

1904

Atkinson, Caroline

Susan Hale

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Address
United Fruit Co
Port Antonio
Jamaica

The Rectory
Port Maria,
Jan 30th 1904.

My dear Girls { Carla
Mamie

In you must be reading this
together. Forgive my being horrid
about writing. It seems more
difficult than last year, & find
time for it, although there is nothing
to do. I have Carla's "neck-vein"
& saved my life on the steamer (not
as a life-preserver, but to adorn my
bedroom), and Mamie's Poppy, on her
Cair, are sticking in my Look-Glass.

Jamaica is more delightful than
last year. I have "got the hang of it"
now, and instead of being anxious
& find ways of filling up the winter,
my time is all too crowded with things I
want to do and places
I want to go.

Make your good night up in trousers with silver on it
Kath, the best in Jamaica. I don't think the N.Y. City
has it better, but her ma. in law and Bille's do -
the diamonds being like Christian-Jessie's Hamlet-Creoles.
I must be going to some here and surely one of them
but for thank? It is a beautiful, rather fine man -
He is a tall handsome woman, with blonde hair like
Cotton of my "Katharine's" but she looks like my "maid".
I've been waiting back. All these ladies are very good.
Now, the rest English by inheritance, and you ought
to hear my English accent here, than go it down first.
The N.Y. ladies didn't seem from from both the other than
= look the Negro left me to supper, Betty, Coakman and all
and it was about 8 when I went to bed with MacKenzie's

Mr Howell's
the dark driver, all dressed in white
and grinning from ear to ear. Remember
it was warm, hot. - I had on my
longe gown, and my white feet, by
way of precaution, but it was only
hanging on my arm. The road ^{was} ~~thick~~
thick forest, near the sea, at
first, but by and by we came out
on a real Cornish road, and
over along the curving shores
of the Caribbean, moonlight all
on the water, and little crispy
white waves breaking on the beach.
Tall Coconut Palms (~~the~~ ^{the} few not
destroyed) glistened in the moonlight
like silver. Orion was up there
in the sky, and Sirius as big
as a light house, in spite of the moon.
Wasn't it lovely, even with Mackenzie
and what would it have been if
the beautiful Howell had been my
Companion. I must now explain.

He with the use of his horse and buggy, and I can drive
to the Cabaret & meet Lou Rose who takes me to
Paul's ^{corner} ~~corner~~, where on foot a ~~flat~~ ^{flat} ~~horizontal~~ boat
and ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~now~~ ^{now} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~come~~ ^{come} where Mr and Mrs and ~~both~~
on Coral sand, deep cups & shoes, eating oranges & ^{of their non food} ~~fruit~~
in bawls in the water, being pretty dressed before me.
Dark retreats in the dark & take us off. How's that?

But what a contrast to the Rest of the Hotel at Washington
playing in the Senate and breakfasting at the Hotel
Mrs. - Betty (of the trip) ^{notes} ~~notes~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^a ~~a~~ ^{few} ~~let~~ ^{about}
the Spring day and off their return to N. Y. when they were caught
in the sea, and had to climb down rocky ledges at sea
They are all to buy Sept say few letters. I must stop now and
put up my hair in (old) breakfast. What we have, I think of the lot
you were

Lou Reece is a dear girl I
knew last year in Parsons Town -
she is about 25 or 30, I guess;
They are Scotch by descent, she
was educated in London. The father
is Judge Reece, the mother is a
swat woman, rather delicate;
it is Lou who runs the family.
She is rather masterful, she is
now ^{running} ~~running~~ me. ^{I like it.} Last year they
lived at New Asher, ^{Near Parsons Town} a fine estate.
But Judge Reece has just been removed
by Government (which can do such things)
from the Parish of St. Dennis & St. Mary's,
& they had to come here, and live in
a homid little house, for houses are
scarce in St. Mary's. - I wanted to
see them, and they wanted to see
me; and Lou therefore forced the
Rector and his wife, to take me in
"as a paying guest" altho' they are
not in the habit of taking lodgers.
There are no "lodgings" in St. Catherine's.

Arthur could be wiser to me, for what is Lou's
this that ~~is~~ ^{more} ~~or~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{the} ~~likely~~ ^{likely}; or a high honoratory.
Looking a beautiful boy on either side. Lou writing
now at my own window, looking across Paul's picture out
with the sea, like Palermo, Naples, or Montserrat. Cal.
doubt about our expected in the water below, and they
have nothing on the beach. Because it water (1800)
absolutely quiet, as we are seated from the front, and they
comfortable as to bed and food. The Rector is a dear man
his wife a little stern, but she makes the sale & money's
this house a fine old (100 years) mansion-house, all remarkably
and not more. Besides of staying just a minute on
my way to Montserrat. Saw letters from her brother - "Parson"
for so he is called & his face was by every way her parents

I forgot to explain Mr Brock. The first time Miss
Reese came to get me for her buggy to go to bathe,
she presented me to Mr B. who came up to ~~see~~ ^{our buggy}
down in Port Maria; - and after a few minutes
chat she said, "You know, Mr Brock, you are
to call for Miss Hale on Thursday and bring her out
to Tennis". "With pleasure" he said, touched his hat
and departed, - a nice looking fellow, and one of
the leading young men here. But it seems he is really
ill, down with a sort of fever they have, overworked,
must go away for his health's sake. Too bad
I must stop now.

I've got my hair dry (after my bath in a big half-Calabash tub) and put up, and my clean white wrapper with a white tie, and cherry-colored ribbon (6 cents a yard at Fanecker's) and now I am ready for 10 o'clock breakfast and will write this till they come and tell me to go on to the main house.

I have your fine letter, and must answer it at once; I shall have to think more before giving my "views" about the builder of your house - it's such a difficult question. ^{But} I love to have you build your house, and long to get it done. ~~Write~~ ^{Write} me; - you are a dear to be so considerate thinking of my wealth. I have long been "mending up" the plan of going slow at Matamoras, and I think I think about the same as you all (my keepers) do. As for Billy Weeden, never again. - Rose won't come, Ferrell can't come with his family.

Wrote the Parents to come (although they worry me) and I think they ought to, for there are but no other holes left for our generation and I think we should be rather all in one. Besides Robin ought to keep up his end of the wooden stake and ought to share the expenses of pecking up the place. I had a nice talk with him about it, and so, like you, went we reduce the cost of the money is. It improving in some that our shares about their produce, and really their like our much the same when we are doing as thou show, as when I have a big family. Wrote, by the way, Captain you about that, sent it to be in the wood with their boxes, that you have to have their milk & things, & so on - I don't think of starting with any and that nice thing, if the still want to send this year, (from Rock) and making the house with their two, unless I have to go

I also want to suggest that
Joe Browning, with many faults,
is very capable, and has lots of
taste, quick ideas, and some lately
acquired knowledge, in fitting up
a house. I think you might suggest
him to do all the papering, plastering,
perhaps even painting, I mean all
the things that came outside the
builder's work, ^{but not the building} He is at present
out of a job, and in fact keeps
asking me if ~~you~~ ^{Miss Carly} don't want him
in some capacity. It is not, though,
in order to be nice to him, but because
I really find him a great comfort
when I can lay hold of him to
hang curtains, put down carpets
drive nails and all the thousand
things that require a bit of
intelligence. I've found it was their
that I could and I gave the fixing
up of Lumber Room, when Joe was a Lead

It is much important in help control and maintenance
since his husband & Emily the abolition who has got
more sense than any other woman in the neighborhood
= Now, you criticize these suggestions. I should be glad if
you don't object to them. ^{any or all of} The city (in no sense) that this
little problem is easy - on the whole, I guess it is the best
to be well likely say "Tim Brown," and whatever you do
to with this money, whether you should take his share
a bit. I think you could see by long horizon across the
head-titled sea, and the cloud-shadows on the [Point]
that an outbreak of engagement. I am curious to see what
you & I & lady your B's has received. Perhaps you are being
influenced by other makers. Perhaps Wally Wally Wally Wally
the most many Edgar now, in deep defense. As he we have tried

Miss Caroline P. Atkinson

"Susan's Roost,"
Malvern,
Feb. 23, 1904.

Dear Carla,

It's a lovely morning just like our perfect June weather. The sun is slanting in at my open window, (but not on me), along with a little soft breeze. Below is the farm, the (separate) kitchen, a thicket of Bouganvillia and Poinsettia in blossom against the hill covered with great trees, beyond, the lazy sea far, far below. The earth is bright red here, the grass bright green, all manner of animals are strolling round or going through a gate in an old tumbledown whitewashed wall. Such a scheme of colour in the bright sunshine. The soft prattling voices of the Darks come up to me here, cocks crowing, doves cooing, little birds chirruping, all sounds harmonious. I've got my hair dry (after my bath in a big half-calabash tub) and put up, and my clean white wrapper with a white tie, and cherry-coloured ribbon (six cents a yard at Ferneker's) and now I am ready for ten o'clock breakfast, and will write this till they come and tell me to go over to the main house.

When you are really settled in your house, that can be the Headquarters for Youth and Joy, and I will keep a Dowager's House for aged Decrepit Persons. # # # # # # # #

lovely music as if the person
was trying to tell somebody to sleep
Perhaps it was me!

You must know that Pined last year
was the curse of my life here -
Some people incessantly attributed
dearer my God & these with
St. Rameaux. I met & long to
take ^{down} a hatchet in my right hand
and split it open, and my
first thought on learning about the
hurricane was that the Pined
was no doubt at the bottom
of the Caribbean. I guess it is,
and this is another ^{But not} I soon
began to think, "That is nobody
in the world but Robert Atkinson."
And sure enough it was. Then
Steamer didn't come in the midnight
& they couldn't go out, and he

was striking the train away, and everything nuts &.

as they waited, with such rapturous wailing noises!

After this that incidentally he had no ^{to sleep}
in the most delicious fashion. This morning the
Miss Cook
saw it was
my steamship

In spirit raised very tears, - but has been
had a condition of fatigue it would have been
no just. It must have had them hang round
in their steamer. First thing I heard this morning
was that the Steer had come in and gone out
at midnight - May have been next Friday! -
when taking the packet to Philadelphia. They
say the steamer came tonight, so that this is in it -

Beautiful

To Miss Caroline P. Atkinson

Port Antonio,
Good Friday, 1904.

Dear Carla,

This is no letter, but I want to tell you something quite wonderful. Last night I arrived here about 10 p.m. on board the Delta. I had been literally "on deck" ever since sunrise after sleeping on board, sailing along the lovely shore, and talking talking with interesting people. In the open air (an awning), no hat, the waves sparkling, ship rolling a good deal. (My eyes are burning today). Well, I went to bed here tired-er than any dog, but sort of wide awake with a cup of tea at four and half a cup coffee at 7 p.m. The bed was luscious, but I couldn't fall asleep. I began to hear the Piano (below) touched with a gentle hand, but a master's,--such lovely music as if the person was trying to lull somebody to sleep. Perhaps it was me!

You must know that Piano last year was the curse of my life here. Some people incessantly alternated Nearer my Gawd to Thee with Les Rameaux. I used to long to take down a hatchet in my nightgown and split it open, and my first thought on learning about the hurricane was that the Piano was no doubt at the bottom of the Caribbean. I guess it is, and this is another. But now, I soon began to think, "That is nobody in the world but Robert Atkinson." And sure enough it was. Their steamer didn't come in till midnight, so they couldn't go out, and he was whiling the time away, and soothing Mrs. A. as they waited, with such rapturous lulling music! Do tell him that incidentally he put me to sleep in the most delicious fashion. (This morning the Office Clerk told me it was Mr. Atkinson playing). So I just missed seeing them,--but I was in such a condition of fatigue it would have been no good. It must have bored them to hang round for their steamer. First thing I learned this morning was that the Dewey had come in and gone out at midnight. May I have better luck next Friday!--when I am taking the Watson for Philadelphia. They say the Samson leaves tonight, I want this to go in it.

The voyage yesterday was like sailing along the top of Africa in Billy Weld's "Gitana", and even more beautiful, but the ship! filthy beyond expression. It is a coasting steamer taking merchandise to "out-ports". The ship's officers are all Henglish, gentleman born, wild for intercourse with a lady. At every town, we stopped and unloaded barrels of American flour and took on bags of sugar and puncheons of rum. The deck was the whole of the stern and very clean with comfortable seats. You had to get to it by a ladder, and you should see me ascending and descending with the alertness of an elderly monkey. It was necessary to land at the bottom in a sluggish River of oil all Peacock tints, and as my travelling gown is long it was awkward. I sewed cross-stitch the entire day. At sunset we stayed an hour at Annota Bay, and everyone went ashore but me. The scene was lovely, the "Blue Peak" Mts. over against me. Sunset behind, full moon rising before. When they came back they brought me (all of them) great bunches of wild "hyacinth", a very pretty flower. Friends of mine came out in the boat to greet me at several places,--exciting but fatiguing, but I shall get a good rest here.

Yours,
Susan.

hate not having you actually in
my Bed, but we shall see you
all constantly, and by the way I
now write you ^{at} 6 p.m. tea on the
14th. All the weeds will get
here early in the week, and I
will have them too, [I still be-
lieve I need not come if you don't want
to.] I am old Edward isn't
such a Pugbear, and he will
really be greatly interested in you
kind and worthy - simply I
want him to have a real "restful"
time without a burden - even
of a shirt collar if he wanted
to go naked, but he ain't that
kind. I'm rather sorry weeds
didn't keep off another week, but
happily I am bursting to see them

When could write a short note, - and I must stop.

In speaking on the "Laws Question", the Hy-Hon-
orable to honor without, and it would be hard not

Then we - I guess shall not miss it as well

As they say here, at Cleaveland Court's "Where is his

name, by the way what sign is about you!

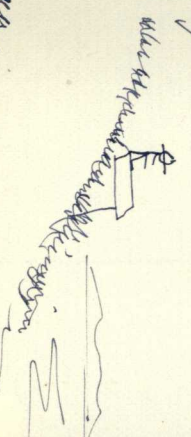
Marken Mather has been in, out, in and they say you
have, and wonder what they do with so many trials -

When looking at it from my front porch lately

and saw that right building appearing in it -

It may be looking at the right side. I am sure

them to a measure chimney. Always yours Helen



June 9. 1904.

Thursday.

I saw Carla, just a line & like
{ and Billy of course
you & he must come to dinner
on Saturday the clock shows -
I have been hoping for you all
along till you letter came, but the
weather is peevish you know. Cold
East-windily rains. Splendid
for grass, and our Pond is overflowing
so to speak into my Tank -
It will be nice to have you here
I mean at Willards on the 17th
and just as well for Anna and
Ernest to feel perfectly independent
Anne knowing is great friends with
me now, and we play with each
others hands - Of course I shall

Suppose the
Sibbans are
sailing
by } Mrs Carla,

June 4. 1904

MATUNUCK,
R.I.

Mrs is here, and I write in
haste & tell you to be here and
come next week, for as much
apt as you can. Edward
dont come till Saturday 11th
which gives you a good margin
(and I think he would prefer
you for being here) Tom comes
with him from Boston ^{to London} & that is
for Edward will go to hold the
Parents here a day or two first.
Cant you come ^{this next} Monday? But
I shall I write me before hand, but
— of course you will be

but they is business women. Willa and Ellie
(Willa) and My honeywells are here, and
Larrel is a - budding. Willy is coming like a bee.
She's afraid Wendy will not visit in
the middle of Edward's week, and she'll be
pragmat says and night. Christina can say
then then, and Wendy & Wendy then with Wendy
the above, but she's trying to talk her feet &
Sunday sleep so. Wendy Wendy Wendy Wendy
the Wendy Wendy Wendy Wendy Wendy Wendy
the Wendy Wendy Wendy Wendy Wendy Wendy

telephoning & Willard. Don't
make it merely a night, you
know you ought & check the
whole week here - I have
an inmate! but she is quite
harmless, Miss Laura Jones, a
Mattach friend for whom
there is not room check there
to they asked me to take her -
She is a well-bred Portland
Lady, and very retiring, so
she will slip away to her
friends. I want to see you
house just with you, and have
not set foot yet on your land.
To be sure it rains all the
time & prevent my stirring of
my own place.

Besides she leaves in a few days.

the rain! "Wendy" last night!!
along the house

Dearest Carla. Nice Rainy Sunday morning

Just a line, though I fear I will write
volumes. I dined with Betty and Eeta
and we had an immense time over Sybil's
escape. All the boys are finely loyal & poor
old Arthur. Bert and G. are keeping sharp
watch on Dudley lest he should elope without
notice; Ewaldine Gray couldn't eat her breakfast
she was so shocked. - I dined with George
and theatre; they are in fine spirits; said he
{over

Shaw in March. Peggy Hart who was there
starts for Sicily on Saturday. - Arthur is
coming & dine with me Tuesday - I talk with
you perhaps from steamer what he says -
Seems likely he will have to support the Fools
always. I don't hear a word from the Middle
Couple at Matamoras, nor from poor old
Father Mowing. Do write me what you find
out there. I had the funniest letter from Edward
he even wrote, perfectly hopeless about the bringing
up of children. He is delighted with Hollibaugh
{over

You may perhaps all of you be there before I get home
Next I mean to get my Bluepatenters back as
Early as weather and thermometer will allow.
Dined with Francis and wife in their cozy Apartment
a delicious dinner served by their Kitty who is great.
Their stairs are awful and no lift. The Bertrams took
me to their Apartment the prettiest place you ever saw
Want till I describe ^{but not now} it. It is all torn to pieces now
for they are spending their millions to adapt it to
their needs! An immense banquet hall, with ample
bath Room attachments, they have hired several fine
little rooms on other stories overhead with wonderful
stairs leading up to them. — for the children! They are
perfectly happy doing it. — as Peter always is when she is
buying wall papers with birds sitting on the trees. Loving Susan

Nov 13. 1894

Manhattan

My Mother & you all

June 7 - 05
LOUIS P. CHURCH
HUDSON
N. Y.

Dear Susan:

I guess you must be
at Matamuck by this time.
Hope you had a fine winter.
You know we went to
California. I spent most of
the time in Santa Barbara.
Hired a little house & had
a lovely time. Only it
rained & poured all winter
in California this winter.
We think Santa B. is the
best of all the places.

I hate San Francisco +
Los Angeles is the limit.
I think I prefer Mexico.
We have had a rotten
spring. Cold, windy &
dry. Never felt so much
wind in the spring + until
yesterday not a drop of
rain for over 6 weeks.
But it is beautiful in spite
of it all. Mrs. Ferguson's
old father Mr. Farley died
a few weeks ago. We miss
the old man very much.
They have closed the
house until Aug. + Mrs. F

has gone to Omaha to visit her
daughter. Aunt Helen Williams
got a fit of worrying on. We
expect Mrs. Black & 4 little Blacks
the end of the month. Miss White
(the automobile) is still taking
us around the country. Sally
is in fine shape. Absolutely
fat. California did her a lot
of good. Let us hear from you
as ever

Fern Church
S. sends her love.

Saturday June 10.

Dear Cula, this is such a nice letter
I must send it to you, as a change
from your wedding. I've been asking
Louis at me. I think it would be
best all went for you & have them
stay with you instead of here. My
Parents are coming the 19th June for good,
and ^{they} ~~you~~ would all be happier, only
spend all their time here. Rather cool
here, but disinterested for I should
love to have them here. You see Downy will keep
them away a moment. In great haste
Not pretty tired of the Berlys. but Sh's, don't mention it. ^{Preser}

left Shundy last
They stayed 10 days

Sunday, Sept 18. 1904
Matamoras, N.S.

Dearest Caroline (and only, for I really
have lost the track of the Washburn
woman that she still mentions my
"Saturday - & Monday's at my villa here.")

I was really an instance of telepathy
for I was about to put my pen in the
Sub. pot & write you the very day the
mail brought you as always delightful
letter. I'm got something to tell you -- but
first must say that I am not yet out
of the net, although at this moment I am
alone, with Lily in the kitchen and a piece
of Roast Beef. But I'm got to go to a
church at Old Ma Moraltos on Wednesd
Wakefield on Tuesday, and on Wednesday
I go to town & attend to every portion of my
Person from top to toe literally, from the Tooth-man
& the Toe-man, with interludes of a hat flours
waists skirts shoes, stockings, neck-wear, leg-wear
and wear and tear. My family thrown in.

My Mother, the nice daughter of my excellent, neighborly, is full
engaged, and all those blood is running with excitement, and
all the business are going ahead, with the houses, leaving this
France too, and we shall all meet in fairly part of the town
three now, and that wonderful? These things keep me here in
the present, except for running up & down their work. -- but
how long do you stay in Newport? In Newport come on in
Boston when I want to see. I want to stay here just as
long as I can because I don't feel like a mess of visits just
the day of departure, but I might ~~come~~ go to Hartford,
then I can see you of return, & the way of Newport, if you
are with the three. I don't think to see elsewhere.
I don't know, I will the word with me, and how however, and they be any. I don't
know as they are, do. I'm fairly out, and think of a laugh they the matter with me. I don't
know as they are, do. I'm fairly out, and think of a laugh they the matter with me. I don't

The Reason of this Drake's Renovation, my
dear is that I'm going to sail in the
North Anna Lloyd S.S. on November 10th for
my home Sicily and the Mediterranean. —
So Jamaica must wait another year
to receive my Bonus. It is very nice, so
I'll tell you about it. "A lady" I like
has asked me to go into her for the
winter, and she wants to pay all the
bills, because she wants me and nobody
else. Have you read the Benefactress? My
that Elizabeth who is generally in her garden
but came out and went to Regent's.
I call Mrs Perkins the Benefactress, and
myself her "Chosen". For she is Mrs
Edward Perkins of Hatfield (Cousin all
round through Mrs Nea Hale) a widow,
a pretty widow, going on about the sixties,
with plenty of money, and she has Reasons
for wishing to shut up her big house next
the Church Ditchy Warrens, and clear out
Hatfield for the winter. (One can imagine that!)
and she wants to be warm, same as me.

She is a good traveller and a good walker, and she has "one" all
the things and knows the Rother, — but she has her own feelings
and she often says — "I'm thinking about Malagon, & I'll think
that a new to good in December? Is that for late in the?"
Or hey, what has she? We were talking only in Rother, but
I'm thinking Malagon & the "when to!" She was in Billon, Malagon, (with her niece
Perkins who lives there) — ~~and~~ her maid, a doctor, felt some — then and
some her leg. — This was in August. — So they had to stay till the ^{second} leg was
mended enough to be brought home by easy stages. — This has had had
Mrs Perkins' preparations, and she has had just got East, and is
now engaged on such a hot as spirit went out ~~there~~ ^{above} for myself.
Meanwhile, she had to see that her mother's other plan, as it was a
secret in order that the old lady need not see it in the Sunday Herald.
But now, this is in the Green of the Herald Report at Antigua News,
and the Cat's not of the Day. — We are Chalk full of Cat and Apples — for

Nov 8. 1904.

Hartford, but address
Hotel Manhattan New York

Dear Carla, I have got Mamma's
delicious little note, but I will
answer it to you, for I want to
write you anyhow and have only
a few minutes. Sorry!! Did
you see! — My first news was that
the Providence Journal
what funny choice, Providence
in privacy, but they didn't seek
that apparently) and I felt so
horridly about the parents, that
I didn't come round to be funny
in sometimes — But now we are
quite enjoying it, as Lucy's Father
is a most genial person — Betty
wishes they had set close watch

on Dudley 'fear he should elope
without notice. I wasn't thinking
of Dudley but of Margie, as the
sole hope of the house now. The
things all my things marked S.H
are now N.G for Mrs D.
Mr Arthur, that; its too bad -
Pa is perfectly fine. He wants
them sent to Montana without
any Return Ticket.

My steamer is postponed! and I
fail flat in consequence, as
my steamer was all up, and
Ballatt have to. - But I
keep on going to New York to-
morrow, and am all packed
therefor. I'm to dine at Qualls
and go with them to Joseph Smelling,

Thursday, I never with Mrs. Haines &c. I mean was
Friday, I never with Mrs. Haines &c. I mean was

and his secretary at Manhattan and ship out after
had to sell my things. I haven't this by telephone
just now from my manufacturer, he was & has
sent me pictures & treats in fits, but I think and
the way not to in my, the take as she has
a Mother, I wonder what the Mother Davis
will do. He was sailing on Friday, - and had
offered to have us at his table. I guess to 'th
stay. He can't get them any more by returning,
I put the bed down please from and put at my delay.
He has on the table for you. See Cecilia, but
ad send me the cutting from Boston American
name the other of

Address
Barnum



NORDDDEUTSCHER LLOYD
BREMEN.

Off Messina !! March 11. 1905

DAMPFER „SCHLESWIG“

„Shirib twain have
crossed with me.

Dear Carry and Louisa

Just fancy sailing past the rotten
old town, where I'm nestled in
the Victoria just the same time
in the morning, and we greeted
each other with a will yell -
I'm got up early this morning to see
Etua, and before and after breakfast
we closely watching the shore
A perfect day; Etua is wrapped
in snow from top to foot. I watched
the drive to the light house, I've
remember? and now we are
swirling through Bayle, Charybdis like

Edwin's like picture
one of an old
near

Heavy cold weather, huffing me poor. I think they
have spoiled the climate, I said so the other business
put their Passages, but no matter, it will likely
agree, will trip me up there again - Long to
Heid, but we are going on to Algeria, Morocco -
A month for New Zealand, Hawaiian hands, - or
it just? She is a free spirit, as I collect travelers
and sails; in short mind the habit for Alexander
of Naples, or (steam ship) & Maritimes, crossing from
to Algeria - I shall pickle up to Paris time, & sail
for home about May 1st - I'm in an easy
Sabon of Allah. I must make this at Naples. Very
I think I
sitana as we all

But Knuff! - Maybe she was in Cairo same time
I was, any how very close. They were at Savoy, we
at Shepheard's, but Sybellus was at Savoy, and
Mr. Brad writes them on their terrace. I think
if Knuff had met me in the corridors that
she would have fallen and kissed the hem of my
Parment d'antique? Hopkins of Providence are on
board this ship (I call it the Schlesswigge it
jigs and joggles so) and they told me about it
Louisa Beal and Mrs. Dexter were at Adhuan
but Mrs. D. is off somewhere now, and Mrs. Beal is
alone with Knuff and the nurse she lugs about
with her. - I would have given much to see Knuff.
Hopkins think world's over, seems the great William
Jones Hopkin invented his Gas ap, as you doubtless know.
- We thank heaven I have escaped from the Nile
New was my flight from Egypt near gratefully
& the flyers. We have had a wry ^{Eleven weeks on the river} ~~wrapping~~ winter
head winds all the way; when we went up the wind
went down, when we came down the wind went up
But no matter, lots of you, lots of camels, lots of
dandling, plenty ~~buffaloes~~, donkeys, shadoofs, Arabs, Nutrians

Polly engaged? The world crumbles! -



H. NEEF · PROP^{RE}

Leudi, April 19, 1905

Matilde of Lexington aint it?

My dear Gilly-girls; I am broken 't write you wa since I got Carla's letter, it is here, sous main depuis hier, it makes me feel as if you ^{must be} ~~were~~ still dwelling in Cambria far away from your "Burdens" as Ma Hale calls them. In fact perhaps at this moment you are in the close embrace of Parbet at Hampton. Oh! very exciting, and adds to my fever about sailing so soon, i.e. May 4th. — I am coming home by myself, from Genoa, Königin Louise, arrive New York May 11th and run straight to Matamel. Mrs Perkins has decided not to come home at present. She is going up to Paris for a month or more, by la route some,

Any regret, cant be helped,

All Algeria was a ballet of Britania. Railway station hung with and growing up with a fig tree and fast old ladies sitting under it knitting. — And here we



Came upon it again. — All on Cannes. — Then a wild week at Moustakas, all my the milk must have. She those who are dead or gone elsewhere. Mrs Prudal has got out, and her man is most, but a worthy successor Mrs Blanchard and something, gathered us in, all the scenes, Mrs Perkins delighted with everything, Claude, my friends who she very nice to be some pleasant people in the Hotel, English waitresses! nice man and his wife. — He came off, one Saturday; had the usual French Croquet. He found in a lovely ship, but the food was excellent. Had a man on board who was very interesting. I am big & stout in India with him when I got round it. He is a General in the English Army, just returned, named, at what was to name, set out early and And with Sudan in Egypt, in the Boer War, 5 years in Sudan, just back and from there

[That it funny, this paper is ruled] But
 wasn't it terrible about Carla's poisoning.
 I heard rumours of it from Pursey et al,
 but always kept feeling it was a thing of
 the past, especially as my letter had spent
 so much time in the Museum. Drawings
 of Barings broths, or going to the bottom
 of the Harbour at Alexandria & I was
 maddening about the Wall-Paper, and
 must say shows a lack of penetration
 in Doctors. But how strange of the Greeks
 to rouse up after years of quiescence.
 How stupid the man was that invented arsenic
 for wall-papers. However its like appendicitis
 or rather the appendix; in generations ^{lived and died} ~~passed~~
 without knowing they had any of either, I
 mean appendixes and wall-papers.
 I must tell you of a little circus Scamie
 and I have been having. [weeder of course]
 She got a Caterpillar up her sleeve in Algiers
 which poisoned her whole arm and drove
 her nearly wild. Doctor Thomson thought its
 the hair of the beast, the Beast was
 thrown out, but the hair remained and
 she was done up in Pond's Extract for a
 week. One day (at Hamman Rhina where
 also we were)

in reality
 Springsham
 San Angelo

In the picture

He put on the same waist - même jeu, wore his in her skin -
 He took off the waist (like the shirt of Nessus) and was short & thin
 it was, when Paddy saw it and gave it to me, because my poor
 father had put out under the skin, and I took the precaution of not
 had ^{had} washed the clean linings, and I took the precaution of not
 not entirely, the waist fitted me fairly well, and I at least
 after it. --- XXX --- that was a month ago, and I am still
 thinking myself. My skin has been a peevy pleasure, and the
 and that like bits, went all on & me, even & my calves - better
 of you any the night from I was wearing at the time, that it has
 I never seen washed (since) because I found myself itching again - must
 the interesting. The ticks of Samaria are mild compared to this
 Chevilles Algériennes. - But what a coat of hair & little about
 this! It had a nice 4 weeks at Hamman Rhina, on feet
 coat of woodwork, for the whole winter, - Pringle's was right there, and
 the you description of Camden - In fact it has returned so twice; as this
 Camden is a bit later than the 27 Africa

The interesting thing about him is, he's a
Mohammedan, or says he is. - and quoted
~~the~~ ⁱⁿ Arabic, lovely prayers that sounded
like this: "Wollah meun meun hadji alkwak

Alkwak hadji wollah meun meun"
and meant "Allah is god, and the world
is excellent" or words to that effect.
My Theodore Davis is more than half
Muselman (I saw not now referring
to his various wives) so what with them
and our second Reis who was always
bumping his head on deck saying his
prayers, I am in a fair way to become one.

I told my English general I was a devoted
Sun worshipper, and he said, "You are
then a Parsee; but why not rather worship
the Master of the Sun?"

Don't be alarmed, dear, I shall keep right
on singing nearer my God to thee down
into Willow Dale, with Celia at the Plains
- Then we came to Marseilles and spent
Sunday night at Hotel Terminus (2^d time)
which Mrs Perkins and I consider the best
in the world. The Concierge and everybody
there are devoted to us now, and they got
us off to Cannes in the "Berlin Rapide"

a train de Luxe which is ~~not~~ all Lits, (extra price) Our Lits on
this occasion were arm-chairs in a small Salon containing a
Spanish Man and his bride, apparently, married just that minute,
he was so in love and overflowing with it, he could ^{scarcely} ~~not~~ contain ^{himself,}
The train rocked and bumped like the Flyer & Buffalo, hawking
as though enchanted, ^{fruit} orchards, olive fields, pidas trees in blossom
& flashing plazes, old chateaux, plunging in and out of tunnels with
shrieks. A rainbow was going on all the time ^{which} (Our train twisted so)
it was sometimes à gauche sometimes à droit, in front, behind
we dined "in the Dining Car"; - as it happened, sant table with our lovers
the Spaniards, he gave white soup, and pressed his heart from time to time,
finally - ordered Champagne brut, and treated us all round. Mrs P.
somewhat astonished, but she sipped a little & the sante of the rain
Gargou shilled soup all over my gray silk (Altkin) beavly skirt, and knelt
in the narrow passage scrubby it into warm water, while the Salad, roti
wine bottles gathered on each side of him waiting & pass; the train wobbling, plates
slithering, whistles shrieking, a wild scene. Paper

Wrote me & clean you, dear, - Jim Worring

To Miss C. P. Atkinson and Miss M. E. Williams.

Cannes,

Jeudi, April 10, 1905,
Battle of Lexington ain't it?

My dear Girly-girls; I am bustin' to write you ever since I got Carla's letter, it is here, sous main depuis hier, it makes me feel as if you must be still revelling in Camden far away from your "Burdens" as Ma Hale calls them. In fact perhaps at this moment you are in the close embrace of Parber at Hampton. # # #

I must tell you of a little circus Jeannie and I have been having, (Weeden of course). She got a caterpillar up her sleeve in Algiers which poisoned her whole arm and drove her nearly wild. Doctor Thomson thinks it's the hairs of the beast, the Beast was thrown out, but the hairs remained and she was done up in Pond's Extract for a week. One day (at Hamman Rhira where also we were) she put on for the first time the same waist--meme jeu, more fire in her arm. She tore off the waist (like the shirt of Nessus) and was about to throw it away, when Polly saved it and gave it to me, because my brown taffeta had bust out under the arm, and this was brown. They had had washed the sleeve linings, and I took the precaution to cut them (linings) out entirely, the waist fitted me fairly well, and I set to work to alter it.---###--- That was a month ago, and I am still scratching myself. My arm has been a fiery furnace, and the person, red spots like bites, went all over ~~to~~ me, even to my calves. Yesterday I gave away the nightgown I was wearing at the time, (though it has of course been washed since) because on wearing it again I found myself itching again. Ain't that interesting. The ticks of Jamaica are mild compared to this Chenille Algerienne. But what a waste of paper to tell you about this! We had a nice 4 weeks at Hamman R'Hira, our first taste of warmth, for the whole winter,--Printemps was right there, just like your description of Camden. In fact it has followed us since; as this Cannes is a bit later than top of Africa. All Algeria was a burst of Wistaria. Railway stations hung with it and growing up into a Fig tree and fat old ladies sitting under it knitting. (~~Picture~~). And here we come upon it again,--all over Cannes.

Then a wild week at Mustapha, all my old friends burst loose except those who are dead or gone elsewhere. Mme Kirsch lives at Bad Nauheim. She has sold out, and her mari is mort, but a worthy successor Mme Sollenchose or something, gathered us in, all the same. Mrs. Perkins delighted with everything, climate, villas, my friends who were very nice to her. Some pleasant people in the Hotel, English Unitarians! nice man and his wife. We came off, one Saturday; had the usual fiendish crossing, 26 hours in a smelly ship, but the food was excellent. I had a man on board who was very interesting. I am going to travel in India with him when I get round to it. He is a General in the English Army, just retired, named, oh what was he named, I'll ask Evelyn, was with Gordon in Egypt, in the Boer War, 5 years in India, just back now with a charming young wife,--from there. The interesting thing about him is, he's a Mohammedan, or says he is,--and quoted in Arabic, lovely prayers that sounded like this: "Wollah mum mum hadji akwak

Akwak hadji wollah mum mum"

and meant "Allah is good, and the world is excellent" or words to that effect. My Theodore Davis is more than half Musselman (I am

not now referring to his various wives) so what with them and our Second Reis who was always bumping his head on deck saying his prayers, I am in a fair way to become one. I told my ex-general I was a devoted Sun worshipper, and he said, "You are then a Parsee; but why not rather worship the Master of the Sun?" Don't be alarmed, dears, I shall keep right on singing Nearer my Gaud to thee down at Willow Dell, with Carla at the Piano.

Then we came to Marseilles and spent Sunday night at Hotel Terminus (2nd time) which Mrs. Perkins and I consider the best in the world. The Concierge and everybody there are devoted to us now, and they got us off to Cannes in the "Berlin Rapide" a train de Luxe which is all Lits, (extra price). Our Lits on this occasion were arm-chairs in a small salon containing a Spanish man and his bride, apparently married just that minute, he was so in love and overflowing with it, he could scarcely contain himself. The train rocked and bumped like the Flyer to Buffalo, hawking us through enchanting fruit orchards, olive fields, judas trees in blossom, by plashing plages, old chateaux, plunging in and out of tunnels with shrieks. A rainbow was going on all the time which (our train twisted so) was sometimes a gauche sometimes a droit, in front, behind. We dined "in the dining car";--as it happened, same table with our lovers, the Spaniards, he sang little songs, and pressed his heart from time to time, finally--ordered Champagne bout, and treated us all round. Mrs. P. somewhat astonished, but she sipped a little to the santé of the pair. Garcon spilled soup all over my gray silk (Aithin) travelling skirt, and knelt in the narrow passage scrubbing it with warm water, while the salad, roti, wine bottles gathered on each side of him waiting to pass; the train wobbling, plates slidding, whistles shrieking, a wild scene. Pa-

Your loving
Susan.

I think to go down from here
 Saturday to Matamoras
 have written to
 & Missa Mowring

Manhattan, May 18, 1908

My dearest Eds both in a bunch,
 I am so joyous I must write
 you at once. It almost frightens
 me to have things go my way
 so splendidly as they seem to do,
 I feel as if I must knock wood
 all the time, & keep the chains up.
 I have arrived this minute, that is
 $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10, and it is now just
 12. I only waited & get this (rotten)
 paper out of my Angel, & tell you
 all about it. You dear letters of
 14th were both here, with others
 reassuring me about the safety
 and health of everybody. One is
 always nervous just on allowing
 but you think so! But Pardee
 writes in fine spirits. ~~So~~ I think
 everybody must be alive though he put
 me out (lovely whistles and things
 & screeching for noon o'clock)

I have received most cordially, my telegram (from the ahead)
 has just arrived, and my ⁶⁵⁴ certificate & see
 I have come up and read my nice letter, and that says
 night follows out and looked at them, and now I am
 only this. I don't feel left so added in the head as
 usually do, coming off the top. But quite equal
 I am about my business. This is the the wisest part
 and the nice all happy, and then my next chimney
 = Sa Marie, it all in the best that I did ever
 & you, now, for you are all up like birds with out
 belonging. and I must press the Hall hands. I must
 by back & natural time & feel the freedom who talked
 health in business, ~~the~~ I know and I shall just go
 for this and ~~the~~ ^{return} my part. The Call will soon be
 and you go when you get through your wedding. ~~What this about~~
 sent Clark? I have just written him & I always. Writing Madam
 I must go

“
Labor Day

“When No Man Shall Work

Sept 4, 1905

Matamoras R.I.

Dear Caroline

Don't be wroth with me!
You ain't Iknow for you are the
most amiable of mankind, but
it's afis since I have heard
from you, and I am sure it's you
turn to write.

Sister: I have had a devil of a
summer, and am only just befining
to feel as if I could breathe, in
other words to take my Pen again
and look up my absent beloveds.
The Parents were here two months
or thereabouts. They are pretty shaky
and Mrs Ma Hale especially is
considerable of a care. The net
after went away and left her on my
hands for pretty much all August, and

By all next account, you know the chief is sorry who is
now married to her deceased sister's husband Frank Jones
who is a delightful lady who lives here with her,
and makes her pie, cooks her kindies, carries up bundles,
for me, and incidentally works daytimes in "Theaters Hotel"
Cala attention has built a little house in the neighborhood
and comes and brings tea, and is otherwise delightful. I
have a little very pretty (now rather is well and returned
this ordinary charms) - These people all eat like sharks,
especially the Kitaka division - I had to have one day &
five - in three installments, different shares of others.
Meanwhile I am in fine shape and good spirits, weigh 185,
and keep my wits more than you could expect, but write
nothing, except for signing checks. I am a financial wreck, but
otherwise so as the about. They was to you from Tell me everything
The affectionate Sister -

she went home Saturday

what with agreeing with her, and letting her alone, and making sure she wasn't lonely, and reading aloud Sir Charles Grandison weekly, and seeing she had hot shawl, and putting fresh flowers in her room, and feeding her high, and curing her indigestion, and shutting windows and opening doors, — there is not much left of me when you consider, without mentioning other things. Little Nathan my favorite grand nephew whose parents have now a place in the neighborhood, was attacked with fever in July, and I brought him here, and had him here (it was typhoid he brought from Schenectady) and a nurse and the doctor at first twice a day, for 4½ weeks. Now all the Trays (Guelb's tribe) are here for September with a trained nurse and a ~~maid~~ ^{three children}

three horses and a coachman (these last are not in the way their dearest little son Bartlett, is coming from Scotland soon, with your congratulations. He will be absolutely dead all his life, but he is a coward. His heart beats. He is a poor little man, of course he can't realize the sharpness of it yet. Thomas Elman has been here with a wife he took & married last year. Misses Raley has been here, sending her parents, and pointing out of her "wishes" All the bedrooms are up like birds nests because "Polly" is & he married on the 23rd of this month, and all creation is worried. My love to the Clarendons and father stepping out of the Clarendons. La Rapine the Clarendon, but Benford will his wife from Providence has & a fine suit one) because it is Rhode Island where he but why. — How many

Sunday, May 28. 1905

MATUNUCK,
R.I.

Dear Caroline

Oh heavens! I wish
Come over when I can for
I am busting to have you see
me in my Pristine Glory
I Africa do. Phil Pitt :-
Thomdike
I learned at ~~Washington~~ yesterday
(12 M) that (this was our
Long Distance Telephone from
New York), that one whose Tribe
my descendants would descend
upon me, here, some evening.
I arrived here at 4 p.m. broke
it to Lory. (No other maid in
the house)

will get tired, soon, of such exclamations -
Name Tacker, she is come from from the woods
and is making her and walking ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods}
New Song is ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods}
repeated showing for ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods}
The way below them ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods}
times with her - That has a lovely day, my
4 days, in ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods}
hands with my family, saying for ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods}
his joy ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods}
all looked up ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods}
Nothing but ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods} ^{to the} ^{woods}

The bottom of the page states
this flow - Loring Loring

The Rooms, you know, all
at sixes and sevens, though
the House is Bran Clean,
Mr made ^{in them all} beds, put Soaps
and pins, towels, fresh water
Set the table with such
simple food as the soil supplied
and awaited the ~~Went~~
At 6½ they arrived. Herbert,
Greta his wife, then two
cherishing children and Miss Lewis
the "governess" who is really
a nursemaid. The Cot-bed
came down ^{from the Parrot} & was put in the
Nursery so called, otherwise
Aunt Susetta's room; the
Parents in the Grand Parents Bed.

For we settled for the moment; as it
happily there said by anything more is the
house; that there is, but I warned her ^{can}
Mamma ^{When a pair} ^{of Ducks, 8 or} ¹⁰ ^{travelling pieces of Soap.}
Mamma and her expecting they believe & trust in;
and the Parents, and my two Mamma girls - ^{aged}
Mamma all divine June 15th. ^{Wednesday June 5th}
So no idea how long the Parts will be content
He is ^{renewed} with successful Competition
in ^{Architecting}, his Station in ^{superiority} ^{and}
his ^{to} the Country. He is feeling fine now, and
they are happy as Kings picking sides, but I guess they

Mahwah NJ. Nov 28. 1905.

Dear Carla. It was terrible not to see
you again, but of course I "knewed"
you done the best you could. "I sort
thought you would be here always"
Nee Mamma! thank her for me for
being born want you. She must come
and spend all next summer here. You
and I can take her turn and turn about

Warm today. Eat out. soon.

When the other gets tired of her. I am
turning out letters by the bushel, and
signing checks by the hundred. Expected
B.F. Robinson's bill to be 19 cents and
it was \$19. Seemed he hadn't read it
all summer, which Kitty ate a ^{whole} barrel
of granulated sugar. Such are the vicissitudes
of housekeeping. Haven't heard a word
from Rose since she left. Carla, there is
one chapter in Irrational Knot which is
delicious

I can't think the Book is very naughty for the
people who were not ^{legally} married turned out
worse than those that were. That must be Moral
Edward and I are going to see Mrs Warren Professor
if Amstock don't suppress it. Have you seen Vercoe
Lee's "Enchanted Woods". It is here but I only read
it last evening. Quite beautiful - a collection of
sketches about places like Arles and St Michel or
any poet might write them but only an intelligent
person would think of doing so. I might do a book about
Jamaica - By the way, I mean to try to write
you and Annie because you are my nice girls
Address Case United Fruit Co. Port Antonio Jamaica D. West
but you know I shall be till Sunday, Nov 5, at Manhattan
42nd St & Madison Ave
Then Betty is ordered off in 3 months.
Everly Dear & Susan

Dry Harbour, Dec 6, 1905
Dear Carla. I have
had the most delicious
swim in the Caribbean

Addup
Cane
United Fruit Co
Port Antonio
Jamaica
B.W.L

Today (at 7 a.m., sun just up over
the thickets) It is not invigorating
you know like my dive in the Pond,
in late October, but soft, luscious
languid, little baby waves flashing
on the ^{fine} Coral ^{Sand} beach. The shore is
about as far off as the Library from
my lane, but which generally drives
me down and back on account of the
steep hill, and wet bathing clothes to
bring back.

I was thinking all the time of your
letter and that I would answer it
and so I did, but meanwhile I have
dried my hair and had Makefast at 9 1/2 o'clock.

Although on matters of fact, I have no more wardrobe requirements
than in my cabin on the Nile last year. Everything is still
in my trunk, which serves also to sit on when I am
putting on my stockings and shoes, except that behind the
trunk are six legs on the wall, with all my spurs on them.

My working-places is just the size of this piece of paper -
I sit it up when I sit down, and tip it down when I stand
up, and thus manage to get farther west of my feet
as far down as the waist-line. This suit is fairly as clean
as any suit I have in which I have been & white-washed and
see anybody's hair in which I have been & white-washed and

my early Victorian skirt. Here it, so unimpaired. I have
I lay down alone with Miss Smith in the house, (except
thanks to my mother is it and in bed in another house down
below as a few steps. —

I had more home letters this morning (Mail comes in at 7 a.m.) and Amos, one of them Nov 24, but not a word about the ^{of 25th} Mall-game. Scaphere it was all in the Sunday Sun and I don't take that. It is too fat in Belage. This one says how that they are going to stop the game, & many killed. I long to hear about Polly's matronising, also George wrote me that Gerald & Louise are coming to it.

Wasn't it maddening about Louis and Sally in New York. I was in such a whirl I didn't even ask Fog and Magog, the big giant at the door if he had seen Mr Chush, as I usually do. I'm glad you had a good visit and sort of glad you were driving round those pretty places, not. And mobilizing Michael's wife was always a thorn in the flesh of Jane, who must be pleased & survive her, but how is Jane now?

Your letter is full of thrilling news, and almost my first, for my paucity habit got started yet, ~~but~~ ^{until} today I receive a good one from her. He says Feta suddenly turned up at breakfast one day, came on suddenly with Maudy Morrison's like Feta with the friends home. Hope she didn't add to Feta's for funds & was her staying in Feta's absence. How are you exhausted his resources. What because of Feta's Magnum? Feta was very low in her mind about her sister's marriage. — How must you be some account of my circumstances when in a delightful long low situation some with particular instead of indoors all on the ground than expect the servants' quarters below. My own is about the size of the doghouse but it stands on the Big Salon, at "Kittie's room", and this all on the house, and chiefly out-door, so it isn't very high, —

Miss Smith is a worthy sort of Useful
Cousin, I am possessed to call her Briggs
and did say "Miss Briggs" one day;
since when I can't break myself of
regarding her, ^{privately} as Briggs. It is real
Country, with green fields and woods
all about, - sloping down to the
lovely Caribbean. These woods
seem much like our woods, full
of trees, but the trees are of no
sort we have dealings with. They
are fustic, and Guinep, and logwood
trees ^{and many others}. The air is full of the smell
of Pinicots, for they are just gathering
the crop, which is very lucrative.

Yesterday we drove up to see Bridgewater
a lovely old deserted house they own
and there they had just gathered and
dried the pinicots, and put it in
the spare bed-room, which it filled
up from floor to ceiling instead of being
in a small tin box, as with us.
(Same as all-spice I believe)

As just like midsummer, but on loveliest breeziest summer
days, with no chill in the breeze, bright sunshine and
soft shadows. I have great dealings with a small black
Cat. I write my letters, tinker my clothes, read the Sun,
Yara with Briffs about the fallen fortunes of Dry Harbour,
which "we" own the whole of. — I have, in fact, read
the House of Mirth, but it almost killed me, so tragic
I put off finishing it a whole week (after he Aunt died)
but last Sunday, Briffs went to church; ^{so} retired to my Bed
side, and read straight to the End with copious tears. It is
finely written, but what Rotten Men poor Lily fell foul of.
I don't think I shall read any more while I'm in Jamaica
I'm in great hopes of looking fresh, for there's nothing much to eat —
fruit is good; pineapples, mangoes, mandarins, excellent oranges. Long Susan

Write me more, and tell Mamma.

To Miss Caroline P. Atkinson

Dry Harbor,
Dec. 6, 1905.

Dear Carla,

I have had the most delicious swim in the Caribbean today (at 7 a.m., sun just up over the thicket). It is not invigorating, you know, like my dive in the Pond in late October, but soft, luscious, languid, little lazy waves plashing on the fine coral sand beach. The shore is about as far off as the Library from my house, but Alick generally drives me down and back on account of the steep hill, and wet bathing clothes to be brought back.

I was thinking all the time of your letter and that I would answer it and so I will, but meantime I have dried my hair and had breakfast at 9½ o'clock. # # # # #

Now I must give you some account of my circumstances. I am in a delightful long low Jamaica house with jalousies instead of windows, all on the ground floor except the servants' quarters below. My room is about the size of the Doghouse, but it opens on the Big Salon, or "settin-room", and I live all over the house, and chiefly out-doors, so it don't signify, although as a matter of fact, I have no more wardrobe accommodation than in my cabin on the Nile last year. Everything is still in my trunk, which serves also to sit on when I am putting on my stockings and shoes, except that behind the trunk are six pegs on the wall, with all my gowns on them. My looking-glass is just the size of this piece of paper. I tip it up when I sit down, and tip it down when I stand up, and thus manage to get partial views of my person as far down as the waist-line. This don't signify, as I never see anybody, or rather nobody ever sees me; live in white wrappers and shirt-waists and my early Victorian skirt. I love it, so unmolested. Strange to say I am alone with Miss Smith in the house, (except darks), for my hostess is ill and in bed in another house down below us, a few steps. Miss Smith is a worthy sort of Useful Cousin. I am possessed to call her Briggs and did say "Miss Briggs" one day; since when I can't break myself of regarding her privately as Briggs. It is real Country, with green fields and woods all about, sloping down to the lovely Caribbean. These woods seem much like our woods, full of trees, but the trees are of no sort we have dealings with. They are fustic, and Guinness, and logwood trees, and many others. The air is full of the smell of Pimento, for they are just gathering the crop, which is very lucrative. Yesterday we drove up to see Bridgewater, a lovely old deserted house they own, and there they had just gathered and dried the pimento, and put it in the spare bed-room, which it filled up from floor to ceiling, instead of being in a small tin box, as with us. (Same as All-spice, I believe).

It's just like midsummer, but our loveliest breeziest summer days, with no chill in the breeze, bright sunshine and soft shadows. I have great dealings with a small black cat, I write letters, tinker my clothes, read the Sun, yarn with Briggs about the fallen

fortunes of Dry Harbour, which "we" own the whole of. I have, in fact, read the House of Mirth, but it almost killed me, so tragic. I put off finishing it a whole week (after her aunt died), but last Sunday, Briggs went to church, so I retired to my Bedside and read straight to the End with copious tears. It is finely written, but what Rotten men poor Lily fell foul of. I don't think I shall read any more while I'm in Jamaica. I'm in great hopes of losing flesh, for there's nothing much to eat. Fruit is good; limes, mangos, mandarins, excellent oranges.

Loving
Susan.