sunday; and you have
a trick of arriving Monday a.m.
at 9½, which is annoying - to
think they have been rotting in
the P.O. all Sunday - Alas & their
facts, C. Chase had all the printing

Office people on the Qui Vive, and
Rockwell himself took an order
from me to the General Delivery
Sunday; but nothing came out
Monday at 9. C. Chase was here
I told him I knew it would come
and he went down, and held back
that last paper, with something else
all set ready to put in - at
9 1/2, ting-a-ling! Postman!
lumbering along with the fat
letter!! Luckily this house then
held a little miscreant (who
has since committed peccadilloe
and run away with the Capt.
Key in his pocket); he was very
wicked to me that week, at any
rate, and I kept him well on
his legs - I hustled him off
to the office at once, without loss
reading "Carolus;" and it was in
time. But all this accounts for
the squeakedness of the type,
which could not be avoided, as
C. Chase explained at length -

He was very loyal about the impen-
dence of your thing, and spared
no pains about it. - It was very
nice, and has been much spo-
ken of as much to the point.
Now what do you think? The
success of B.P. made such an
idolat that Dutta of the
Manuscript has engaged me to
write for Fanny!! at \$1000 per
annum - What do you think!
You must be paid I tell you! I
begin June 1st. - and the agreement
is only for 6 months at first, to
see how it works. Too! what
I shall write about! As yet, I
have not one idea! - Think of
my - Well, I was going to use
a homely but forcible phrase,
but I guess I won't as you might
be shocked -
Well, all these things we can talk
of much better than write after you
get here - Love and I have arranged

After the play they dropped me at Papa
Edwards house where I was to meet my
Grandpa, - and here -- only think!! it
now appeared, previous concealed from me
that Irving and Terry were to come & sup.
And so they did, nor did we rise from
the Board till two o'clock when they
the three Selors away ^{to the next dinner,} ^{easy and pleasant,}
he is lovely, and both ^{as if they set themselves (not to shewing)}
to make the occasion go off well. Oh
it was wonderful. Mr. Daughters was there,
a harmless miss of 24, who sometimes
takes a turn on the stage in small parts.
Thus we got to bed that night at 12.
Friday I scratched a few letters, then to
Mrs Church, nothing new there. I met
Mr. Baup & we computed each other
on our skill in bringing matters thus far.
Then down town to buy shawl straps
for us both, met Matty Brown in 5th Av.
After lunch drove again in the Park. That
was a lovely day, crisp; snow melting.
Forty winds of nap, a few calls, and
that long the Opera again, Romeo & Juliet,
with Emma and the two de Rotsky, I haven't
head who - It was very beautiful, real
old fashioned perfection, music, acting, scenes
everything. Emma even is less delicious than
Melba's but she & Jean de R are such young lovers!

Thus & Ed at the early hour of 12. My stay in Mrs & sister's, and
Constance myself. From the same, with laughing & getting off towards -
five guests with Charles at Murray Hill, and Mrs B
Stainers, that is to say, Emma Clark at 9 Tuesday eve.
with the little early - Stearns Clark at 9 Tuesday eve.
Mrs & Ed you with pretty, the only down I share from Mrs
love leaving there. - About the check it is to take & cost
to Mrs, - but you might in writing tell me how much to pay,
and meanwhile, just that amount in my bank account at B.D.
In fact it just seems to me that I don't you would if you can
but \$100 in my account there. It will strengthen that note, and
I can stand what you say for you & return the rest. I don't think I
can stand what you say for you & return the rest. I don't think I
this Mrs, but what you say for you & return the rest. I don't think I
my wife, we are at you & so. - Tell Mrs Spring I didn't wait for her & ask
not to say, got choked up with other things, and the bad weather at the end
that I don't get choked up with other things, and the bad weather at the end
thought of the things like I tell about, but I think in all pretty safe -
that as if I left you pretty comfortable for the winter, with dear Mrs.
Addie with the things being comfortable when she comes to her work. I think I'll
must like to see my letter. They are long & so, & I had a nice time there.
I don't like to see my letter. They are long & so, & I had a nice time there.
I don't like to see my letter. They are long & so, & I had a nice time there.

My Maki was very nice, & very happy, quite a good time. I didn't see the baby, my his photograph. Was should be in Hall - called out Mamma's name (Charlotte) saying my name, hands, arms, etc. My time Maki with William Rice. Saw her & sent messages to her mother, & the about Algeria, a Swiss he in Port Anne all together. Moby Margaret too, & tell me all & come & give things, as he mother with a table and he father cross after they return from following him. Patrick of Moby, as of the night & keep can manage John Cross and Harry had, - at you go & keep at home this last evening. - After dinner & the Maki he is 'spring' that the steps. My two, in independence of that before supper. When the lights went (without any) and I enjoyed seeing it again much. The John in great spirit, and his his daughter was to both & then who was with him now. There all in deep mourning for her return who did last July. So all came with the box & great me, as usual that I can't see to them, though long captured of the box. He looked nice. Edward has been there yesterday but he is awful nice. Coming out in new when his baby & he brought some new "the Rice's" as they called it, William's. Popcorn's on the way. They looked as, my baby, he pretty

and so that at the comparatively early 12 1/2. Saturday Mr G. and I started together to call on Charles, Editha Smith was there, & we fell to raving about Babu there, & we fell to raving about Babu is equally frantic about his getting his money before leaving. When I left them it must needs be raining, and went on to find way it did that Fidy in Boston. I borrowed umbrella from Hall-man, Colonel, at the Murray Hill Hotel and called on Maki & Mrs Davenport, who was sitting up being pastelled. It is a very pretty picture sweetly done. Amused Maki & trust of the folly of going to Brooklyn in such weather; came away & swam to a floating sheet-car; got there way down town to Fanny Maki, where I was to lunch. She lives in the actual Palace, 6 Fifth Avenue, but has given up her house, on account of the new tariff. So we swam (with the Hall-man's umbrella) to a cable, and up to 53rd street to play with Hagenbecks Animals. They are splendid, sick tigers and leopards and great lions, just like Persian only bigger, with tails sticking out of the bars. I loved them, though they are rather fierce.

Rudgy morning -

Dear Ak

This is goodly, as I shall
not be writing after this to
anybody. I go to Manhattan
tomorrow, and we leave there
about 9 Wednesday for Steamer
Aequitas. Victoria fairly at 11. am.
Do you know that I have
Ethel Dawson the daughter
of the Thomdike writes me?
She is a good girl, quite
respectable and will
address me, and will pick
up my spectacles; I have tried
to find her already. She
is out about her is her
father, but measure \$ 72.

which I eat coffee; but I don't see how you
the note you this. I have already about
nearly all the money I have out for the trip
on Cal. papers, calls, handwork, getting about
the money for these various expenses.
But I want to know what you think of
me are all coming to the Pitty Alice St.
10th Novre from village
I am 19.999.
that Boston Alice Mitchell with 9 North Mitchell
is just arrived (by R.) & Boston, really; a journey; and
they are on my Steamer. No matter, Gladly other part also.

I have had quite an Oration
in my native town, and am
almost dead. The minute ^{Post}
people are there you are
flying away they are awfully nice
& fun. This is unnecessarily
slow however. It was not
Medians having to lunch with
Harriet Freeman. Mrs. Howland
has been devoted, and we
had a rapturous time seeing
young Hackett in Don Cesar
as Baron, - he is a very
beautiful young man - I saw
Mrs. & Peter today he seems
Mr. Old Gent is having

a holiday time with his acquaintance. Great
trills on him & he is now in bed. Write
(probably) with you Great letter for the Heathens
Cough these notes, ^{Richie is in great shape, he}
port a long sleep. ^{with Kelly's room} John sleep & get out,
and writing. Merimont. Notes by Cassin
makes suboptimal of Cambridge & town, and
reads the long up in the calendar. No. How
Kelly is a faint young man? & catch up
with her conscience. Phil is mysterious. but
understanding. The most remarkable thing about her
is that she gives Boston shows into his notes

I am rejoiced with your letter, and
like to think of you still settling
yourself to your mind in your
room. How dreadful about your
kisses and coughs, if there to be,
no let-up in this direction! -
Mine are come to their season, and
Carrie is quite recovered, you
see there will be no dinner in
her job at present. One reason
I backed out was that it was
decided they all would go to Canada,
taking Gerald along, so I should
have come all the way back alone.
Since then they have changed and
nobody is going to Canada, so, I
suspect, Gerald bolted at the
expense -

Oh! let me tell you about the
fermentation about the wooden Baby,
which was surreptitiously christened
Ysabel, without the knowledge of the
Maden grandparents, for fear they

Should resist on a Unitarian Ceremony -- as indeed they
might, as this is the third William of the Royal line --
The New Bone words were passed about Parbet doing it, -- &
we think that Scacc caused the Mason Grandparents to
hustle Mund and engage 2 High Church Godfathers, and
fix the day without letting "us" know, -- until ^{this last} Friday,
when a meaching letter from Shifty announced to the
White Governor the thing was to be done: "So sorry you
you will not be able to attend." -- Rayner alone of
readers, stopped in town to go, -- but is disgusted
because there was no Punch. The Godfathers are
Robert Hale Goddard, and Cordia Postlethwaite from Elsewhere
who was secured in time for him to arrive -- I must stop
this gossip though there might be more of it. You Susan

but she is still going about too
necessay functions. She has two
tiaras, that are necklaces when
they lie down. One is diamonds and
Emeralds, and one diamonds and
pearls. She wore one of them
to Lady Somersby's reception the
night I was at the Beale, &
came in to my bedside to show me
herself when she came home, but
it was 1/2, and I was asleep
and she wouldnt show me -

Her man is a perfect dear, as old
as I am, but very sprightly and active
most loving and devoted to her,
and she is madly in love with him
I think she will be very happy
tho she has certain things to
attend with, in the opposition of
their house, it is only the ² daughters
of the widow Thorpe who became
the 1st Mrs Moulton when there are
grown up. They lived on with him

Since their mother died, now 13 years, and it
amazed them to be ousted and made to live
elsewhere, so they are rather (inactively) Cantanheims
but the third sister is Mrs Kenneth Graham
(of the Golden Age) and she is very nice to May, having
been established on her own foundations before ^{May} she
appeared. — Yesterday, I passed at Subito, in a
doleful manner, for poor Mrs B.F. is in bed, and
Miss Jennie scarcely better with coughs and colds like
mine. We coughed and sneezed and plied one
pocket handkerchiefs, and the day seemed endless, but
an uncommunal nice Boy from the office came and
took me away about 6, and I setled down here
repturously. In better this morning. Off to work in the afternoon

Rev. Hall has sent me a copy
of "World's Work" for last May [very
with a great picture of Parbet ^{good one}]
in it. He's the man who asked
me if it was my family which
founded Hale University, and when
he was corrected by Dr. Miller said
"Yes, yes, Gale - Gale." He also tried
to persuade me that Mexico has just
been admitted as one of the United States.

Came out to greet my return. It's a
dear little place, and besides, a
convenient gîte on this tour, which
was planned for me by experts. I am
destiny here (peculiar pour mieux valoir)

for my race is nearly run in Jamaica
I drive 30 miles, then by train from ^{Wartons}
to Thursday, ^{to} Spanish town,
thence ^{Rail to} Kingston, thence ^{drive} across the
Island to Annotto Bay and finally
Port Antonio, where I want to
stop awhile before sailing for home
Probably I shall take "Watson" the
S.S. I came in for Philadelphia
April 14th, but things nautical and
Jamaican are so uncertain, it
may not be Watson and it may
not be Philadelphia and it may
not be the 14th. Anyhow it will be
Arthonis, Ballinore, by April 20th or
thereabouts; and I want to open the
Hatchcock House May 1st. — I want to go
there

Shed my trunk. — My winter clothes are smashed & an
unused pulp at the bottom of it, and my summer clothes
are in Rags. — Then I want to come to Montserrat to
debit, and press all your hands and have you see me
with my fine Jamaica bloom on me — The dust, and
like the water here, are so red that my skin is also,
and my hair a delicate Auburn —

All of which, dear, if all goes well, will soon be happening
I have had a lovely winter, but begin to hanker for "folks"
and I'm always your loving
Susan

Temble about Albert Stastan }
being married.

Might write }
& Hotel Fishfield }
Port Antonio Jamaica }

Later on, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ am.

I have just said goodbye to
Rev. and Mrs Alban Makiston Madley
Littlebury Eng

(Copied from the Hotel Book)
who have started off in their buggy
close buttoned in, for alas! it is ^{still} raining
They are to drive to Falmouth, by the
way of Dry Harbour, and take their
luncheon with them in a straw-basket
by pleasant young people, on their way
home from South America, where he
was appointed to a Rectory or something
of the sort; they stopped here not to
risk the English winter and the
Archbishop here very kindly offered
them the Parish of Guy's Hill during
the vacancy caused by the absence of
its Clergyman in England (don't fail to
observe my English accent in all this)
Its most beautiful as there, but the
house is in a shocking condition, cockroaches
and nothing to eat, not even the eggs
from the chickens allowed them, so they
took horse on the Monday, and will

drive till Saturday, when he must preach to his diocese; 700 Blacks.
After breakfast with them at 9, I left them to themselves, and they
picked up a copy of Master of Crafts which was lying around, and
he began reading it out to her. They like it so much they have
taken it with them and will mail it back to Mrs Schiller to
show, Stralup & say, it belongs. Mr had a long talk last evening
He has a fine head but rather a heavy jaw. I fear she is
the Under Dog, but they are devoted to each other. Mr parted
cordially. Their driver is my driver who brought me from ^{moreauque} ~~the house~~
to St Louis and still proudly remembers my --- timely tip at Parting.
So now I resume my solitude and undisputed possession of
the little vestibule which I call the Couloir, with no regrets! —
I am glancing over your letter again. But say it's dull, your neon are
In might thus adjusted Isabel's Aphorism: { Every letter with good intent
is worth a dozen never sent
Aint you wondering what kind of a Person {
Edith has brought forth? What heredic influence bears most upon its character?
I wish I could like to see them all (in my Astrol only)
grown up
Jan Lurie

- gone like a flash! though -
a lovely tranquil winter,
suppose there never was
an old lady that did so
few things as I have done
but no matter for that.

I took a young Gentleman
& drive the other day. He is

a dear. I should like to amuse
him; and he would like to
be my kind of Gentleman cousin
& I wish I could have him
instead of Mary. I am sure
he could button me up behind,
but there are other things not
so suitable to his age & sex.

seemed to like the idea
I have offered him
place
I like
I like

names Robinson
He is English, and sits
against
at
George's Street

(where the Duke of Albany is buried, and he
took me in there; it's a white very light (nothing)

got the shape, with stained glass windows, and
lots too
the
long

refers, with

Robinson

long paper

then, but of

to a
Reverend

is not like an

beautiful) hands. The
and rapid (as they)

has & pretend) than

only skimming. His father

brother are carrels, but

price is long
is added by the English colonies

2

So I have invented reading in bed with
my table should overlap the pillows
with an excellent candle on it. These till
nine "close coupled" with the thicket
of course shedding cold dew and wild
flowers on my head. I hear the barked
back down stairs, a hawking up to bed
themselves at nine. Then out goes my
my candle, and me - to sleep. - Thus I
have enjoyed the "Singular Miss Smiths"
have you read it - it is quite a book
or rather a skit, with singular lapses
in construction. I wish I knew what you
would think of it. I am now reading
"Wings of the Morning" a Rank tale of Shipwreck
Robinson Crusoe "is it in it" compared to the
Lady and the Man who found Palm trees and
Fruit eggs and Octopusses and a well-
built 2 story apartment all ready made
after being pieces in a great steamer (over

Before "the Chosen" came, (have you read "Benefactors")
I was steeped in Bernard Shaw, I am always
fairly well posted, but now I am bright and
not all his plays "pleasant or unpleasant" —
This came from seeing Caudida in Boston —
Our great event is Carla Atkinson's arrival. In
Rum she has bought a piece of land from
Jim Waden, and built a little house on top of
a hill overlooking Park Cove — look of on the
way on + "no throughfare" and Haunali's Cart track
There are seven cot- beds in it, and therefore
room for a "week-end" party of seven including the cook
on July 4th — It is very cosy, pretty, simple,
modern, and Carla is very happy — so nice to
have this taste of matrimony as I speak without
the incumbrance of Man. People give her setting-up
[see 3]

This is a very pretty place high up
among the hills, with pure air, fine scenery,
far away from railroads, towns, noise, dirt.
There are sulphur baths, and my
Mrs Perkins is trying them for her hands
which are out of Rheumatism, with
joints. She is perfectly well in every
respect, with absolutely no other
symptoms of gout or these things -
I think it rather silly to fuss over
her joints, in fact the Doctors here
say they will never be any better;
but you know women love to be
fussing about something. Mrs Weadon
also goes ^{every morning} and sits up to her neck
in a warm tank of nasty smelling
water. The two ladies Chiu & Gutter
and have a beautiful time, and then
lie on their backs between blankets after
it. - I thought of having a swim in
the tank with Polly; - but people
with any heart troubles are warned off,
and I think it more prudent to keep
to of it, especially as I hate warm baths.

picked out in a trip condition
to be foolish than to

The weedens ^{have been} spending a month or so in Biskra, in the Desert
of Sahara, the only place that has been warm this winter
on this side of the Atlantic. They enjoyed it immensely,
and Mrs Weedon has a wonderful scrap book full of her
Camera pictures and post-cards. They are leaving us today
and I shall miss them greatly. Mr. Stay two weeks longer
and then "get a move on us" in Paris stopping a while
at Cannes on the Riviera. We expect to sail for home
in time to arrive May 15th in New York. I mean to come straight
to Matinech, My! but I shall be glad to get there! I intend
to write Lizzy to come and open the house and live there with
her George on May 1st. They can get it cleaned and ready for me
by the 15th - I suppose they are still alive and prospering, though
I haven't heard a word all winter - I have enjoyed my trip much,
but I guess Jamaica is a better place for old Ladies, I have often
longed for it when I was quaking with cold in the night. Affectionately Yours
Susan -

Port Antonio was created by the Boston
United Fruit Co, they own the wharves
Hotel, everything. Thanks to Papa Edward
the whole business was up like
Hornets at my approach, and ^{their} people all
doing things for me. So tomorrow I am
going to start on a tour to see the island
provided with ^{their} addresses and letters and
directions to lodgings. Most of it will
be driving in what they call a Bullig
with two mules. Wrote it to you. I
only wish I had Jamie with me -
It costs just the same for one person
as two. - But I fear having ^{strange} people
hitch on to me. There's a mother (aged 79)
and two daughters here (from Boston) who
have their eye on me, and I must be
careful. I think those girls would like
to shift the old lady onto me, and run
round themselves with two men there are
here. Unfortunately, it's me the ^{two} men like.
Well, we'll see. I'm safe for a month
for they haven't got my recommendations from
the Fruit Co. - A cousin of Rose Hale,
Mrs Nevins is here with her cousins, the
Mittells and Oh! they have a dream of
a place; they have hired a cottage close ^{over}
to the water's edge

and take their meals here. Their house is built (by a Englishman)
of brick, and papered, curtained and furnished with English
taste. Large rooms with windows à deux battants open on their
Pavadah, close close to the Channel where it runs into the open.
Surf is breaking opposite them, and long deep grass dips in the tide
A huge Royal Palm is close to their house. Coconut Palms on
their lawn, and a hedge of Hibiscus (the tree of your Altheas)
all full of huge Scarlet Hibiscus, hides them from the Road,
which is nothing but a driveway, no thoroughfare. They
have a carriage house & have hired a pair of horses. Bought them
a bait & maid, & have darkey servants besides. He is brother to
Reveries of a Bachelor Mitchell - They came, all, from New London. He is
A handsome man about 60, fleeing from Bronchitis all his life.
I see them a good deal - after all I don't want, like them, to stay
all winter in one spot. I've had about enough of this, and am off
for new adventures. So write me some more, with lots of love to you all, Y^{rs} Susan

It's wicked to use up Sally's
 paper, though ^{this of} mine don't match]
 But I am so worried about
 poor little Waga, and for Pills
 and Sara, in fact all of you. I
 want to hear all that is going on
 if you and devotion can conquer
 he is sure to come out all right.
 = So you see you were ahead
 of me in New York, though I
 looked wistfully across ^{to the} Manhattan
 Belmont, from my 12th story &
 you, the beloved #605, where
 I was very happy for 4 days only.
 Have you heard that Herbert
 and Judley came to New Orleans
 while I was there, and that we
 all came home together in the
 same ship.

Since then I have ~~anybody~~ on top of me, but
 my ~~Charles~~ Peters are allowed "second class" in
 those Southern Steamers, and because everywhere they
 packed with me 1st class - and don't, my dear, she
 has had the time of her life. - But I am so well
 kept along perfectly without her. Quit it splendid? I
 still have incessant Praxidis in my head. But I
 am (Louis thinks) not a bit more deaf than last
 summer, and I am steady as a rock, and run up and
 down stairs above. In N. Y. I drove to Althaus and
 stopped at one the place without nearly any Henderson
 quit it splendid! Sarah 187, my Althaus is improving. See

a Rapturous voyage of 5 days!
He was in fine spirits, pulled
about the City with letters, got
lots of attention, gave a lunch
at Antoine's for me, at
which Miss Labouisse was
present, and Miss ^{Something} a friend
of Peter's mother who remembered
me in Ancient Proctor days.
I was ^{staying} at a penny place ^{boarding house} in N.O.,
but I must learn that till we
meet. It is an attractive
Town, and I can imagine
making a winter there, the climate
is so amiable; making Hot
even when I was there, in the
middle of the day. — However

it was delightful to be on a voyage again, in
a First Class new Victorie Steamer, clean, well
manned, well ordered, strong light Albatross Stowaway
hulks & a cabin. I used to pass round the Rock
at 3 am in Wapak and Sol - shows, hunting for
Stars - too late in the season for the Southern Cross, our
Captain says, but other Southern constellations Philade.
Some SP Nations we were as steady as bricks
[While a Sole was showing in New York] Head late
[That we Big Wave came aboard and not an
Englishman, but nothing else happened alarming.
Just last have May in my Cabin, which Shore;-

I shall try to look them up.

I saw Harriet James with me
due now; for I found when I got
back from Fair that she was
dying of heat in a horrid little
room at the Restless, and not
getting any fresh, because the
house is full of Americans. I
brought her off here by a comp
d'etat, - which resulted in
a first-class Row with the Restless
who are nasty people, as Susie
Lesly warned me. I don't care
a bit, and only want to write a
full account of it to Susie; -
it was one more of the dis-
agreements arising from Harriet's
Companionship - but this was
not exactly her fault; only by
a fatality, she is one of those
people always in hot water
and always discontented.
Yesterday they all went to Chillon
which I was in bed, I was thankful
to have saved the bother. I saw it very

Wm from the boat coming here,
and didn't care at all to go
the interior, see the state bed-
room of the Duke and Duchy of
Savoie, and Mrs H. B. Howe's
name carved above Byron's in
the Cell of Bonivaid! - all
these wonders the rest of the
party have experienced and it's
just the same as if I had done
it myself. - I am lary enough
& suit you I see here. It is no-
the warm, the sketching from my
windows is always better than
elsewhere; if I get my bath, and
my Row in the evening on the
Lake it's about all I can do. -
Had German French and Italian
and write and receive my letters.
A lovely existence for August, -
while in contemplate the Great
Battle of Shopping in Paris afar.
I see no American newspapers - and I
have no word of Edward's steamer arriving -
But we should know if anything happened to it.
Some nasty Bostonians here for a day informed
me that the Railing of Trueman St Mall is
to be taken down. Pish! - Goodbye, lots of love
Always, Yours Susie -

P. S. Business.

Stevens writes that our
Annual tickets must be pre-
paid in Paris; — so I should
like to have my October
allowance in Paris by the
10th of September, if not
earlier. — I believe this was
my eventual decision the
last time I wrote you about
it; but write this now to
make it sure and plain. —
Many thanks, Always yours
Lucie —

How sweet it would be if
some of my Millinarian friends
should happen to put a fat
cheque at my disposition chez
Mauve — Don't you want any
clothes in London? —

P.P.S. - I must mention a
sweet correspondence with
Sherlock, already opened, about
my trunks, which, I hope, are
now on their way to him from
Hamburg! - If they all come
together right in the end! -

HARCKINSON & CO

Later on, just passed Pittsfield. Snowing
hard. Lots of icicles, and lovely
effects. Had pork and apple sauce
in luncheon, potato salad, Rockport
cheese and coffee. There is one Raymond
can bet it seems no great thing, only
a few in it, and I don't know the
Keeps. By me are 3 people playing
a sort of McGinty - is it Pedro
perhaps? I kind of have to watch

them, the woman has on a
striped silk shirt - waist with
every available dye in the Rainbow,
one of the men says haw-haw when
he laughs, but thank goodness they
have gone off to smoke and she
is reading. I've asked me about
Lucenia; she is very scatter witted
and just gabbles to herself, but I don't
think she is much more feeble

I could do a lot of
things about her clothes;
she needed more
everything, and Katy
has made them, she
forgot I am there the
minute after I come -
but is always glad to
see me - The other
Hals must look
after her now.

Goodbye dear
Mattie.

I don't think so very much of
New Orleans. It is neither Hot
nor Grad. Not civilized like the
Riviera, and not warm enough
in Tropics. I was staying, that is
boarding with some genteel Decayed
Ladies named Campbell, - Agnes
Moland Campbell, and her little
humpback sister Lucia, do you
remember anything about them? They
have to do with Miss Lucy Earle
and sister who lived in Brookline
in the house the Parslows afterward
inhabited for years. - and there

My dear! The Weekes are in Jamaica, starting
about you their own New - about - cuts, with
a Chaffin and their Michael, - ex-cracksmen,
now indistinguishable Major's sons. You might be that
my dear; they are having a ^{to New York} ~~to New York~~ drive
in their cuts for Providence, and skinned to break
into headpieces in a Newburg - American - S.S. -
They feel sorry for Native Automobile in the Island
rent first is a day, and Gallone is to duty a gallon
but they have plenty of their own, besides 3 trunks of
goods for the Madams. - I got them a lot of letters, and
to the "Time of their lives." etc. I am dear, your truly.

Read the Georgian Morgia by F. Mackay, tis a corker.

Campbells, Seems, were in the neighborhood
and I got mixed up with them
though Margy Cirra, afterwards
Mrs. Marquand, mother of Greta who
married Mr. Dean Hubert who is just
dead. — So I fell into the jaws
of these ladies, with the usual result:
Don't mix business with family ties.
They don't know ^{any more} how to keep a "logging"
than a hen to crack nuts. However
it was by gentled, and I went
to two or three teas, and even
to the Comed or Monnus Ball at
the Grand Theatre during Mardi Gras,

and saw the backs of the elite, great haugher
of Hook with diamonds. — The Quarts also
is rather key nor Greta, — we were much
more


shining on an ungrateful little fate, or
shies from the scrouled by sheets of Rain, —

or watched by the nose of Thomas is the
absence of Charles, below me, ^{open} windows. They

"Don't because that I have Mary Keat's in
the room with me, which state; — but it
was a great big Polatell Room, and in fact
by only; just Mrs. Seaward of Baltimore there
or my charming room, which like her more

Had your last letter, which we read,
together. In sit and how to think
we are not with you, we are thankful
you are out of this griping atmosphere -
My hostess, Mrs Clarke, was taken with
it soon after I arrived, and took to her
bed as soon as dinner was over. They
had to send for a doctor, the first two
being in their beds with the same attack.
Fear Clarke's sister is married to Cummings
professor of biology at Harvard,
a very appreciable man, and we had to
Wed^d take both Saturday, evening, and next
morning regardless of church till my carriage
came. You can't think how it has set
me up & escape from my comfortable but
tedious boarding house, and to talk rationally
with ^{men like} Cummings, Fear and Charles -
and to have Rose and May here so nice
to me, and to wallow in this luxurious bed.
Now, I am going away tomorrow, for I
have promised to stop a day or two
at the Thorndike, and in fact, it will
be more convenient to wind up there -
My Boston career is at an end, and on
Thursday I go to Thorndike to May Davis
for two weeks, and then (ho! ho!) to
Matamoras for the summer, think of that?

The Spring is already beginning, and I don't believe but what I
shall pick Arbutus on my own hill the minute I get there
= unless of course a blizzard intervenes. Now comes the end of my
happ, and this is an awful stupid letter, and I haven't told you
about putting in one day at Dike in a furious snowstorm (last Sunday)
and finding that ^{Dr Douglas} ~~the~~ Lettore M.D. LL.D. F.S.A. &c of London, and his wife
the only daughter of Sir Robert Murray Bart of Clarendon (I am copying out of her
printed information on the subject) were stopping there with letters for me from
B.F. Stearns, so I invited them to Luncheon, and gave them three Blee-points
and other points on American living, such as Chicken Gumbo, (not baked heavy)
his health, don't you know, is not very good and he is thinking of "opening
a practice" in Beverly, and I started them off in the blizzard to
Beverly & see the practice, hope it looked attractive. They were very
English and wanted to know the price of "coals" and "meats," and thought
the shops of Boston were very beautiful &c. - Mr & Mrs Fong and I saw
Lafayette Crowl Le Monie in a beautiful play "the greatest thing in the world"
[viz: Love] which is really a serious dignified performance and quite a
boom after Tara and the girl from Maxims. - But I'll stop now, and begin again
Don't keep you posted. Loving Sister

St Aethelberta, very old Church which
Lord Norfolk, Roman Catholic is restoring,
then to the Armouries to see their fine
Hall & Armour, then to Guildhall to
see Gog and Magog, excellent pictures
and in their galleries a Loan Collection
of Pictures was going on, & we went
"all through that, this was rather off,
the line of Godwin's archaeological love,
but he is fond of pictures in the
British "literature" sort of way, it amused
me to see him picking out the story
in each one; some of them pictures are
world renowned, & I was very glad to see
them. For instance the original
Huguenots of Millais. You know, the girl
tying ^{her} on the white handkerchief. His
coat is bright purple, and there are little
Realistic plowas at their feet. — 

"Roll-call" was there; lots
of pictures, ^(all modern English) in Reus by engraving or
woodcuts, some Rossetti's & Burne Jones
(held by Great folks from Private Galleries)
and an appalling amount of truck.
Then we went, on top of a bus; and by
legs, along "London Wall" now like
Washington Street to Crosby Hall ground,
Richard III's palace, restored into a
Restaurant, & here we refreshed with cups
of black coffee, & Godwin's cigar

and then in Saw St. Helens Church which mercifully was locked
so we couldn't go in, and so we climbed again on a Bus for B.F.
Office, nearly five when we arrived. Of course we passed Bow Bells,
and Dryden's birth place & a quantity of things, Godwin Ruas boy house
in the place. It rained half the time, the mud was as much deep,
we ran up & down stairs on omnibuses while they were going, dashed
upne hausers, off sidewalks, ^{climbed} & top-stories and cellars, seldom
sitting, except the brief occasion at Archy Hall, yet it was very
interesting, & Godwin was just as fresh at the end as when he began
- I had a jump ^{at 5 o'clock} with a hauser & Jiro & Agnes Sattens Russell Square
where she keeps a boarding house for the Dane & Finn who come on board
for a cup of tea. This was very resting & Agnes took me to a small room
where I took off my coat (peeking with heat) and got between blankets
for 10 minutes on my back, then came hot water, & I made a toilette
with my old black lace, & did my hair, came down, chatted with Agnes &
the Dane (the Finn had gone to the English lesson, much required) then
Hauser & Trapatza Square, met B.F. on the Don step (also Rev. Gwynne
bid me good by) - immediately to Down Street where Col. Hawes has beautiful
luxurious bachelor quarters, & gave us a lovely dinner, Godwin, B.F. me, Hawes,
beautiful served strawberries asparagus, Sole, &c. - by pleasant agreeable talk, at
10 o'clock B.F. & I came by Hauser & train to Surbiton, found telegram, Bed at 11 o'clock

don't mind, it's a waste of sentiment, I suppose, for me to bother myself. The Tuileries Garden is just as good as ever, those tall trees all erect and healthy. How they did lie last winter in Figaro etc., or else the French trees like the people have a marvelous faculty of recuperation.

Now that's all very well, but not at all what I was to write about. # # #

We are delightfully comfortable here, and yesterday I came to the conclusion that I was perfectly happy. After the drive of sight-seeing in London it was bliss to settle down to something like steadiness--and all hands agreed to take things easy. Our apartment is not so dear that we need hurry to find another at once; and to get lessons and everything regulated requires calm and reflection. I am pretty autocratic, and when nagged, generally reply, "Well, you know there is no hurry,"--which reminds me of Charles, and has the effect to allay Nagging. I must add also that my army has profound faith in its Commander in chief; justified, I must say, by the brilliant success of her strategy. In the morning the Swiss Garen comes and sets the table in the salon, and about nine we all come out and have Cafe au lait and delicious bread and butter--all except Annie whose passion is bed in the morning. I have stores of grapes generally which I add to my repast. We announce our plans--everybody very independent, those who can't do the French sometimes clinging to us, sometimes risking themselves alone. There is a delightful power of loafing--I don't do my hair or dress, but have cafe in my robe de chambre. If we are out we eat lunch at a Boulangerie or Patisserie--but generally get together to dine at some Restaurant about six. When we come home after dinner, our Lampe moderateur is burning in the middle of the table, and we balance our accounts, write our letters and compare the experiences of the day. # # # #

It may be supposed that there is plenty to do,--and every day I sally forth and make a little progress--Annie and I have been several times apartment hunting--and yesterday we clinched the matter, and have engaged our rooms for Wednesday when we shall move. I hope we shall like our new place. Certainly it seems very pleasant, a sunny apartment au premier, in Rue St. Honore, looking through Rue d'Alger to the Tuileries Garden, where we have a little salon and separate rooms, and each pay 2.40 francs a day seulement, that is to say forty-eight cents apiece. We don't let on much to the frequent American about our expenditure--but I know by the way they talk that such cheapness would be considered an impossibility; for they recommend us, as cheap, boarding houses at 15 francs a day etc. It remains to be seen of course how we come out with extras--but we are such lynxes that hitherto our calculations have proved correct. The only thing skittish is that we have to take these rooms for a month--ce qui donne a reflechir--and I wish you could have seen our Committee on Lodgings, sitting in deep thought on a ricketty kind of sofa in a bedroom at the new place, with the landlady jabbering away volubly while we paid no attention, until finally she said (in French) "if you'd just as lives come down stairs to reflect, for that Russe who has the room now may come in at any minute"--We fled. She had first given me an idea of the Salon while the gentleman was in bed in an alcove with his boots at the door and his clothes on a chair! # # # #

Yesterday, also, I had a long course to hunt up Hirsch, Mr.

Hunt's artist, who lives over near the Marcon's you know. He has not yet revenue to Paris, but expected today--and so I only left the letter. I had a funny talk with a small and over precocious little boy, who was tending the Conciergerie and sweeping out the cour, with a broom a good deal bigger than himself, in the absence of his mother. In that house dwells Miss Gardner, artiste American, for I saw her card and letter-box! # # # # #

But now I will tell you about my dinner at the Meridith Read's last evening, to which I was bidden by an invitation in a very big envelope with a huge seal of the American arms.

Black silk,--hair a l'Anglais--Cab. Very pretty apartment Avenue d'Antin, off Champs Elysees.

My dears, how it reminded me of Egypt--the unfortunate Reads Doing "travellers". How they must have enjoyed me(!), for the others were of that American type of which we saw so much in Egypt and never in America,--to wit:--the ----, the----- und so wieder. Charles know Mr. or Colonel or General ----, sent out to inspect the consuls, I don't therefore say anything about him; he was all very well, but Mrs. ----, from Connecticut, who has been here with her husband 3 months--has seen everything--done sights with no let up from Liverpool to Nijini (really) and thinks Everything she has seen is perfectly detestable!! Everything American is better than anything foreign; "can't bear" any Wine or ale, is dying for "a drink" of iced water; hates French boots, continental railways, & hotels, thinks shopping is cheaper in Connecticut, loathes Russia, despises Italians, thinks the Germans disgusting, speaks no language but broad American, has bought a Souvenir at every place she has seen, has been to every church and picture Gellery in every town, and longs to get home to a good home dinner and none of your messes!!

To crown all, I am going shopping with her tomorrow,--to do the French for her! Mrs. Read is rather an elegant little Philadelphian, with rather forced good manners. The scene was rather amusing, for she and I could not assent to this wholesale tirade--which gave us two a sort of rapport. However the little ---- was rather amusing, with her "I says", and her "settin'", and "layin' around". (I observe a great many "rathers"--I was afraid of overstating the scene).

Mr. Read is extremely elegant and well-bred. It was perhaps a little apparent that both he and madame were doing their duty by us--but heavens! think of the Mill it is. The other guest is Mr. Babbitt, fresh from Charles, and very polite to me in consequence--as he seemed a little forlorn in Paris, I asked him to come and see me. Perhaps he will--I sent my love to Hassan in case he finds him in Alexandria. The dinner at the Read's was elegantly served a la Francaise--Artificial flowers & dishes of Fruit (fresh figs) on the table from the beginning--and every plat served at the elbow,--artichokes for the legume, and chicoree for the Salade. Coffee and Chartreuse after dinner, and tea after that--of none of which drinks did Mrs. ---- partake,--but said she was "just dying for iced water," which seemed a pity as there was no ice;--but madeira, claret, & champagne. Mr. Read insisted on coming home with me in the Cab, and left me at the door. I found the great big Hotel-door closed, and the Mild Ruffian waiting for me outside in his shirt-sleeves. He said "La porte est fermee, M'lle a dix heures; je vous ai attendu pour sonner"--and pulled at

dear

the large crooked crumpet which serves as a knob in the middle of the battant, whereon the She-concierge came and let us in. Altogether, I am sure the Reads do their Consular duties marvellously well. I shall of course call now on her. Her receptions au Wednesdays. When the three men were discussing Government affairs at Washington, by themselves, I heard Mr. Read say,--"You know Hale has been at the head of Government all summer." "Oh yes," said the rest. I wanted to listen more, but Mrs. ---- was gabbling about vomiting on the Mediterranean. "Well,"--as Mr. Appleton would say, "all that is very interesting." # # # # # # #

I must just tell about a little cart in the street drawn by a woman, and full of heart shaped wicker baskets, size of hearts & rounds, which contained cheese. A woman came out of a house with a plate. The cheese was turned on to the plate from the basket--rich thick cream poured on it, for 6 sous. ~~Exiunt happy buyer, venditor and Susan swooning. I have never seen them, since.~~ # # #

But Wednesday was Morgan's dinner. Mary Lodge came for me in a cab at $\frac{1}{2}$ of 7, and we drove, drove, drove to Auteuil which is as it were Edward's House from Parkers, only the distances are immense. But Auteuil is a suburb, within the city limits. It was quite different from Edward's, however, in that we rang a loud bell at the high Gate, Grille, entrance which made that swing open on its Gonds, and then we found ourselves on the Stage at the Globe Theatre; that is to say before a vine clad Maisonette with a deux battant windows through which yellow light streamed on a gravel walk, and tinted the ivy borders to the grass-plots!--a small dog barked, the window opened, and a french Bonne welcomed us. Then Morgan advanced elegantly attired in evening costume. He lives all alone. # # # The house is low and small but very French--little Salon connects with a writing-room and behind is the tiny dining-room. Up-stairs he has his own Turkish Bath, which is his present ~~Mazda~~. Mr. Harry Van Schaick, (pronounced "Vonskoit") was the fourth--very agreeable. We had delicious things to eat, and a lively meal. # # # # # # #

The party seems to have been getting on well so far. It is now on the eve of breaking up, for the Browns leave us tomorrow,--and Mr. Warner on Tuesday. # # # # # Everybody is very nice to me; in fact, I was hailed as a new element of vigor & cheer by the whole somewhat depleted party. Luckily, I got a good rest in Mexico, and the night in Morelia fetched me round, and besides, the trip here proved to be not my kind of fatiguing. We came in the train to the end of the Railway now in construction to this place. It has got about halfway. We all came out at the small village where it ceases, and Mr. Brown and I flew over stubbly fields, led by a Mozo, to make sure of our Coche which we had engaged by telegraph, but which we feared might be seized by swarms of Patzcuaroses, who were in the train. In the Diligence yard we found the oldest most ramschakle old Concord coach, once red,--such as you see poked off in old barns to fall to pieces. My Spanish here began to shine, & it continues to do so, for we now bade farewell to every known language; and I do the talking at every turn. I am delighted with my prowess, though of course my speech is horrid, but it works. Infinitely better than in Spain, or eke in Mexico last year. There was no trouble, for the dueno of the diligences told all the Sombreros and people that we had taken all this, and there was another for them. Downie & I were hoisted on top with (and by) Messrs. Brown and Warner, the others, Mr. & Mrs. C. & Mrs. B. remained inside where by the way, they were pounded to a jelly, and taken out an inchoate mass at the end of the journey.

It was only three hours, and over very pretty country. The mules scratched along merrily where they could, but most of the way was like our old avenue at Matunuck after the last rain. The day was bright and clear, and so it is here all the time, but somewhat cold, very dusty, like certain days we have in August with a sharp North East wind, don't you know, crisp and sparkling, and praised by some people but not to my taste. This is the climate here in P. for Feb. and March. The wind is said to come from the Pacific over snowcapped mountains. The wind blew like sixty, & as we rattled out of our first village I was painfully reminded of my ride on the Camel. My hat wouldn't stay on, my hair got loose; I had to hold on to the railing with both hands, or be pitched off headlong about the Camel-distance. In a lull I managed to tye my hat firmly on with my hank'ch'f, and after that enjoyed the whole greatly. Mr. Warner had a horrid time with his straw sombrero; at last he took it off & wore his car-cap; whereby he got fearfully burnt, and is most painfully blistered since,--a legitimate cause for grumbling.

This is all more off the track than anything we have done. We see nothing but Indios, or Mexicans of way-back Spanish origin. It is rolling land with mountain peaks at every hand, barren with cracked red soil, except for rich green fields of planted watered grain. It is a farming country, but thinly settled. We came upon the indians digging away at the R.R. which will be done in a month. They said the same last year;--but you see it is done;--halfway. About two miles of rattling stone causeway nearly finished us, before we drew up at La Concordia, the Hotel of Patzuaru. To be continued in our next.

Always Yr
Susie.

rooms, a comfortable little grate with wood fire evenings, for it's rather colder, and the devil's own wind (mistral) blowing most of the time. I believe that in March the same wind just blows round and round the world without stopping anywhere. We are doing the sights sedately, Capella Palatina, lovely mosaics of Roger II's time, the Marina and gardens drive yesterday to a Gorious view of the town from a Convent. We are waiting for a quiet day to go to Monreale which is to be seen from all parts of the town, it is glorious up there I remember.

We play Fooly Ann madly when kept in the house. Amongst us, one evening, we beat ten games! Carrie five, me three, Louisa two! They also play together backgammon, cribbage, halma, but I stick to Fooly. We found here a book by old Alexandre Dumas, which I read aloud to them as they played Bezique, Speronare, his impressions of Sicily. You might like it; it's old (in French) perhaps in Athene-
am.

Your
Susie.

combinations of lines and lights.

This is my opinion; but breathe it not to the Devout Worshipper.
Now I am going to my Bath. I am the only Woman who
bathes at Mt. Desert, the water is so very very cold; but it is de-
licious, and so is the result in freshness and glow.

With regards, the warmest, for Mrs. Mackintosh and Eva,

Truly yours,
Susie Hale.

Newport?
1881?

I had my daily bath at noon and the tides were just right & water delicious--at 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ a struggling lunch--then retirement for all, meeting on the piazza by and by and then chat chat till dinner. In the evening chat again, winding up with a solid two hours of reading aloud. We have just finished Reata which delights T. G. The secret of the charm is the chat being so good--but how repeat all the grave and gay and light good things. The great excitement was the dinner we gave to Princess Ghika, Dora d'Istria, have you read about her in the paper? I hope you have in the Daily. She is staying with Grace Ellis Oliver. # # # She came to this country with 3 wishes:

1. To see Grace Ellis
 2. To see Mr. Longfellow
 3. To see Niagara
- So the second of these
was thus accomplished.

She is an immense woman, so wide that she has abandoned all pretence at a figure and was dressed thus on arriving. (Picture) This looks quite like her. The cloak is black velvet trimmed with heavy lace. On removing her cloak the waist showed itself thus (picture) a mere sack (but the likeness is much better in the top one). This material was a thick kind of brocade of a peacock-neck nature, trimmed flat with lots of old Italian lace. I helped take off the bonnet & the button of it got all mixed in a mass of rats and chignons which made Annie compare her to the White Queen in Alice.--(you know a whole brush & comb got lost in her hair). But she is a dear good worthy woman, talking very crude English but preferring to speak that, so we had to suppress our other languages. She sate by Mr. Longfellow at dinner, and rather held the talk herself, speaking of Albanians and Byron and Wallachians and Dalmatians etc. Grace Oliver sate on the other side of Mr. L. # # # and from her we extracted gossiping information about the Princess, her Italian maid, her other good clothes, etc. After dinner the P smoked right stoutly, after dallying with two or three cigarettes, settled down to one of the Poet's biggest cigars. We all sate in the evening-light on the piazza, where coffee was brought. Once she said "now it was be warra naice if for somebody how of this interaesting--this--- what you call circle--to says out of the loud, what you call--- rehearse----that what any some of his poem--what you say? That ware so very byutiful, here to sit with the varry Poet--what you call--to--hark was how he write." Or words to this effect, from which we gat~~her~~ her idea. We all shivered;--"Miss Hale" was feebly called upon but was unequal to the occasion;--when after a blank pause the dear Poet coyly said he thought he could do a very little one himself,--and very gracefully repeated "the Maiden and the Weathercock", Principesso calling out "Bravo! Bravo" and "That is most byutiful" at every pause. They departed with many expressions of mutual esteem. Mr. Appleton was very funny about her next day, and so we all were in fact. Mind we loved her in spite of her greatness, and Grace Ellis says she is a perfect lady, # # #

Today was so breezy and lovely that with one accord it was decided to sail hither in the Alice! so I hurriedly packed my trunks,

a shop apparently, with a counter for the sale of pulque, in a large sandy square with two great "Barren-Fig-"trees.--(But stop, I forgot to say that we turned aside about an hour out from Oaxaca, to drive down a lane to a church enclosure where there is the Great Tree of Zule. It's an Ahueherete or cypress, like those at Chapultepec, it's waist is as big (118 feet circumference) round as the red-parlour at Matunuck,--a fact,--you walk and walk round it,--much larger than the Sequoias of California, but not so fine a tree in height. A section of it would look like this sort of, (picture) as if many seeds, or nuts, had fallen in the same place, and grown together. Quite wonderful, but a freak, I don't take much stock in those things). So here we were at Mitla, and Don Sr. Felix de Something, the owner of a hacienda, coming out in his shirt sleeves to welcome us. We had been told awful things about the Squalor of this place, so of course we were delighted to find it most attractive. Arched arcades again round an immense Patio crowded with orange bearing trees, oleanders, hibiscus, roses, singing birds in cages. It was so shady that the sun (open roof of course) only trickled in under the arcades in a green light where all the rooms opened. Carry had the state Salon with a bed in it, a long narrow room hung with chandeliers and looking glasses, stuffed with worsted work, shell work, wax oranges, rickety furniture with red satin seats, a woollen carpet,--our rooms diminished in grandeur as we went farther round the patio, Louisa's had a window with no glass, & iron bars, and mine had no window at all to speak of but a huge great double door opening on the Patio. On the whole, it was only two o'clock when we got there so we fell on beds, except Louisa who elected to proceed at once with Rosalie to the Ruins; that is, as soon as we had had a very good meal of Sopa, and tongue stewed with rice, and good coffee. When I came off my bed, I made myself known to Mrs. Saville, the wife of the Chief Excavator of these Ruins. Your father doubtless knows of him, he is Professor of Ethnology etc- and half the cuts of these Aztec etc- remains in books are from his photographs. She is a charming young woman, niece if you please to Rev. Lyon, your neighbor--a Salem woman, delighted to see me, whom she had been taught to expect. Her husband away, so she offered to show us everything, and Carry had Rosalie get out the 6 mules, and at 4 1/2 (her with us) drove to the entrance. The remains, and their restoration are immensely interesting, and she, Mrs. S., is deeply informed. We found Louisa wrestling with a Mexican Guide, having seen nothing, but now all was delightful, it is not fatiguing, the sunset lights coming on, Companions got intensely interested in Zuetzalcoatl, we all sate on the side of a newly found cruciform chamber, & talked Boston gossip, Mrs. Saville starved for such food. All slept very well, on hard beds;--the Mexicans tinkled guitars & sang as we were going to sleep. It is said that Wolves howled in the dawn but unluckily I didn't hear them. I had a lovely bath in a great tin bath tub out in an off sort of wash house. Altogether it was a great success, & here we are back at Tlascaluna.

Your Susan.

Oaxaca, Hotel de France

Wednesday morning;

I found I had left this half-page, so I will report our return safe and sound, a lovely drive into this funny town over rattling stones, but covered with dust, mouths full, throats full, noses full, hair glued to my head-top, but no matter, Compani-

ons cheerful, our same rooms preserved for ua and menials smiling. Dr. Saville, who is here, bringing his aunt and her Japanese maid up from Vera Cruz, called on us in the evening. He is a charming fellow, only 34, blond, beau jeune homme, yet full of his excavations, his nice wife and 2 children. He knows plenty Boston People, Mr. C. P. Bowditch amongst others, so I must write Katy about him. He gave us lots of points about our future movements; and at dawn this morning I heard him ride off on his beautiful horse to Mitla, which he will reach at 11. They bought a copy of "Family Flight in Mexico," to see if it was safe to bring children here!--which makes them friendly-----After I was in bed came your mother's delightful letter of Feb. 4th.

Yr
S.