

5-22-1894

Letter from Mary R. Hudson, Roxbury,  
Massachusetts, to Sarah Whitney, Boston,  
Massachusetts, 1894 May 22

Mary R. Hudson

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From Mary R. Hudson.  
274. Dudley St. Roxbury. Mass.

BOSTON, MASS.  
MAY 23  
9-30A.  
1894



Miss Sarah W. Whitney.  
Whitney Poulsons Co.  
Boston. Mass.

274. Dudley St. Roxbury.

Tuesday P.M. May 22. 94.

Yr little birth-day remem-  
-brance with its loving sym-  
-pathy & good wishes, recd  
yesterday, my dearly beloved  
Sarah, was a most precious  
one, for wh. many many  
thanks, if I ought. To thank  
you for the great effort I am  
sure you made to give me  
the pleasure! I was longing  
to hear from, or of you, & it  
was comforting that even in  
yr weary, exhausting invalid-  
-ism, you cld write to me.

It is delightful to think of  
you in the charming, quiet  
Belmont-home, wh. you must  
enjoy so much. How I wish  
I cld call & see you there, as



also its other loved inmates, who  
may have returned from their  
western trip ere this, wh I am  
glad they cld make. That dear  
E cld undertake it, tells me  
happily, that he is pretty well  
wh is good tidings. Much love  
to both travellers, who are so  
often & lovingly, in my thoughts.

So rich a blessing, to have  
such friends as the dear W.  
family have been for so many  
years, & to be able in this long  
separation, to still enjoy & be  
cheered, by the remembrance  
of the many delightful visits  
with dear Fanny, to the water  
-town & Belmont-homes! Joyous  
experiences, illuminating many  
a dark cloud. How happy we  
were! Ever renewing thanks

to the beloved friends. You do not write if you are  
to attempt the long journey to the mt-home, but I  
fear you are not equal to that undertaking. You  
will miss the mt. air, so invigorating, but for-  
tunately, will not have to breathe that of the close  
city. I shall think of you dear, as in Belmont  
unless I hear to the contrary. I hope you will  
have the great pleasure of seeing our beloved  
Natie, & Mr. Samsel while they are at "Will's".

If so, love to them, unmeasured, & they will  
give my loving remembrance to "Will" & Annie.

Friends very kindly remembered me on the 14<sup>th</sup>.  
It was a lovely day, but unfortunately a sick  
one for me, wh I regretted. The week before, my



very kind & interested Dr. had taken me <sup>a</sup> short-  
drive in her very comfortable Buggy, wh I enjoy-  
ed exceedingly - not having been in any kind  
of a vehicle for many months - & had not a thought  
of fatigue, until after my return, when to my  
great disap. I found myself quite used up, &  
have not recovered from it - yet, wh seems so fool-  
ish & strange! I suppose the troublesome spine did  
wh. bear the jar! I mean to try it again how-  
ever, sometime. Before that experiment, I had been  
feeling somewhat better, with consequent encourage-  
ment. But to go back to the birth day, wh dear  
child you so kindly remembered in yr invaliding

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among the gifts, some Sweet Peas  
were a great surprise, full of  
comfort & inspiration, as also  
that lovely photo. of sweet  
"Willie Robin," the fascinating  
little deaf dumb & blind girl.

Have you seen it? My dear  
sympathizer, Mrs George Fox, made  
me a call bringing the Fox fam-  
-ily contributions, a loving sur-  
-prise note from Dr Hale  
-E.E.H.- was another treasure.

Almost tea time & I must  
reluctantly leave you dear  
Sarah. I have written, when  
resting on the sofa, after a  
very busy day, the woman  
who was to clean my room  
having disap. me, thus add-  
-ing to the wearisomeness of my  
preparations for her work, but



understand dear, that it is a pleas-  
-ure & need - to me, to feel I am  
drawn nearer to you while I  
write, would you? Suey wd send  
love, were she now in Boston.  
She enjoys car rides, & seeing her  
friends, & hearing lectures, & this  
pleasant-weather goes about a  
good deal. How early & beauti-  
-ful the Spring is! Even here on  
this noisy, dusty street, there  
are trees to be <sup>watched</sup> enjoyed as they  
are clothed anew, after the  
winter's barrenness, & I have heard  
a Robin, & an Oriole several  
times, wh delighted me much!

The noisy, chattering sparrows  
abound, here as everywhere, but  
bring not cheer & inspiration  
with them. I shall want to  
hear if you are in Belmont - all



summer, but do not try to  
write yourself. Someone will let  
me know. Remember me to  
Mrs Brigham. Excuse the hasty  
note with its manifold mis-  
takes. With heart's love & heart's  
sympathy in yr wearisome  
invalidism, - don't call yourself  
lazy. but - look back to yr long  
life of wonderful helpfulness -  
always in joy & sorrow, yr  
friend M. R. H.