

1901

## Emily ?

Susan Hale

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Cuernavaca, Jan 23. 1901

I soon give over writing  
my thoughts to my family, but I  
may still be a little  
restless about me, so write keep  
on my daily bulletin. I feel finely  
this morning, and have just had  
a piece of boiled beef, called by  
the Mexicans beef-steak. It was  
very good and tender, the first meat  
I have had, for the <sup>kind</sup> doctor don't want  
to heat my blood. Last night he  
did me all up for the last time  
in the Moron grease, and this morning  
I have had a delicious warm bath  
washed "very stain away," and bathed  
my poor sores with lead-water. I've  
found out what it is they look like  
my back & shoulders are exactly like  
President Eliot's cheek. But really  
<sup>good</sup> they're slipping away, & my face is  
already quite as usual. Yesteray

late than to get out of bed, kick the stones I sat the calm  
I have seen people who has less consciousness as a doctor  
smokes & make cigarettes in fact these are very bad  
and I really think my grandfather has had a good moral  
effect on both. They are guilty and by my father under  
advising, in fact seem astonished that a human can  
behave like a dog even in Bed. Oh well say that  
I can't think of any thing else to do than to make the  
best of it. However mother made some simple impression on their  
habit of smoking they have gradually discarded the weaker  
habit. However they are most kind and  
affectionate, bringing me things I don't want to eat like  
lemon pie, but also great splendid branches of *Pithecellobium*  
hives and the like. Sam fables quite freely about the power of these  
stones, stone & leave her deck away from him, almost the very hour of it.

I surprised the Companions by walking  
into their rooms, next morning, nicely  
dressed in my black silk wrapper  
with scarlet ribbons. It was an  
event for me, for in my Acquish  
when we were shown our rooms  
scarcely saw what they <sup>were</sup> like,  
too very pleasant adjoining ones, with  
glass windows opening like double  
doors on little balconies.

I was thinking in the night that  
you would really like this place  
if you could but get here. It is  
more what these semi-tropical  
places ~~claims~~ to be than any I know.  
Climate absolutely perfect, no chill  
whatever, about  $70^{\circ}$ , hotter at noon  
but not oppressive, & perhaps  $60^{\circ}$  in  
the night, just a bath of sunshine  
all day long, plenty of running streams  
& that nothing dries up, and vines  
& plants trees growing like mad -  
The only out. I can see is that  
there is a wind that blows from  
the north when it feels like it <sup>not cold however</sup>.

that hangs the glass doors of the windows, makes the light  
lace curtains float in, and thus screens the companions.  
These glass doors, as in every place I saw now, are crudely  
hung, with great bolts at top, and bottom, that don't fit  
in front of dug out places in the floor and wall, made  
to receive them. The companions cannot cope with them  
at all; but on the floor, in front of these windows are nice  
stones, chunks of lava, about like paving stones that can be  
picked up easily by the barefoot boy, lying against the doors & hot  
fast, his perfectly bare feet, for I have seen his shoes, and the  
stones and rough hearth are nice  
Companions have the chunky rooms, the best in the house. I taught  
Shenon I use these, thinking of him. The companions are naturally  
unpleasant & those we get here, are poor but I should call  
cold, which is fact they have both managed to do themselves, so they  
move from room to room continually opening and shutting and  
concluding that they are not like to encounter ~~comes~~ comes,

Jan 28. 1901. 8 a.m. 66°

Eugene Le Baron, M.D.  
The Cuernavaca Sanitarium.  
Cuernavaca, Mexico.

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SPECIAL ATTENTION DEVOTED TO THE TREATMENT OF RHEUMATISM; TUBERCULOSIS; NEURASTHENIA; SPECIFIC DISEASES OF BLOOD AND SKIN. THE SANITARIUM IS WELL EQUIPPED AND OFFERS MANY INDUCEMENTS TO THOSE REQUIRING REST, CHANGE, AND GENERAL OR SPECIAL MEDICAL ATTENTION. CUERNAVACA IS A BEAUTIFUL CITY OF 15,000 PEOPLE, CAPITAL OF MORELOS, REACHED IN PULLMAN CARS OVER M., C. & P. RY.; FOUR HOURS FROM THE CITY OF MEXICO, AND POSSESSES THE MOST SALUBRIOUS AND EQUABLE CLIMATE IN THE WORLD. PURE SPRING WATER, ATTITUDE 5062 FEET. PERFECT NATURAL DRAINAGE. ALL THE ADVANTAGES OF A TROPICAL CLIMATE COMBINED WITH A MOUNTAIN ALTITUDE AND PURE BALMY AIR.

Dear Emily, I am feeling fine this morning and will give you the benefit of it, for I shall get tired by and by. Isnt it unfair you abandoned by your family and alone with Phil at Rosaray, that is by the time this reaches you. This morning I sprang up at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  while Church-bells are rung more "wraugh - wraugh - wraugh" a great din of twisted chimes; I dressed in my wrapper green with black lace mantilla on my head, bare hands because they are so sore still gloves are impossible, took my sponge bag and trotted alone through the narrow streets, crossing the Jocols, to Baños Morelos where I went thru the Gateway into a pretty garden surrounded by small bath houses. Birds were flying about and singing in a sort of aviary fountains playas, violets in a border of their own leaves, white Araleas great fat roses. Ordered my bath in big good Spanish; a Ruffian who was blacking a boot, put it down and got the tray containing a hair brush, a red celluloid comb, 2 small flacons of oil to scent me, a wisp of Maytag-fibre and a piece of soap, there is in a little brass bowl, also a great sheet to wrap me in and two towels - Had a luscious cold bath this time; hipe, Dr has thyme tepid now, prudent but my blottches are growing quite pale, and even the great crater of baccination is subsiding, - all along. Nurses are watching the sheets with pipes pumped up from just below the surface - there is running sparkling water every where, and the sheets are as clean as possible but very hard with cobble stones that rumba my poor feet - I bought 3 hot rolls at a bakers on the way, <sup>home</sup> to the Companions don't like the Sanitarium bread. Coming back through our patio Just Lesta in a blue Rebozo, and ordered my Coffee Arriba which means upstairs, and now I have had it. Rosalio has bought lettuce, but none for me, and the Companions have gone down to breakfast. - Last evening, instead of going to bed at sunset I started out with Harry about 8 (Rosalio in tow) and we went to the Jocols to hear the Sunday evening music by the Band <sup>see</sup> [2]



All Cuernavaca was out and it was [ ]  
very pretty. The moon is getting  
big now, but besides there are  
electric lights, lanterns and  
flame torches. Up in  
this sort of summer house - ~~Siesta~~ ~~Siesta~~ ~~Siesta~~  
was a very good band  
playing waltzes, and some  
Mexican music, and in the road paths  
below round and round strolled this mass  
of folks, all the men in pointed hats &  
wrapped in ponchos, the women in rebozos -  
all quiet and chatting away, buzz - buzz,  
and sort of half attending to the music -  
round and round the small enclosure.  
These hats are of straw, pointed to an  
immaculate height, to every human being  
of the male sex has one - Even Rev. Elihuot  
Potter, whom we now proceeded to see, for  
after we were tired of walking round the  
pocitos, we crossed the street to the Bella Vista  
Hotel, fronting upon it, and in the passage  
we found Rev. Elihuot, his nephew John Brown  
Potter, husband of the run-away actress,  
(The Fosters have gone away to California)

The Charles received good and fair place, who all live there. Besides  
all gather as in at a round table, in the open air, no roofs  
and with their glasses chat incessantly & the music -  
now, in strokes around the Locals once more, we on the platforms  
also, carry with the band, the last with the Brian P. (see above)  
Rev. Eliot is very nice old man, fond of ladies; he knows already  
everything in Cuernavaca. Strange, they talked about the "Moors" in  
Schecetay, who live the R.R. by there, an old plantation

of the shorts, & his carriage was magnificient & sumptuous  
"by Dr. Fox," said Eliot: "Dr. Hopkins mentioned very distinctly this  
Rev. Dr. Fox's daughter goes to know all about it." = Must have been one of  
the Locals, the Jack Shriver from him, me, and Bishop Potter, the  
at a buncher, the Jack Shriver from him, me, and Bishop Potter, the  
met and he recommended it. Later, I used next James Brown Potter at  
his sister's "Mystic Meadow," home in New York. It is really a nice res-  
taurant, - very cosmopolitan and philosophic, and thinks  
Mexico, especially Cuernavaca, the most philosophical place he can think  
he could ever find & understand, but is equally attracted to every living American.

Matamuck Rd.  
Avt 3. 1903.

- ~~but has no wife, boy, my mother has never had~~  
~~anything worth writing since yours of 22<sup>nd</sup>.~~  
~~now than Edward's; most~~  
~~interesting, all about Lizzie Horaceus.~~  
~~peaceful life she has at events,~~  
~~and if fair, it is to work off~~  
~~old fancies of letters that have~~  
~~collected by neglect all summer.~~  
~~Her raptures here now, and~~  
~~having a most sybaritic time~~  
~~with Lizzie still here and Louisa~~  
~~Cooking gloriously. My only neutral~~  
~~effort is trying to keep things out~~  
~~of the house to eat which has~~  
~~got the habit all summer of throwing in~~  
~~Lazy can't resist buying things out of~~  
~~Carts, — and now that Boarders have~~  
~~left, carts seem to expect to unload~~  
~~all their "refuge" on me — Mrs Abby~~  
~~has stopped. See how little we've been~~  
~~at home. Mail for Alice~~  
~~but you must write~~

The house is in expeditio order. Laundry all put away, chairs  
washed in all the rooms, floors swept, blinds shut in  
Top Story. Have even "Soled" all my pic-a-laps, and  
know what exists in every one of them.  
The Morning has been "about" & works "in" fine days, it manipulation  
by Mat he was exceedingly cross, and looked very nervous until  
the last horrible result in the way of blunders and the like.  
Respect to his "Father" that's trouble, on him also. Now he  
says that the Morning, his wife, a "poorly, fishes complexion," —  
and "nither nervous, — " and ye know  
her nervous is almost gone sick — said I "and that makes  
it bad for the other folks — Yes, — said he, it bad for her  
other folks and its bad for the folks themselves "While I say to you must write

Leanne and I have just shot  
down on the Lamb. It was too  
difficult & eat up <sup>the last piece</sup> an eleven pound  
leg, with only the two maids and  
me, and Friday coming in for tasting  
in Lisey.

But awaiting such details. The  
great big Sun came up with a  
burst of joy at one minute of six  
this morning. Late out-doors. The  
huckleberry bushes are all twining  
and the blinding sunshine makes  
them look <sup>like</sup> a fire outdoors.

Yesterday I swam in the Pond at sunrise.  
It was very warm all day, up the  
afternoon it rained gently but  
stopped in time for Mrs. Mallack's  
tea at 4<sup>1/2</sup>, Leanne and I sat  
at it and came home to gether.  
Elizabeth Stevens is there, the neist  
of all the Stevens-sisters. She is an

new way back to Hartford for the winter, after a successful  
summer in Maine (Thompson Belvoir). Because she has  
just sold her summer work, her sketches, for \$200 -  
she is the only Rich person I can see for a long time.  
The new Leanne Prender is finished and finishing this year.  
The new Cotton Mills are gone, and Charles Abbott has failed,  
and Leanne seems looking all round. However the little  
brother has bought three  
Bulls and 10 cows, and they  
have set to work already. So there is a small calf in  
the Barn, and more expected. So comes in the line of  
husband Leakey's butcher [If you want a few steaks, you must keep a pig.]  
If you want to get rich you must raise a calf - don't know.  
Lisey is taking me out to the Front Entry now. She

was Monday -