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LETTERS OF SUSAN HALE



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Edited by
CAROLINE P. ATKINSON

Introduction by
EDWARD E. HALE



BOSTON
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PREFACE

THOSE of us, of a younger generation, who were privileged to know Susan Hale intimately, have felt eager to have her letters published, in order that a larger number of persons might share with us the delight of her wit and vivacity, and her never-ceasing good spirits.

She was the best of company, and we who sat on her piazza at Matunuck, listening to her brilliant conversation on men, books and travel, or to her inimitable stories; and others who had the good fortune to travel with her, all bear witness to never having spent a dull hour in her company.

It was a liberal education to be with her, for she always inspired the young people about her to care for the best things.

She read a great deal, and in addition to a fine library of old books, she kept up with the best new ones, and her tables were always liberally strewn with current literature in English, French, Italian and German — all of which she read in the original, being a fine linguist, and discussed in a most discerning and appreciative way.

She loved the great outdoors, and used to put on a short skirt, arrange her hair in a "pig-tail," don a tam-o'-shanter, and lead the young people off over hills, through woods, and along the shores of the ponds, stopping to pick wild flowers by the way, and often bringing a specimen home to dissect and analyze with the help of "Gray's Botany." On brilliant star-light nights she taught us about the planets and

constellations. One could not be with her and not catch her enthusiasm or cultivate a taste in things worth while.

She was physically very strong, and the striking thing in her later years, when she had to meet illness, a surgical operation and deafness, which increased rapidly, was her great courage, her capacity to hold her head high and take whatever came to her with cheerful resignation; her sense of humour and her pluck carrying her through very trying times. Even in the few months between the paralytic stroke, which came to her in May, and her death in September, 1910, was this particularly noticeable.

She was a prolific letter-writer, and her letters were so entertaining that they were seldom destroyed. So, out of an abundance of material, I have selected these that make this volume, with many regrets at having to leave out a large number that would have been of interest. It has been a delightful task, and if the result gives to the reader a small part of the enjoyment I have had in preparing the book, I shall be well satisfied.

CAROLINE P. ATKINSON.

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
September, 1918.

INTRODUCTION

ONE can rarely give in a few words any true impression of a long life. Susan Hale was almost seventy-seven when she died, and most of those now living remember her as she was in the latter half of her life, — the mistress of Matunuck in the summer, the unwearied traveller in the winter. But before she had settled into the life most characteristic of her later years, she was a very different as well as a very individual and brilliant personality. As a girl in the family circle at Brookline, and later as a woman in the Boston society of the seventies, she was a very distinct character. The following lines can give only a little concerning her life in those and later years which will enable people to read with some comprehension the letters now published.

Yet certain things were permanent with her. As she grew older, her most striking characteristic was probably a very great sympathy, which enabled her to make many intimate friends. Particularly was this the case with young people, who used to feel about her much as though she were one of themselves, called her Susan, and talked to her on their own current interests without often realising that she really belonged to an earlier generation. In that generation, however, her chief quality had been something quite different, chiefly a certain gift of brilliant cleverness in thought and expression which made her a noteworthy person among her contemporaries.

If one called her a "woman of the world" — in the broadest and best sense — one might include both

these phases. Susan certainly did know the world pretty well, both the particular world of America, Boston, Matunuck, where she was intimate, and the larger world about which she so constantly travelled. And a person remembering her in some such way would doubtless have the general impression which Susan Hale made on her generation, as far as it knew her.

But even with all correction,—clever girl, brilliant woman, sympathetic friend, appreciative traveller, such a view would be only superficial. In all Susan's cleverness and brilliancy there was a constant emotional self-restraint not unusual in the seventies and eighties; in her invariable sympathy and interest in others there was a frequent reserve. The real Susan did not often emerge from the veil. When she did one remembered it, but rarely comprehended it entirely. Her conversation was apparently quite genuine and sincere, and so it was actually, with the reservation that though what she said she really felt and thought, yet she never said all she felt and thought. In this respect her letters have rather more of her real self than even her personal talk had, at least to a reader who can get at it. This is one of the secrets of writing—that it is often more truly, even if unconsciously, self-expressive than conversation.

There was also a certain quaintness, not unperceived, in the more personal part of Susan's character. She was very fond of cats, as many others are, but it was more individual that she should invent and develop an especial "cat language" with which to talk to them. She often went about singing to herself, as many people do, but it was her own specialty to invent "morning-songs" and sing them to herself at breakfast. She also invented names for people and places, but it is not common for such names to

be picked up and used by everybody without thought. These things and many others were individual and quaint and belonged to her. It is hard to say just what was the real Susan, but I think the most real was Susan by herself at Matunuck in the fall after the summer life and gaiety had vanished away, and the summer splendours had passed into the soft-toned and moderated autumn, and the country-side had a certain "tristesse," as she liked to call it. Then she would swim in the pond in the early morning, breakfast on the piazza, write her letters till mail time, stroll about the hill with the current cat, Geronimo, or some other, talk with Louisa or Mr. Franklin or Mr. Browning, sit in the south window or on the piazza and darn stockings over a sort of small gourd, or else read the *Sun*, make a fire in the evening and read a novel out of which she had torn the illustrations, and go to bed at about eight, humming the most successful morning-song of the week. Nor was all this a matter merely of the moment or of the outside. It involved a criticism of life, — a constant valuation of what the world was and a constant expression of what one was oneself. That, too, I fancy, comes out in her letters. One may not always get it — and perhaps an editor should point it out more clearly — but probably most readers will get at it more or less, and that is all one could expect at the very best.

Susan Hale was born December 5, 1833, at 6 Hamilton Place, Boston, the youngest of the eight children of Nathan Hale and Sarah Preston Everett. Of these the four oldest, Sarah, Lucretia, Nathan and Edward, constituted rather a compact group ("we four") as the oldest children now almost grown up. They with their friends made an interesting and brilliant group that Susan was somewhat too young to join. She belonged to the younger four; but her sister Jane died early and Sarah some years

afterward, so that as she grew up Susan was naturally thrown largely with her older sister, Lucretia. Not much can be said here of those earlier years; she soon began to learn to draw and to paint, and as the material fortunes of the family somewhat failed on the illness of her father, she soon began to teach school. The family lived in Boston; her father and her brothers Nathan and Charles successively were editors of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*. Her brother, Edward, after 1856 was minister of the South Congregational Church. About 1860 the family moved to Brookline, where in 1862 her father died, and in 1865 her mother.

Susan was at this time thirty-two years of age, and had long been the youngest member of a large and able family. She was able herself, but so far she had never had a really independent opportunity to see what she could do if she had to, or what she would do if she could. Nor did such an opportunity at once arise. In 1867 the general family group being practically broken up, she and Lucretia went abroad, specifically to Egypt, where Charles was Consul General of the United States.

On her return from abroad it would seem that Susan made up her mind that she had better carry on her life herself instead of letting it be arranged for her by brothers and sisters and family circumstances. She therefore took rooms at 91 Boylston Street and began, or rather continued, to have classes. This she did for several years, but as she went on she became more and more interested in painting. She had always had ability in this art, as had also others of the family, but she had never had particular teaching. She now resolved to get the best teaching in water-colours that she could, and for this purpose went abroad again in 1872. I cannot say just who were her masters; the only two whom I recall her mentioning were

Copley Fielding and Henri Harpignies, but I do not think she studied much with either of them. She spent the winter of 1872-1873 in Paris and at Weimar.

In 1873 she came back to Boston and began a very characteristic and interesting period of her life. She again took rooms, I am not sure where at first, but soon at 64 Boylston Street, where the Art Club had at that time established itself. Here she began classes in water-colours, which gave her a regular occupation, but she also developed other things to do, sometimes of an original character. She did, in time, a good many books and wrote a good many letters of travel for the papers. She began to have afternoon classes of ladies not only in Boston but elsewhere, to whom she talked or read. The one that interested her most was on the novelists of the eighteenth century. I cannot say when she began to read to Mr. William Amory, but when I first began to frequent her rooms in the late seventies, it was her habit to go across the Common every afternoon to read to him for a couple of hours. She also used to go in the evening to read to Mr. T. G. Appleton, and these regular engagements together with her morning classes made for a number of years the backbone of her winter occupation. I do not know just what she used to read to them, but I feel pretty sure that Mr. Appleton at least liked her to talk rather than to read. She used often to go over to Mr. Appleton's for dinner, and as one was a wit and the other a humourist, it is not likely that they spent all their time in reading, even so interesting a book as Gibbon's "Decline and Fall."

I do not remember when Susan first came to Matunuck. During the first ten years of our family life there, there was much visiting on the part of Uncle Charles and Aunt Lucretia and, I have no

doubt, of Susan as well. She was never at Matunuck, however, in those earlier years, for any long period. She was much more likely to go for six or eight weeks to such a place as York, Owl's Head, Ogunquit, or somewhere else along the North Shore. Matunuck she never considered an interesting place for painting. My sister was, about this time, studying with Miss Knowlton, the teaching representative, as one may say, of William M. Hunt. She and her friends liked Matunuck because of its figure-elements, the ox-teams of that day gathering seaweed, the boys in broad-brimmed straw hats and blue flannel shirts, which lent themselves to the general Millet-Couture sentiment which they felt. But Susan was not interested in this sort of thing and did not often paint at Matunuck. She liked the Maine coast better and wanted generally to spend a good deal of time wherever she was going to paint. She used to say that there was no use trying to paint till you had been in a place for a fortnight or so, getting to know it. So her first days in a place she used to spend walking about and after that she would paint pretty regularly. In the fall she would bring back a number of water-colours, and have an exhibition at the Art Club, and then begin teaching for the winter.

In 1883, however, she came to Matunuck in a new capacity, namely, that of housekeeper. My father and mother had that year been called to Paris by the illness of my sister and remained abroad all summer. Susan came out to 39 Highland Street to take care of the family—at this time consisting of the four younger boys. With them she went to Matunuck to open the house and ran the establishment until my father and mother came home. It was, perhaps, first this summer that she really became charmed with the place. At any rate, two years after-

ward an arrangement was made by which she assumed charge of the house at Matunuck for the summer. It had been built in 1873 for my father by William B. Weeden, whose place at Willow Dell was just across the road. In the first ten years my father and mother and the rest of us came down regularly and spent the whole summer there. But the housekeeping of those days was rather difficult, so that my mother always got pretty well tired out, and really disliked leaving her large, comfortable, and generally cool house in Roxbury, to go to Matunuck, which was beautiful, but not so attractive for those who did not care for bathing and boating and wood-walking, as for those who did. However it was, by the summer of 1885 it was practically settled that Susan was to be the mistress at Matunuck, and she rather rearranged her life on this basis. Instead of spending the winter at work in Boston and the summer travelling about, she began to spend the summer at Matunuck while she travelled in the winter. She got in the habit of coming down earlier in the spring and staying longer in the fall. When she got into the habit of travelling in the winter, she began to give up the idea of having a home in Boston. She had for a long time lived in the Art Club building. When the Club rearranged the house, she moved to other apartments in Boylston Street. But after she had been at Matunuck a few summers, she regularly moved her things down there, and after that she only stayed in Boston for a longer or shorter time between Matunuck and some winter trip, or in the spring before going to Matunuck for the summer.

Travelling was one of the things she liked best. She was very fond of her particular home at any given time, but she also liked to travel. Her first real journey was to Egypt; a few years afterward she spent a year or so abroad. In 1885 and 1886 she

went to Mexico with F. E. Church and his family, who were among her best friends. The next year she went to Spain with Mr. John Johnston and his sister; in 1891 she made a European trip with Miss Susan Day; in 1892 and again in 1893 she went to California; in 1894 to Europe with Mrs. Church; in 1896 to Algiers by herself, though later she joined Mrs. William Weld in Sicily. In 1899 she went to California with Mrs. Weld, and again, in 1901, with her to Mexico. In 1902 she went to Europe with Miss Ethel Damon. In 1903, 1904, 1905 she spent the winter in Jamaica. In 1905 she was in Egypt; in 1906 in Jamaica again; in 1907 in Cannes. The winters of 1908 and 1909 she spent in Washington and Pass Christian, and the last winter of her life, 1910, in Cannes. But every summer she was at Matunuck.

Susan at Matunuck is to those who knew her there her most characteristic phase. She loved the place and its people, and was never so much at home as when there. At first she plunged actively into the outdoor life; she was a capital swimmer and always wanted a swim in the pond before breakfast, and generally a sea-bath, too, while she also loved to traverse the wood-paths, which in those days led in all directions among the ponds. She liked to take a canoe with one of the boys, and to carry across from pond to pond until they had made a circuit of the hill-country. As she grew older she cared less for this active outdoor life, but devised another more suited to the energies of a woman of fifty or sixty. She would breakfast on the piazza when she was alone; it was not too far from the road to hear someone driving by explain to a friend, "No, she ain't crazy, but she eats outdoors." After breakfast she went about the house or retired to her "rat's-nest" and wrote letters till the mail-man came. Then it

was time to drive to the beach, which generally took up the rest of the morning. In the afternoon she took to the east piazza about four o'clock, where in time the neighbourhood accustomed itself to come for afternoon tea. She often went off for a stroll in the late afternoon, and after supper finished the day by a short time on the front piazza, where, on clear nights, one had a wonderful stretch of sea and light-house and horizon. She went to bed very early in the summer,—at eight or half-past. If there were people about she would go away as though to attend to something and not come back.

She early formed intimate relations with the people around, particularly with those who “did for” her, as the phrase is. Mrs. Perry was the first of these, but when she moved away up the Perryville road she could not continue “doing.” Susan then took up with Louisa Sebastian, a big coloured woman with something of a following, and for many years Louisa was her cook, and as far as she had any, her manager. Mr. Franklin and George Jones, both coloured, used to be around a good deal cutting wood and doing odd jobs. She got horses of Robert Browning, to whom she was much attracted by his singular strain of almost saturnine humour. She encouraged all the country to come round in carts and bring her food; she always got something and always had conversations with them. The chief of these visitors were Mrs. Tucker and Peth Bradley.

My father always came to Matunuck as much as he could in the summer, though toward the end of his life he used sometimes to go elsewhere. My mother, however, did not come so much. Susan, therefore, had a good deal of room, for the house was large, and she got into the habit of having a good many visitors, generally young people,—her own friends and her nephews'. In this way grew up at

Matunuck in the late eighties and the nineties a group of young people with all of whom Susan was intimate. She was commonly called Susan by them, and, indeed, by almost everyone else.

Although extremely original and natural in what she said and did, Susan, like most other people, was not able to express herself fully in the current forms to which we are all used. She painted a good deal, and for a number of years was immensely interested in her landscapes, yet no one who knew her could fancy that her landscapes gave much real idea of her gay vitality and her shrewd quaintness. She wrote a good deal in various ways,—sometimes travel-letters to the papers, sometimes books,—but though there was a good deal of herself in these, they never impressed people as she did herself. Possibly she could have arrived at a truer self-expression by being an actress than in any other way. She was always wonderful in extempore theatricals or in the monologues which she arranged for herself like “The Elixir of Youth” or “The Female Fool.” But even had it proved that she could best express her mercurial personality on the stage, it is doubtful whether she could have done so by the usual and natural course of presenting or creating the characters conceived by others. She would have been a great figure in the popular extempore stage of the Italians.

In the way of letters, however, she did find a means of expression. She was educated at a time when long letters were more common than they are to-day. All the family wrote letters, and according to the custom of the time they were pretty long ones. In the days before envelopes and stamps it was the custom to use double sheets of quarto size, and if one used such a sheet and paid five or ten cents for postage, it was natural to write enough to fill the sheet. So she early got used to writing letters and soon

adopted letter-writing as an easy and natural mode of expression. Her letters were very like her conversation; they were free and familiar, full of her usual ways of thought and expression, giving her characteristic ideas and point of view. They had not so much of her surprising extempore humour as her talk, but they came nearer being a full self-expression than anything else.

EDWARD E. HALE.

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LETTERS OF SUSAN HALE

LETTERS OF SUSAN HALE

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE IN BOSTON AND BROOKLINE (1848-1867)

TO ALEXANDER HALE

[BOSTON], *November 1, 1848.*

DEAR ELLY,— You will be perhaps surprised to hear that I began this afternoon to take drawing lessons in a second-story front room in at *Bachi's!* of Mr. Fette (or Phetti)! It is quite a remarkable tale and runs as follows:

Once upon a time, some three weeks ago, I was sitting at the window of the parlour, when happening to look up, I descried in the aforesaid second-story front room of *Bachi's*, Anne and Ellen Frothingham, and Mary Ann Wales, diligently engaged with crayons, drawing-books, etc. Imagine my surprise! We opened our respective windows and by means of *shrieking across*, I discovered that they were taking drawing-lessons of Mr. Fette, with a *Mrs. Ball*, in whose room (*Mrs. Ball's*) the lessons were given. Also especially, they asked would not *I* join them, they wanted another. So after a great deal of negotiation the affair was decided, and I began this afternoon to go. The lessons were Wednesday and Saturday afternoons from three-fifteen to four-fif-

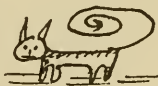
teen. I began to draw a head, the same one, if you remember, that Liddy Everett drew, under the instruction of Mr. F. I sketched it in charcoal, a thing which I never did before. Mr. Fette remarked, "I hope, Miss Hale, that you will like drawing in charcoal better than your *brother Alexander* did!" This was the first mention of you between us. I suppose he discovered the relationship by the name—perhaps by the resemblance.

Last Monday evening the grand Taylor torch-light procession took place. We had an invitation to Mrs. Frothingham's, next to Uncle Edward's¹ old house in Summer Street. It was a nice place to see as there is a large balcony in front of the house and the procession passed directly by it. Charlotte with Marianne and Lucy Everett (who is staying at Cambridge) came in and *T'd* with us, and we set forth together, some in a carriage and some on foot, to the Frothingham's. The carriages arrived first, and when the walking party (of which I was a member) got to the door, the door-bell was broken. Fullum² went round to the back door to effect an entrance, but while he was gone, Tom Frothingham, returning from his evening airing, with a pass-key let us in. After waiting some time in the parlours, where were Pa F., Ma F., Edward, Tom F., Anne and Ellen F., Charlotte, Marianne, Lucy and Eddy Everett, Marianne Wales, a Miss Emmons, Harriet Davis, Sarah, Lucretia, and I, the procession was heard and we rushed to the piazza. It was a splendid procession, to which the Free-Soil Torch-light of last Wednesday was a miserable small "*sizzle*." Ours took *half an hour* to pass, with torches four, sometimes six, abreast, whereas the Free-Soil took *ten* minutes, "at

¹ Edward Everett.

² An old servant who lived for many years with the Hale family.

the *longest, count slowly* (while ours *ran*),” torches two, sometimes none, abreast. Ours had a great many of those Bengal lights, which the processioners hold in their hands and which send forth brilliant stars, one by one ascending to a great height. A house a few doors below the F.’s sent off rockets constantly, and a house opposite was brilliantly illuminated. We descried Little Alexander, very energetic as a marshal, in the Cambridge department, which was large and brilliant. There were innumerable transparencies with devices like this, which was called, “The old fox with a new tail” and was named Martin Van Buren, and majestic looking men with very long noses, called Zachary Taylor. The Taylor Light Guards had little U. S. A. flags, stars and stripes attached to their torch-sticks, and occasionally sang together Whig songs.



(I here stop to turn the cat, who is roasting before the fire, and who though she has not quite sense enough to move when she gets too hot, is yet able to “mullagatorny” for me to come and turn her.)

Mr. Winthrop’s house as well as many others was brilliantly illuminated the torch-light night. Among others, Mrs. Judge Story, of all other people, illuminated from the garret to cellar! She is very enthusiastic about the election, and furious against Charles Sumner for being Free-Soil. But not another word of politics in this letter! Good-bye from

Your affectionate third sister,
SUSIE.

TO ALEXANDER HALE

September 2, 1849.

DEAR ELLY, — It is decided that I go to school this winter, and the fatal note has been written to Mr.

Emerson, to see if he will take me. After my long absence from the seminary, I am not violently eager to return, but the cries of neglected education are loud, so go I must. In the course of a month or two, I shall be competent to open a correspondence with you on the history of the ancient *Gauls* or some such ancient fogies, in any language you please, either ancient or modern Greek, Latin, Italian, German, Spanish, Hebrew or French. . . . Good-bye from your sister

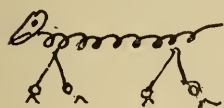
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TO ALEXANDER HALE

Sunday evening, October 14, 1849.

DEAR ELLY, — I am now fairly launched on the sea of education, or school. I go daily from nine till two. You may be interested in knowing my course of study. In the first place, I write an abstract every Sunday of the sermon of Sunday morning. This is for Monday morning's lesson. At school I learn a lesson from "Viri Romae" and recite in Colburn's "Mental Arithmetic." I don't *study* the lessons in this latter branch, but we are supposed to know it by intuition, and every day are plied with it by Mr. Emerson. We get up and down in this class. I vary, being sometimes within three of the head, occasionally, though rarely, equally near the foot, of the class. We learn an evening lesson in zoölogy for every day but Monday and Saturday. The book is Agassiz and Gould's "Zoölogy" and treats of diverse subjects referring to the animal kingdom — such as the vertebrate animals, mollusks, mammals, etc., and if you were here I could logically expound to you that man, as well as many other *vertebrate* animals, is possessed of a *carpus* and a *metacarpus*, also a *tarsus* and a

metatarsus. This highly instructive and interesting work is replete with pictures of this nature (a) also



(a)

ones like this (b).

I study "Viri Romae" every day but Friday and Saturday.

Friday is French



(b)

day, and then I study a French translation book called Bonnechose's "History of France," and next week I am to begin in Ollendorf's Exercises. Saturday we learn poetry, and as soon as we have recited that, we are at liberty to go home, so that yesterday I got home before eleven. Other days I do not get home till after two sometimes. Professor Gould comes several times a week to give us lectures, and explain what we have gone over in zoölogy, and brings with him in a bundle monkeys' skulls, and *Polypi*, a marine animal. . . .

There are about seventy scholars in the school, and three assistant teachers. Gam. Bradford's sister, Fanny Bradford, is one of the teachers. Each assistant has a little room of her own, and when I recite to an assistant I am closeted with her in one of said little rooms. . . .

Your affectionate sister,

SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

[BOSTON], *Sunday evening, October 26, 1851.*

Oh! faithless Lucretia! that don't come home when we wish yer. (Observe the rhyme, please.) We haven't so far disowned you as to refuse to write. Indeed, considering the many palliating circumstances, we have concluded to receive you with open arms on Tuesday. . . .

Yesterday was off-Saturday, which was celebrated

by great festivities consisting of the manufacture of *mother's* bonnet—a regular bonnet-on-ation, which is the nearest allowable to a coronation in this Republican country. How can I tell how the frame was got—a love of the first water, and the silk ironed out, and all the materials prepared by mother the day previous,—or how constantly the scissors got lost, and the pins out of the way, and the silk knotted, or the frame wobbled round on my knee? All of which are preliminaries—for at about *two*, after a splendid morning interrupted by no incursions of Jewetts, Willies, Hannah Dexters, or *accounts*, THE BONNET completed, burst on the admiring crowd, consisting of Mama, rivalling in its glories of frill, crape, crown, etc., the whole combined attraction of “White’s Grand Fall Opening of more than 10,000 Paris Hats” as advertised in the leading journals. Mother appeared in it this morning at church, at which the congregation, led by Deacon Grant, rose and gave three cheers, after which the new sexton opened all the windows, and ex-sexton Beals immediately closed them again. We then proceeded with the usual services. . . .

Two tickets to Miss Hayes’s farewell concert to-night lie in the dish mixed with a crowd of Herr Kist’s, and such like,—but no Peabody boy has been summoned, no Frank, no Olly, no Willie,—nor have I put on my long sleeves. While Sunday night was still far off, I used to think I should go, but when it came to the point in hand, I somehow did n’t. . . .

Your affex. sister,

SUSIE.

TO NATHAN HALE

Tuesday evening, November 21, 1854.

DEAR NATHAN,—I am so busy all the time now that I don’t often write to you; but moved by your

pathetic allusions in your nice letter of to-day to Mama, I am going to snatch a few leisure moments this evening to pick up a bead or two from the shattered string of our correspondence. Is not this a felicitous "hyperbole" for the beginning? Tell Edward that — No! on the whole you need n't tell him. Perhaps it would be more satisfactory to you to know *how* I am busy, and I will tell you what happens through the day. Get up in the morning, which as you know as well as I, is easier said than done — Oh! how bitter it is to hear the dreadful running noise of "Chit" in the bath-tub, the first sound that wakens me in the morning, and to know that if I don't pitch out and take my bath forthwith, Lucretia won't have time to take hers before the breakfast bell! We generally get at breakfast at eight o'clock, and by a well-organised hard-scrabble, Luc. and I get the breakfast things washed by nine o'clock. All the time we are doing this the door-bell keeps ringing and we hear little boys tumbling upstairs to the "School-room," alas! inglorious term, by which the Upper-Study is now known. When it is nine I rush up to the scene of action, and generally find the pupils all by the ears; Inman Barnard weeping because his sister has left him, and he wants to go home; some new article of furniture broken, and the sofa-covering torn in a new place. Order being restored we proceed to ceremonies: there are eleven little victims now, when they all come; and next week I am to have another. The children stay until twelve, and during that time "act as bad as they can," but on the whole acquire considerable learning, and don't worrit me much. They being fairly off, Ellen Wheeler and Mary Chamberlin enter with their Horace lessons, French Grammar and translations, only one lesson apiece every day. I am quite done with them at one o'clock. Then I break loose; and cast-

ing off the garb and manner of schoolma'am, assume the character of a young lady in the upper circles, by putting on my flounced gown and curling my hair. This leaves a little time before dinner, which is devoted to making gowns, such a love of a blue silk basque as I have just turned out! You *should* see it! and if the Fates allowed a Thanksgiving this year, you *would* see it. After dinner the gown-making continues till four, when it is necessary to go out; for the afternoons are so short that you can't do your shopping and visiting and walking for exercise, unless you rush out before dinner is fairly out of your head. Get home from walking about six and till tea-time at seven, there are miscellaneous exercises such as cramming a little Horace to be in advance of the girls, practising duets with Mary Chamberlin, or, rare treat, a dip into a novel! So sure as I am seated to this last, however, the tea-bell rings. You know how the evenings are principally occupied in oratories, concerts and tea sprees. Anna Loring has invited Luc. and myself and "the girls" to tea next Thursday. Don't you think it requires heroism to invite four females at a rush from one house to tea? "The girls" prove very pleasant. I don't think they can be described as above or below the standard of young-lady excellence. This is not to be considered as a *derogatory* remark, but to be taken in its simple meaning. It is usual to describe them as "*remarkably* nice girls." This implies that girls as a general thing are not "nice." Now according to me, all girls being good enough for common purposes, so also are these. Mary Chamberlin sings an excellent second, and we enjoy a good many singing duets. When Mary Hall spent Sunday here a week ago, we three sang catches and rounds to great effect, to the performers, that is; I'm afraid it was not so delightful to the listeners, but then they had the alternative of

not listening. We have got a new novel, as you have seen by the *Daily Advertiser*, by the author of "Henpecked Husband." It is very good indeed. The end is rather hurried up; each character turns out to have been changed in his or her cradle; and all those who rolled in wealth in the first chapter come to nought in the last, while on the other hand those who begged their bread on page first had large chests of lucre left them on the last page. Barring the peculiarities of these incidents, the style is natural and pleasant, and the characters very well drawn. We had a call to-day from Mrs. Otis, the talented author of "The Barclays of Boston." How she did gabble! She asked to see me of mother, having heard, as she said, that Miss Susan was "clever," so I was got down; but my capacities were not brought to the test, because Mrs. Otis herself talked all the time, so there was no room for me to get in a word edgewise; even supposing I had anything to say. . . .

I am very much afraid that the cream of my letter, churned into butter and spread thin over this great sheet of paper, will be very dry fare! Give lots of love to Edward and Emily, and keep lots from your affectionate sister.

SUSIE.

TO MISS CHARLOTTE WILSON AT KEENE

November 15, 1855.

J'ai pensé, ma chère (de notre sexe la plus belle),
 Plusieurs fois depuis le départ de Rachel¹
 Que c'est devenu notre devoir de moi et de vous
 De soutenir notre Français (et nos esprits de plus),
 Par un effort brillant à un correspondance
 Dans l'esprit de Racine, et le langage de France:
 (Prononcez s'il vous plaît, toutes ces lignes, et la suite

¹ Rachel, the French actress, had lately visited Boston.

Avec l'accent charmant de notre cher Hippolyte.)
 Je commence, moi-même, en vous priant, ma chère
 De penser plus à mes sentiments, et moins au Gram-
 maire.

Figurez votre amie comme une fidèle Cœnone
 Qui a vous comme sa Phedre sa cœur abandonne
 Mais qui, à la fin, ne se trouve pas, j'espère,
 Compellée se lancer au sein de la mer! —
 Dix jours ont passé que je n'ai pas reçu
 Une lettre d'Annie; rien aussi de vous.
 Chaque matin me trouve accablée de douleurs.
 Chaque soir ne fait que de renouveler mes pleurs.
 Mais, j'avoue, il faut que j'élançe mes courroux
 Sur la tête de votre sœur, et non pas sur vous.
 Et pourquoi me plaindre? Je sais vos occupations
 Tout entièrement à présent l'ouvrage de *préparations*
 Vous travaillez sans cesse, vous n'êtes jamais tran-
 quille

En arrangeant vos habits, pour aller à la ville
 "Que ces vains ornements, que ces voiles vous pèsent"
 N'est-ce-pas? J'y pense, et mes courroux s'appaisent.
 Quant à moi, je retrouve enfin ma santé.
 Mes jours s'écoulent avec peu de variété:—
 Nos jeunes filles vont bien; Marie Dinsmoor et moi,
 Nous jouons à "coronella" avec beaucoup de Joie.
 Elle est vraiment charmante; bien aimable et gaie.
 Elle donnera un autre charme aux plaisirs de l'hiver.
 Le soir, Lucrèce, avec les filles et moi-même
 Jouons souvent le "*whist*" votre *favourite game*,
 (Excusez, ma chère, cette expression anglaise
 A ce moment, je ne puis pas en trouver la française)
 Et quoique nous n'avons le société comme vous
 Du Carleton, le beau, nous nous amusons beaucoup!
 Ah! comment pouvez-vous sans peine arracher
 Ces liens si doux, ces amitiés si vrais,
 Comme ceux de Carleton et Wheelock? Charlotte!
 Vous trouverez à la ville des *flames* plus dévotes

Plus galants, mieux gantés ; mais pensez, ma chère,
Jamais, non jamais, seront-ils plus sincères !

Eh bien ! il fait tard ; — et aussi, ma fille,
Ce composition français est bien difficile
Je l'avoue, et hélas ! je trouve mes idées
Ne s'écoulent en français avec rapidité.
Que je cesse donc ! Enfin je vous dis Adieu !
Hélas ! que de temps faut passer que ces yeux
Ne vous verront de plus, car l'inexorable Annie
Est résolue de ne pas aller à N. Y. par ici —
Ecrivez de Keene je vous prie encore une fois
En français, en anglais, mais toujours à moi !
Lucrèce vous envoie de baisers une douzaine !
Et moi, dix cent milles !

VOTRE AMIE SUSANNE.

TO EDWARD EVERETT HALE

APPLEDORE, *Sunday evening, July 4, 1858.*

DEAR EDWARD, — Your letter . . . arrived happily and safely yesterday. . . .

Your remarks with regard to happiness as a means rather than an end are most valuable, and, as it happened, most refreshing: for Margaret and I are most industrious in our ruralizing. If you could but see our fat Gray's "Manual," our two little "First Lessons," our microscope and our dissecting knife on the table, with the wrecks of analysed flowers and sections of stalks, you would suppose, as the chambermaid does, that we came here for the sole purpose of investigating the flora of the island. You would think it was not the best place to select for this particular branch of science, but we find our hands full with the different varieties. After every walk we come in with several new specimens to be botanised, and we are really getting quite skilful. To-day we

hunted down a mullein, and put him into the *Scrophularia Verbaseum Thapsus-es* with great ease. Also certain things that we didn't know before we have traced by the analysis of their parts. Then Margie is devoted to painting, you know. We go out with her sketching things and books, and pitch our tents on a rock where she sketches and lays in her colour with admirable effect and great skill. The many-tinted and shadowed rocks are very difficult studies for colour as well as shading, but capital practice. I have drawn a good deal. It is very simple sketching because there are no trees; and the cliffs on *our* island make faultless backgrounds for vistas of distant mountains, lighthouse, or breakers.

It is the most delightful place and satisfies one's ideal of an island. Here there can be no stealthy approach of Philistines, everybody must come on the high-seas, be spied far off, discussed and settled before he arrives in the little bay and is rowed to shore, just before the house. One or two small parties of gentlemen are here to-day, but very quiet and peaceful. I have never passed such a tranquil Fourth. Indeed I think this serene Sunday has been the quietest day of my life; the loudest noise, the roar of the breakers on the N. E. shore, and my only conversation, Margie's and my amicable chat. Isn't it nice?

Always yours,
SUSIE.

TO MRS. NATHAN HALE

RYE, *Thursday, August 28, 1862.*

DEAR MAMA, — In the first place, the money came all safe, —

In the second, the photograph of Nan did, with your nice letter. It's always splendid to get letters from your own self, though I'm always afraid about

your poor eye, lest it should get too much tired. It seemed to act rather like a beast and I'm glad I'm coming home to see after it myself. . . .

I am enchanted with the life here and could stay happily another fortnight—but I want to see you dreadfully, and to get settled at home quietly before school begins. One thing I shall rejoice at,—my own bed,—for this husk thing we sleep on is a beast;—and only the exhaustion produced by our active lives could make it tolerable. But I can sleep on anything, I believe. Another thing grows more loathsome day by day, and that's the confusion of a promiscuous table—nobody punctual—nobody ready to help,—and everybody talking such fool nonsense as sometimes almost to prevent digestion. But these are only trifles, only to be mentioned in connection with the thought of clean table-cloths, and regular meals,—and Peg's serene (?) administration thereof.

I laughed at reading your wishes for my quiet, for I was at that moment in the thick of some more theatricals! The indefatigable Bartlett had been getting up some at the *Hotel* (whatever is got up at the Hall must be rivalled by the Hotel, you see)—and at very short notice I agreed to play the "Morning Call" with him. I studied the part Monday, the plays were last night. It is a short piece of only me and Bartlett. Lucretia and the rest know it I guess, and I've always wanted to play it; and it was a great success they said—your younger daughter is represented to have looked very handsome. I was in a great puzzle about my dress,—which should be a gorgeous morning wrapper,—when lo! Miss Adam (in the Bath) offered me a rich robe which Mrs. Theodore Lyman gave her for theatrical purposes. It fits me to a T. Sheer white muslin, most elaborately trimmed with brilliant rose and Chine ribbon, round the bottom of the skirt, and an upper skirt

open in front. Little cap to match, — the whole thing very becoming. Mr. Coleman and a dozen people from the cottages came when they found I was to act. It was very good fun — better than usual I think — being so lady-like — I only *long* to do it with Follen Cabot, — because he 'd be so much better than Mr. Bartlett — although he was good. . . .

Love to all, from yrs.,

SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

WAUMBEK, *July 19 (That's Sunday), 1863.*

DEAR CREESH, — Muchly refreshed was I by your letter this morning, — especially at last to hear something about the Brookline draft. The papers are rigorously silent thereupon. Dan Dwight! Curious that family should be so heavily drawn upon. . . .

But let us leave these scenes, as I did yestermorn, and, my sister, fly with me down the road to Stillins's, through the woods and out on the New Gorham Road, take your right turn, about two miles, till you come on to the Cherry Mountain Road, and so home across the meadows and up the hill. About nine miles in all, and took all the morning, stopping to sketch and eat raspberries. For if you should wish a *short* description of the wood-road by Stillins's, I could give it to you in one word — viz.: *Raspberries*. They are just this minute ripe; the strawberries being just this minute gone, but the Rasps are even more tempting, being less breakback to cull, and *such* a flavour! The sun kept coming out, and it kept raining; the more it shone, the more it rained, — but by the time I came home it was hot and sultry, and sunny, and dried up my drabbed skirts for the second or third time on the excursion. Such a wood-road, narrow cart-path, grassy, and hung with raspberry bushes.

Israel's River rushing and tumbling alongside, brawling over the stones, — the ground carpeted with Linnaea — (just done blossoming), — little Oxalis, Pyrola, and all matter of moss and greenness, everything dripping with recent showers, and so sweet-smelling. Then when you get out on the meadows, great yellow lilies nod their heads, quantities of Orchis, Rue, and Lysimachia, — a lovely broad meadow, with the river through it and its pretty bridge, belted with woods, and crowned by Cherry Mountain.

In the afternoon, my legs aching a little, I snoozed and dressed lazily, arranged my flowers in a big glass pitcher which dear Ma Plaisted provided me and Margy with, and carried 'em into the parlour, where they were, as usual, much admired by "our little circle." After tea it was so beautiful on the piazza everybody congregated there for a long time; we wound up with Psalmody in the parlour. You will be surprised to learn that Mrs. Thompson and I are the Choir. She has a very sweet voice, and plays readily. We have no books, but between us have thought of all the old things you ever conceived of; and draw tears (?) from the eyes of the audience with "Oft in the stilly," "Ave Sanctissima," etc. Mr. Frothingham (middle-aged gent, here with wife, I don't know what sort) joined last night, and we had some very good Brattle Street, etc. — everybody being thunder-struck at last to find it was nearly eleven o'clock! . . . Love to all,

Yrs.,
SUSE.

TO CHARLES HALE

BROOKLINE, *November 10, 1865.*

DEAR CHARLEY, — I've been engaged this week in a pecunious *heik*; to wit, getting money from the ladies of the Parish to get a new gown for Dr. Hedge.

His was stolen out of the vestry last spring, and the dear little Doctor has ever since been gownless. We were roused to the occasion by the spur of Dr. Putnam's gown being stolen from Roxbury only a fortnight ago, when immediately *his* ladies flew around and have already got him a gown. So Lizzie Guild and I have been agitating the matter. She finds that "they come very expensive." The silk is seven dollars a yard, and the marm that makes it asks a great deal, so it will amount to one hundred and seventy-five dollars. I agreed to raise twenty-five or fifty dollars, and have been two trips round the big guns of the parish. I found them all amenable to kind treatment, and we shall have no trouble; though many ladies say "they prefer Dr. Hedge without a gown." Now that is neither here nor there, for it isn't creditable to have no gown on the premises whether he wears it or not.

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

Friday evening, April 6, 1866.

DEAR LUCRETIA,—Not to make this too heavy, I'll take this brief sheet of paper to say that nothing at all has happened since you left, except this nice little scrap from Meggie, through Mrs. Dwight, and a great fat budget from Charles, with this satisfactory note for you, which being unsealed Mama and I have read.

Yesterday was lovely and hot to its close, but people to-day are cursing dreadfully about it. I had a splendid walk, six miles, nearly roasted.

Saw	. . .	1 mud-turtle
"	. . .	1 purple lizard with yellow spots
"	. . .	2,000 squirrels

LIFE IN BOSTON AND BROOKLINE 17

- Saw . . . 1,100,000 birds
 " . . . 1 dead snake
 Heard . . . millions of birds
 " . . . 1 phoebe
 " . . . 1 bird very rare, name unknown
 " . . . 20,000,000 frogs
 " . . . 0 hylas
 (I forgot to mention among
 Saws . . . 1 hepatica bud, very small)
 Smelt . . . 1 doz. sk—k cabbages
 " . . . No end of good things

Dr. Hedge was excellent this P.M. The audience spasmodic in efforts at cheerful ease. . . . A warm, very warm rain, all day, no fire in the furnace,—saves 37½ c. . . .

Yours,
 SUSE.

TO CHARLES HALE

BROOKLINE, *Sunday, January 20, 1867.*

DEAR CHARLEY, — This did not go by the Despatch Bag, and waits the Mail, if there is any! on account of the Great Storm of 1867, which has just got itself over, and the effects of which are still conspicuous in front of the house in great drifts as tall as Nathan, literally. . . .

But now I must tell you about the storm, which was very exciting. When we woke up Thursday it was snowing hard, but almost all of the children came to school, and we did n't take in what was going on till noon, by which time the drifts were piling up on the piazzas, the windows, and roofs; the wind blowing so that in some places the ground was bare, while close by, the snow sloped up suddenly several feet. Sleighs came for the children who ride, and those who walk were getting ready when Dr. Francis

came stamping in all covered with snow. "Don't think of letting any of them walk," he said; and carried off Anne Head, who lives near him, in his sleigh. This left the little Atkinsons, who live up opposite the Annie Atkinsons, you know, beyond the Guilds. We can almost see the house, but the Doctor said the drifts were very large between there and here, and that long avenue all blocked up; so they staid, of course; and soon James, the Lowells' man, appeared from Chestnut Hill, for Olivia and Mamy, — but so covered with snow, and his horse and sleigh in such a plight, he said he'd hardly venture to take the children back, the drifts were awful and they might freeze. So he went off, leaving four children here, very jolly and excited at the wonderful novelty of being snowed up at school. The anxious mind of the housekeeper at once reverted to the larder, for in a family of three to be suddenly increased to seven when you can't send anywhere for anything, is rather puzzling. Luckily, *most* luckily, Will Everett had just presented me with a great roasting piece of his pig, recently slaughtered — and this was actually the dinner for the day, with the idea of cut and come again on Sunday. Well it was cut and no come again, for none of the children were Jews, and all ate heartily. Meanwhile it snowed and snowed. Nobody came for the little Atkinsons, and night fell. Nathan buffeted down to the village, and found everything stopped up in the way of cars, and the road quite blockaded. So we played games with the children till their bed-time; found enough night gowns for them with difficulty, and settled ourselves for the night.

Friday was bright and clear, but a strange sight was out of the windows. Snow heaped nearly to the top of every lower pane, — a wall of snow two or three feet in front of every door, and not a sign of

man or beast in the road. No milk-man, no fish-man, no grocer, no butcher, no ice-man came near that day, though their five respective carts usually jingle to the door. Six I ought to say, for the baker is due Friday. The larder question began to grow serious, — for we ate up the rest of the pork for breakfast. Milk gave out, etc. Not butter, for haven't I got the delicious stone jar of butter bought of Fullum, who had it "put down" at Fitchburg? Don't you wish you had some, unfortunate avoider of buffalo butter! All stamped in sweet pats by the unerring Sarah!

Of course I had no other scholars but the little inmates, but kept a futile school for them for a few hours, and then we adjourned to the parlour, where painting was set up on a large scale. At twelve the shovelling boy came and I sent him down to the village for dinner. Soon after, the heroic Annie Atkinson appeared before the house, a man before her shovelling a path in which she slowly advanced. She was hailed with wild enthusiasm. She reported that Walnut Street had been broken out, and also the Atkinson Hill, by snow ploughs, but still she did n't dare to take the children without a Male (the shoveller came from the Winsors' and went right off); so having relieved her mind by finding them safe, she departed, and sent back here young Moses Williams (now a Soph. at college) and his little brother, who took the children home. This left two Lowells, who continued very jolly and pleasant, occasionally "wondering when James would come" but not at all homesick. They are sweet, nicely bred children and we really enjoyed their niceness very much, only you can imagine it was rather a bore to have anyone round. Besides, *no dinner!* for That Boy did n't turn up. Two o'clock came, no dinner; half-past, no dinner! At almost three came the boy, just as I

was really beginning to worry, all panting, saying it took him all that time to get down and get back. I don't believe that, by the way, but think he stopped to shovel somebody out, and turn an (?) penny. At any rate, we were Thankful to see him,—the fish was soon fried and we didn't starve that day. In the afternoon we dressed the children up in flannel drawers and turned them out to play in the drifts. It was laughable to see them plunging like little porpoises in the great snow billows. Olivia could stagger round pretty well, but Mamy, who is fat and roly-poly (eight years old), could only tumble about and get all submerged. I concluded to go out, and in high boots and short skirts started for the Bursley's, to compare notes with them. Such a time! Cypress Street proved to be all unbroken and to-day I find myself quite a heroine for being the first to break it out. "Up to my knees" is an inadequate expression, but I plunged along "in the footsteps which perhaps another, etc.," until pretty near the Bursley's, when I came to a place where all tracks were obliterated and it was up to my waist. I *could n't* turn back, being so near, and after a good tug found myself again in a track and arrived safely. I was received with great applause, and came home very easily round by the Town Hall and village, where it is well broken out. Saturday all the butchers and bakers managed to find us. Three *Dailys*, three *Transcripts*, and three N. Y. *Heralds* all came together! The report being spread that we had no milk, Edward Hooper arrived with a big pail, and Murray Howe with a full can, just as the milkman had left, *enfin*, four quarts! "James" came for the children about noon, "the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to beat the dog" and so on, and we proceed as in whist. But all Nature looks very oddly. Travel is still difficult, cars but just

begin to run, and everybody you meet has tales of hair-breadth escapes. I've left myself no room for anything else, but this is our Chief Event, as you may well imagine.

Yours,
SUSIE.

CHAPTER II

Trip to Egypt and the Holy Land with Miss Lucretia P. Hale to visit their brother, Charles Hale, Consul General in Egypt.

(1867-1868)

TO MISS ANNIE BURSLEY

ALEXANDRIA, *October 26, 1867.*

(A week yesterday since we got here.)

MY DARLING ANNIE, — Just now I got Fanny H.'s nice letter of just a month ago, which tells me all your news, and sets my mind at rest for the present, but a *month*, how long it seems ago, and what are you doing now? . . .

I've been sick (not very) almost ever since we came — used up with the care of the journey, but I saw enough of our life here the first day or two to give you an idea, and you mustn't worry about my health, for a rest in bed is the best possible thing for me.

Charles has one story of a house, two flights from the street. Do you understand? It is all built round a well in the middle, which lights the entry and dining-room. People ring at the door at the top of the stairs just like a street-door. I have only been out of it once — that was to go to church Sunday — for ladies don't walk out in Alexandria! If I'm well enough we are to drive this P. M.

We have a maid, a native Arab but very intelligent, and you wouldn't know her from a regular

woman, for she is dressed all right, only she kisses our hands morning and night, and calls Charles "Master." She does everything for us. I don't lift a finger. You don't know how easy it is to take to doing nothing. "Fanny, please to fold those skirts," etc. I didn't touch to unpack the trunks. She does up things beautifully, — my muslin waist is lovely.

At nine in the morning she comes and kisses our hands and asks if we are ready for coffee, which we take in bed. Each of us has a little iron bedstead with mosquito netting all round. It is hot night and day, but as we are never in the sun it is not oppressive. We lazily dress ourselves and stroll into the *salon*, where I practise a little on the piano or read, or entertain visitors, for some come in the morning. At twelve, or after, we have *déjeuner*. Charles gives his arm to Luc., and we elegantly move into the dining-room, where we eat such delicious things — dainty birds, or chops, or omelet or fritters, all cooked by *Ali*, who also waits at table. He is all done up in a turban and brown loose trousers with a red sash. He only speaks Arabic and French. The breakfast ends with two or three kinds of fruit, either dates, pomegranates, bananas, grapes, pears. Isn't it aggravating that I had to stop eating? but I shall begin again. After breakfast, we lollop round in the *salon*, which is furnished with great long couches — and *Ali* brings coffee in little cups — sweet, without milk, but very delicious. After that it is too warm to do anything, and everybody goes to bed. We sleep till about four when we must be dressed for visitors. By that time the sun has left the front of the house, and it is quite cool on the balcony, where we sit and watch the mad proceedings going on below. The street is narrow, so it looks quite deep, — and full of Arabs raising Jack all the time. It would take a hundred

pages to describe. The servants belonging to each house sit on a bench in a kind of archway in the sidewalk. They wear loose blue or white gowns with their brown legs and arms sticking out all dusty. They have shoes but often kick them off and sit alongside barefoot. Perhaps a man comes along with a round waiter on his head full of yellow millet, sort of onion-looking things, and some brown things. The person in the blue night gown thinks he'll trade. The man sets his waiter down on a big wicker cage he lugs for the purpose, and the blue night gown buys two little things full of yellow corn and one of the onion things. He puts them on the bench between him and the white night gown, and both gobble them up, the white quite as much as the blue. Just then a *Seis* comes tearing along. He is a long-limbed



Arab, often handsomely dressed in red and gold vest, with white sleeves and trousers ballooning out behind, and a long staff in his hand. Every carriage (of note) has a *Seis* who runs before

to clear the narrow street! Here is a string of camels, four or five, joined by a rope from the back of one to the tail of another. They are heavily piled with loads of *mud*, I should think, and move slowly, necks bobbing up and down. But the dear little donkeys go jouncing by covered with jingling-bells, like the bells on a tambourine. They are so lively—I love them—but a blue boy rushes along pounding them with a stick. Visitors come to interrupt our observations. If they talk French, as is quite usual, I am “sent to the

front," and I hear that somebody says one of the young ladies speaks French remarkably well. That's me. Though since I'm sick I hear Lucretia shines also. Ali brings coffee every time visitors are here as above, whereby I drink a good deal, for it is etiquette to *pretend* to drink each time.

At seven we dine, a meal much like the *déjeuner*. You must know everything is cooked over charcoal in a very funny kitchen. No range or stove or such clumsiness. Then a little music, much talking with Charles and to bed at ten. Is not that a "change" for a N. E. schoolma'am? I won't *cross lines*, so Good-bye.

YOUR SUSIE.

TO MISS ANNIE BURSLEY

CAIRO, EGYPT, *Sunday evening,*
December 8, 1867.

DEAR ANNIE,—I've got your letter of Nov. —, just after you had received my photograph. I'm horrid sorry there was such a gap in my letters then. It is true, I could n't find the heart to write to you for a long time, and then besides, we were going farther off, but now that I hear often, I feel like writing to you even more than I do. I hope you won't get tired of my letters! . . .

I have lots to tell you. Don't know where to begin. We are going *up the Nile* this week, or early next, and Mr. and Mrs. Lesley have come here to go with us. Is n't that jolly! They were in Switzerland, and Charles sent to invite them with us, and they are actually now at Charley's house in Alexandria, and coming here Wednesday. We are wild to see them. You know they are the ones who were at our house two summers. We love her very much; and Mr. L.

is very agreeable, and Charles and we all like him. We are going in a *steam-boat*, which is much more swell than the sail-boats, called "dahebiahs," like those the Rodmans, Lawrences and Tuckers go in — much larger and more comfortable, and altogether more distinguished. So we shall go steaming by them on the river, and stop and make a call on them, and they will all lie down and foam at the mouth. . . .

We shall take books and work, and I believe the piano, and paints of course, and just lollop on the deck with an awning, and eat delicious things, and stop when we please to go on shore, and ride on donkeys to see ruins. What fun! I wish you were going. Fanny, the maid, goes, — and Hassan, who is a love, — and Mr. Tarvil, who is "Dragoman of the Consulate," a very distinguished young gentleman of high birth, in a fez, but otherwise clothed like a Christian — wears light gloves, and can talk English — a very gentlemanly little fellow. You know Thursday was my birthday. Mr. Tarvil sent me a gorgeous bouquet of sixty-seven exquisite roses (I counted them) and a long box containing an amber necklace with gold majigs hanging from it. Wasn't it perfectly jolly? Luc. bought me a bangly gilt clasp and belt at an Arab bazaar, and Charley gave me a lovely fat blank book with drawing-paper leaves, for a kind of journal of this trip. When Hassan came in that morning, he brought me a big bunch of flowers about two feet across, which he presented with a lovely grin. And we had a bottle of champagne at dinner. Wasn't it odd on my birthday to stand out on the balcony in my *barège* dress, arranging my roses? — a perfectly lovely warm day, — trees, green birds singing, sun shining. Mr. Lawrence gave me a little riding whip (for donkeys).

Cairo is delightful, awfully nicer than Alexandria, and we have moved all our traps up here and shall

be here a good while after we come back from up river. We are at a great big English hotel, which only opens to-day, and we are the only people in it. Everything is in a half-finished state from the roof down to the coffee-cups, and the English are so "stick-in-the-mud" (I beg Ira's pardon, but I really think the English are awfully stupid) that it seems as if they never would get things under way, which makes us rather mad, and we cuss and swear at them a good deal, but the rooms are princely and the cook is French and feed delicious. The only other people as yet at the *table d'hôte* are Mr. Forest, a director of the Hotel Company. We call him especially "Stick-in-the-Mud," for he is a perfect owl. He has his hair parted in the middle and a loose beard like your brother's—but I am glad to say the likeness extends no further. . . . Our rooms are at the corner of the house with a stone balcony running all round, where we sit and look out on a lovely wide view of sky and trees and donkeys and camels.

I began a little sketch this P. M. I hope I shall have lots to take home. Charley generally goes to another hotel, but it is small, and he gave up the rooms he usually has to the Lawrences. We dined there yesterday with them and had rather a good time. The Tuckers and their young men are there, "Billy" Howe, Lawrence Mason and Arthur Lawrence. The latter is very pleasant and sweet, I think. . . . He means to be a clergyman—Episcopal—but he has a good deal of fun—and is handsome and gentle. He has been here to see us—he shares my enthusiasm for riding on donkeys. We shall see them all on the river, and perhaps dine with them on Christmas Day, if we don't get too far ahead of them. The Rodmans got off yesterday,—we paid them a visit on their *dahebiah* the day before. It looked very cosy and nice, little cabins for each and

a *salon* where their books and work were spread about, but our boat will be bigger. . . .

This is the queerest town you ever saw:—I shall describe it in some other letter which perhaps you will see. I am a great deal happier here than any time since leaving home, and I expect to enjoy the Nile. Do write lots, you can't write too much.

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS ANNIE BURSLEY

*On board "Besh-bish," near TEL-EL-AMANA,
NILE, Sunday, December 22, 1867.*

. DEAR ANNIE,—I wish you could see us, all sitting on deck in the soft wind and sunshine. Charles and Lucretia, lazy things, just finishing their coffee (ten o'clock A. M.!), Mrs. Lesley and I writing letters, Mr. Lesley sketching a cliff into his notebook, and Mr. *Van Lennep* making cartridges, Hassan stand-



ing by to help him. This is a picture of the man at the wheel with another old "Rag-bag," as we call them, to help him. The helmsman is generally on a broad grin at our proceedings.

We have had a perfectly jolly week, and so far the Nile voyage is enchanting. People

who take it don't say half enough about it. I thought I would keep a little journal day by day for you, but we are so busy and hurried, and I'm so tired at night! I have n't touched it. I think I must try to remember the chief things, however, for you will be amused, I'm sure.

Monday we went on board and got settled and spent the night, but did n't start, for Charles was in Alexandria for a ball which he had to attend because the Viceroy did. It was very pretty lying at the shore at "Boulak," the name of the starting-place — but awfully cold on deck with a beastly wind.

Tuesday we had a telegram from Charles saying he would arrive and be ready to start about three. Fanny came to me and said, "Captain want to know, Miss Susie, if you will have the fires made under the engines." Yes, I said I would — was n't it curious to be ordering the steam made for a steam-boat? We waited lunch for Charles, and started the minute he arrived, but we had a very exciting meal, for every one kept springing up and rushing to see a palace, a harem or something, as we passed by Cairo and its suburb. It is all very pretty. We were so jolly, five of us, Mr. and Mrs. Lesley, Luc., Charles and I, for Mr. Tarvil, who went to the ball with C., saw fit to miss the train from Alexandria, so we started without him; for you must know there is a railroad by the side of the river as far as Minyeh, and we could pick up the tardy Tarvil at one of the stations.

About two hours after we started Hassan in great excitement announced that he saw the Lawrences' dahebiah. He instantly fired two pistols. We stopped and after a great deal of handkerchief waving (they raised and lowered their flag for a salute), C. and I got into our little boat, and were rowed across the river to them. The river is wider than you would suppose, as wide as across the cove at J. Pond, from Pine bank over to Mr. Frank Parkman's, perhaps. When we got over there it was already dark, for there is no twilight here; minute the sun sets the glow fades, out come the stars and night begins. The Lawrences received us with joy, for they were very gloomy. Only think, the distance we

came in two hours took them four days, for there was a head wind all the time, and they only got on by "tracking," which is being pulled along on a tow-path by the side, by the crew and a rope. Mr. L. is an invalid, and altogether they were having a ghastly time, especially as they had seen nothing of the other boats of their friends, who by starting earlier had outstripped them. However, we cheered them a good deal, gave Mr. L. the latest *Daily Advertiser* (for we got a mail the last thing before sailing which brought me your *dear* letter of the 21st Nov.) and brought Mrs. L. and Minna Motley across to dine with us. You must know we have the most stunning feed, six or eight courses at lunch and dinner. . . . We dine generally at five or six o'clock on deck, which even after dark can be shut in close with awnings, so that our silver candelabra with six candles don't flare too much, — there are also murky lanterns hanging above the table. After dinner, we adjourned as usual to the *salon*, showed the ladies our cabins and cosy arrangements and had a refreshing exchange of sentiment. Their dragoman, Josef, came for them in their boat, and we bade them farewell. Our boat always stops for the nights, so all this time we were at anchor, but at sunrise next morning we steamed off, leaving the L.'s behind. I hope they have had better luck since.

Wednesday.—I was up rather early, and had my coffee alone on deck. Lovely scenery on each side, palms, villages, low hills, women leading sheep down to water, donkeys and camels distinct against the sky. . . .

By and by we came to Beni Suef, and here we had the funniest time. The Consular Agent for U. S. heard we were coming and came down to meet us. He is an Arab, but Christian, but not at all a Yankee, — don't talk anything but "Rag-bag." Hassan inter-

preted. He invited us to his house, and we all went with him through a large town of narrow streets like Cairo, to his funny house (I have a sketch of the interior), where he treated to sherbet (awful good) and coffee. Besides, he sent lots of oranges, a sheep and a turkey to the boat! Ain't it fun to be Consuls? Here Mr. Tarvil arrived, but to our grief *no* Mr. Van Lennep, whom Charles had invited to join us, rather late to be sure, at the ball Monday night. That night we steamed up a few miles to some alabaster quarries which Mr. Lesley wanted to see. He is splendid for this trip, for he is thunderingly scientific, and with maps and guide books roots out all kinds of things to see, besides he can read hieroglyphics, and knows all about Pacht and other goddesses and suns with horns and so on. We anchored just off the quarries for the night, and early the next (Thursday) morning Mr. Lesley and I went ashore (nobody else up) to examine the alabaster. . . . Mr. Lesley admired the alabaster, and I ran up a little hill and admired the lovely, lovely river, with green shores dotted with palms, stretching far away everywhere.

But this day, *Thursday*, was wild. We came upon the Rodmans who were delightful—and so glad to see us. They had been *two weeks* getting here, but seemed to be having a lovely time, not grumbling at detentions or inconveniences. Mr. Rodman is rabid on birds. He shoots and stuffs a great many. They dined with us, for we decided at once to anchor by them for the night. Imagine our excitement at hearing shouts from the shore, and then appeared Mr. *Van Lennep*, who sprang aboard, panting and dusty. He came by railroad too late to catch us at Beni Suef, went on at a venture in the cars, and saw from the car-window our boat on the river. Jumped out at a way-station, not knowing its name, and had been

running half an hour, on the chance of hitting us. If we had n't stopped for the Rodmans he might have missed us entirely! A chance Arab soon came along with his luggage—there always is an Arab who turns up to fetch and carry. Of course his arrival was very exciting. I thought Emma Rodman would have died of Van L. He speaks English very well, but with an accent, of course, and in his excitement he used such idioms. She said he was just like a man in a play, and so he was. Get the photograph book from Nathan and look at him, for he plays a prominent part in this history. He is lovely,—so gay, boyish, gentlemanly, well-informed, agreeable—quite the life of the party. He and Mr. Tarvil, who is not so much of a man, but harmless, are running and fooling each other all the time, in French, Italian, Arabic and English. I sit between them at dinner, and they vie with each other in passing the wine, and folding my napkin. Good fun, hey?

The Rodmans were nice, nice, nice. We parted from them that night, but their *dahebiah* was close alongside, and the next morning, *Friday*, they came upon our boat and we all steamed together two or three miles to . . . , where we landed for an excursion. These excursions are such fun. About a million donkeys were waiting for us, sent forward by the Consular Agent of Beni Suef. Our side-saddles were *heiked* on to them, the gentlemen mounted Arab steeds, also provided by (and at expense of) Consular Agent, and escorted by no end of natives we all trotted off to see the Coptic Convent, and afterwards an ancient grotto full of hieroglyphics. I can't begin to tell the fun. Emma and Mrs. R. very jolly, our little donkeys so sweet, each with a donkey-boy holding us on, and trying to talk English or Arabic with us. The strangest part is that all the neighbourhood tags along too. I counted *forty-five* people in our

party, though we ourselves even with Hassan, etc., were not a dozen. The "Captain of the Province" was there on horseback, a very swell personage wearing gold chains and a yellow and red turban. He delighted in parading his horsemanship, which was wonderful, and careered before us across the sand just like a desert, — in fact it is nothing else, — like all the pictures of Bedouins throwing the jereed. Van Lennep and Tarvil also were on splendid horses, and went coursing about throwing reeds at each other. Altogether it was a wild scene. Can you fancy it at all? . Ourselves on gentle donkeys, our white um-



brellas up, and two or three attendants each, — crowds of white-teethed Arabs, — horses rushing about everywhere — and all on a stretch of dazzling yellow sand wherever you could look, with low sand hills before us where the Grotto was. The antiquities were not much there, better farther on. The Copts gave us coffee which we drank standing outside the convent, with all the Rag-bags staring at us.

So back to lunch, which the Rodmans shared with us, — and then we sadly left them and steamed up to Minyeh, quite a big town, where we had to stop to take in coal, and stopped all night. Mr. Van Lennep and I tuned the guitar which Charles brought along. He has an excellent ear, and knows a good deal about music.

Saturday, after an hour or two of steaming, we reached Beni-Hassan which is a remarkable place

for antiquities; so we stopped for the day, making one excursion before luncheon on donkeys as before, and another after. In the morning we had even more escort than before, so after lunch as we started Charley told Hassan to tell them that only those



must go with us who were absolutely necessary — “that *he would not have* the Whole Village accompany us, and that if they did he should punish them.” You ought to have seen them scuttle when they heard this. Seems as if I should die laughing to think that it’s necessary to *order* the whole village to stay at home. After all there were about six to each donkey.

Here is one, clothed, *fact*, you observe, in the “tight-fitting brown costume” described by Thackeray in “Cornhill to Cairo,” all shaved but a little tuft on the top of his head. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO THE HALE FAMILY

ASSOUAN, *Sunday, January 5, 1868.*

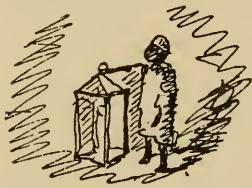
DEAR FAMILY,—Don’t suppose that the Nile is a place of leisure, for nobody since Luc.’s last date has had any time for writing! Besides to tell all we do would take volumes; but I must try to go on with matters where she left them.

Sunday, 22d December.—We steamed quietly up river, resting and writing what you see—but in the P. M. we reached Siut, where the “brother” of the Consular Agent awaited us (“brother” means “friend,” but is the term in constant use on the Nile), with donkeys richly caparisoned—lovely fellows to escort us to the town about a mile off. The two sons of the C. Agent also came on board, youths

of fourteen and sixteen who can talk a little English. Our *cortège*, amounting to thirty or so agents and carwasses, was imposing. The ride was lovely, through green fields on a high causeway, which was raised for the telegraph poles, which reach, indeed, even here to Assuan! At Siut there was a great deal of hospitable backing and filling, because our Consular Agent was away, but that didn't seem to be any reason why his "brother" shouldn't invite us to a gorgeous dinner. So we went first to C. Agent's house and had coffee and saw his little daughter and his monkey, and afterwards sons, and all came to "brother" Weesa's house where we had such a dinner! Ourselves were seven, — the American missionary was invited, he happens to be a Scotchman, named Hogg. The Mondiah of the Province came, very swell in tan-coloured kid gloves and otherwise European in costume, but only talking Arabic; a friend, in a promiscuous costume who dropt in for no special reason that we could find out, completed the party at table, for the worthy Weesa himself only helped the five or six Arabic "Pegs" and "Fullums" who served the meal. There was also an anxious-browed friend, whom we called Frank Peabody from the resemblance, who stood in the doorway (in a turban) and advised about matters, — rushing for an additional tumbler when it was needed. The sons of the C. Agent and half a dozen children were suppressed during dinner, and Hassan sate without in the entry.

Well, there were thirteen courses which we ate, all delicious, and when we said we couldn't eat any more, which is the custom, there were still eight more dishes visible, to come, and more doubtless in the kitchen. The *pièce de résistance* was a whole sheep, which Mr. Tarvil carved. It proved to be stuffed with a pillar of rice containing almonds and other

matters. Sweets and solids are alternated, not as with us — so blanc-mange appeared after chicken, and next came sausages. What a dinner! Afterwards, when we had returned to the *salon*, we had tea served with orange squeezed into it, very good. Then came the dancing girls, richly caparisoned, and an extraordinary orchestra which sate on the floor and produced rare sounds. We left on our donkeys be-



tween eight and nine. It was perfectly dark and riding through the narrow streets lighted by candles, borne by Rag-bags, in immense lanterns, was very Arabian Nights-esque. The street is shut off at intervals by great wooden doors, which are opened when thumped by One-eyed Calenders. . . .

Tuesday, steaming again, and Susie, Luc., and I very busy preparing little matters for the stockings. We dine on deck every day, just at sunset, when we stop steaming for the night. . . . If it is too cool for all the evening on deck we go down by and by to the *salon*, where we play picquet, read Artemus Ward, or write a paper of consequences. At eight o'clock Benedetto brings a tray with tea, which is served generally by Mr. Van Lennep, and we break up by nine or ten, very tired, especially after excursions. We are writing a novel, each one a chapter, by turns, and every day at dinner the new chapter is read, amid the yells of the company. It is getting very exciting.

We got Hassan (much pleased) to put the stockings by the beds of the gentlemen. There was a little interchange of stockings in the female quarter and

Wednesday, Xmas, great hilarity was caused by the opening thereof. I prepared waggish and appropriate sketches, which cause a smile, for each stock-

ing. We reached Denderah pretty early and went off to the ruins on donkeys, taking our lunch with us. This was our first genuine *Ruin* of a temple, and very interesting, although *stupidly modern*, being only the age of the Ptolemies and Cleopatra. Mr. Lesley is death on hieroglyphics and cartouches. Thanks to him we all know "Ramses II" like a familiar friend, and the sign of life is as readily recognised (and as common here) as S. J. 1860 X on the Ruins of West Roxbury. Mr. Van Lennep is devoted to the subject, and Mr. Lesley. The rest follow with unequal steps, more or less ardent. I confess I have very little power of digestion for deciphering hieroglyphics. I am apt to settle down with my paint-box and sketch a green field and a little bit of mountain which haven't the remotest connection with Ramses and Thormoses. I like immensely the temples and obelisks, but not the things on them—except in very small doses. . . . We lunched on the very top of Denderah, with the hawk-headed god, Horas, or perhaps it was the goddess, Pacht, sticking out her leg at us on the wall. Do forgive me if I don't say enough about the antiquities. It is all in "Murray." Mind, I like them, only I can't describe about the North-wall and the South-wall and the left wing of the propylon. That P. M. we went across the river, I think, in our small boat, to Kench, where the *Besh-bish* was coaling. A jolly Christmas dinner and flaming plum-pudding. There spent the night, and

Thursday, reached Thebes at noon, where we stayed five days. Here lives Mustafa Aga, C. Agent both for French and English, a character—Arabic, with a smattering of all languages. Vain, simple, sweet old thing, very hospitable. He has built his house under the portico of an old temple, so that it is entered through grand old columns. We made him a

call, and he gave us coffee, sherbet, and also lots of blue china antiquities, and other rare things. We moored the boat, however, on the other side of the river, for convenience of going to the Temple of Quornah, which we did that same afternoon. Very lovely, and old, lots of Ramses. We went also to the Ramesium, which is near, and where is the great big statue fallen down, the largest in the world, but all ruined.

Friday, a delightful day at the Tombs of the Kings, only Susie Lesley was too tired to go with us. It is a very long donkey ride through marvellous wastes of sand, and the tombs are excavated, sixty feet downward, in the mountain. Didn't Belzoni have fun finding them! The walls inside are covered with paintings still very bright in colour. We had each a candle to grope about with. There was one awful place leading into the very bowels of the earth, and smelling very considerably of mummy. No mummies there now, — but when we came out we had a very funny time with crowds of "Rag-bags" who came round with antiquities?!?! We all sate down on the yellow sand exhausted with the climb up the steep steps of "No. 18" (tombs are numbered); these creatures came round with sort of bags or baskets, and squatting before us, and gradually hitching up closer, till finally their glowering eyes and grinning teeth were right in our faces; silently they produced their treasures — a mummy hand with ring on it, a piece of mummy-case, a scarabæus, and so on. Hassan, standing in the midst, does the bargaining. "Well, Hassan," says the Consul, "you may ask him what he'll take for this hawk with nothing but the feet and tail left." Hassan to man, "Warragua, warragy." Man says five pounds. Hassan throws the thing contemptuously in his face, "La, la!" (No, no!). "I'll give you two piastres." (Eight

piastres make a shilling.) So the man gives it, and takes two piastres. Mr. Lesley rather wanted a scarabæus, for which the owner demanded an enormous price. It ended in his taking a shilling. After this we lunched at the mouth of a tomb, and Luc. and I napped on the sand. It is a desolate enough place without a spear of grass or a tree. The men went into several other tombs, — but No. 18 is the best. A fatiguing day but good, — and it's lovely dropping down to the river on the gentle little donkeys in the magnificent sunsets we have every night, all different. Of course I can't tell half the incidents of donkey-boys *contretemps*, etc., that keep us in a state of constant frolic and excitement. Hassan brings me every flower that grows — not many, but some are lovely, the blossoms generally of the new fresh-springing crops, all leguminosæ, every one of 'em, except some.

Saturday.—Donkeys again to Medineh Haboo, still on the W. side of the river — a grand temple, with a courtyard and pillars still magnificent. Home at sunset by the Great Colossi, one of which is the Vocal Statue (beloved by Holland), which I like best of everything in Egypt. The dear old things sit so comfortably with their hands on their knees, looking forth across the valley, in a lovely glowing field of green, doing just what they have a mind to, and not having to move for anything. We saw them all these days, but now near for the first time. They are enormous, — and how lovely, their long shadows slanting across the plain. As for the Voice, it is ridiculous, and I believe it used to speak differently. This day we moved over to the Thebes side and were to have done Karnak on

Sunday — but for a wonder, I was really sick with heiking, — and all were so tired it was decided to rest, a delightful conclusion of the Consul. I stayed

on the bed and Susie Lesley nursed me in a lovely manner. Up-stairs they had —— (whose dahebiah overtook us here) to lunch. He is a New Jersey man, who came up with wife, daughter and son. Son sick, they, disgusted, turned round at Thebes and went home. Fools, thorough (bad) specimens of prejudiced Americans. They have afforded us fun, — but I won't waste time on their idiot-syncretasies. They mean well.

Monday, December 30. — I was all right and everybody fresh and lively for Karnak, which is considered, you know, the great thing of all on the whole Nile. As I understand it, Thebes is the modern name of a town on the ruins of an old town, named Luxor. Karnak is a great old temple half a mile out of Luxor, and the Colossi and those other places we have seen before were clustered about the Grandeurs of Karnak. The river now runs between; but some people think it used to go the other side of Karnak which was then connected by avenues with the Colossi and all that. But then again, others think the river always did, etc. You can read a great deal of twaddle about Karnak, and see a great many pictures that don't look anything like it in books such as "Bartlett's" and others. It is magnificent, and beyond description. There is a great deal left of it, though all speaks of ruin, — but especially the grand hall of pillars, close together like a grove of palms and no roof but the bright blue sky above, is beautiful and solemn. We spent a long day there, wandering with the guide to the different obelisks and wonders, but always returning to the grand hall. It seems frivolous even to mention that we lunched at the feet of these great pillars, — but lunch was very refreshing, especially when Mustafa Aga's surprise appeared in the form of an immense tin waiter, which being uncovered displayed a whole turkey and

a whole sheep, each richly cooked, and stuffed with rice fixin's, brought hot from his house. He was present himself, and we drank his health in champagne. While we were feasting, his attendants spread in another part of the temple at the foot of the columns a large turkey carpet and cushions, to which we retired and where we reclined, drinking hot coffee and (the gentlemen) smoking. Thus comfortably, we fell asleep, or dozed, looking up at the sky beyond the graceful capitals,—and at lovely birds floating in the sunlight. . . . We all stayed till after dark, which comes soon after sunset, to see the effect of some rockets or blue-lights in the great hall. Then home by lovely starlight and a little new moon. . . .

Wednesday, January 1.—Mr. Tarvil prepared for us a lovely surprise, for on coming on deck in the morning we found presents for everyone, grouped about a rare old image, very antique, of some king, for the Consul. The presents are all *real* antiquities, which he got at Thebes; they were accompanied by little mottoes or inscriptions with each. Wasn't it pretty of him? Before noon we got to Edfou, donkeyed to Temple, the last cleared out I think by Mariette Bey and so in beautiful condition,—a wonderful courtyard, and splendid view of the Nile Valley from the top of the What's-his-name, reached by two hundred and twenty-five steps built into the wall, just like the roll-marble things Charley used to do with the bricks. Lady Duff Gordon's boat was here, and she came to lunch with us. Very agreeable and amusing. She lives in her dahebiah, cruising up and down as she likes. Quite strong-minded, but well-mannered and well-informed. She assumed the conversation, and carried it through with a firm hand, to the satisfaction of the audience, pausing occasionally to give the rest a chance, but more often for a whiff at her cigarette. She is a picturesque looking

creature, tall with long black skirt, no hoops (but no more have we, here), and a hat wound with white cashmere. She carries a cane, and looks a little infirm — not with age — about fifty-five, I should think, but delicate health. Why she blows up and down the Nile year in and year out, while Lord Alexander D. G. pursues some honest mercantile calling in London, I dunno, and I didn't ask her.

Thursday. — When we got up we found ourselves at Silsilis, where are traces of the ancient quarries where Ramses got his building-things. A few of us stopped to see them, then we steamed on and to our surprise in an hour or two were at Assuan.

This is the end of our steaming, for here is the First Cataract which our steamer cannot pass. Dahebials sometimes go farther, but often don't. At any rate, we have had lots of pleasure, and it would be idle to regret not going on — though we are all sorry to turn back, especially as we shall go down much faster, and stopping but little. Who would not be a Baker bold, and go up to the Albert Nyanza. The natives and the scenery get more *Baker-ish* every day. We are now entirely used to seeing our fellow citizens without any clothing whatever; a simple turban, or a mantle over the shoulders, seems almost oppressive. There are rocks on the shore and in the river. The view is lovely.

Friday, at an early hour, the donkeys were waiting on the shore, and camels also came and offered themselves, but Hassan drove them off. You must know at all these places there has been a visit from a Consular Agent, or his brother, great kow-towing, offers of attentions, and often a present of sheep and turkeys. They all are very smiling, and transmit through Tarvil expressions of devotion to Charles. They generally accompany us with all their relations on our excursions, and provide the richest donkeys

the land affords. My donkey on this trip was that of the "Inspector General," and a very lovely beast. We all set off for a fleet donkey gallop over the sands, to the town opposite the island of Philæ—a wild Nubian village, the streets full of heaps of dried dates,—women selling *henna*, a green powder, men with wonderful woolly hair. We got into a little dahebiah to cross the river—such yelling!—and, as we crossed, the river was alive with enviable little Nubians floating about on logs, and crying "Backsheesh." They roll up their slight clothing in a wob on their heads, and then sitting on a log of the Doum palm (which is very floaty), they career about in the stream.



We passed a lovely day at Philæ, and then came back *down* the cataract in a little dahebiah. The cataract is a tremendous rapid, nothing more, but the natives make a tremendous time of the pass, and it really is a little precarious. They howl and yell, say their prayers—the boat swoops over the foam, a few waves break over the deck, and with a swirl, swing round at the foot of the fall. The sailors dance for joy, seize their oars, and keep off the rocks. It was a wild scene. Such a din I never heard.

Saturday, we had a quiet morning, all a good deal knocked up with the day before. In the afternoon we had a nice donkey-ride through the town, which is odder than Siut, and in the evening a visit from young Duff Gordon, for Lady G.'s dahebiah has got up here. He is a boy of eighteen, intelligent, very English, handsome open face, and blue eyes. He was at school at Eton, and he talks about "an awful row" and other things quite in the language of Tom Brown.

Sunday.— This morning we had a visit from a French Minister Plenipotentiary, who is here in another of the Viceroy's steamers, a lovely handsome man of some fifty summers, with elegant French manners. — As he left, little Gordon came to lunch, but before we got to lunch two Englishmen *sot in*, Mr. Ind. Coope and his tutor, Mr. Tolfrey, who are friends of the Rodmans, and very impatient to see them. See how we have randans, even six hundred miles from the sea. As soon as possible after lunch, we got up steam and were off, amid firing of guns and waving handkerchiefs, with the other civilised just mentioned. But to tell the truth we are now stuck on a sand-bank just opposite Assuan!— and Charles has just thrown down to us in the *salon* from the deck an elegant French note from the French minister offering to come *à l'aube demain*, and haul us off. If it should prove we can't get off and have to live here, I shall send this letter by him — as he leaves in a week or two. . . .

Friday, January 9.— We didn't have to live opposite Assuan, but we had *sich* a time! The Governor of that place sent word that two hundred and fifty men should come to get us off. They kept arriving in piratical-looking scow-like dahebiahs — not two hundred and fifty, but twenty-eight, who pretty much filled the boat. We sate on deck watching them tugging at a rope, don't expect me to explain, which ran along the deck, singing, "Allah! ha li! Allah he li," the loveliest chaunt, all the time, the captain and many others screaming orders, — a regular domdaniel. At eleven o'clock (no use going to bed in that din), they got us off, and then it was sweet to see Hassan paying these rag-bags, a moderate backsheesh of a few copper piastres to each,

which made them smile from ear to ear and say, "Ketter hairak," which means, "thanks." . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO NATHAN HALE

HÔTEL DES AMBASSADEURS, CAIRO,
January 22, 1868.

Wednesday.—Charles to Alexandria for a few days—and we to the Pyramids. Shall I tell it long or short? Well, say down to the end of the next page.

Hassan went with C.—but Haggi was left in charge, and donkeys, carriage and lunch were ordered over night for *eight* o'clock. At half-past nine or after we started, but I won't describe the cussin' and swearin' which occupied the interval. A cawass of the police on horseback in light-blue broadcloth and a sword,—and a secondary cawass on a donkey with pistols, accompanied us for General Effect, and to keep off the natives. The gentle Haggi mounted the box. We drove to Old Cairo, whither donkeys had preceded us. At the ferry there, what a scrimmage! One donkey fell down but soon got up—the cawass's horse refused to cross on the boat, so he had to take to a donkey. Amid yells we got off and got across,—there to mount our little beasts for a lovely ride to the Pyramids on the raised road prepared for the railway track.

I ascended the Grand Pyramid; Lucretia got halfway; Mr. Lesley only a few rods, and Susie did n't try. It is a fearful heik and *entre nous* don't pay. But I thought my constituents in America would be disappointed if I did n't make the ascent. I beg you not to think the height of the blocks is here exaggerated, for it is n't. Nothing dangerous,

though fatiguing, and the Arabs very strong. They pull you up like a weed. I found myself alone at the top with my two guides, one of whom could talk English, and pestered me for backsheesh, but I talked to him like a father till he desisted. Afterwards we lunched, and took a prolonged view of the Sphynx, who is very good. Home by sunset, but awful tired. We think we prefer the Pyramids at a respectful distance. . . .



TO MISS ANNIE E. BURSLEY

[ALEXANDRIA], *Wednesday evening,*
February 5, 1868.

So, my dear, we have got back here and I have your *delightful* letters of January 2, and January 9. Alas! you are perfectly right about people living together. It would never do. I would risk your peculiarities and mine, perhaps, but the two families. No. If you and I get toothless and shaky, twenty years hence, we will retire from the world together and fight it out in the N. W. corner of Vermont, or some such place.

Dear, I shall quarrel with one thing you said—but then you'll never stick to it—that it's better not to get attached to people in places, and so save disappointments and separations. Don't you know you've *got* to love somebody, and if you shut your heart out from other people you'll take to loving yourself? Look at —; a melancholy illustration of not caring for others. No, no, love all the people you can. The sufferings from love are not to be compared to the sorrows of loneliness. . . .

YOUR LOVING SUSIE.

TO EDWARD EVERETT HALE

MARSABA, *April 8, 1868.*

DEAR EDWARD, — Those who travel in tents have very little chance for writing; but to-day we have had only a short march, and found ourselves here at noon, where we are to rest till to-morrow. So after lunching in the shadow of the convent — which is so inhospitable as only to give *water* to strangers, and admit none, we have taken ourselves to our tents. It is fearfully hot and sultry, still a slight breeze comes in at our door and I sit in my shirt-sleeves to write. Now I think you are enough mystified, and I'll set about telling how we got here. To begin where Lucretia left off above —

Saturday, April 4, was cold and rainy. Luc. and I stayed indoors all day. . . . I painted away on flowers at every spare minute. I want you all to get an idea of them, though there are such millions, it is out of the question to keep pace with them.

Sunday, we got up at four-thirty A.M.!! (not Lucretia, she stayed in her bed wisely), had coffee at five, and then escorted by Finkenstein (American V. Consul) and his sister repaired through the damp and rainy streets to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre for the ceremony of Palm Sunday. It was necessary to go thus early on account of the crowd, which was immense. How shall I give you an idea of the thing? Two separate ceremonies were going on at once; the Greek and the Latin; also, in fact, the Armenian, I believe, but they were out of sight. The two (G. and L.) chapels open on each other, each gorgeously lighted with many candles; a low gate shut out the Greeks from meddling with the Latins. *We* saw the Latin ceremony, but heard the tam-taming of the Greeks, and smelt their in-

cense. A Bishop (the Patriarch is at Rome) went in and out of the Sepulchre-cell, had his hat taken off and put on frequently, chaunted out of a big book, with a chorus of a few boys. After this he blessed the palms and presented them to the faithful; any one who chose to advance to him and kneel received one; and our strong-minded female friend—— (who was on the Atlantic with us, and travelling *alone*, has got herself as far as Jerusalem, ain't it funny!) was among the first to receive one. No reason why, you know, she is Regular Orthodox—but the pushing kind—and was with our party at the church that day. The only wonder is that she is not now in this tent accompanying us to the Jordan. But I digress.

There are several princesses in J. for Easter—these received highly ornamented palms. We have some simple ones, which I hope to get home safely. The prettiest thing was the procession, three times round the Sepulchre. The bishop, the chaunting boys, the priests and monks, the princesses, the travellers, all swept round the big church three times, carrying little candles; but preceded by a company of Turkish soldiers and our friend, the Colonel, who coffeed us the other day, you know. He was lashing round with his *Courbash* (rhinoceros whip) and keeping the Christians in order. About then the Greeks began to *ebullish*; having got through their service they naturally did n't want to stay any longer. Besides, though the Latins own the spot of the Sepulchre, the Greeks have a right to a third of it, and to finish their ceremony before it, it required all the Colonel's vigilance and a big bench set across the little door (aided by a stout man who sate down on it inadvertently), to keep the Greeks back till the Latins were through; I think they were a little slow on purpose. These carefully put out their big candles, and the little ones which belonged to them, on

the altar. The Greek "Fullums" were lighting theirs as we came away. . . . I haven't given an idea of the immense crowd of spectators of all nations who squeezed us, but we had excellent places, thanks to Finkenstein and Charles's prowess.

It was n't *eight* o'clock when we came back to the hotel. The baggage was to be packed to go before us, as we were to start in the P. M. After this Luc. and Charley with Mr. Lawrence went to church, but I took to my bed, and got a good sleep.

Up to this time the weather had been fiendish, like our spring weather; almost all the campers round Jerusalem had been driven to the hotel—in fact, most of their tents blew down. But we were all ready to start, and hoped for the best; the sun came out, and Finkenstein said the wind had changed. We got off about three-thirty, and have had lovely weather ever since—cold at first, but now hot. We started *all on horses* through the Damascus Gate, as thus. First a Bedouin, just like a picture of one in a Geography, his gun across his shoulders, then Arthur Lawrence, I, Lucretia, Hassan, Charles, and a "muleteer" (on a horse), carrying lunch, shawls and other trifles. I mention our party in the order we are apt to take according to the fleetness, or I might better say the *slowness* of our steeds. We started Sunday afternoon to go only a short distance to break the journey of Monday; so after riding about two hours we found ourselves at Solomon's Pools. We saw this old battlemented ruin from the top of a hill, and when we got to it, turning sharp round the corner, found our tents already pitched, and smoke rising from the cook-stove, for you must know that our Gentlemanly Cook, a decayed baron (as we are convinced), engaged for this occasion, goes before



always with the baggage-train, which consists of three horses, two mules and two donkeys, with four men, I believe; I don't clearly know. They get matters in readiness by the time we arrive.

This was the loveliest spot. We gave shouts of joy, and jumped blithely from our horses. A lovely valley with hills notching down towards the horizon, in front three broad square pools—artificial, and “evidently of great antiquity, although not mentioned in the Old Testament or by Josephus.” They think they conveyed water to Jerusalem. Anyhow the moonlight and twilight on the water was delicious. But I must tell you it was *awful* cold, and the ground actually muddy from the recent rains. We pampered Egyptians have felt nothing like it all winter, though you Americans might have called it mild. Arthur Lawrence and I tore back and forth to restore circulation, and in fact succeeded by the time Hassan brought steaming soup into the tent. C. and Arthur L. have one tent which is also *salle à manger*; Luc. and I share another; and in the third, which is apple-green in colour, all the cooks and bottle-washers abide. We have excellent feed, six or seven courses, elegantly served in Hassan's best style. As it was too cold to sit up, we forthwith went to bed, and I may say quaked for some time—although we had lots of coverings, and a snifter of brandy and water on retiring.

Tuesday.—I got up early, as who would not who is camping?—and made a sketch of the pools which will be found among the Archives. We had coffee, and got started at eight-thirty. Rode all day, stopping for lunch by the wayside. Flowers, flowers of the most bewildering nature—three sorts of *orchises!* a thing that must be *Cistus*, or *Rhexia*—red poppies, and anemones a perfect drug, and cyclamen reeking. We passed Rachel's Tomb,—and the place

where Abraham was called to kill Isaac. Hassan says of it, "Arabs say, Here man, when him asleep, — him get up and tink to kill him little boy." We went a long way off the road to see "The Oak of Abraham" where he is supposed to have entertained the Angels. It is very old, — and you can believe what you choose. Looks like the elm on the Common, being "*Ilex Quercus*," a fine-leaved holly, but immense in girth, and spreading widely. We came into Hebron very cold and tired, and Luc. and I didn't go with the men to see the wonders of the town, which are not important, the associations being the chief thing. The Hebronites are now a vile set. They bought wine of *Eshcol*, made of grapes like that big bunch, you know, and we found it delicious. There were English camping there with whom we hobnobbed, but I won't write about them I think. So

Tuesday, we struck our tents, and came back over the same road, for to get to Hebron you go south a day from Jerusalem, then back on the same track to near Bethlehem, for which you diverge. . . . We had a lovely day; it was warmer and the road beautiful, looking that way. We lunched by the roadside, inviting an amiable pedestrian to join us at that meal, Rev. Mr. Wight of England. He has been in Boston, and assisted Rev. Eastburn. Arthur Lawrence is very lovely. He is studying to take orders, — he is especially pleasant to travel with here, being unaffectedly enthusiastic about the Scripture associations. . . .

We reached Bethlehem early, in time to visit the Church of the Nativity which pleased us very much. The decoration is much simpler, and not so tawdry as at Jerusalem, and how genuine seemed the place hewn in the rock where Christ was born, — the Manger — and the spot where the Magi stood. We liked it very much. It is a pity to say so little of

it here. We were shown lots of other things in the same building, — a church of St. Helena, — but this was all that was very interesting. The town is up an immensely high hill. We climbed up on our horses, and then down paved streets exactly like going downstairs, and wound down a long hillside to our camp. Here we rejoiced in the delicious warm weather, and were arrived early enough to bask about before our tents.


Wednesday. — We came on to Marsaba a brief excursion of three hours. Facing the Dead Sea all the way, and through a country of ghastly barrenness, crossing a mountain-chain in fact, sometimes very high, sometimes in deep valleys where green fields are growing — everywhere flowers. Our camp is very high, but in a kind of bowl between rugged hills; the last part of the way was like the most barren parts of Mount Washington; in one place, a ridge between gulfs on either side. Arthur Lawrence joined the Bruces, our English friends, to come by a longer way, seeing "the Frank Mountain." They have not turned up; but their tents are pitched by ours.

JERUSALEM, *Saturday* A. M., *April 11, 1868.*

I stopped the account, dear folks, —

Wednesday, P. M., at Marsaba, I think. Now we have got back here, but our pack-horses have not arrived, so I am writing with the brief materials afforded by the hotel. Why brother Hornstein, our worthy host, has only mourning paper, I don't know. I have cut it off the edges, but you'll find it in the middle. Marsaba was a lurid place, a rocky pass with two stone towers of the convent, and barren hills humping up everywhere. After I stopped writing I gathered flowers and painted them. Arthur

Lawrence came back with the Bruces, and the men went to see the inside of the convent (forbidden to women), while Luc. and I philandered with Mrs. Bruce, who is very pleasant and chatty. She sketches about as much as you do, Edward, in a very pleasant way, and had her tumbler of water and her paint-brush by her side, and was just doing in her sky. It was rather rainy, and after dinner the clouds shut out the moon, which kept trying to come out. We walked to a precipice overlooking the valley, wonderful effects of gorge and chasm in the changing lights.

Thursday was A Day — to be marked with a white stone. We were up really early and in the saddle by six-thirty; rode five hours to the shore of the Dead Sea, a narrow path on the side of a gorge, sometimes down in the bottom of the ravine, sometimes in perilous places on a side hill, and finally out, three hours, as in this somewhat crude view, to a splendid view of the upper end of the Dead Sea *with the Jordan running into it!* and the Mountains of Moab behind. Then we came down into the flattest of valleys, barren and desolate beyond measure, and were tantalised by two hours riding before we reached the shore. But near the water all is lovely, a kind of pink heather grows in profusion, and willow-tufted shrubs and tall grasses, — and the sea itself a lovely soft blue, splashes on the shore like any New England lake and stretches off between lovely headlands, sparkling and rippling in the sun, far to the south. I don't know where the people are that talk about the Ghastly Exhalations and all that. It was a fearfully blazing hot noon (April 9!). We sent off the horses  and had a bath — delicious! — C. and Arthur L. at a respectful distance. Luc. didn't venture, but I had a rapturous time. Legs like this in swim-

ming—and floating on the back the perfection of luxury. The water was just cool enough to refresh without chilling, not flat and tame like a fresh-water pond. We were warned to keep it out of mouth and eyes, and succeeded pretty well, but the taste is fearful. Rochelle Powder, potash, salt, mustard, rotten-eggs, anything else vile you can think of. After this we had a long and tedious ride over a regular desert, flat barren sand, with the banks of the Jordan very delusive in the distance, green but far. Our two Bedouin escorts darted off on their fleet steeds after a loose horse which they spent all the afternoon in chasing. (It ended by his coming into camp that night, so they made one horse by the trip.) At last we reached the Jordan shore. A fast whirling current with a steep cliff on the opposite side, but on ours, a flat muddy bank, with delicious trees and fresh spring verdure, tall reeds and birds in the branches. Just like a New England stream brawling along. We were tired and very hot; lunch was refreshing; and naps after. After a suitable interval we (all but Luc.) took a bath in the J—to counteract the Dead Sea, for by this time there was an uncomfortable stinging, sticky sensation, and our lips are actually blistered! The Jordan plunge was delicious—cooler than the sea and cleansing. We had to be very careful about the current which is immensely strong. You mustn't think we were indifferent to its being really the Jordan and no other river. We recalled

“So to the Jews old Canaan stood
And Jordan rolled between.”

Also “When we our wearied limbs to rest,”—but found that was the Euphrates instead.

That night we pressed on, leaving the river, to Riha, which is Jericho, and found our camp

pitched by the Brook Cherith, which was not dried up, but babbling merrily, *and* the frogs! making a prodigious noise, like any Yankees. We forded the stream, and found our tents with mouths open ready for us; and the Bruces alongside already installed. Tired enough and glad of dinner and bed. Yet we saw the moon over the "Mountain of the Temptation" before we went to sleep.

Friday was our last day's march. We came by Ain es-Suttan, which is the brook Elisha changed to sweet from bitter; and sweet it is still, and up through a gloomy mountain-pass, reaching Bethany in the afternoon, and at night-fall our camp just below the Garden of Gethsemane at the foot of the Mount of Olives. It was a changing day, hot at first, rain for a while, but on the whole we got very little wetting; not so many flowers as elsewhere. The path we came is the one Dean Stanley thinks was the triumphal Palm Sunday way. Jerusalem is beautiful from that point. Even from our beds in the tent we could see the Beautiful Gate and the wall of the town. I had a jolly gallop ahead with the Bruces. They are brother of Sir Frederick, who died at the Tremont House,—and this one is *The Bruce* of Scotland, now, whatever that may mean. They are still in their camp outside the Damascus Gate.

This morning C. and Mr. Lawrence went into town early; Luc. and I followed with Hassan, on our horses; and found our same room ready for us and a cordial greeting from the Hotel Serfs. It seems quite homelike. You may have inferred there was a gap since the beginning, for sitting down to write was "the signal" as Susie Lesley says, for baggage, washing, Charley and everything else to arrive. Since then we have lunched and napped and the gentlemen have been to see the "Greek Fire" at the Holy Sepulchre, which we did n't attempt on account

of the crush. They have got back after great success with all their limbs and even garments whole; surrounded by cawasses they kept a good place, and saw the ceremony. I won't write at second-hand, hoping Charley will himself; if not, I can tell when we meet. . . . Seems lots of people are here, camping or otherwise, dear Mr. de Lex, Rev. Mr. Davis, Rev. Lansing, the Charles Amorys;—all these are our bosom friends. I heard Lord Ruthven sneezing in the next room just now, and Lord and Lady Francis Conyngham have No. 10.

Sunday morning.—Vague and mysterious signs seem to indicate a mail, so I will get this off while Luc. is preparing for church. At dawn I heard all kinds of bells ringing and remembered it was *Easter* in Jerusalem! . . .

TO MISS ANNIE ATKINSON

(LATER MRS. RICHARD M. STAIGG)

JERUSALEM, *Easter, 1868.*

DEAR ANNIE,—I woke up just at daylight this morning, and heard all kinds of bells ushering in Easter; the streets were full of jabbering Moslems and shuffling footsteps. I thought of you all at home, and wondered who was dressing the church, and remembered the way the lovely flowers smell as we are arranging them. Is it not strange to be here on this day? Yet there are so many un-Christian influences, and the so-called Christian ones are so far from our faith, that one might better be in the middle of a desert. But for all that, it is Jerusalem, the very scene with the very hills looking down on it, where Christ "rose from the dead."

In the afternoon we walked out to Bethany, over the Mount of Olives, and, for ourselves, imagined

where might be the spot where the disciple met the Angel who said, "Ye men of Israel," or, "He is not here, but risen," I don't remember just the words. You can't think how real and vivid it makes the whole story to be in the very neighbourhood; the only wonder is that eighteen hundred years should have passed and left so much as it was then. It might have happened yesterday. We passed a great flock of sheep following their shepherd, chirruping to them and calling them along after him; "for they know his voice." There are no roads for carts, and no wheeled vehicles at all, only foot-paths with the people straying along by the fig trees and olive trees, and "the lilies of the field."

April 15.

I have been interrupted, dear Annie, and now we are all packed and ready for the start (on horses) for Jaffa and back to Alexandria. We have been to Hebron and the Jordan, and bathed in the Dead Sea (it was splendid!), and to Bethlehem and Jericho. There have been plans of going to Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee and even to Damascus, but Luc. isn't quite up to so much horse, and though I rather hanker after these places, I'm delighted to have done so much, and besides I believe it makes us sooner *home*.

I got your letter just before this trip. I'm very glad to hear that Martha's engagement is really out. It strikes me Margy and I don't deserve your praise for our reticence. We were bursting with curiosity all summer, and if we *didn't* pump you, it must have been on account of your extreme *picket-fencitude*, if you'll excuse the expression. Give my love to Martha, and tell her I wish her all manner of happiness, and moreover congratulate her on being outside the *Schoolmarm Phalanx*. Now don't re-

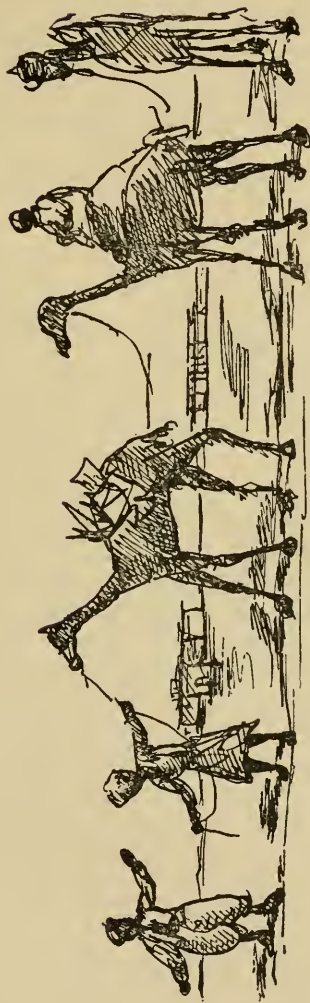
sent this, my dear. It's all very well for you and me, but for these young and fragile blossoms I think highly of the Haven of Matrimony.

Truly yours,
SUSIE HALE.

TO THE HALE FAMILY

ALEXANDRIA, *May 21, 1868.*

. . . Now you know I've long wanted to ride a camel, in fact was almost afraid to come home without. They said, oh well, I could try it then; and Hassan was directed to "call one of those Bedouins with his camels." So this procession was led up to the front of the piazza. They were coming from carrying a load of stone, — empty. They unhitched this middle one, made him kneel down, and I got up. When he was kneeling, stomach to the ground, it was as high a boost as mounting a donkey. Then the Awful Thing began to undo his legs, and up, up, I went, and found myself flying over the country at a rattling pace, camel-man, Hassan, Virnard, all running to keep up. "Don't go so fast, 'stanne besswesh!" I cried. They slackened up a few minutes, but the beast wanted to go; I think the man wanted to show him off; and Hassan wanted to show me off. It was really frightful. The hardest jouncingest old cart-horse you ever were on is a cow to the motion. You know this was a pack-camel, not a trained dromedary. Besides, they generally have saddles with a pommel. I was sitting with my feet before me on a sort of hurdle. My back hair came down; I had to hold that on, and cling to this rope-work at once. Suddenly, going very fast, the critter swerved round a corner * * * My head came down pretty hard on the sand, and it seemed a good while since I left the top of the camel before I felt a crash like cracking



This procession was led up to the piazza.

a coconut with a hammer. Virnard rushed to lift me—no harm done, no bones broken (but bruised the meat). I was lying supported by V. in a picturesque attitude, the camel meekly standing by with two or three breadths of my dress (luckily) hanging to him—and everybody rushing for restoratives. Hassan as pale as the accident of his complexion



allows. Well, I'm very glad I've been to ride on a camel, and I don't care to do it again. But then a regular dromedary would be different. I really was n't even faint, only stunned rather, and bewildered. They all "muched" me, and I was a heroine, and lay on a couch with Cologne and Sherry and all that, not at all in my line. A woman from a neighbour was got over to sew up my gown. It took her an hour and a half,—by which time, after afternoon tea and more talk, it was time for us to take the five-thirty return train. . . .

CHAPTER III
TEACHING SCHOOL IN BOSTON
(1871-1872)

TO CHARLES HALE

91 BOYLSTON STREET, *Monday evening,*
February 20, 1871.

DEAR CHARLEY,—You must know that I have agreed to *edit* the newspaper of the French Fair, which is to come off here April 10. There will be six daily numbers. Think of my getting into an Editorial chair! I wrote to Emma to put her up to collecting me some trifles of a foreign nature, and I hope you will feel like sending me cuttings from papers not likely to reach here, and that, perhaps, you will write *something*—with the flavour of your chapters of our Nile novel, for example. I don't mean to write at all myself if I can help it, that is, to speak of, but to inspire all the distinguished to write. I have just been to see Dan Curtis and Mrs. about it, and they are very cordial, and promise to be as funny as they can. But of course the danger is that all outsiders will leave me in the lurch at the last moment. I enclose a "circular" with particulars.

Now I want to tell you that the other evening I met your friend *Howells* for the first time. I have called on Mrs. H. once or twice but always missed her. He has promised me "something" for my newspaper. There is a great upheaving for this fair, and everybody has got a table or an album or a col-

lection of some sort, and theatricals and private concerts have already been given to swell the proceeds.

Truly yours,
SUSIE.

HISTORY OF A LONG DAY

(FOR YOU AND ANNIE)

BOSTON, *Sunday, March 19, 1871.*

This day has been so long that it seems exactly as if there had never been any other day; the annals of my former life are like the evidences of a pre-existent state. I have a general impression of being born of poor but honest parents; vague reminiscences of a happy childhood, dim recollections after the varied experiences mixed of joy and sorrow, common to any life, of settling down as a respectable spinster into a solitary life; and at this point it is that opens my Tale of To-day.

The house was perfectly tranquil, for it was, — and is! — Sunday. At quarter of nine I was going upstairs to my bath with the loitering step fitted for a day of utter leisure, when the door-bell rang. Strange sound on Sunday. I pause upon the stairs, with three towels over my arm, and soap and sponge in my hands, “Well, Rebecca?”

“A note for you, Marm.”

“Thunder!” Meanwhile I have been reading the note. It is from Mrs. Hunt, who expects me to be ready, at her house, at ten o’clock to drive to Milton to spend the day.

It is true that something had been said about it ten days ago, but I had clean forgotten; otherwise I should have invented an excuse. But now I am at bay. The day is perfect; a cloudless sky, a balmy air, and the man waits below.

“Very well, there is no answer.”

And no hope. I look through the begrimed window of the bath-room, but there is no cloud not so big as your hand; so I must go.

Which very considerably changes the Programme. There must be a rapid bath, and *no* soap; a hurried concoction of coffee, a hasty mastication of sausage, and a hurried donning of one blue and green costume bought upon the Boulevards in 1867. The elbows are *through*; and there is mud upon the petticoat. But at twenty minutes of ten, I stand at my open front window; and brush off the mud from the petticoat while waiting for that car.

That car (*naturellement*) never comes. At five minutes of ten I accept the alternative of pedestrian locomotion, and rush off, after a tender farewell to the cat and ample directions to Rebecca, on foot.

And I am glad of it,—for at the junction of Clarendon and Commonwealth, *voilà!* Mr. Appleton, with the new dog, whose tail is curled up very tight behind, and whose name is Pop.

So we walked out together to Mrs. Hunt's. At the Hunt's door he left me, and Mr. Hunt took me up. I need not have hurried or worried. Nothing was ready; Mr. Hunt, in slippers, came to the door, and Mrs. Hunt was nowhere. *Bay* came forward, weeping, in her best blue silk, having fallen down in a bed of clay, and expecting a scolding. My appearance averted this otherwise inevitable consequence, and she retired to resume the same amusement under a mild reproof. I went to the piano and tried new music; and in the intervals of a cigar, Mr. Hunt came and talked.

At quarter of eleven, *mirabile dictu*, we were in the carriage and off. The children were suppressed: i. e., left at home with Anna. Mr. Hunt drove, with *Mike*, in front; Mrs. Hunt and I were behind. . . . We talked, and most pleasantly, and she had a roll

of old Mss. to read, in order to see if they would do for "Balloon-Post"; and most of them will, admirably.

We drove round by Mrs. Sam Putnam's (some miles out of the way), because Mrs. Hunt had a message for her from Mrs. Julia Howe. While she went in to deliver it, Mr. Hunt rushed the horses up a steep, grassy slope, and through a winding woodland to show me the lovely place, which by the way has just been sold, and Mrs. Putnam and Georgina are coming to town. What a sacrifice! When we got back to the door, nothing would do but that I should alight to see the lovely old house; and after that, we settled down in the dining-room, and were introduced to the eldest Miss Weston (of the Chapman variety). . . . Mrs. Putnam is intensely French; she talked and talked well for half an hour on French politics; and we all sate there, rooted, to listen to her, as if that were the object of the expedition, and, in fact, of all life. Finally William, desperate, tore us away with an authority he rarely uses; and we were once more on the road again.

I don't pretend to say what time it was when we arrived at "the Farm," nor to describe the loveliness of day and of scene.

We went at once to the house, and "William" hastily unpacking the dinner baskets seized hunches of cold veal and bread, and rushed off at once to Readville to see a horse. Mrs. Hunt and I concluded we were not hungry, and started off to see the place.

It was a lovely day, perfectly warm and soft; and a perfect delight to wander about and see the points of view, and hear the birds, and pick willow pussies. We invaded the farm-house, and embarrassed the inhabitants, and then came back to *the* house, and proceeded to get lunch. I took the helm; ordered

“Mike” to bring hot water, seized the gridiron and broiled the beef-steak on a lovely fire of logs already piled up on the hearth. Mrs. Hunt was delighted, and confessed she needed a guardian. We had nice tea, delicious cream, and fresh eggs; I may add, an admirable steak, though my first.

Just as we were getting through, Judge Gray appeared, on horseback. While he was putting away his horse, we hastily cleared the table, and set it again for him. I never saw a man eat so much. He devoured everything, so that nothing was left for Mr. Hunt.

By and by Mr. Hunt returned. He took Judge Gray off to smoke, and Mrs. H. carried me to see the upper rooms. Finally I left her at the top of the house immersed in trunks; and escaped from my keepers found a lovely spot where I lay upon my back under a pine-tree, looked at the blue sky, and heard the birds. It was delicious; perfectly warm in the sunshine.

Now came the indefatigable hostess, and we started for another tour, passing the gentlemen who smoked in a sunny dell. The idea seized Mrs. H. to go across to the Brush Hill turnpike and call upon one Mr. Foster, who has a conservatory; as we walked she told me his history. It is a good half mile over walls, up and down hill, but very pretty. When we reached the house, Mr. Foster was out; but we went in and saw the greenhouse;—in it a wonderful red passion-flower, and our dear pink cyclamen. After this we called on another neighbour, Mrs. Greene, a lovely lady, very handsome, of about sixty summers; and here we fell into a long discussion of Heaven and the future state, which was really interesting, but so oddly placed. By this time, I began to feel like one who dreamed.

Tearing ourselves away we climbed again the hills

towards home; and were by and by met by a little boy who said that Misses Margaret and Fanny Forbes were waiting for us at the house. No explanation of this boy has ever been offered; but I felt quite intimate with him by the time we got back.

I am always delighted with these ladies; we went into the house to entertain them, and I talked, for about this time Mrs. Hunt became *distraite*. "William" came in ravenous, and the man from the barn brought him up a huge slice of rare beef, laid, sandwich fashion, on a slice of bread, which he devoured; and talked.

Misses Forbes urged us to come to their house, especially as they wanted me to see all Fanny Cunningham's sketches of which they have possession for a few days. At last Mrs. Hunt said, "Well, you take Susie home with you, and William and I will come by and by."

Thus I found myself transferred to the back seat of the Forbes Chariot, "the boy" being left with the Hunts as a kind of hostage. We talked, heaven knows what, things brilliant, let us hope; and by and by arrived at their dear house. Here I was permitted warm water and a comb and brush, and pulled together as well as I could the holes in my elbows. Miss Fanny and I walked well over this place, and then I looked at a lot of sketches, all delightful, by Mrs. Edw. Cunningham, taken chiefly in Mongolia! and Japan.

By this, the sun had begun to set; a thing I had ceased to believe possible to it, and we watched its gorgeous departure, while I told them about Bret Harte.

The Hunts arrived. We had a sweet tea of exquisite materials, with a napkin across the loaf. Then came prolonged partings; and we found ourselves in the carriage. It was dark, and one of the

near hills was brilliant with a conflagration of burning brush.

Mrs. Hunt now roused up to delightful eloquence. We talked steadily all the way to town, and she was really enchanting.

We stopped at their house, for the *horses* (!) were tired. We went upstairs. The servants were warned to inform us when a car came; it was not long, and sweet Mr. Hunt hurried me into it.

"How soon do you start?" "Eleven minutes." . . .

Here I am, and here's the cat, and nothing has happened. I've lighted the fire and fed Sir Charles, and written you this; and now for the first time am prepared to mention the *time*. 'Tis ten o'clock—just twelve hours since the start.

TO CHARLES HALE

91 BOYLSTON STREET, *March 26, 1871.*

DEAR CHARLEY, — I have just got your splendidly co-operative letter about "Balloon-Post" and hasten to thank you. I hope "things" are on the way from you, and feel abject that I haven't written oftener to keep your fire bright. It would be too bad, were it not that I am so intensely busy with the paper and its involutions, though 'tis very good fun. People are most flattering about my undertaking it, and subscribers pour in for the whole set, and lots of writers have been most cordial in contributing, so really I think it will be good. I shall take pride in mailing you the numbers, and long to hear your comments. I set to work by writing to, or attacking personally all the people in the world I could think of, either distinguished or otherwise, who would write well; the results are constant arrivals of articles; some, of course, very poor, but some, very nice. Luc. is writ-

ing a series of imitations of Charles Reade and other authors, which will be very nice.— The “Charles Reade” is delicious; I shall put it in the first number.

The bother of all such things is the *side issues*, which you never think of beforehand. First there was a row because the Latin-School boys wanted to edit the paper; and then wanted to have one of their own besides. The committee very properly suppressed this; but the boys had to be interviewed. Then there was a *fearful* time about the head of Louis Napoleon which perhaps you noticed in the *Daily*. But the worst was in the *Transcript*; a foolish report got about that “Balloon-Post” was an *Imperialistic* organ! and such a tempest in the teapot arose! I had to fly round and write things for *Daily* and *Transcript*, and contradict and deny till I was most dead. People have not yet done saying, “Miss Hale, is it true that you mean to have Louis Napoleon,” etc., etc. I got pretty mad about that. Then, now, there has been a good deal of light skirmishing about my stall at the fair. Of course I must have a place there to sell the paper; and an impression has obtained that it will be a very pleasant rendezvous, quite a feature of the fair. Mrs. Wm. Hunt is to help me, and Mrs. Brooks and various attractive people. Now your friend, Charley Loring, is the man who arranges all the tables, etc., on the floor. How did you like him in Egypt, by the way? He appears to me as obstinate as a mule; and having a fixed idea about my table which only gave room for *two people*, he held to it persistently. I was perfectly meek, and yielded gracefully, when lo! he came round, and, somewhat gloomily, has given me the very best place in the middle of the theatre, where everybody must pass, going to and fro; and all will be likely to pay toll in the shape of buying a number

of "Balloon-Post." All this takes a huge amount of talking and writing. Oh! and I forgot the time I had about the vignette at the top; getting Wm. Hunt to design it, and Mr. Anthony to engrave it, which Mr. Anthony said he would first, and afterwards wrote a civil note, and said he would n't. He is the head wood engraver of the Fields and Osgood firm, and I flew at once to their shop, "interviewed" Mr. Osgood to such effect, that he remonstrated with the recusant Anthony, and brought him to terms. That was a great piece of prowess.

The other evening I met Mr. R. W. Emerson, and he promised me an *original* little poem. Won't that be nice? Bret Harte promised me something, but it don't yet turn up. However, there is yet a good deal of time.

In all these trials J. Davis is very devoted, and an admirable adviser. Charley Chase will only arrive on the scene the week of the fair; but he is so reliable that we can rest calm in his behalf.

You see I am quite absorbed in my paper, but I know you'll be interested. I wish you were going to be here; for although I shall be tired and *doggled* I expect to have a good deal of fun out of it.

I hankered a little after the Novel of the Nile for my paper; but it is really so long and so impossible to abstract or condense, I think I won't try. People will rather expect something oriental of me, but I have really *written* nothing myself for the paper, I've been so busy with these other details.

Very truly yours,

SUSIE.

TO CHARLES HALE

91 BOYLSTON STREET, *Friday evening,*
May 19, 1871.

DEAR CHARLEY, — I have *volumes* to write to you, but no time and backbone since the fair, which pretty nearly used me up, and I took to my bed after it at such intervals as I could. I'm delighted you are pleased with "B.-P.," and long to hear your separate comments. Your first expression "'Balloon-Post' is superb," was balm to my soul. Are not Lucretia's things capital? It was tremendous work, and I had to be very sharp about it, for you see, in addition to the editing, there was the selling, down at the fair; and all the threads in my hands; people pestering with their articles; subscribers complaining that they didn't get their papers, and so on. But Charley Chase was splendid. What a cormorant a daily paper is! It gobbled up all the stuff I had, though I thought I had enough for a month. One reason was that the "Committee" on advertisements rather flashed in the pan, so that we didn't have half what we ought to, to pay, but that made the reading all the better. C. Chase went to Worcester every night: and every morning alighting at the "Know Nothing" station down here on Dartmouth Street, stopped here at nine o'clock for a conference. I rose daily betimes to write my *leader*, and had it ready for him; I could tell by a grim smile on his face whether he approved of my flights. Then I gave him all the pabulum I had for the evening number; this was pretty much all collected before the week began, subject to alterations and new arrivals of stuff. Then he carried off all this, and repaired to the printing-office. Thus you see that he had all the charge of arranging the order of articles; and, indeed, in some respects, didn't

exactly carry out my views; but this of course was to be expected. Meantime I got through school, and as soon as might be, repaired to the fair where my affairs were attended to by five other ladies and myself. At about four-thirty or thereabouts, C. Chase would turn up at the fair to announce that *the number* was all right; and at six, grimy little office boys rushed in with great bundles of the fresh number, eagerly pounced on by people waiting round till it should come, and by our little news-boys (Arthur, Johnny Homans, etc.), who seized them to sell about the Hall. It was very popular and quite the success of the fair, for everybody had to have it, of course, good or bad; and then everybody took it for granted 't would be good. Ah! 't was a great heik! and glad was I, and nearly dead, too, when 't was over.

Now what do you think? The success of "B.-P." made such an *éclat* that Dutton of the *Transcript* has engaged me to write for *Tranny!!* at \$1,000 per annum — what do you think? I'm most afraid to tell you! I begin June 1, and the agreement is only for six months at first, to see how it works. Lor! what shall I 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.

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA HALE

Tuesday noon, October 10, 1871.

DEAR LUC., — Let the recess be long, and the fiends remain long absent, for I have much to say. . . .

You did the right thing in going up. The trees must be gorgeous, and I envy you some outdoors possibilities. I must put in, Is it not dreadful about Chicago? What a pall hangs over our

thoughts remembering that perhaps it is always going on. . . .

Well, my dear, last night I *went to the opera!!* with the faithful Jamie Davis, and had such a time as we had seeing "Martha" in Paris. Nilsson is just *Marguerite* as invented by Goethe, and drawn by Retzch. Singing, action perfect, and Capoul . . . Not so lovely to look at as Mario, but very adorable, and the taste would grow, like olives. They did it so well that it was very painful, and I have to-day the lowness of spirits one would feel after hearing the real facts of an affair like that. The Mephistopheles was altogether too good. Gorgeous house. C. and H. H. swelling round in full dress. I can't get used to the modern expanse of shirt-bosom. This is the impression received from a man nowadays. Shirt, *et praeterea nihil*. . . .

Yrs.,
S.

TO MISS LUCRETIA HALE

Monday morning, 1872.

Happy New Year!

. . . Think of my being drawn in again to do jinks at the Women's Club with Mrs. Howe! She came and was so sweet. I do love her as always. I dined at her house Friday to talk it over—such a scattery dinner! and Saturday P. M. we had it. . . .

But what I was got for was to do the Devil in "Punch and Judy." Mrs. Howe's idea was good—to *be* herself Punch, Mrs. Cheney, Judy. They had a baby, of pillow, which they threw over into the audience, and they had written out a dialogue bearing on the times. You know, Woman's Rights and all that, which was rather clever. Mrs. Howe looked just like Punch, with a hump, and I rouged the end of her nose a little; . . . After Judy was killed, I

came up, and we had (Punch and I) an æsthetic talk about the underworld, planned by her, which was rather funny, with references to Dr. Hedge, Abbot, O. B. Frothingham, etc.; but I want to describe my get-up, which was superb, studied after the Mephisto of Faust. Your bashlik, the point made to stand up, fastened closely round face; two red sugar-plum horns pinned on for horns; my red-flannel shirt put on over gown; lots of rouge, and eyebrows corked as in sketch. I kept dancing up and down with upraised arms; they said I looked very handsome; guess I did. . . . The performance closed, as it generally now does, with "Coming through the Rye," by me. . . .

Yrs.,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA HALE

RECESS, *Tuesday, January 9, 1872.*

DEAR LUC.,—I have just been digesting your splendid long letter; and, though 'tis madness to begin with the children expected back all the time, must seize the afflatus of the moment. . . .

I think the new "Alice" is *better* than the old. Of course the tendency is to think it is not; but the fact that the idea don't come freshly on us makes it necessary for it to be better in order to be good at all. The first rose must have driven the first smeller perfectly wild, but every rose since has smelt just as well. Excuse floweriness. But the backwards conception,—the going the other way when you want to get there,—the Knights checking each other, are higher flights than anything in the first, and pictures are more and lovelier; I think it is splendid. . . . The more I read the new "Alice," the better I like it. That *picture*, the two pictures of shaking the Red Queen into the Kitten are heav-

only. I think the fight between the Knights is perfectly enchanting, with the picture, and that account of the White Knight's Horse. "There were not likely to Be Mice, but if there were he did n't choose to have them running about." Oh! I *feel* so, reading that book. How lovely to meet again the *Haigha* in his new form. What could be better than the conversation with Humpty-Dumpty? The cravat that might be a Belt. I begin to think it is far superior to the . . .

My dear, yesterday P. M. I staggered out, cold and all, to attend dear Dr. Hedge at King's Chapel, and oddly enough sate cheek by jowl with Almira Dewey in a strange pewey. Dr. H. very interesting, but made me feel bad because I can't go with him in his unfaith in the Miracles. It was about what he calls the "Myths" of the Gospel, and J. T. S., A. and Miss S., in a pew before me, kept grinning at each other like demons rejoicing in gaining a Mind. But afterwards I met the dear boy, and he came here and made me a sweet visit, conversing pleasantly with Cats, who sported with that Runx¹ and came out quite well. . . .

TO MISS MARY B. DINSMOOR

BOSTON, *January 16, 1872.*

DEAR MARY,—Forgive me, if I grow more and more to contemplate you and Annie and Lucretia as a remote and indistinct mass of Nebulous Matter constantly demanding food for reflection from the Source of Light and Heat. Lucretia retains a sort of separate individuality, to be sure, by virtue of her sororal relations, but as far as life is concerned, I hurl my missiles indiscriminately. As you wrote recently, I will aim this at you. Might begin by

¹ Word for Uncle in the Cat language.

thanking you for the account of your Brain Ball; of course I was dying to hear all about it, it must have been capital. Required a good deal of nerve to do a thing which was all in the execution, and could be nothing in the preparation; but that's the sort our sort likes.

Now, in this town, you have to putter over a thing, even the slightest, a month. The powers that evolved the cabbage apple-pie in the morning, and executed it in the evening, are here unknown quantities.

So for a fortnight, we have been talking and preparing for Lizzie Homans' Brain Club; and it came off last night.

It is over—it has rattled itself off like a horse-car on time, as irrevocably and irretap-ably (admire this word coined for the exigencies of Horse-car-ity). I am now about to tell you about it. You'll swoon at how elaborate it was, and yet spite of my recent remarks, elaboration tells; particularly on the average mind.

We did "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman" (and several people asked afterwards if one of us (and which one!) wrote it on purpose for this occasion!). If you remember the original footnotes at the end are very funny, so we introduced them. *Dodge* played on the piano, Dr. John Homans sang; when they came to a note the music stopped, and Mrs. Julia Howe, draped like a Greek chorus, with a laurel wreath (made by me) on her brow, read it. At the end she blew a whistle, and the Song was resumed. H. Wild was Lord Bateman, in a black curling wig, trunk hose, and red tights. Jerry Abbot was the proud young porter, and I, even I, was Sophia. We had no scenery, only accessories set on and off the stage by supes, as they were wanted. In the beginning, where Lord Bateman enters, we had a little ship in a glass case, which wound up

and pitched and tossed. It is now time to remark that I was simply lovely, got up with every Eastern allure that native experience could suggest, and borrowed opulence, provide. I had a regular stuffed turban — to look the conventional oriental, not the real — with a lovely sparkling thing in front. I braided my hair at the sides, painted my eyebrows a little blacker, and tipped the outer corners of my eyes. Rouge, of course. Then I had full trousers made of Lizzie's old yellow silk. A sort of apron before, and one behind, of that purple and gold broad scarf I brought home. My gold belt, very small at the waist; an Eastern sleeveless jacket of black, red and gold, with full white muslin sleeves to the elbow; throat open, and white waist showing below the jacket; endless necklaces and chains and bracelets and beads. Lord Bateman presented me, the day before, with a sparkling brooch (price 25 cents probably at Salom's) and the proud young porter sent me two necklaces of gold and pearl beads. I had white shoes embroidered with gold. The effect of the foot is infinitely becoming, for the trouser droops behind and relieves the ankle in front. Well, we had big keys and chains, and wine and all that, and the parting of B. and S. was very good. Remember that Boston has not seen any Ballad, except "Lochinvar" two years ago by the same *Corps Dramatique*.

At "Seven long years were past and gone," Sophia comes in very weary with carpet-bag and Arab blanket—Eastern bashlik over other costume. Looks at numbers till finds Lord Bateman's, rings loud bell. Jerry Abbot, in a false nose with a huge bouquet at button-hole, appears. I ask if Lord Bateman is within, you know, he replies, "Yes," and my countenance assumes raptures. He goes on, "He's just now taking his young bride in." My face

changes—I fall in a rigid swoon on his arm. Pause in the singing, and Dodge played minor sevenths for a few pathetic moments, till I came to. This was my great *coup*.

Ellen Frothingham and youngest Burnham were bride's mother and bride. H. Wild had a splendid great sword which he broke in three. The bride and b.'s mother are led off by porter. Then Dodge played the Lovers' music from "Faust," and H. Wild did a scene by himself, full of senti-



mental emotion at the thought of seeing Sophia. Jerry leads me in, we rush forward and are lost at the footlights in a wild embrace. . . .

Pas de trois, by Lord B., Sophia and the porter. *Pas seul*, by Sophia, regular ballet style. Ditto, by Lord B. with castanets; ditto, comic, by porter. I get up on footstool, they support, and—Curtain.

You must fancy the pauses for the solemn reading of the notes in Sister Howe's musical monotone.

They thought it was awfully funny. Mary Dorr thinks, "On the whole it was the funniest thing which has ever been done in Boston." This is strong as we can't answer for the Pilgrim Fathers, for who knows what they may have done for larks?

That sweet dear boy, Nat. Childs (who was Juliette to Ned Bowditch's Romeo), began the evening by reciting a touching Irish narrative, called "Shamus O'Brien." I dare say you've read it. And after the Ballad, with his face blacked for a darky, he did

a "Song and Dance," two, in fact. Lovely tenor songs with double shuffle, etc., between. He did it exquisitely. He is as graceful as a fawn; and Lizzie dotes on that sport; but I hate the niggeryness of it, and was sorry I had allowed it, as of course he did it to please me. But it was good, as being discipline for the club, who didn't quite know what to make of it.

Meanwhile I came out, got my compliments, and lor, what a fuss they made about my looks,—all so surprised I could look so well. The dress got praised as being so genuinely Eastern, which was rather strong, as the turban was an anomaly, which *Ayusha* would have repudiated, and the trousers were Lizzie's old gown; but no matter, I got to believe I really looked Eastern, and I did. The whole effect was just like those critters at Assiout. Charles and Edward and Emily were there; Dr. Hedge and Carrie; Dr. Shurtleff and Annie Bursley; the Guilds. Quite a crowd of my particulars, not to mention Mr. Appleton, J. Davis, and more modern admirers. We stayed to sit-down champagne and duck supper. So did Charley. We were quite jolly.

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA HALE

Tuesday Morgen, Jan. 23, 1872.

DEAR LUCRETIA,— . . . You will observe that the flesh is weak. The reason is that last evening I attended our German Club at Clover Hooper's. My dear, it was great fun, but intensely exhausting. Twenty-four members, male and female, and nothing but German talked. Mr. Siedhof present, but not presiding; no method, only conversation, with a brief interval of "put in a word." Almost all, really, talk more than I, which is not saying much; but almost

all have lived two or three years in Germany, and speak fluently—like my French—with a good sprinkling of “*Zo!*” and “*gans genug*” and all that, though even I could perceive their verbs disagreeing with their subjects, and their adjectives quite adverse from their nouns. Still I think it quite a remarkable *Gesellschaft*. . . .

But the strain on the brain! Exactly, my dear, which you can comprehend alone, the depleted state we were in after the Barthow spree at Aix. The listening so hard to *verstehen* was more fatiguing than the replies. We had a nice supper, sitting round, but still in German. Oh! I was so limp when it was over I could hardly get home, and fell upon the pillow in a kind of syncope.

Our Nieberg Class meets to-day at two. I'm sure on my tomb will not long hence be read:

“She is dead,
but she understands German.
Her last words were
Auf wiedersehen!” (In script.)

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA HALE

Thursday morning, May 2, 1872.

(These months have different names, but are all just alike, cold and raw and rheumatizy.)

DEAR LUC., — . . . Yesterday P. M. I had a great tooth dragged out, and staggered home to bed at seven o'clock, whence I have just risen, toothless and painless, but with a tendency to swoon unless propped up against something. Of course the tooth had been aching fiercely for twenty-four hours previous. It is now to be hoped that that particular tooth will disappear from the pages of history, or, at least, of my

biography. Mines of Golconda, forests of India rubber, miles of gutta-percha have been sunk in it. The talent of Hitchcock and a thousand previous dentists have spent themselves upon that tooth ever since I first opened my mouth before the operating-chair. Yet whenever there was a March wind, and I was particularly unfitted to encounter a face-ache, it began. It was at last totally useless—and came out finally in three pieces, with a good deal of yanking. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO CHARLES HALE

Saturday morning, May 11, 1872.

DEAR CHARLEY,— . . . Now, my dear, you ask me about my plans, and I am about to spring them on you, so get your salt-bottle and prepare to hear amazing things.

I've got to give up my rooms here!! Dr. Leach's lease is up. He leaves. House gutted, changed to big boarding-house. I not wanted. Now this breaks up my class a good deal as that depends upon locality. It is odious to hunt up rooms. I am relieved July 1, of course, from paying rent. . . .

I think of spending a year in Germany!!!

My idea is to go out say September 15. Not travel *at all*. Spend the winter in some cheap town (Stuttgart is suggested, for reasons), and take lessons in water-colours. Come back, September, 1873, and give lessons in water-colours, on the strength of the skill and prestige I have acquired. Now don't you think it is a good plan? Everybody does to whom I have mentioned it. I should spend next summer in some picturesque place (south of France), where I could make good sketches to show when I got home. . . . I have told Edward, and he approves. . . .

So if you see any let or hindrance speak now, or forever after hold your peace—for I am amenable to kind treatment—and, if any better plan can be suggested for my immediate future, am willing to adopt it. I think there is no doubt I can live on six hundred dollars, or less, at Stuttgart, say, and I have enough besides to pay my passage both ways. I should think I could, and I should like it, correspond for some newspaper, and tell how many francs it costs to have garlic in your washing, which would be lucrative. I should n't wonder also if I fell in with some lucrative occupation there; at any rate, the rest and variety would set me up immensely.

Write your views. . . .

Always yours,
SUSIE.

CHAPTER IV

Studying art in Europe—Accompanied by the Misses Bursley and Miss Harriet James, afterwards Mrs. John C. Bancroft.

(1872–1873)

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

PARIS, HOTEL LIVERPOOL, RUE CASTIGLIONE,
October 1, 1872.

DEAR LUCRETIA, — *Volumes*, of course, and no true place to begin. So busy in London, and so tired at night that it was impossible to write, so my narrative is far behindhand.

To-day, I have your letter. What rapture — but the first from you I did not get, in London, pish! though Baring had continual hot drafts at his feet. . . .

I keep thinking of so many little side-things to tell you, that I think I must devote this sheet to them, and begin my regular narrative on another, although I long to record all of our interesting sight-seeing in London.

But think, my dear, of my actually being here in sweet Paris. I do *love* it, so much more than London, and feel so much more at home with the sweet French than with the English, whose cockney conversation I *really* could not make out so well as this French. My hair, however, is now dressed upon a true English model, which I shall adhere to till I have sufficiently studied the French one to go into that. . . .

Narrative (of London)

I believe I left off last Wednesday P. M. What ages ago it seems! . . .

Thursday after breakfast Annie and I started off to find B. F. Stevens, 17 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C., that address burnt in upon my brain and stamped upon all my memorandum books, through directing thither things for Charles. Imagine my feelings at seeing the familiar words staring at me from the corner of a house, and very near Stevens's sign.

Stevens proved to be a *love*, as you will see by the Sequel. He kept reminding me of J. Aug. Johnson, — a little, in his appearance, but chiefly, in his extremely cordial way of making us have a good time. He asked our plans at once, took right hold and thought up what we had better do and see, and laid out a programme for all the rest of our time in London, part of which he proposed to share himself. It was very nice, and Annie and I came home in great elation; but first he walked with us through Covent Garden Market, an enchanting place full of flowers and fruit, and such a variety of vegetables unknown to us, as to make one for the first time understand the Institution of "Green Grocers." I bought a little bunch of sweet English violets for twopence, and a bag full of plums and grapes for nothing at all to speak of; and Annie bought shrimps, which we afterwards got the maid to show us how to eat, which she did, through opening them with a pin, and breaking off some of their legs and biting off others. Very good. . . . Westminster Abbey interesting, but rather in the Louvre line; a delicious guide, in a black gown, as if he were a minister, who showed everything in the richest cockney, which I shall imitate for a Brain Club. Don't tell, but all abbeys are just alike (I

have seen two). However, the English *History* is intensely interesting, and Carrie and I, especially, are constantly looking up all the points and reminding each other of them. It is interesting to stand by the Tomb of Edward the Confessor, also to see Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth really lying on their backs in the same building, with nothing but a chapel between.

But I should like to take these things on full gallop, instead of dawdling along gaping at them. I get fearfully tired, and a very little Abbey goes a long way with me. . . . In the evening I went with Mr. Stevens to Covent Garden Theatre. Saw a delicious fairy-piece by Boucicault. All the others backed out, which was unwise, for I had a splendid time. Stage changing all the time, like that thing we saw in Paris. Only the English are so English, and even the fairies had their front-hair spatted down as mine is at present.

Friday, we had such a good day. Mr. Stevens met us in the coffee-room and we went to the river, directly behind our hotel, where we took a penny boat (steam) down the Thames to London Bridge. A foggy, murky day—the towers of St. Paul's dim and vague against the Yellow Cotton Wool, called sky by the ignorant English; passed Somerset House; saw water-men, evidently from Dickens, fishing for dead bodies and the like. We landed at London Bridge and went through odd, crooked streets, all with histories and associations we recognised, pointed out by Stevens. Through Billingsgate Market, where every kind of fish was lying, where the smell was not of roses, and roughs yelled at each other, and a man poked at Carrie with an old fish-knife. So we came to the Tower, where an old beef-eater took us in custody, and expounded matters. (See "Murray's Guide.") The historical places are very interesting,

and many make your blood run cold. To see the Water-Gate and the Traitor's Gate!—and the very spot where Ann Boleyn had her head cut off. We think English children have immense advantages for learning these things, and envy the governesses who can point their morals by taking pupils to the spot. But they take delight at all these places in concealing the most interesting points, and showing everlastingly stupid things. At the Tower some idiot has taken all the old bits of swords and firearms left over after fights, and made them into sort of worsted-patterns, flowers and things on the wall; and you get fearfully tired of them, but the guide is so fond of them, that he lingers over them far more than "Jane," cut in the wall of his prison, by Lord Guildford Dudley!

There was a truly grey cat out in the yard, and a raven that I liked about as well as anything, and ivy on the walls, and the air was very sweet and sunny in the old courtyard. Mr. Stevens left us at the Moorsgate Street Station of the underground railway—and off we went through tunnels and worms-eye ways to Gower Street, where we got out and walked down a long street to the British Museum. Terrible great place. Impossible, of course, to do it justice. *The* thing, for me, my dear, of course, was to see the tablet of Abydos on the wall, like a piece of the Puzzle Map, lost alas! to the dear Egyptians. There it was—and the "Murray" says, "This is of but trifling interest to any but the archæologist." I liked it. Lots of Ramses there. It made me mad to see them uprooted from their natural soil, which becomes them so much better than this British Roof. Elgin Marbles: very much knocked to pieces, and, of course, modern *to us*. The books one could do nothing about in one glimpse like that. I thought of Edward revelling there day after day.

Annie and I sent the other girls home by a short-cut carefully explained to them on the Map, — and we took a long course up Oxford Street and home by Regent Street and Pall Mall. This was about the only chance I had to shop. We went to Rowney's, — delicious! — and I bought two squeeze tubes. Winsor and Newton's was too far off; but Rowney is *même chose*; there were water-colours there, and every mouth-watering material of Art. Paint-box like mine, such as Maud bankers for, for about \$8.00. Home late and *shrecklich* tired and footsore, and to bed at eight o'clock.

Saturday, I went round by Stevens's to leave the little parcel for you and Charlie. Carrie was with me, and then we walked down to Prout's, Strand, where we met the other girls, and all went to St. Paul's. A service was going on, and we heard a choir of boys *intone* the creed and things. Very high, as also was the Whispering Gallery, which we afterwards visited. Then we went out to the Crystal Palace, where we had a high old frolic. It is such a gay place. Saturday is the popular day, and children were rushing about blowing tin trumpets, eating buns. It reminded me of the Exhibition, Lucretia, because we did the same way — ate things at a restaurant; heard *two* concerts, lead by *Hullah*; were weighed in a kind of chair (I weighed 138½; gained half a pound!); saw the picture-gallery, aquarium, tree-ferns; bought nougat, wandered in the grounds — got to the Low-Level Station and found our return tickets were High-Level, and had to go miles back again. All this, railway tickets included, for 2s.! — except what we ate.

We came back to Victoria Station. . . . I took cab and hurried home, dressed and got to dine at the Rodman's at six-thirty. Very cosy little dinner with much chat; they had tried for theatre tickets to see

“Money,” the crack thing; but all were engaged for a week. They sail for home the 17th Oct. Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Lothrop arrived in London that day! I saw them not; Rodmans told me. Home in cab — so convenient — only a shilling. It is not the thing for ladies to ride in a “Hansom,” which broke my heart. Dare say I should have done it, if left to myself, but no matter.

Now *Sunday* was our sweetest but most deadly day. Walked to the Foundling Hospital Service in the Chapel by six hundred children. Fearful stupid sermon. I kept thinking how Edward would have preached *to* those children and not *at* them like this man, whose sermon was (I really believe it was n't, though) “The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children.” After the service, Mr. Stevens (again!) met us, and showed us the little things eating — their beds and all that — most touching; in a glass case, the little souvenirs found when they come, pinned on them (ever since 1600) to identify them! Lovely grounds outside.

Railway (with Stevens) from Waterloo Station to Hampton Court. It was lovely weather — have we not been lucky! — and the grounds were simply enchanting! and the Court itself the most attractive old place I have seen. Reeks with Henry VIII, etc. We passed many hours there. Then, think of this, were rowed in a boat, down to Surbiton, a station nearer London. This was the best of all the things we did. The lovely river — exactly like pictures by Mrs. S. C. Hall — men punt-fishing in chairs, lovers in boats, cows on the shore! I shall never forget it — all in the sunset light. We left Stevens at Surbiton and took train for London. Weary evening packing. . . . To bed at twelve and up at six in the morning.

Monday, a fearful heik getting off. . . . My dear!

the Channel was smooth as a lamb! None of us were sick, although *you* would have been, for some were, — but we sate on the highest deck and watched the Cliffs of Dover recede, and *La belle France* come into sight. It was a long and very tiring ride from Calais; but we had very funny companions, and delighted in their French, an old woman with the gout, and a cat in a basket; — and a voluble little lady who told me her whole history. Capital practice. My French works admirably, though 'tis fearful stuff. The train was late; after dark when we reached Paris; and I don't see how I lived through getting the baggage and all that, tired as I was; but we reached here at last. Our apartment is charming. Good-bye.

YOUR LOVING SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

338 RUE ST. HONORÉ, PARIS,
Monday evening, October 28, 1872.

DEAR CRECHE, — . . . My dear, the James Lowells are here! and I am having the sweetest time with them. Mary Lodge told me their address, which was right on my way home from my lesson, so I stopped there to see them, and found them very cordial, especially James, and they made me come and breakfast with them the next day. They are living very near the river, and not far from here in a quiet hotel where there is a *table d'hôte*. I arrived to breakfast at ten, and found James waiting for me; the *table d'hôte* is in a room just on the Rue; soon Mrs. L. came down, and we had a very enchantingly pleasant talk, also *rognons sautées*, chops and fruit. Mr. Lowell is very funny about talking the French, — and the dishes. He kept saying, "Now, Susie, this is the nicest thing that has happened, that you

are here while we are." He is perfectly happy, rooting in book stalls for all the books in Old French that exist, and having them elegantly bound, cheap. They are living with economy, and he wants to stay all winter, and she never wants to go home. I went up to their *salon*, and stayed till twelve, he monologued while smoking; there was a little fire, flowers in a pot, and Mrs. L. had her sewing. It was very nice, and, besides, James was so sunny and genial; read extracts from letters about Carlyle, talked of old times, etc. I am to keep going again. Is it not an odd chance?

That's that; now here's this. Hatty and I went to *Théâtre Français* Saturday night! My knees knocked under me a little as I went to buy my tickets, in the afternoon; but the odd thing is that a *woman* keeps the box-office, overlooked by a *gendarme*. No difficulty at all — and after dinner Hatty and I just dropped down to the theatre, next door to Palais Royal, on foot, walked up and took our seats, which were in "the family circle," as we should say, for cheapness — perfectly respectable, and surrounded by decorous French of both sexes. Do you remember the polite ladies in caps who tend the boxes and tickets? It was hot and close — but such bliss — "*The Cid*"! and exactly like Rachel, only her part omitted, of course. I enjoyed every minute. . . . So French! — but such exquisite French, such enunciation, far superior to that of the shops. Perfectly good acting throughout. Do you know, there's no bell for the curtain, but three thumps with a kind of hammer, which made all the people in the pit turn round from ogling about like a picture in the *Illustrated London News*, and settle themselves to the play. No orchestra, nor music.

I should like to go every night. It was not over till eleven, and even then the "*Précieuses Ridicules*"

was to follow; but I thought Hatty had had enough; and it was a shade late, so we came out and quietly walked home through St. Honoré Street, rang the bell, the big door swung open, and we rushed up to narrate our adventures. The other girls were afraid to go; but now we have proved it can be done, we shall take a loge next time, which holds six, and costs fourteen francs—less than our seats, which were three francs each. It is so easy to do this here, for nobody stares at you at all, and the streets are full of women (of respectability) at all hours. Perhaps it is just as well, however, not to yawp much about our going *alone*, as it may be considered loose in America. All our *French* friends here think it perfectly *comme il faut*, and seem not to know what we mean when we doubt about going without a man. The fact is the women have got the upper hand entirely in this town—and the men are of no importance at all; Jules makes the beds and Madame scolds him.

The next thing was a Heavenly Concert yesterday P. M. to which I went all alone, for the girls had not got their steam on. I had the most delicious time. An orchestral concert of the largest orchestra in the world; they played 5th Symphony, *Träumerei* of Schumann, the *Oberon* overture, and a Mendelssohn thing. In future we shall all always go, for they are every Sunday. I find out about these things by talking with Madame Levis, who is Herst's other *élève* on *Cours* days; I think she is very high in the social scale, though her hair is ill arranged. . . .

PARIS, *November 9.*

We are beginning to pull out the bolts and let ourselves down from this blissful Parisian life, whereupon despair falls upon me, for I hate to stir, and still more to plan stirring. We 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 oceans 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 Herst next Saturday. He says, "He has never parted from any one with so much regret," — $\frac{3}{4}$ 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. . . .

. 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. "*Correspondance pour la Place Vendôme*," I said to the man, and he took it calmly. I paid six sous, and he gave me a little square ticket. We rode vast distances and crossed bridges and passed fountains, and exchanged whole cargoes of passengers at different places, still he said not to get out till I reached Place de Châtelet. (Pitch-dark, you observe.) Here I alighted, and went in to the Bureau and said again, "*Correspondance 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 divil (this is a quotation) was I to know what omnibus to 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 *foule* of bonnes in caps, old gents and *ouvriers* were of the same mind. We crowded up to the omnibus, the Guard yawped, "Nobody but '47' can come into this 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 yawping that somebody had n’t paid, and after a great deal of gabbling it turned out it was *me!* Then all the people turned and rent me and said, “*Ah, 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 buzzing 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 and 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 bus, —whereas I thought I was to exchange it for the round thing!!! “*Ah oui, certainement,*” 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 six sous over again, murmuring something about the cruelty to “*voler* the stangers.” I think the sentiment of the house was with me, and my neighbours spoke soothing words. This skirmish took so much time that we soon reached rue d’Alger, and I left the Bus—showing the difficulties in managing *les correspondances*. 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. . . .

All the Parisian women go about with neat petticoats of *black moreen* just to the tops of their boots.

Then they hold or hitch their dresses quite out of sight. They are either with a flounce or not, trimmed with rows 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 moreen, and really short, *not* very full; mine is flounced behind, but smooth in front. . . .

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, — have I? That was Monday. I don't believe I have written you since Sunday. Mercy! Well, Miss Whitwell asked Susan, Hatty and me to dine and go to the theatre with her and Horatio. We went to the Gymnase. Saw first, "Je dine chez ma mère," and then —, simply the most *tremendous* play of sentiment you *never* saw, utterly impossible in English. Quite improper because so intense. But so well acted. The man is a cold-blooded kind of —, the woman, a passionate, conscientious, *plain* woman! How French to have her not handsome. There's a love scene — We — No use talking about it. Fancy one of Cherbuliez novels, or even M. de Camois, acted out on the stage. I never got wrought 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 Gueule du Loup," a new play with a great run. . . .

I don't mention much a running fire of calls from Mrs. Ritchie and James Lowell and Charles Dorr and Homans's and *ainsi de suite*, because I am not here to catalogue Americans; but it all takes time

and complicates the getting away. James Lowell is always lovely; I must breakfast there once more. . . . Good-bye.

Yrs.,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

PARIS, 1872.

. . . Sunday morning I breakfasted at the James Lowells' again, and with dear Mr. R. W. Emerson, who is there—very beaming, and meekly lending himself to claret for breakfast. He is with his daughter, Ellen Emerson. Lots of love from

SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

388 RUE ST. HONORÉ, *Thursday*, P. M.,
November 14, 1872.

DEAR LUCRETIA,—We have been so upset by the news of the Boston Fire, that for a day or two it seemed impossible to write or do anything as we had been; and we are all very impatient for details, which we cannot get even till we are at Weimar; for we shall leave here before those mails can arrive. Meanwhile I try to persuade myself that the accounts are exaggerated, and that if anything very dreadful had happened, you would telegraph. We have to suppose that Mr. Fessenden's Store is gone in Federal Street; but that by no means implies the loss of his fortune. The girls think their important papers were all there; but we hope there was time to get them out. You see we knew nothing about the horses till *after* we heard about the fire. All came in a day; . . .

Well, Monday after my lesson, Susan and I started off to wipe out calls, and went to the ——'s, who,

confound them, had left their card on me in calling on the B.'s. We met Mrs. — just coming out. "Of course you have heard," she said, but we had n't; and had to endure her rambling and incoherent account that All Boston was in flames, but it was no consequence as the — house in Beacon Street was still standing. We flew as soon as we got rid of her to the Legation, rue Chaillot, near by (near the Arc), and there Col. Hoffman was very kind and sympathetic. I have not seen him before, though he has called here three times! He showed me the latest telegram, — the fire had just broke out again — and told us that we could probably at nine o'clock get the *Times* with more news. We stopped at the Homans's coming home, and found them bursting with all they had heard at Munroe's, etc., and they told us of Bowles Brothers' failure. You can imagine the ferment of all the Americans here. Ladies going for money and finding Bowles closed. Are we not glad we are not with them — though they soothe us by saying All the Bankers are shaky.

We flew home and found none of the party had heard about the fire. Hatty rushed down to Sophia's to hear what they knew — the Whitwells — and, in fact, they have lost lots of money, and Horatio has had a telegram. There are many private telegrams, and crowds of people are sent for home. We had a gloomy dinner at our Café. It was raining hard. But Carrie and I had bought our tickets for the Théâtre Français, and we thought it foolish not to go — so we kept on and enjoyed it immensely, although every time the curtain was down our thoughts went back to Boston. Col. Hoffman said, "It seems there was something the matter with the horses" — but that sounded so like a French *canard* that I took no interest in it. But next day we had our letters and several papers. Only think, Edward says, "In case

of fire the engines will be manned by men again as in old times," etc. How dreadful about the horses! . . . All that day and yesterday we could not do much but go to banks and Galignani's; oh, Monday evening at nine, the girls sent Jules up to the Kiosk at the Grand Hotel; and he brought back the *Times* with a column of telegraphs from Philadelphia, very interesting, but we hope exaggerated. Yesterday Charles Dorr came round to talk about it, and see how we felt, and cheer us up. I thought it was very pleasant of him. He seems to think he has heavy losses. When I got to the *Atelier* Tuesday morning M. Herst met me full of interest, — you see everybody hears of it, — and I had to explain the thing in French — in fact, I understand it better in French than English, all about the *laine cru* that was in the *Magazins de Gros*, and *tout cela*. And Tuesday evening Herst called again to console. It's a lie to say that we were absorbed by it yesterday, for we had many other things to do and did them. After my lesson, I had a lovely breakfast at the Lowells'. James was very entertaining, and so was Mr. Holmes, who had commanded an immense quantity of French oysters (raw) in my honour. So the breakfast began with that, and they are very good, which is odd, for they taste exactly like copper cents soaked in seawater. J. R. L. says the reason is that the oysters feed on little boys wearing copper-toed shoes, who have been drowned in their vicinity. We also had delicious Chablis to drink which was Mr. Holmes's treat; and then *rognons sautées* and chops. Mr. Holmes (you know it is *brother* to Dr. O. W. H.) and James Lowell were full of Jack, chaffing each other and going on, and it was very nice. I stayed a long time — and agreed (not really) to go up the Nile with them, as their Dragoman, next winter. My dear, it was *snowing* when I came away, or soon

after, and as cold as Greenland and Raw as the Beef Fullum used to buy for He. I went round by "Au Louvre" and bought me a little *paletot* for forty-two francs. I don't like it very well — but I had to get something. My idea was to put off a thick coat to buy in Leipsic, for I don't think the Parisians understand the subject. . . .

Always yours,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

FRAU BIBER'S ERFURTE-STRASSE, *Tuesday*
evening, December 3, 1872.

DEAR LUCRETIA — . . . Perhaps the most wonderful moment yet of our travels was this P. M. when I bade good-bye to Hatty at the corner of Schillerstrasse (having previously put Susan into a droschky, —kissed Carrie and Annie, —paid the bill and "tipped" the waiters) and walked off with my waterproof over my arm, and my umbrella in my hand, to my new *Wohnung*. . . . When I got here I crossed my bridge, and the nice stout Dutch *Magd* came out and let me into my room, where a fire was in the stove and the sun shining in very pleasantly. . . .

All the time we were learning our way about Weimar, and here I must tell about it, for you have no idea how pretty it is. We were at the hotel on a Platz called Der Markt. . . . Oh! wonder! the other side is a huge paved place with the Schloss on it — that is the Castle where the *Herzog* lives!! Oh! *dear!* I can't make you know how it looks, for, of course, you won't believe it really looks like this, just within a stone's throw of where I've been living a week, and that I hear the clock strike all the hours and halves and quarters, and that the

Duke's band was playing the "Tannhäuser" while we were packing this morning! Now this Schloss kind of backs up on the town, but looks forth on a broad and lovely park with the Ilm running through it,—and here we can walk continually. The Ilm is so like the Ashuelot that it might be it, winding through that wild country over by West Mountain,—for the Park is not like the Public Garden, but wilder than Uncle Tom Lee's woods, only a great deal larger and with graceful bridges, arched, of stone, across the river—oh, it's as large as Brookline—you can walk miles in it. Sunday was a warm spring-like day, with the frost coming out of the ground; Annie and I walked long in these winding paths, and plucked little English daisies still in bloom. There is lovely sketching there—old trees with green moss on their trunks, stones and arches, and running water. Who could have thought it would be so lovely. The Rathhaus is a pretentious ornamented building, and in front of it is the broad *Markt*—it is all very still here—paved with hobbly-stones and next to no side-walks; and there are in all Weimar almost as few horses as Jerusalem (which, indeed, it looks like, only clean). But when we had been here several days, Susan called out to me one morning as I was dressing, "Look out of window, Susie"; there I beheld the whole place alive and swarming with the Market, which comes only twice a week. We went out and prowled about it. It was so exactly like a scene on the stage, that when the band on the balcony of the Rathhaus began to play, we felt as if we must take an attitude and begin to sing. The women sate in long rows with absurd things to sell, like the Cairo shops, only more like a German picture-book. I bought a gingerbread bar, and a writing-book, and two apples; and laughed, and tried to talk, with the jolly women. The most

dreadful thing (to look at), which they had to sell, was in a barrel, and was pink cabbages with a great deal of juice. They dipped up the red juice in dippers and poured it into Seltzer jugs for those who wished to buy. They sold lovely flowers, but also wreaths and crosses made out of dyed immortelles and worked in with paper roses. There are two bunches of them in this room. Most of the women had live geese sitting by them, and there were a great many dogs. Wasn't that singular? What surprises me more and more about travellers is that they bear up so well under the strangeness of these things, and bravely avoid mentioning them, while they confine themselves to the price of food.

Another morning, about nine o'clock, we looked out of window, and saw a band in uniform forming themselves in a large circle under the hotel windows. They played for half an hour most lovely music. When we went down to breakfast we asked what it meant, and they said, "Oh it was in honour of the Mayor of the town. His sister dwells in the hotel, so this band comes often to play before her." . . .

In the evening we went to the "Meistersinger," which was delightful; the orchestra is splendid, and I enjoyed the music immensely, although it needs several hearings. It was very well acted, in an unaffected kind of way, as if the singers sought not to glorify themselves, but the music they were rendering, entirely different from the display of Italian Stars. I can't give you the sort of feeling I had, as if any body in Weimar would have been willing to get up and help, and could have done it—that is, partly because the language is the vernacular, and because all the scenery and chairs and tables were just like the real ones. In one street scene there straggled in a little girl at the back, quite in keeping as to costume and all that, so that I thought she was

part of the opera; but she was only a Weimar child that had dropped in, I suppose, to see how her parents were getting along.

I must n't write such volumes; and yet I must!

Yesterday morning I took my first painting-lesson, and lor! it is very funny. Professor Hummel is very much, to look at, like Dr. Hedge; and he has his "*Atelier*," as he calls it, all about in two little parlours. When I went in, so found I two ladies puttering away, and a gentleman with his neatly prepared drawing-board painting. (Would n't Edward like it!) He proved to be the Prussian Ambassador; for you must know that there is an Ambassador from Prussia to this small Court, which is much, I should think, like having an Ambassador from Vermont in Delaware. They are all under the Kaiser, but they do a little "ambassing" among themselves. Well, he is a handsome man, a little like Nathan, very *höflich*, and pretended he thought I was German; my *Deutsch* was so good. However, he had then heard very little. The Professor had got me a table and copy all fixed out, and I sate down to copy a study of Rocks in Sepia. Alas, dear Herst! this man's method is totally different, and so old-fashioned and *arrière!* To copy every darned line in *pencil* before the colour!!

Of course, I did it so perfectly well that the little man was staggered — for he asked me first if it was "*zu schwer*," and was a little nettled when I told him I thought not; but he had to acknowledge that I *zeichnete sehr wohl, und besser als die Damen gewöhnlich*; however, he succeeded in picking out a small place where I had n't drawn it just like the copy; so got India rubber, and had me rub that part out and do it over again!! He is a worthy little man, with only the natural antagonism, in which I entirely sympathise with him, against anybody who

does pretty well to begin with. I have a private impression that with Herst's lights, I could teach him a great deal more than he can me; but I don't want you to *let on to any one* this, only let it be known that I am taking of the Best teacher in Weimar, which means the Best in Germany; for this is what they really all say; I don't feel *at all* as if I were wasting time, as I don't in the least object to going for once through the conventional routine. Of course I don't really think I know more than he does, — and he works extremely well in his own way — but alas, Herst! he looked at my brushes — sniffed at all, especially at the apple of Herst's eye (which he gave me as if it were his heart's blood on account of its fine point) — and said they were none of them small enough (!!) and is now buying me smaller ones to putter with. And, my dear, what do you think one of the Fräuleins was doing? *Tracing* a group of Ludwig Richter's figures, yes, with thin paper! — blacking the back, and then marking it on to a wooden box — how Nelly would scorn her! — and then "the Professor" came and sandpapered the box himself where the black had crocked it! Funny to see Dr. Hedge sitting and rubbing old sandpaper on a box, and having that called "High Art"! The Professor himself is painting away on a great allegoric oil-picture with temples and cactuses in it — and he sits smoking and painting, but occasionally starts up and takes the tour of the rooms, tells me to make more lines, tells the *Gesandte* that Hooker's green won't do for his *Tannen-trees*, sandpapers the box, etc., etc. It must be just like Mr. D.'s classes. But in the midst he went off and had *Frühstuck* in the next room with his family. Evidently there was company; for we heard much clanking of forks and talking, — and the *Gesandte* kept groaning at the long breakfast, because he had got

stuck. The Professor popped in his head from time to time, criticised all, and went back to his *Frühstuck*. His small son was in the room, eating *prezels* and things, and came and proffered me two roast chestnuts. That's all about that. . . . Write like dragons.

Yrs.,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

AND

CHARLES HALE

WEIMAR, SAXE, GERMANY, *Sunday morning,*
December 15, 1872.

DEAR LUCRETIA AND CHARLES, — “*Briefe, Briefe, gnädiges Fräulein,*” calls the stout Elise, apparently in the middle of the night, and I come with alacrity out of my singular little bed, and find that it is really nine o'clock and beginning to be light, and that fire and coffee and letters are waiting. To wit: yours of *Thanksgiving Day*, and Charley's brief enclosing one. . . .

I am getting more or less settled, but am not yet in routine, which I very much wish to establish, for at present things are conducted much in the hurry-scurry method of 91 Boylston Street. It seemed a fatality to be dressing for the Von Gross spree in wild haste, and hooking up that black silk, as it always is fastened, with desperate inattention, while searching for gloves and seizing handkerchief. The days are very short, — and you see it makes *more to do* when you wish to sacrifice much to the language. I consider that I am “fattening” the time when I am merely talking with my sweet little Frau Biber. She is so nice. Is it not nice that she is nice? The Germans use “*nette*” a great deal. It corresponds

to "*gentil*" in French, and "nice" in English. Laux! this German—it is fearfully hard. But I must concentrate.

I don't think you understand about my Singular Bed. It is so small that our Single Beds in Brookline were Giants to it. In fact it has occurred to me to say that while those were single, this is single-er. Do you recall the furniture in wooden boxes, particularly one set I had in the Baby House. It was the very bed that Sealingwax had in her room at Mrs. Windermere's, until her father, Charles, made another bed out of cigar-box, with dark-green cotton velvet glued on it, for her. Then it was moved down into Nutting's room. Well *that* is my bed; and there is also a washstand just like the washstand that came with that. There is a very good mattress in this little trough, slanted up at the head. Then a wobbly pillow with red ticking and no pillow-case. Then there is a thick quilted comforter, which has white cotton *buttoned* round it, so that the under side is white, and the top looks like this— Well?—

Well,—don't you see that big (.) there? That is *all!* That is all the bed arrangement,—except the Poultrice or Eider-down Thing which is the size of the Bed, but which no feller can sleep under without being turned to jelly. The Bed is never made up at all; that is I find this red thing neatly folded up on the foot of the entirely bare bed. Then must I tuck it in all round, or it falls off in the course of the night, which is why I always wear my purple dressing-gown to bed, and such other clothing as the weather seems to require. . . .

But I must tell about the party at the Von Gross's. I think it was made for me; but nobody exactly says so, and I don't know whether they take it for granted that such was the case or not. Anyhow I got myself up with my best back hair, black silk, and three-

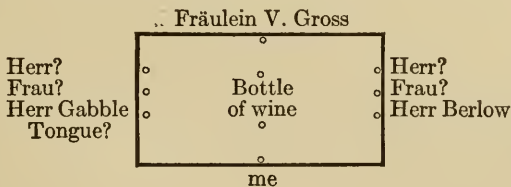
buttoned gloves (ours are the only ones in Weimar), and at eight with a somewhat low heart I repaired to the spot. Frau Biber was invited, but she never goes anywhere. The Van G.'s live *au premier*. Numerous servants in white chokers threw open doors, and a neat maid, in a small room full of rows of pegs, took my things and hung them on the same. It is a series of rooms *en étage*, and reminded me so of our Alexandria parties. I shook hands with Herr and Frau von G. and was introduced to Fräulein von G., sister to Herr, a very plain, German-looking woman of forty, perhaps, dressed in a green satin, quite flat behind, but sumptuous. Everybody that came in asked to be introduced to me, and I talked in German with them; among others were three gentlemen, whom we had always seen at the *table d'hôte* at the hotel, and I thought it spoke well for the elegance of foreign manners that they all sprang forward and asked Frau von G. to introduce them to me, as if they wished thus to sanctify the slight nodding acquaintance. One was an Englishman of a rather ordinary type, another, an Old Wig of great importance in Weimar, and the third, a Heavenly Officer in great gold epaulettes from Altona. With all of these I talked and exulted in showing the Englishman (whom I despise) how fast my German has got on.

My dear, I was introduced to at least twenty-five Germans,—most of them sort of Kays and Tods like the Alexandria people. The pleasantest was Herr Berlow who is the Editor of the Weimar *Zeitung*, but a Great Man, with an order in his coat; then there was a grey little man who I think is literary, for he talked about Longfellow, and was pretty well up on our country. They all declare that Greeley is dead, and that they have read about his funeral.

There were different rooms, and there seemed to be a sort of order of progression, for Herr von G.

kept coming and poking me up, and putting me in another room. They sate round a table in each room, and at each I was introduced to the circle, and then held forth (in German!) to the circle, falling afterwards into talk with my next neighbour. You must know that the Erb-Prinz has just started for Egypt, and so I have a great card in my Egyptian *Reise*, — for they look with peculiar interest on that subject. To ascend the Pyramids and describe the Camel in German! They are more amazed here than in America — and Egypt really seems here farther off — for most of the people here have never been in Leipsic — which is two hours off by railway, — and as for Paris! — nobody. They think I am a *furchtbarre Reiserinn*. . . .

My other *pièce de résistance*, of course, is the Von Gersdorffs, and I hold forth about them to all these people — and also the Boston Fire, and whether the Von Gersdorffs were probably burnt up in it. . . . Well, I was talking to a very gabble-tonguey man who was very illegible, when there was kind of a move made, — as if for supper, and Gabble Tongue offered his arm, — and we stood up, but hung back, — for *Precedence*, of course; but it soon appeared that I was expected; and in another room we found a little table set with eight plates only, and I was motioned to one end, while Fräulein von G. took the other. We sat as by cut:



The conversation was general at first, but my men both talked to me. At last when they were all jab-

bering together I could n't follow at all—very bewildering. We had salad and *paté de foie g.* handed round—but pray don't think anything tastes or looks as at home!—and afterwards ice-cream, and white and red wine, and tumblers of lager beer, constantly replenished. Meanwhile all the others sat about the other tables, and were fed, but from trays with plates brought to them, I think, as in America. Ours was the only previously set table.

By and by all pushed back their chairs, and then all bowed and curtsied to each other and said a little Pater Noster of some sort. It was just like balance to corners and turn, for they shook hands with each, and then went to another. I supposed we were all going home, but, on the contrary, after they got over doing it to everybody, the spree went on. Was it not singular and alarming? Pretty soon everybody began to go. I made my adieux, had a few sweet words with my officer, found *Elise* below, and walked home with her. Forgot to say that tea was constantly handed round all the time and strange kinds of little cakes. . . .

Lots of love—and merry Christmas, if this comes in time.

YOUR SUSIE.

TO MISS MARY B. DINSMOOR

WEIMAR, *Wednesday evening,*
December 18, 1872.

MY DEAR MARY,—In this dreadful land, every moment not devoted to the fearful language is a waste of time; and, therefore, every English letter a wicked indulgence, but I am about to plunge myself in that dissipation, for my Soul has been going out to you through the cracks of irregular German verbs for some time,—in fact, at intervals ever since

I received your letter, which it was angelic to write and most refreshing to receive. Go and do likewise.

In Weimar, I think of George's comment on Minnesota,—it would be easy to tell them what the fashions were three years hence. They don't wear big hoops, because big hoops have not yet come to them, and their dresses are long,—not because Mrs. Gordon Dexter draggles hers, but because they have never been short. They speak of Beads as a fashion to come. If I knew the German for it I should say, "Good Lord, my dears, I have just been through with that, and luckily have brought a few."

But you don't want to hear about Weimar fashions,—only I thought of George. And is it not curious, when they are so near dear delightful Paris, that they are so in the dark concerning her habits? It's very like some little boys that have caught a Bull in a rabbit-trap. They don't darst to go near him, and they leave him out in the barn where they found him, but they think it's very fine all the same to have a Caught Bull. Excuse the mixed nature of this simile. If I had n't forgotten the English expressions, I would make it better. We had Hare for dinner to-day (speaking of Bulls). He was served skinned but roasted, with his little back bone and hind legs. Awful good! So is Beer-soup, sweet, with cinnamon in it.

I take it for granted that you get snatches of my letters from time to time, and are therefore aware of my being, doing, and suffering (grammar again! psh!). I ought to have written you from Paris, for I thought of you there very often, and it was very blissful to be there so long, and to talk their lovely idle language, which, as it seems, in comparison with this terrific tongue,

"Gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

I believe all my correspondents will think I make a most uncommon fuss about this German language, and upon my word, I will say no more about it. Mind, I've got it, now, so that I can do everything in it, and am the wonder of Weimar for my *Fortschritt*; but I continue to think it's damned hard. So is my Bed; and I hate them both. Everything else in Germany I like, and when I get used to the above exceptions I'll let you know.

Weimar is the Keene of Germany. I keep saying to myself, "There now that is just like Keene." So select, so self-possessed, æsthetic, and small, and yet it is not like Keene to have a regular wind-mill up on a hill behind the house, and a Schloss with tin, I mean real, soldiers, standing in front all the time, and a theatre. But would it not be good fun to have a theatre in Keene? Your father, now, might set up a theatre. This belongs to the Grand Duke, and he pays the salaries of all the actors and -tresses. Naturally he has it all his own way, and naturally also the price of tickets is small. Is it not ridiculous that I have a season ticket? I and one of the other girls. The tickets are brought to this house every morning, with the *Zettel*, which means play-bill, and the bill for Sunday has the plays for the week at the bottom. . . .

There's another respect that makes Weimar like Keene! Men are skurce! The popular report says forty-five single females and three men. Strangely like Brookline, also! But no one would think it to see the *prächtige* epaulettes every evening at the theatre. However, I am told that these come over from Erfurt where there is a camp, . . . 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 *liebens-*

würdig, and have good broad German backs and not uncomely faces,—the oldest is twenty-five,—they can't possibly be married, my dear, because there is nobody in the world of the right rank for them. Is n'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 Maid 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 cove about sixty-nine years old, who has just lost his fourth wife, the Prince of Hockenpockenhaus or something, but Princess Elizabeth *won't* marry him. So even she has refused somebody! The princesses can't go out alone, and they can't 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 don't know whether they decide about their own stockings or not.

To return to the men; it's very well that my days of heeding that sex are over, I encounter so few of them. I have established a passing weakness 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 can't 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.

Good-bye, my dear Mary, I must fix my hair for the opera. Don't show this letter to *too* 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 send

for Lucretia and live here always you will come and visit us, won't you? Meantime *write*.

Your always remembering,
SUSIE HALE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

Merry Christmas!

WEIMAR, *December 25, 1872.*

Lord! Pardon, my dear Lucretia, the strength of the expression. It seems justified, as I hope you will agree later, by the occasion.

You see the Biber Christmas, in this house, was all knocked in the head, because *Gertrud* has the measles. No sooner was this known in Weimar than all were aroused to be sure I did not lose my Christmas. First Frau Hummel (wife of the Professor) asked me to come to their family tree. When I got home, I found Frau Hettstedt, who lives up-stairs, had asked me to her tree; and it turned out she felt so dreadfully bad at my not coming that it was arranged I should go first to that tree and the Hummel tree afterwards. Then sweet Aunt Manderode came and asked me to their tree, which, of course, I couldn't; so am to dine there to-day, instead, and Frau von Gross would have invited me to her tree if she had n't understood, etc., etc. The Waitz family hoped I would come to their tree, and the Feltz family were sorry I couldn't come to their tree. My dear, every human being has a tree. It makes no difference whether there are children in the family.

The market-place and principal streets have been full for a day or two of *Tannenbaums* leaning up against the houses. I should think the whole Thuringian Forest would be laid waste to supply Weimar alone. The girls were to go out at six to seven last

evening and walk along the streets to see a tree in every house—a pretty sight; but my engagements did n't permit. . . .

I got myself up richly in my Vigogne, with pink bows, and at six went up to the Hettstedts'. She, you know, is the leading lady at the theatre, and he is the Warren (and last Sunday evening in a burlesque danced the "Cachucha" in a short pink satin with black lace; stuffed to be fatter than Mrs. Jarley), but Frau H. is a very refined little woman, and I think is a little sensitive about her spouse's position. Off the stage he is very pleasant, and kind of pathetic, because she snubs him a little mite. They have a son Emile, fourteen years old, and he had a friend present at the tree. No one else was there when I arrived, but soon in came, with great noise and laughter, Fr. Loth and Fr. Something-else, both *Schauspielerinne* in the theatre, the first a prominent one that plays the young heroine. It was kind of a B—H—set, don't you see, only that in Weimar, they lose no caste *at all* by being actors. It's as if I and Nat. Childs ran the Globe and continued to dine with Mrs. John Lowell. Both these Fräuleins had short frowsly hair, though on the stage they have every sort of *postiche* and *chignon* to suit the part. They were a little *rantipole*, and said, "*Ach! du lieber Gott,*" even more than the Manderodes and Bibers.

In a little while the tree was ready, and it was sweet pretty; but they did not pretend to look at it much; in fact, there had been no concealment; for the boys themselves had *geputzt* it, and there was no locking of doors and bursting in. It looked just like our trees; although Frl. Ludt said, "Of course in America you can have only *imitation Tannenbaums,*" thinking that the American trees all grow of paste-board. The tree had lights and balls and candy on it; and the presents for each were set about on tables.

I think Emile had seen his before. Herr H. apparently had none. The Fräuleins had sweet things laid out for them. I thought them rather rude; for though they cried, "*Ach! du lieber Gott,*" and "*wunderschön,*" they said generally that they had got the things before. Frau H. looked at her pile with interest. She had a black moreen petticoat and a fire-rug; — and a pen wiper made out of a little black doll, and dressed gaudily, which they all thought was "*reizend,*" and a bottle of "*Räucherpulver,*" which you sprinkle on their stoves to partially avert a kind of burnt iron smell inherent in their natures. Were not these *touching* things? More, but in the same sort.

Now they brought out champagne, of which we drank a good deal — and ate *Pfefferkuchen* and little cakes cut out in odd shapes, cocks and dogs, men, etc. I had to leave before *Tisch*, which occurred later. I had a great deal of talk with Frl. Loth. She reads English novels with great *gout*. You've no idea how hard it is to understand their English words. She said she liked very much "*Ai dotto Roovecht,*" but she didn't exactly understand the meaning of the title. I made her repeat it frequently, and finally leaped upon "*A daughter of Heth,*" — which was right, — and I explained to her about Heth being in the Old Testament, a work which, doubtless, she has not carefully perused in any language. Well, we parted with expressions of mutual esteem, and I hastened to the Hummel occasion, where I was to be at eight sharp. As I reached the house I heard a great uproar, and it turned out that the Grandmother's tree was not quite done with, so I was invited in to that, although previously only by the Frau Professorin. The Grandmother lives *unter*; and there was great jinks going on. Hatty James was there. A tree just like the Hettstedts' — but all the

presents in piles, just like our New Year's, and all the *Verwandten* screaming and carrying on, exactly as we used to; how it reminded me of it.

"See my lovely *Kragen!*" — "Have you seen my pile?" "Look at this *Brioche*, the *Grossmutter* made it *selbst.*" — all at the top of their lungs. It is so nice of them to have such touching things. Each of the *Fräuleins* had a new gown, Merino, nicely trimmed, and Johanna had made and trimmed a hat, black velvet with a rose for Gustel — and the boy that goes next week to Leipsic, whence he will only come back next Christmas for the holidays (it is two hours by the train!) had a trunk; and new trousers and a knife, and six pocket-handkerchiefs marked in red. Everybody had a packet of *Pfefferkuchen*, — and there was no end of worsted-work. My dear, there is not a horizontal line in Germany that has n't got a lambrequin on it! Were they not sweet things? and the family were all so sweet to Hatty and me, "*Liebe Miss Hale*, have you seen my *Korb* that *Tante Anna* gave me?" Can you live to hear that there was a fly-flapper embroidered out of the Bazaar? In that snipped-out flannel of different colours, with sewing-silk *gestickt* style. It's just as we always said; they live and move and have their being in the Bazaar.

Soon we walked off and left that tree (oh, the Help came in, one woman, and the girls quietly gave her her things, just like us! — a collar and sleeves, and apron, etc.) and went up-stairs to the Professor Hummel house — and here was another tree. The funny thing is that they don't themselves take the slightest notice of the Tree; and when we politely stand back and praise it, they say, "Oh, yes, I suppose you don't have them in America," much as if we should break out in admiration of the side of a house. Fact is the Germans have *no politeness*.

I find it a fearful misfortune that they cannot lie, under any pressure of circumstances. It might be said that their constant use of "*reizend*" and "*wunderschön*" was an exception; but I'm confident that these words have no more real force than "rather pretty" with us. But they were all in a hurry to see their piles, for each had here another pile. I don't know exactly how this was managed, but I guess these piles were what Mr. and Mrs. Professor gave. But we can't get on farther without a Genealogy.

Downstairs lives:

Grossmutter Hummel, *æt.* 80! with her two Grandchildren, Johanna, *æt.* 27 (teaches Hatty German), and Gustel, *æt.* 21.

Up-stairs lives:

Professor Hummel, son to *G. Mutter*, with his Frau, his son, Karl, 15, and his son Wilhelm, 6.

Guests:

1. Frau Harkmudt, sister to Frau, *æt.* 55.
2. Her son (?) *æt.* 21, and 3. (?) *æt.* 17.
4. Frau Red-nose (I don't know her other name), also sister to Frau, *æt.* 52.
5. Her daughter Anna, 26, betrothed to
6. Herr Schmit, who sat next her at table often with his arm round her waist with no concealment, and who was always addressed and spoken of as *der Bräutigam!*
7. Frau *Generalin* ——, another sister to Frau, *æt.* 60, and more gorgeous, with rather fine manners.
8. I most forgot old *Grossmutter* Harkmudt, very shaky, who sate beside the other *Grossmutter*. Harkmudt himself is deceased.

There, I think I've got them pretty well. Harriet and I were nine and ten, and besides I have not

numbered the family. You see it made a goodly crowd. Bless me, I've forgotten "The Frommenac," who is bosom friend to Johanny Hummel and the most conspicuous of all. I thought her odious. She has been the leading singer in opera here, but has now retired to *heirathen*. A stout, noisy, short-haired person who talked fearfully loud. But they all screamed, and all talked at once. So did we, I remember, at Thanksgivings. They all called her "*die Frommenac*," thus: "*Ach! du lieber Gott! die Frommenac! Sie müss ein bischen mehr Gurke!*"

I've got ahead of myself and to *Tisch*, which was wrong; because that omits the sweet Professor presenting me, with a bow and pretty speech, Ludwig Richter's "Summer"—wasn't it lovely! and to Harriet, a box of bonbons. He himself had lots of outside things. A liqueur-stand, the image of Charley's, from Frl. Pappenheim, one of the paint-students, accompanied by verses in German, which der Brautigam read aloud, very badly. How they screamed! and cried, "*Reizend!*" The little "Willy" (so they call him!) had millions of pewter-soldiers, in wooden boxes. In his pile, and Karl's, were bright new thaler pieces,—from some Uncle Alexander, I suppose, don't you? The Frau Professorin had a set of night *Jäckchen* made by a niece, etc., etc. But I must get on. Pretty soon we sate down to a long table. The Professor put me and Harriet on either side of himself. You know I think it was lovely of them to have us—and when I say there's no politeness, I mean as well that the things they *do* do and say come right straight out of kind hearts. There was great screaming and yelling about dividing the males, but the boys all wanted to sit together, and it was finally fixed with a great deal of Grandmother settled at the bottom, or one end, and a frothy mass of boys at the other. We were at

the middle side, and the Frommenac directly opposite. *Der Bräutigam* next Anna, and frequently hugging her—but all very decorous. Such a meal. First came raw oysters, a great rarity, so far from the sea—but very good. (They all *eat with their knives*, don't tell, and have only steel forks—very handsome ones like our old best ones. There is a little fence by the side of every plate where they sit (the knife and fork) between courses, and are never changed!)

Then came macaroni, done with cheese. Long pauses between each—but lots of white wine and St. Julien to drink, and perpetual drinking of toasts, standing up and clinking glasses, and crying, "*Hoch!*"

Then came a dreadful thing. You must eat it for the *Grossmutter selbst* made it, and was with the cook (or in the kitchen, I don't know which, the words are so near alike) twelve hours,—and if you eat it at Christmas you have *viel Geld* all the year. Herring Salad,—a spatted-down, chopped-up, worked-over, messy fearful combination of poor sardines and beets and raisins and pickle and oil, and perhaps veal, bologna sausage, etc., etc.

Must be helped twice. It reminded me of the Hassan wedding and your pocket. The elder Harkmudt youth rose and made this speech, "Ladies and Gentlemen, inasmuch as it has been insinuated that I and my brother have stated that we feared that the Herring Salad this year would not be equal to the Herring Salad of previous years, I wish to pronounce this a foul slander, and to declare that I never doubted for an instant the continued prowess of the *Grossmutter* in making Herring Salad; and that now, having tasted the Herring Salad, I assert that it is the Best Herring Salad that the *Grossmutter* has ever made, and I propose again the health of the

Grossmutter." Most of the youngers got up and ran to clink glasses with the *G. M.* and they all yelled "Herring Salad!" Herring Salad is the Marlborough Pie of the family evidently. Was it not delightful? This is only an instance of the speeches and jeers.

Next came a regular piece of roast beef sirloin, deliciously roasted, which the Brautigam cut up, after which the great slices were passed round. It tasted awful good — for I have n't had any real beef here. What they call beefsteak is a kind of *croquet*, it seems to me. We ate it with potato and gravy and pickles, and "Compot," which is *Sarce* of different kinds, in a little plate at the side.

That was all. Is it not funny this not having any pudding course?

By this time the Frommenac, with much urging, had consented to sing — ah, no; — but the little Willy got tired and left the table and he came and got me to look at his tin soldiers. In fact he was perfectly devoted to me and there was a general move. Frau and Herr went off and made the punch in the kitchen, then we all came back to the table, sat helter-skelter about and drank the punch, which was good and very strong, with much clinking of glasses. Then the Frammenac sang in another room, not previously opened, which was rather in a clutter; but the piano was there. She sang lovely German words with a fine contralto voice, in a bawling style too dramatic for a parlour. Then it was eleven o'clock, and we came away, though they urged us to stay; but our Stout Marie and Elise were waiting for us in the kitchen. We parted on the doorstep with the simple English expression, "Did you ever!"

When I got home, lo, on my table was a great dish full of *Pfefferkuchen*, apples, nuts, and candy; — and besides sweet gifts from the Companions. They

have also trifles from me. So it was quite late when I got to bed, and I felt this morning rather *Katzenjammerische*.

To-day is the real Christmas—but you see these doings are all for “*Heilige Abend*.” There are, however, three “*Fest Tage*” which they call 1st, 2nd, 3rd. This is *Zweite*—people go to church and have some particular thing for dinner;—and all these three days the shops are shut. But the great time is *Heilige Abend*.

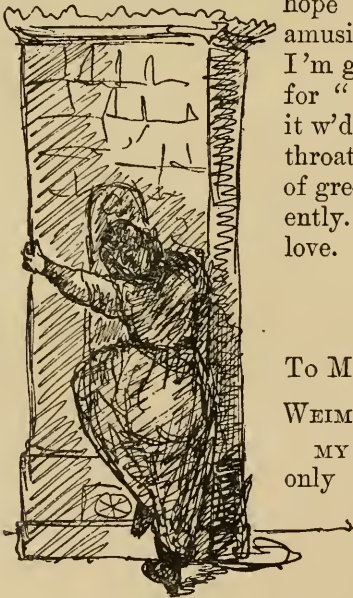
That is about all and I must now go and dress for Frau v. M.’s. If I had time, of course, I should be low—for these Anniversaries are very bad; but I hope you are all having an amusing and pleasant time. I’m glad there is no German for “Merry Christmas!” as it w’d be likely to stick in the throat. They have no form of greeting for the day apparently. *Guten-bye*, lots of love.

Yours ever,
SUSIE.

TO MISS MARY B. DINSMOOR
WEIMAR, *February 19, 1873.*

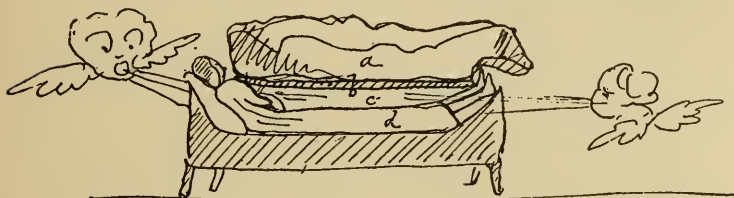
MY DEAR DINSMOOR,—The only superiority of these stoves over our registers is that you can flatten yourself up against them in all

your length and breadth, as it were upon the breast of the beloved, when cold, or low in the mind. In this latter condition, as I thus clung just now to this



poor exchange for a sympathetic bosom, I must think, "What would the Constituents say to see me now?" The idea was sufficient to make me depict the scene for you. I can't imagine a more forlorn image. But she would travel! The best way really is to flatten your back to it.

Later: I have had my nap, and had my coffee with the widows, but I don't know whether I am sufficiently in force to write out my long-, for you, considered essay on "Why I don't like Germany." I'll



try it and see, always premising you know that I might write another, "Why I *do* like it." But this is the

Don't

In the first place, the Bed. You have none of you any true conception of it, and Lucretia has hinted that she thinks she might like it, — not she! There's a total absence of *tuck in* to the German bed, which no effort can remedy, and I have spoiled my best nail trying for it in vain. (By the way they take not the slightest interest in finger nails.) Lucretia thinks she would like the feather bed on top, but the thing is, it is so very on top, while underneath every blast of heaven howls and whistles all night, as they do round Park Street corner. First comes a sort of cold flap-jack, too small and stiff to tuck down, and on top the feather bed. The picture seems not clear.

a is the feather bed; *b*, the cold flap-jack; *c*, a vacuum visited by the winds of heaven; *d*, the Victim.

I may add that this preparation is just the thing for chillblains, and that we are all suffering there-with the torments of the d——d. In the morning I am awaked, in this receptacle, by the clatter of the door. I sleep in a little dark closet, but that I like, — the little door stands open into the big room, and Frau Baier, *Morgen früh*, comes in to make the fire. Her idea is to do it softly. Her first care is to shut the little door, which has a peculiar squawk only attainable in Germany. She then clatters away at the fire and leaves. There's a clumsy great lock on the big door and a handle like a stop-cock which kills your hand and spoils your glove. In about ten minutes Mrs. Baier comes in again to look at the fire, and goes out again. In about five minutes Mrs. Baier comes in to get my boots to clean. After five minutes more she comes in to bring back my boots. That is all she comes, unless she forgets something, in which case she comes once for each thing she forgets. Oh, no, let me tell you, she opens the little door with a squeak and comes into my closet and stealthily takes my water pitcher to fill, and brings it back with another squeak and clatter.

Quarter of an hour later Elise begins. She don't practise stealthiness, but advisedly makes as much noise as possible. You'd think it was somebody falling off a house with a sewing-machine and a trunk, five stories into the street, — but it's only Elise with my bath-tub, — a regular wash-tub, which by great persistence I have attained to, although all Weimar thinks me insane, and Mrs. Baier, wherever we go, tells that I wash myself all over in cold water every morning. "Yes," said an elderly lady last evening, "when one is so *gewohnt* it is necessary. I used to wash myself once but I have got over it —" much as

you'd speak of a person who, having acquired the fatal habit of smoking, is obliged to leave it off gradually, and not of a sudden. I don't mean to say but what they are clean and neat enough, — as a general thing I think they always wash their faces once a day and their hands, say, twice a week, when they are going to a party, but not so often with soap.

Well, Elise bangs the tub down at the foot of the bed, stops and takes a good stare at me, and goes off. Shuts the little door, squeak; shuts big door, clatter. Comes back with a pail full of water, and *da capo*, — stare, shut little door, squeak, shut big door, clatter. Third time, second pail of water, squeak, clatter.

When I am pretty sure the coast is clear I come out, draw to the little door and proceed to bathe. It is generally then that the postman comes. Walks in (to the big room only) without knocking, and leaves letter on the table. My dear, they never any of them knock! and I can't teach them to. I can only suppose that the reason is that they are determined to come in whether I want them to or not, and therefore think knocking a useless affectation; for if the door is locked they stand rattling away at the handle until I come out of bed, or bath, or nap, or whatever, and let them in. That's a bother, so now I have given up locking the door. All my party have had the same experience.

While I am still in the tub, Elise comes again with my coffee; and this is very nice, that throwing on a few clothes I now come out, sip my coffee, munch my bread and rejoice in my letters. This would be delightful, but — in walks Mrs. Biber — without knocking — and always at a different time, so you never can tell when to be girded up for her, — perhaps I am stark naked, in which case she says, "*Ach! das schadet nichts!*" *aber* it does *schaden* for me; for although, as you are well aware, I am somewhat

loose about clothes, I *will not* converse with a German woman in her own tongue, without any. She is a dear woman, you know, and I am very fond of her, but so trying in the morning, when one is just staggering under the renewed burden of life. Lucretia would go mad.

“*Ach! liebes Fräulein!* how hot it is here.”

“Oh, do you think so,” says Susan, feebly; “I have only just shut the window. I thought it was too cool.”

“*Nein*, it is too hot.”

Or, on the other hand,

“*Ach! liebes Fräulein*, how imprudent! You have the window open. It is here *schrecklich* cold.”

“Is it? I thought it was hot and opened the window.”

“*Nein*, it is cold, *böse Fräulein!*” and she goes and shuts the window and piles on more coal.

My dear, there's a finality about this German *Nein* that is appalling. That young man, you know, that learned to say, “No,” has been a good deal cracked up, but our “No” is no negation at all compared to this “*Nein*” they have here. I've got so sensitive about it that I try to frame my sentences so that they can't answer with “*Nein*.” It comes like a bucket of cold water over the most innocent inquiry. “It's quite muddy to-day, don't you think so?”

“*Nein!* It is not muddy; it is dry.”

I never saw anything like the point-blank way they contradict each other as well as me. We have a civil question mark after our “No” (*nicht wahr?*), which allows some reprieve—but the Germans say, “*Nein*.” See that Period? that's the end of that subject,—there's no appeal. Tell them anything about America,—how many inhabitants in New York, etc.

"*Nein . . . das ist nicht möglich.*" And that settles it. *Ach!* a narrow-minded people.

She gets come up with occasionally and then I'm delighted, — for you know I never can discuss, and I leave her always with her *Nein*. The other day I was rushing off to the theatre, and she asked me to wait for her as she was going out.

"*Mit Vergnügen, liebe Frau*, only it is a little late."

"*Nein*, it is not late." So I waited.

"*Liebe Frau*, perhaps you will allow me to say that your clock is slow."

"*Nein*, it is not slow."

"*Aber, liebe Frau*, excuse me for mentioning it, but on account of Gertrude being late for school, I thought you would like to know."

"*Nein*, your watch goes ever *vor*."

"Yes, that is true, but for that reason I watch my watch."

"*Nein*, you never know the right time."

"Excuse me, *liebe Frau*, but I have every day my *Fenster auf*, in order to set my watch by the town clock."

"*Nein*, you cannot hear the only clock that is right from your window."

Very well, we let it go.

The next day, Gertrude came howling and weeping back from school, at quarter-past nine, because she was late! and the door was shut. The penalties here are something fearful. At dinner that day, Mrs. Biber said, "Only think, Gertrude was late to-day!! My clock goes back! I can't think what ails it!!" Not the slightest reference to my warning! I did n't say, "Told you so."

Time to go to the theatre, my dear, and my tirade comes to an untimely close. You will think my trials too trivial to detail; but these things make up

the sum of human life. I wonder if George had a similar impression!

Next morning: I see, my best Dinsmoor, that I got led away from my Essay to discuss that fatal "Nein." I had meant to give you a faithful picture of the strict surveillance under which I am kept by my widow. It would enrage me more, only that it amuses us all so much to see me in harness. Fullum and Rebecca would froth at the mouth to see that control, which even they have had only partial success in attaining over me, completely exercised by this small German female! It can't last, and even now I occasionally break loose. But that makes the rein tighter afterward.

Good-bye, lots of love. I hope there's a letter from you on the way.

Always yours,
SUSIE HALE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

BRUXELLES, *Tuesday P. M., June 3, 1873.*
(*Finished much later.*)

MY DEAR CRECHE, — How much I think of you in my room here. It looks so much like our dear Hôtel du Rhin up at the top, although of course not like that. Brussels is a heavenly town, my dear. I like it better than any I have seen! How odd that one takes a fancy or dislike to a town, just like people, at the first glance. I couldn't abide Antwerp. Brussels is a Corrected and Improved Edition of Paris, for the pocket, with the impurities omitted. It seems as much like Paris as Boston does like London, and that's a great deal. My adventures, of course, are amazing. Seems as if I must begin on to-day, and write backwards, but of course it would be better to begin at the Departure from England.

That leaves a gap of the Derby!!!! I know — but I can't help that. Put that in a postscript in another letter. But to-day has been such a day! Nothing could be lovelier than the alacrity of the Stevens at getting me off. I do love them both. . . . But this is a long chapter and has no place in this travel journal. B. F. is just the dearest and kindest man in the world. I can't conceive what tempted him to do so much for me. The fact was *they liked me*. It seems odd; but it was very convenient.

On *Sunday* morn, I rose betimes to finish that packing which had been sadly neglected in the hurry of Saturday (see History of that day, as yet unwrit). You see I *left my trunk* in London!! and am launched upon the Continent with only my portman-teau and shawl-strap. This is because it is insupportable paying Extra Baggage for all our party. I have set the example and all have agreed to do likewise. I paid ten cents yesterday for my Extra B.! That is worth while. (There is something laughable about pens connected with this letter, but it don't pay to write it; but I sympathise with your *stiff one*.) I don't get on at all in the narrative.

Got well packed, both to leave and take, before breakfast — a dear breakfast; Mrs. S. plucked the first rose in the garden to give me at parting. Mr. S. to the station. Met one of his young men at London. More about the getting to the wharf, very interesting, but must be omitted here. At last the *Baron Ozy* was underweigh, — from the very Katherine's wharf where I landed, on a Monday morning, six weeks ago! Dear me, what a good time I've had in England; I think the best in my life! For quiet, easy, do-what-you-like-a-tiveness, you know.

Well, that's over now — I was rather blue, steaming down the Thames, especially as it rained, and one could n't stay on deck, and the dinner was nasty,

at one o'clock, only I sate next a very dear German of about fifty-five summers with whom I talked first in German and afterwards in English. . . . I must tell you that my German has been fifteen years in India;—he has come home because he is losing his sight, and he can't see to read. He spoke pathetic broken English; and told me finally that he got a letter the last thing on leaving England, which he could not read! Of course I offered to read it to him, and blundered through the crabbed German handwriting to his satisfaction. Honour, of course, forbids my mentioning the contents; but, perhaps, I may add, that they were not at all interesting.

When we arrived at Antwerp, I didn't know exactly what to do. That's the bother of travelling, however well you "know the ropes" at one place, at the next, it's entirely different. Lots of sort of *ouvriers* came on board, and I poked one and told him, in French, I wanted a carriage to go to the Hôtel de l'Europe. He said "*très bien*," took my things, and walked off, with me behind. But he kept walking and walking after we got on land, without stopping at any cab, and I saw it was *his* idea to walk to the hotel. That seemed very well, if it was not far; I was only afraid we should not arrive with sufficient *éclat*. But after a brief walk, we walked into the courtyard of the hotel; the landlady received me with the usual cordiality, and took me to a room. She spoke French well enough. The spire of the Cathedral was just outside my window. She said if Madame liked, the ceremony of Woggle-woggle was about to commence in the *église*, perhaps Madame would like to hear the music, which was very fine. So Madame, just as I was, went into the Cathedral—where is a masterpiece of Rubens, and quite pretty for him—and then heard a wonderful ceremony; beautiful music by boys and instruments, and three

priests like boiled lobsters with fluted skirts doing higher jinks than I ever saw before. It appeared as if they were rather tired, but planning charades to amuse the people, which they did from time to time, when boys in white night gowns put other wraps over them — and it was more like magical music, when they all tried kneeling, and seizing candles, and running round with books; and when they did the right thing, the music suddenly stopped and rang a bell. At last they thought they would play “button-button,” and came down among the audience with hands together for that purpose, and then they went back and took coffee, as it were, from the boys in night gowns, and helped themselves to sugar. But that was incense, I know, for I smelt it.

Great Interruption

CHAPTER V

A summer in Europe with Rev. Edward E. Hale, his daughter, Miss Ellen Day Hale, and Miss Margaret Marquand, 1882 — Visit to Frederick E. Church, the painter, at his home on the Hudson River, in 1884 — Trip to Mexico with Mr. and Mrs. Church in 1885 — Summer at Matunuck, 1885 — Mexico again in 1886, with Mr. and Mrs. Church, their daughter and Charles Dudley Warner.

(1882-1886)

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

SEVILLE, *Tuesday, May 23, 1882.*

Oh, my dear! We are sitting in our big room that looks out on a real Damascus courtyard. Molly is drawing the opposite corner of it from our long window, — where she sees a doorway and a railing with flowers, and some going up-stairs — and Nelly has just finished in charcoal a lion which is part of the ornament of the railing. Below is a fountain with goldfish, and a great banana-tree with bending-over fruit; the walls are whitewashed except where they felt like painting them bright blue in spots.

Such is the Hôtel de l'Europe where we arrived at nine this morning; but I must seat you there and go back to my last date, if I can think what that was. Oh, there is a great *mañola* (magnolia) in a tumbler, which I bought just now in the street, about as big as two hands put together. I think I shut up my last, Friday p. m. That day Mr. *Reed*, the *chargé d'affaires*, called, a very pleasant man, ador-

ing James Lowell. He urged us to call on Mrs. Hamlin in the ev'g (letters having been delivered, etc.), and we went after dinner. It seemed so *consular*, my dear, to go up two flights of chalky stairs, ring bells and be shown into a yellow damask apartment with a round divan in the middle! Mrs. Hamlin is a very agreeable woman (from Maine), easy, pretty, and cordial; I guess glad to see "Americans" as amenable as we were. And Papa Hamlin, a dear worthy old gent, much farther on in years than she. . . . She offered to take us to drive—which did not occur till Sunday, as it rained Sat. I may here say that though we have lovely weather enough to do everything, it is continually raining in bursting showers. People say, as at Cairo, that it never rains in Spain. It is good, for everything is fresh.

Well, on *Saturday*, we felt equal to the *Gallery*. You must know we stayed longer in Madrid than we had meant, for several reasons, first, that our rooms were very pleasant, and second, that we were enchanted with M. It is so gay, so crowded, and amusing, utterly unlike Paris or any other capital we know. The *pictures* are perfectly satisfactory. Think of me liking them; what a reform!! But we were very judicious. The Museo Reale is an immense place like the Louvre, reeking with long passages and rotundas; we flew at once to the Velasquez and Murillos, and hard by to the Salon Isabel II which (like the Salon Carré) contains gems. I will write more about the pictures later, for we are going back to Madrid,—suffice it to say that the Velasquez are all they ought to be. The great horses on which Isabella and Philip sit are lifelike and the portraits of Philip IV wonderful. Don't care so much for the Murillos. They are more like the ones we have seen, but we haven't seen any Velasquez till now, worth speaking of.

Molly was rejoiced to see that P. M. the King going to church. He required three glass coaches drawn by six horses each, and a *cortège* of twenty sort of Arabs on horseback wrapped in white with spears. For even Madrid seemed Moorish—but, oh, lor! nothing to this that follows, I mean Andalusia, etc.

On *Sunday* there was a bull-fight, as usual. Now we do not attend bull-fights; but Mrs. Hamlin, after a pretty drive on the Buen Retiro Paseo, took us to the B. F. place to see the crowds as they came out. It looked for all the world like a cattle show. The great amphitheatre is a cheap modern building, not exactly Yankee looking with windows; but the crowds and omnibuses waiting were like those at a fair,—and when they all came streaming out it was very amusing. The picadors (not being dead) rode forth on their horses, looking just as they do in pictures. The King was n't there, so he did n't come out. This lasted so long that it was after seven when we got back to our hotel, through streets packed with people waiting to see us (and the King) return from the bull-fight. Our dinner was waiting, our train was to go in half an hour! I mean our cabs to the train.

But we were all packed, and Papa Edward on hand champing the bit and stimulating the preparation of the *addition* and with rather a scimmaggio, we got to the *gare*, the baggage was weighed, but let me tell you, by dint of moving myself into Molly's trunk, and leaving most of our mutual effects at Madrid, the scales now announce no extra baggage! a great relief to our purse. . . .

Another night in the train—but this time we had a *berlina*, which was that coupé you and I came to Marseilles in, back to the horses. We slept pretty well, and had great fun tumbling out in the middle of the night at a *fonda* (buffet) where we had thick chocolate and flat sponge-cakes, the latter being all

there was for spoons, with which we dipped up the thick stuff and ate. A ruffian stuck all over like a pin-cushion with knives of a lovely sort. We all bought them. You will be delighted with mine, it is so Moorish. We must appear like maniacs to more sedate travellers; there is no adventure that we stick at, nor form of language; and we are all so jolly. . . .

But why do I dally before the delights of *Cordova* where we passed yesterday, — the weirdest kind of a day. Arrived about 10 A. M.. Were driven through a wholly new kind of town, with crooked white-washed streets, — now beginning to look a little like some of Alexandria — but tiled, not flat roofs. The bus stuck between the two sides of the street once, and wormed itself through with difficulty. After *Almuerzo* (whereby hangs a tale) we went with a Moor, the only *Arabe* now left in *Cordova*! who speaks French, to see the wonderful mosque, with its one thousand marble pillars, arched with striped red and white; the nasty old Christians have spoiled it by thrusting in a whole chapel in the middle, at which Charles V was wroth, but didn't make them take it out again. Here we began our acquaintance face to face with the dear Moors and all their works: and of course it reminds of Cairo, etc., but this mosque is miles beyond those we saw in the East, in sculpture, it is bereft of almost all mosaic and tracery, except in one or two lovely spots.

We walked back through the middle of the crooked whitewashed streets, meeting an occasional donkey, but few other inhabitants; stopping a long time at a garden like all those in the *Arabian Nights*, with fountains, carp ponds, steps and arbours, and all blooming with scarlet *pomegranates*!! roses, jasmine, the young figs on the trees not ripe; but a strange fruit like a persimmon, which they let us eat. This garden is on the place of the ruined palace of the

Moorish kings, with a few traces left — and from a vine-hung (in blossom) sort of turret, we looked down on the Guadalquivir, a bridge built by Romans, and some Arab mills.

Now you must know that at breakfast a stout man sate opposite me with his wife, with whom we had no traffic, until I took a piece of cheese and began to eat it, before engaging upon an orange. The man now accosted me and said in French that it was dangerous to do that, as they did not join well in the stomach. This began a friendly conversation, which was continued by an invitation to his *jardin* to see his strawberry beds — and it ended in our passing a long P. M. in his lovely garden. He is a most dear man, *jefe* of *mécánicos* to the R. R. — *Alsacien*, but his wife from Malaga speaks only Spanish. If you could have seen us all, hobnobbing in these languages, — and receiving handfuls of the most delicious fat roses, jasmines, orange-blossoms, gillyflowers, larkspurs, pansies, all the time the beaming man telling us how he loved to have us see his garden, and his strawberry bed, which bears all the year round. It was not such a *very* big garden, you know, but very pretty, with a fountain in the middle. Our interpreter was there, the *Arabe*, who stayed round to come in for his share of the fun. The Signora, his wife, a stout lady with a *velo* on her head, beamed and essayed hospitalities in Spanish which we strove with might and main to comprehend. A *muchacha* was set to gather strawberries; and by and by when we struggled to get away we were led into the worthy house, where was a piano, which they forced me to play on, while a hasty repast of fruit was prepared. We then sate round and partook. The strawberries are small and delicious here, — wide and in profusion. His especially so. He took great oranges from his own tree, cut them in two, and squeezed them like

a sponge, over the strawberries with lots of sugar. This is the true way to eat both. He then brought out wine of his own making from his own grapes. The others thought it horrid stuff, and it was n't first class. We all touched glasses, and sipped; and finally got away with mutual expressions of regard. You can't imagine what a dear, stout, radiant man he was; and he seemed to act as if we were the only people he had ever loved. Wasn't this an amazing adventure.

And now, most dead; for you see we had had no beds the night before; we came back to the hotel, and went betimes to bed—to rise at four this A. M. to get off at six—reached here at nine, through a delicious road lined with *agaves*, apparently made of tin and painted, but really real things with tall candlesticks for blossoms looking like asparagus the size of telegraph-poles; oleander in blossom, fluffy yellow acacia, etc., etc.—and are just settling here for a week or so. I send this off in haste.

YOUR SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

GRANADA, *Sunday, June 4, 1882.*

DEAR LUC.,—I'm really feeling so very English that I 'ope you'll be able to see the truly English eccent through me writing even; for you know there are several English in the 'ouse 'ere, and among others a lady all hung about with silver beads, which everybody is wearing at present, and rings on all her fingars,—indeed, I dessay, bells upon her toes, you know. I was eating strawberries and sugar, with orange squeezed on them, and as I was in the very *ect* of squeezing the orange, she said, looking me full in the face—

“That must be very nasty!”

“On the contrary,” said I, “I assure you that if it were nasty, I should not do it; it is very nice.”

But she is really no great part of Granada — which is truly ravishing. . . .

But, oh, my dear! we have reached the heavenly culmination of our trip, — for Granada is the dream of Aladdin’s Lamp, — and a lovely place to be in for June. Let me say, also, if I haven’t, that we have had no bugs, nor fleas, nor flies, nor dust, nor bad food, any of the time. A smell or two, for those who seek them; — but Spain must be greatly improved since the complaints were made. As for *heat*, it is cold enough here for woollen clothes, and blankets at night; for it is over two thousand feet high — about like Crawfords, White Mountains, and a cool, fresh, brilliant air, that makes us sleep like dogs. Snow on the Sierra Nevada, opposite us. Thermometer 72°, Edward says, as I write.

Well: at Malaga we called on Marquis de Casa Loring, Banker, who is uncle to Seraphina Loring (ask Bursleys). He has an enchanting Alonzo Cano “Virgin and Child,” and many other fine pictures, and bits of rare china. He seemed to like us, and our praise of his pictures, and promised me a photograph of the Alonzo Cano; but alas! it didn’t come, and we think, perhaps, it was a Spanish compliment. The Cathedral at Malaga is deteriorated in style, but contains a beautiful *Cano*; — Nelly and I are setting up a great ardour for his work — and a fine Herrera, of St. Anthony dying.

The road to Granada is wonderful; the railway lately built, so that the Welds and other constituents have n’t seen it. It crosses great ranges of mountains in tunnels innumerable; these tunnels have gaps which flash upon you suddenly, a cliff and a gorge, of great size and bright orange colour with purple shadows — very exciting. We arrived at eight, down

in the town; our nice Juan, who is still with us, put us in a kind of omnibus like a sleigh on wheels, and merrily jingling mules rattled us up a very steep hill, through a narrow street, to the top, which is a wonderful place like Catskill even for height—and here the huge grounds of the Alhambra, which it seems is not only a palace but a fortress,—whose walls enclose quite a little city; and outside these walls are the two hotels, like great White Mountain hotels, extensive and pretentious, with their own gardens and fountains, and stained glass windows, and white-choked waiters. Our landlord is most friendly, and after the first night, which we passed in a kind of turret, in red-walled rooms, with barred windows overlooking a hanging garden, he transferred us to a higher up but larger suite, where we have home-like, delightful rooms; one, a big *salon* of a catty-cornered description, with windows looking all sorts of ways upon orange-coloured ruins. Oh my! it is delicious. And the nightingale really bulbuls all night long! It appears he is the male bird, who sits and sings all the time while Mrs. is on the nest hatching the eggs. We think it is very friendly of him, and something like reading her the *Transcript o'* nights, and quite different from the Bulbul accosting the Rose, or Philomela lamenting her lost state.

Here we are content to let the time slip by as it will. There is everything to sketch, only it takes so much lake and indian yellow. The grounds are open to all—broad roads leading up and around the walls and castles, with tall trees, thickly shading them, and streams of rushing water everywhere (like Damascus), being the Darro and Genil, which the Moors made to irrigate things.

We have been through the lovely Alhambra palace, and were there by moonlight. The lions are very worthy in the Court. The Moors did n't know how

to make them very well, so they are quite chunky. But the tracery and arches, and the views from windows are exquisite. The style like the Alcazar, only more so; and we are glad we saw that first. From these windows we look down a steep precipice, and across at the Sierra Nevada (eleven thousand feet) with snow on it; water rushes, tall cypresses stick up, and the white town of Granada is below. There are lots of different towers and gardens, which we have not yet begun to see; but we mean to be here some time.

At the *table d'hôte* are some quite amusing, agreeable people. The season is over (as usual when I reach any place) so there are but few other inmates. Yesterday we drove to the Cathedral in the town; it is Spanish and fine; and bought at a shop a few Spanish characteristic things. There are three cats in the Cathedral. Much love from all.

YR. SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

THE SHEAVES, SURBITON, *Monday morning,*
September 25, 1882.

DEAR LUC.,—Such peace! Everything here just as I left it, June 1, 1873. Dog a few years older, all of us a little stouter, more ivy against the house, if possible; the house, too, has grown, for they have added an L. My old jokes still remembered and quoted, and the welcome as cordial as possible. The only danger is, a creeping sense of settling down *now* to take all the *tired* of the whole summer, instead of waiting till I crawl into my own hole wherever it may prove to be. That won't do; must brace up and run the machine well into the station first. Don't fancy that I'm used up in the least, by this line of remark, only you know the sense of repose that comes on after

travelling. As soon as B. F. Stevens turned to the porter and said, "Take these boxes to the Sheaves" (instead of my doing it), I gave in my *Nunc Dimittis*. We were tired, too, for we had a wild week in London, perfectly delicious. I can't think of anything better conducted. You know Molly and I had the whole top-story at Mrs. Alfatt's. Every morning Eliza brought my bath, and 'ot water for Molly; 'alf an 'our afterwards we came down and found a nice little breakfast and the newspaper. As soon as we could afterwards, we sallied forth, looked in on Nelly, and then took bus for our affairs. . . .

For *Monday*, after breakfast, Molly and I took our first bus and rode to Piccadilly Circus. . . . As soon as we reached Trafalgar Square we were received into Stevens's arms; he was *real* nice, and so glad to see me that nothing much ensued but a long immense talk in which he thoroughly shrived himself. So at one he just put us on top of a bus (which Mrs. Merritt thinks very shocking, perhaps you'd better not mention it) and we came back to Nelly's lunch. Her studio is awfully nice. It is such a pity she can't take it to America. When we got home we found the vouchers for our stalls at the Lyceum theatre, which I had written for. Molly now rested while I put on war paint, and Nelly and I took hansom to Mrs. Alma-Tadema's P. M. tea, which Mrs. Howells had given us cards for. For now I see I forgot to say that Sunday P. M. Nelly and I went to Pelham Crescent to call on the Howells, and that Sunday evening Mr. H. called on me. They are just done with London, and were leaving the next morning, very jolly, delighted with London, themselves, and the world in general. The C. D. Warners dropped in at Mrs. Howell's, very friendly, in gorgeous clothes, being just on their way home.

So we went to the Alma-Tademas', a sweet æsthetic

house on Regents' Park, and there was Mrs. A.-T., my first real æsthete. Oh, my! Her gown was strainer cloth worked with Holbein stitch. It was cut half low, with hunchy sleeves; a bow of faded maroony lilac, such as used to be in the ribbon-bag in the Hamilton Place entry-closet, at the front, and a double row of beads of somewhat the same colour; her tawny hair was scruffed in front and knotted low behind. She is very handsome, and all this was very becoming, and her manners were simple and charming, and, in fact, made you feel, in that house, that she was all right, and we were all wrong, especially Mrs. C. D. Warner (who again came in with Mr. C. D.), who was all got up in peacock blue and bangles from Paris. The two gawky daughters of Alma-T. did n't become their æsthetic clothes so well, but they were well bred and pleasant. The only other person there, was *Millet*, our little Frank Millet of Boston and New York. The A.-T.'s affect and encourage Americans. Square cups of tea were instantly served, which we drank out of the corners; and then Mrs. A.-T. let us go up to the Studio, although it was not a show day, as Mr. A.-T. is away.

And in the evening, we saw Irving and Ellen Terry in "Romeo and Juliet," perfectly enchanting, the scenery absolutely faultless, but I must leave that till I get home. . . .

'All my sketches (fifty) are at Winsor and Newton's being mounted. I guess they are horrid.

Always yrs.,
S.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

[BOSTON], *Friday, December 15, 1882.*

CAROLINE, DEAR,—I got the picture! I don't know if we can do anything with it, but it seemed a waste to let go all that good paint, paper, and frame

for twenty dollars. It is much loaded with *gouache*, which will make it hard to meddle with.

Now let me describe my truly American Adventures in the Expedition. Of course my *couturière* called before I finished breakfast, to be instructed in ripping and remaking my old brown skirt; but I got rid of her, and dressed, on the doorstep at ninety. I say "dressed," but of course my gloves were in my hand, my purse in my muff, my door-key in my mouth, and my handkerchief at my nose; so that when the postman came and thrust a letter at me, there seemed no good place to put that, but I squeezed it between my muff and my stomach.

A car came along, and I climbed up on it with difficulty, to find it was jam full and people sticking out of the doors and windows, — so I had to stand outside amid the jeers of the populace, and the severe invitation of the conductor to "step inside." This I would gladly have done but that there was no inside to step to, it being *au grand complet*. When we swung round the corner I nearly fell off, for you will remember I had no hand to spare to hold on by; and thus became an object of loathing to the other men on the platform who didn't want me. Before we reached West Street the car stopped. "What's this?" asked a man. "Wal," said the conductor, "I guess the horses are tired." As they seemed likely to remain tired, I alighted. It was a pretty even thing all the way to Winter Street; and the race was interesting to those inside the car. At Winter Street they got the advantage, for I had no third horse to get me up the slope. However, I won, and rounded the Bromfield Street corner 'ere they passed Park Street Church. Let me mention that the only thing I had time for on the car was to give up my ticket, by which the Met. R. R. Co. is now the gainer. It was now simple to find the picture, and give my order.

I returned to Tremont Street. Never a car. I suppose the horses were all tired down below. I had got myself together a little by this time, and had a hand to spare, which was lucky, for my bonnet, tuned only to Parisian zephyrs, now clean left my head, and I found myself in the teeth of a howling blast! Mr. Sam Johnson found and pitied me, and we strove to touch the heart of a cabman, but he was "engaged," so again I faced the situation. Only at Temple Place did I gain a car, and temporary repose. There was a seat. Thus blown and blowzy I reached my home, just ten o'clock, just in time to let in a pupil on the step of the door. All but Honour lost! But my pledge fulfilled. The picture has come, and I paid 35 cents to the expressman. Come and consult.

Yours,
S.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

OLANA, June 29, 1884.

DEAR LUC., — . . . It is lovely here, real woodsy and wild, though the house or villa is gorgeous! Mrs. Church met me at Hudson, and we drove up here, several miles—through thick woods, like the ascent to the Alhambra. In fact Olana is placed somewhat like that, on the top of a cone-like height commanding the Hudson. The house is large and all open on the lower floor, with wide doors and windows *à deux battants*, so that everywhere you look through vistas to shining oak boughs at hand, and dim, blue hills far beyond, middle distance omitted because so far below. The air is all perfumed with wild grape and hay-like scents. It reminds me of Thisselwood in this boskiness. There are no noises whatever, but old squirrels yapping, and hermit-thrushes and robins, in unalarmed profusion. At present the household is old Mrs. Carnes; Mr. Church, very stiff and lame,

but lovely; Mrs. Church, very pretty in soft white curcan; the boys, Winthrop and Louis, and their tutor, "Mr. Scudder," and Downie; these last have gone to church; the rest of us are writing in different rooms on different Persian carpets, with different pounded brass inkstands, and different oriental stuffs hung about on easy chairs of antique or artistic shapes. There are a great many animals attached to the house, donkeys and dogs and cats and turtles and a new owl just out of the egg, with great eyes that turn with his head. We have talked a great deal about Mr. Appleton, Mexico, etc. It is that real warm inland out-of-door weather, soft, not too hot, regular country, not at all seashorey, suggestion of muslins. I wish I had more. I think I shall be happy for a month. . . .

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

OLANA, *Sunday, July 6, 1884.*

DEAR LUC.,— . . . It is a lovely, quiet life, and suits 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.

Breakfast is very punctual at eight. The neat maid twangles a triangle to summon us, and we meet in the superb dining-room which is a picture gallery, with a Salvator Rosa, the Murillo "Santa Rosa," and many other pictures. The walls are all windowless except on one side where the light comes from above the great fireplace. 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 every plate and pitcher and napkin is chosen for its beauty or prettiness. De-

licious 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. Downie gets the Bibles and we all read round. Then I retire to write in my room. I have *just* finished "F. F." and sent the whole thing off to Lothrop. Break ground to-morrow on the Memoir, and take this Sunday interval to write you. When I get through writing, I dart off alone for a sweat-bath and to recover my tone. The place is so large I can walk miles without going off of it. It is very pretty, great avenues of trees, a pond, nooks of shade, and always the wide view of the river and mountains. It is a little monotonous, in that just so much as you go down you have to climb up again, being on the very top of everything; in this reminding me of Monadnock Halfway 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 three and four we come out richly dressed and assemble on whatever piazza, porch, or ombra commands the best advantages for seeing and coolness, — and then talk, talk, talk till dinner at five-thirty, and then the same all evening till about ten 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 Mr. Church's taste. . . . Close in haste.

SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

OLANA, *July 27, 1884.*

DEAR LUC.,—I write now my last from here. After all, how alarmingly fast the month has gone. I have got half my book done (in pages) and have read it aloud to the Churches who are delighted. This part consists chiefly in condensing and copying from early journals, and I have done *all* that. It is well to be through as I need not cart these heavy books to E. G.—but the rest will be much harder. It is as if a heavy curtain went down in front of an actual scene of what Mr. T. G. was doing, and now I must grope about to find out the facts of the greater part of his life. . . .

We have had a quiet week here—only a Mr. Austen, friend of Mr. Church, great traveller in South America, for a few days. The children all left us on Thursday. . . .

Our family thus reduced to a quartet of elders. The chief interest is the sweet little owl. The boys let him loose, he having reached full size, but the angel comes back about dusk every night to get fed. His little twitter is heard, and he floats softly into the room, alighting on some chair. He is perfectly tame, so I catch him, or somebody, and we give him water in a spoon, and bits of raw meat. He revisits his cage, takes a seat for a minute in his little round basket bed, and then, having thus shewed his friendliness to the family, soars off into the night on silent wings. Is it not sweet of him? The great black cat Cyrus who *rodes* about at night causes us fear, for it would be sad if one of our pets should lie down inside of the other. . . . Much love from

SUSIE.

TO MISS ELLEN DAY HALE

BOSTON, *February 20, 1885.*

DEAR NELLY, — As I write the date, I feel all the things I wish to write you about trooping out of my head to unknown parts. Don't you ever? I hope they will come back, for there are stacks of them, and I do not want to fill up my letter with twaddle, of which there is always plenty afloat, of course. . . .

I want to tell you about my story, you know, that I read to you and Phil. I sent it to Harper's who sent it back saying there was rather too little subject for so *long* a story, and that they were overburdened with tales of that length. Now this rather comforted me, for I hate to write such long ones, and had much rather do two short than one long. So I think to pluck up strength to send a brief one chock full of meat, would n't you? Then as Alice Jepson was just returning to England, I poked off on her the Mss. of this story, asking Stevens to send it to some or any London mag.! The English may have different tastes, at any rate it's out of my sight, so that's that.

Meanwhile, Tilton has kept me the whole winter puttering over the decorating book, which is now really going to press at once; he will pay me twenty-five dollars more, which makes a hundred. And Mr. Amory is sweet about Mexico. . . . So that I can really get off for Mexico and apparently shall, in the Alexander steamer of March 26, via Havana for Vera Cruz, where Churches will lay hold of me. I think to be gone till about May 20, and then come back here and write here in 97 B,—and not move till about July 1 to Matunuck, getting there in time to receive my boarding family and you when you return, *n'est-ce pas?* I believe your mother holds firm to *the scheme*; but I am awfully afraid of some treachery in the serfs;—for what a sell it would be

to get saddled down there with Katy and Ellen and Mary! Your father is bold as a lion about it. . . . *Che che ne sia*, as Giannone says all the time, I will hold to my bargain, and long to be far from the intrigues of the Court, although 't is sad to think that Jack and I shall not have another winter in these rooms, which are nearly perfect now.

My Readings from French Novels, which I feel always indebted to you for the idea, are a great success. Everyone thinks it is "perfectly wonderful" how I can do it — but in reality, it requires no more preparation than in English, for in either case, I always have to read over beforehand, by the clock, the extracts I have made. It is funny, I find I hurry the French more than in English, a sort of feeling that slowness will appear like hitching, but this is a fault which I am correcting. I have bought several French things for this purpose, which you will like — Marivaux, Marianne, Diderot, etc. I'm sure I could do it in German, Spanish, and Italian, if the audience were up to it, but although they praise it, they don't quite take in what a boon to them it is, to be yanked over three volumes of foreign literature in one and a half hours.

I am thinking that at Matunuck in July and August, I might have a sort of Round Robin course of "readings" for the same folks that belong to the Pier talk, anyhow I will try Mrs. Weeden on it, when I get down there.

Yours,
SUSAN.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

VERA CRUZ, *Monday* P. M., *March 30, 1885.*

. . . You must know they keep vultures here to scavenge the streets, which they do very nicely, and these great beasts are sitting all about on the roofs,

window-tops and gutters, and making a most delightful skwawk all the time; as if our sparrows and pigeons should have been the size of great turkeys; and they do keep the streets clean, for they shine with neatness, paved, with a narrow side-walk and a gutter in the middle of fresh water, and sort of bridges at every crossing, so as not to tire your feet on the cobble stones. It is all very Spanish but kind of worthy as well. The hotel is on a plaza made of a bunchy kind of tree I don't know yet, and palms. Down-stairs it is outdoorish, with arcades, up one flight the hotel begins, with brick tile floor, all open, one end of the great place is the dining-room, and round that, high double doors open into the rooms, which are very high, the partition walls merely planks; the door has a great key as big as a house and a ring to lay hold of for a handle, and a great bolt beside. The window opposite is *à deux battants*, opening to the floor with a balcony with a green wooden railing, and a rock-chair in it. It had a canvas awning when I came, but as it has got cool they came and took it clean away. There are three little beds in the corners, small (ugly) rugs by each, the rest brick, in diamonds. A very praiseworthy bureau of pine painted indian red, and wash-stand ditto, but a slop-pail and plenty of water. Below in the plaza the inhabitants are cooling themselves with their hats off. The town is very quiet, except for these vultures conversing, and I have a cage full of canary-birds of my own at the window. I don't mean I have bought them, but they come with the room. A "nagur" who speaks English sits at the door to do anything I want. I wish to live here always, and I hear Mrs. Long-fellow does likewise.

There are horse-cars running through the straight street we are on, but let me call your attention to the fact that they make not the slightest noise. You

merely hear the click of the muleses feet, which draw them, and a low sort of rumbling, but no clatter, nor jingling of bells, only an occasional toot of a horn which harmonises well with the vultures. The street is only two stories high, yellow ochre with bright green blinds, projecting balconies with shelves over them for the vultures, which are painted red (vultures very black). Around the square are several pretty towers and a dome with coloured tiles, and flying buttresses, atrocious architecture, I dare say, but very pretty, all very light, bright, and pleasing. . . . Must leave off.

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

CITY OF MEXICO, *Easter, April 5, 1885.*

DEAR LUC.,—I must begin again to grind at the writing-mill, or I shall get behindhand. This morning I tackled the "Family Flight" and to-morrow shall have finished all I need send home to "Cocky-wax," so that will be off my mind. I am in my nice room at the Café Anglais; a great soup-plate full of white roses interspersed with dark sweet-peas is on my table, besides a heavenly little glass jug (6¼ cents) containing fuchsias and pansies. I bought these all in the market this morning with a sweet old basket thrown in for two reales. We had melon to begin Almuerzo and strawberries to finish. They have the latter all the year round here. These were not very good, but were not the stomachics of commerce.

Friday was Good Friday, which they celebrate here as a day of great rejoicings; all the world is in the street. We sent out to the Zocolo or square to see the crowds, and it was great fun buying little cheap things at the booths. This country is a great place

for children's toys, especially this anniversary, for they make a great time about Judas (Iscaiot). The streets are full of hideous images called Judases, most of them full of fireworks, and on Saturday at ten o'clock in the morning these are all set off amid pealing of bells. There are Mrs. Judases as well. Someone gave Mrs. Church a little silver Judas; it is a Devil; — the man who sold it said, "Yes, Devil, yes, Judas, same thing." They are all sizes and designs. I have several choice ones which we can set off on the Fourth of July. Then every being has in his hand a sort of watchman's rattle, which makes a noise called grinding the bones of Judas, and these are of every imaginable design, frying-pans, bedsteads, locomotives, flower-vases, birds, bath-tubs, and then there are little wooden carts, with wheels that grind the bones. The true thing is to buy your Judas, selecting him with care from millions, and to put him in his little cart and draw him home. We saw countless children doing this, the little carts decorated with real flowers, and the children so pleased!

Then there is sold everything to eat, — sugared banana, flat cakes, pink confections like in Egypt, — and cooling drinks, some a bright orange colour, which Nathan says is very good, I haven't tried it yet. A band was playing in the Zocolo, and people swarming, all classes, ladies in mantillas, "Rag-bags" in *rebozos*; — I am going to get you a *rebozo*. I can't decide whether maroon or blue will be best. . . .

Saturday was Judas-day, and we saw from our balconies crowds of Judases carried to their doom. These big ones are the size of a man, made of frames covered with tissue paper or what masks are made of. One was hung across corners of our two streets, he had a grinning face, they had put a straw hat on him and festooned him with bread and bananas. He

had a placard on him in very bad spelt Spanish, saying among other things, "*Adios amigos, voy a morir.*" But we couldn't stop to see him *morir*, but all hastened to the Zocolo, where we got separated and I was alone in a street leading off with an immense crowd all waiting to see three Judases set off. They were hung on ropes stretched across the second story, and the crowd pleased themselves with throwing missiles at them, with yells of joy when anything hit; but very gentle and polite, and very nice to me. At last one went off and then another with a great rushing sound, and snorting smoke and flame which issued from the boots chiefly. Then I got away in the wake of a horse-car that cleaved the crowd, — and found the Longfellows in the Cathedral where there was n't much but a smell of incense. . . .

Yrs.,
SUSE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
September 15, 1885.

DEAR CAROLINE, — 'T is rather late in the day for me to thank you for taking my very broad hint about Rev. E. E. — but so it is with my letters as you well know. I was sure you would be like angels to him, and so he says you were, and it seemed a shocking waste of material to have him turned loose in a hotel. He depicts your house, its hosts, and everything about it, in the most glowing colours.

Well, now, my dear, I want to know if you would like to have me come over for the very last week in October? Perhaps it will bore you to have anybody there so soon before you shut up for good, in which case, pray say so. You know I don't mind being in a scrimmage, and perhaps I can help, and anything irregular about food don't trouble me, still, just as

like as not it's not convenient. The reason for inviting myself so late is that I can't leave here before October 4 on account of writing several books which could n't be done in connection with housekeeping, — and Mrs. Church whom I have put off all summer leaves her place the twentieth, so I have to go there before. Besides, you know, I fear to go to Newport earlier on account of clothes, which I have n't any of a butterfly nature. I've had this on my mind all summer, but have been so hard worked there was not an instant to stop and say it in. Family generally of ten persons, chiefly hungry boys. Three very "lame ducks" in the kitchen. It has been a great success. Everybody singing my praises. I have made bread, — invented a breakfast cake, — stuffed tomatoes, — baked gingerbread, — and besides this, and by far the hardest part, looked after the wants and whims of this tumultuous family in the way of hats, bats, rackets, bathing clothes, saws, scissors, novels, Bibles, pens, ink, gloves, bicycles, wheelbarrows, water-pails, microscopes, telescopes, tennis shoes, pumps, shirts, handkerchiefs, overcoats, undercoats, pins, needles, soap, vaseline, poetry, prose, dictionaries, cyclopedias, fly powder, paint, screws, hammers, putty, mucilage, lining silk, envelopes, blotting-paper, corkscrews, wagons. This is all I think of, things called for at every moment, and always left on the entry table after use, and expected to be close at hand the next time.

But I love it, — and feel that my talents are only fit for taking care of a large household. It really is lovely here, and I mean to come back here for November after coming to you, if you want me, end of next month. You know I long to see your house. Have n't heard a word about dear William Amory, have you?

Always yours,
SUSAN.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
November 13, 1885.

DEAR LUC.,— . . . I am really writing twenty pages a day on Spain, and this leaves me scarce the fingers to grip the pen, so you must not expect me to dilate much, or grumble if the gaps are long. The life is enchanting, but the days so short. To-day, weather perfect,—oh, yes! just perfect. I have never seen anything more lovely than this soft, dreamy sky. None of your crackling October snappy days with the water indigo-colour and everything sharp and clear, but all tender, vague, and yet distinct, and the colour of everything wonderful—*aesthetic* (Liberty) greens, reds, yellows, the prevailing tone that of the fallen oak leaves which lie in masses the colour of our check-books. And so still! . . .

Here comes Jane, with dinner, which is laid in the parlour close to the open door on to the piazza. Roast chicken, potato, cabbage, pickled walnuts,—baked quince and cream.

After dinner.— This is the true Indian summer. It occurred to me while dining, how much the Indians must have preferred this to the other summer, but then *whose* summer do you suppose they called that? I am now waiting for my p. m. tea, which I have early, in order to get out among the hills before three o'clock, for, look you, the sun sets at four-thirty-two to-day!! And I want to mention that the sun rises now this side of Point Judith! Over the water! Can you believe it? So far south! Seems as if it would get so far south as to rise in the west. How confusing this would be. This seeing the sun rise and set every day gives me a new and firm confidence in the permanence of things. Here is something

which really does *happen*, straight along, on which you can rely. Pretty sure, as the old Bird goes down, that he'll be up again round the other side.

You'll think I'm drivelling. Guess I am. But how resting it is not to hear a horse-car, — or eke now any scraping thing, for the grasshoppers are dumb. . . .

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

OFF FRONTERA, *Saturday, March 6, 1886.*

DEAR LUC., — And this, my dear, is the Tabasco River, which Cortés went up, where he had his first fight with the Indians, and picked up Marina. It is far off from us, and more faint and dim than I have made it, being only deep blue against a grey sky, but very pretty. It is overcast to-day, and Ernest thinks it very disagreeable; and as usual, they were on the wrong side of the ship for the breeze last night. The rest of us think it a refreshing change from the hot glare of yesterday. We are waiting for tugs to come off shore.

Yesterday we were lying off Campeche. It was blazing hot, and no breeze, so we had to wait a long time for boats to come out. When the government one came, it brought a party of ladies, and we had great fun with them all day, and much excellent Spanish practice, for they pervaded the ship and came into my cabin where Miss Sharp and I scraped acquaintance. They were a mother and three daughters, and a friend in cherry-coloured silk, named Rafaela, who was dressed as if for a ball, with a pink feather fan. None of them had any bonnets nor wraps, and the buxom mother had black silk slippers and black stockings *à jour*, their feet and hands very small. They looked untidy, and were heaped with

powder, but were evidently gentlewomen. They could all *tocar* the piano, and the mother could sing, and was fain to do so, but no one could play her accompaniments. We all did our best to entertain them. Mrs. Gross brought out Huyler candy, and Mr. Sargent opened a bottle of champagne at lunch.

At about 2 P. M. I fled from them to my cabin, being weary of translating, for I was the only one of us who could do any Spanish. But, lo! they followed me there, to ask me to tell the stewardess a commission they wanted her to *entregar* from New York next time. This was, — what do you think, — false bangs for their hair! All the *dramatis personæ* assembled here in my little room. Two señoritas on the sofa next me, Cherry-Colour on the bed, the stewardess gabbling her fool English in the middle, the *madre* in the doorway, Miss Sharp looking on amazed, — and looking in at the window Señor Vanete, being introduced to me, and several ragamuffins also assisting outside.

There was, moreover, a child, *æt.* about thirteen years, whom I must describe. She came on at Havana with her small brother, in this loose, black garment, with no hat, and no other baggage than a box of cigars under her arm, from which she smokes at her leisure.



They are orphans, and going to Vera Cruz, where relatives will take care of them. Of course we were all filled with compassion, and we treat them most friendly; but she is amply able to take care of herself, a regular Tilly Slowboy, with a tin-pan voice, and yelling Havana Spanish all over the ship, leading about her adopted son, and setting him down hard on benches and thresholds. Neither has any other garment under these black ones you

see in the picture, and his little legs are bare. This pair assisted in my stateroom, and when the *madre* took my portfolio to write her address, Slowboys held it up to steady it, watching the pen with amazement, while the child poked his little nose into my nail-closet (*pour soigner les mains*, I mean). Wasn't it rich!

Miss Sharp and I tried to persuade the Señoritas that bangs were *passés*, but, no, they wanted them. The stewardess has brought them before, to these parts, and very likely to their friends! So I drew pictures of curly bangs and straight, and they chose the curly. The stewardess cut off bits of their hair to match. I introduced Señor Vanete to the stewardess; for he is government agent at Campeche, who must come on board every trip, and she will give the bangs to him, and he will *entregarlos* to the Señoritas. I had just learned this word "*entregar*" in my *meisterschaft*, and very useful it was.

They gave me the Mexican pesos (the wretch of a stewardess pretended the bangs would cost five dollars a piece) and I gave it to her. The Señoritas put on fresh powder at my looking-glass, we kissed all round, and they put off for shore, while we got up steam and sailed away. This alone would have made a stirring day of it, and we went joyfully to dinner after their departure; but had to leave coffee and fly to the bow, for an annular eclipse was going on! We were just in line for it, as it wasn't visible above Tampico. It was wonderfully lovely, a sight for a life-time. It came on gradually as the sun was setting, and at first we could only look at it through the captain's sextant, it was so dazzling. Just as it touched the horizon it blazed out in fiery splendour to the naked eye from a cloud which had hidden it a minute or two. It was almost fearful, such a new sign in the heavens. Then it sank, becoming like a

fairy car; then it disappeared gradually till only the upper horn was there; then a gleam like a lighthouse and then — gone! The brilliant after-glow had gaps of darkness in it as we sometimes see at Matunuck. Our good captain was greatly pleased at the success of his entertainment. I think I had best wind this up now, as we land to-morrow early, unless we catch a norther before reaching Vera Cruz. . . .

Yrs.,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

PATZCUARO, *Wednesday, March 17, 1886.*

DEAR LUC., . . . On Friday about noon we alighted at this hotel. I wish I could accustom you to these *porte-cochères* leading through the house to the *patio*, the stairs let into the house opening on the upper gallery, which is adorned with great red wooden pots of blooming plants. On this gallery open all the rooms with glass double doors, and the rooms lead through to the square, where they overlook the scene from little balconies. There was a good deal of scrimmage with our big party, before we got settled into the rooms. The hosts knew absolutely no word of any known language but Spanish, and the *mozos* are Indian, who are slow to comprehend my conversation. The hotel is lovely, clean, odd, and different, but the beds are fearful! a simple board, really, with no spring to it whatever, and on top, a thin sort of mattress, and two bolsters like logs of wood. My little pillow, therefore, is very grateful. The food is also very singular, and the delicate stomachs of the party touch nothing of it. I don't mind that, but I must say I regret the bed, for it has started up my sciatic nerve, and it is agony to turn over. However, it wears off daytimes, and I merely mention it as an incident *du voyage*. I am interpreter for the

party, although Mr. Church does perfectly well about ordering things, but you know it is always on the one that knows most that the brunt falls. Mr. Warner is rather funny but perfectly distracting in mixing up words partly on purpose. He tells me to order beer, for instance, and then just as the *mozo* has grasped the idea, he says "*leche*" to him merely for a joke, and then is disappointed when milk comes. In fact the rest of Friday was rather trying all round. It was very cold. . . . I thought sadly of my trunk full of warm things at the Morelia station, which I might have brought just as well, since we had the whole coach to ourselves coming. There is a howling wind at Patzcuaro which swoops down the open top of the *patio*; in fact, this is not the right season to be here; they say the winds cease in April.

However, Mr. Brown and I carried the thing through by our lively spirits (perhaps a little forced for the occasion), and by an early hour we were all on bed, with towels and water and more blankets ordered by me in all the rooms.

Saturday started better. They were rested and began to see the delightful charm of the characteristic village. We look down on a great plaza planted with old ash-trees. The natives squat about selling things. There is a great fountain in the middle—and when we clap our hands, Vincenzo runs out with two great tin pails, and dips up ice-cold water. I began a sketch down by the front door, and all Patzcuaro came round to look on. They were very nice, and when they pressed too close I waved them back saying, "*No puedo dibujar*," then the little boys would smile with their white teeth, and whisper, "*No puede dibujar*," and when new ones came they would explain it to them. They found a natural screen from the sun which grew hot,—they didn't smell very well, but that was no harm. When it was all

over, and I had come up-stairs, a man appeared below, whose conversation I understood with great difficulty. After a long time it came out that he had run to fetch a *soldado* to protect me from the crowd, and lo! there was the *soldado* with musket (fife and drum, not these latter) clad in the white uniform of the country. They were quite disappointed that I would not come out and *dibujar* some more to utilize the *soldado*. Meantime Downie with Messrs. Warner and Brown skipped up to the top of a mountain where there is a delightful view of the lake, and all had good appetites for the singular food furnished us. No sooner had we arrived than people began to call on us, who had known Mr. Church here before. At every minute I was called from whatever I was doing to interpret these visitors, and it happens so still, so that I have very little time to write or sketch. Of these amiable gentlemen of Patzcuaro I will select two for mention, as they have become our intimate friends. One is Señor Pablo Plata, who keeps the diligences between here and the railroad. When I consulted him about expeditions, he said he would furnish horses, *mozos* and everything to go to Tzintzuntzan. This seemed passing strange before we found out he was the diligence man. You see the Churches can't do much, but Mr. Warner is wild to be heiking about. To cut short endless discussions in Spanish and English, Mr. W. and I started on two horses *Monday* morning, to make that expedition. The Browns left at about the same time in diligence on their way home to Estados Unidos, via Mexico, so that was the last of them.

I was very averse to taking this trip partly through fear of the horse, partly on account of leaving the Churches, and also because I had absolutely nothing proper to wear on horseback, all my thick things, as previously remarked, being at Morelia. It is a long

trip of thirty miles, there and back, and I was by no means rested yet since the steamer and the rapid transit hither. But Mr. Warner was determined I should go to do his Spanish, and Mr. Church also urged me to, as a chance not to be lost.

So with a heart low in my boots I descended to the *patio* to *subir* my *caballo*. Now what do you think I had on for a riding habit?—my striped blue and red dressing-gown! I wore under it my old brown satin skirt, and looped up the tail of the wrapper over this in walking, but on the horse it hung down quite long and clingy. It was belted with the maroon belt of my travelling dress, and I wore my old “land and water” felt hat (maroon, of last summer) firmly pinned and tied on. Furthermore, Señor Pablo, by request, brought a serape which I wound about my legs, and then clomb from a chair into a sorry saddle, boosted by two Arabs,—I mean Indios; Mr. Warner, you may well believe, was fully occupied by his mount. My sciatic nerve made my left leg so stiff that it was only with agony I got it in the stirrup. I was ready to cry, really. Mr. W. and Don Pablo started off at a lively trot out of the archway, and I and my *caballo* came after with the *mozo*. Just as we reached the street my horse planted his feet, began to back, turn round and do other sudden things like the camel, which swayed me in my uncertain seat. All the Indios began to “shew” and “shish” at him, which made him act worse. I suppose I pressed my foot too much in the stirrup, *snap* went its strap, and it clattered down on the pavement! This was lucky, for it was a rotten old bit of leather. I was now in despair. Mrs. Church was leaning on the balcony above, and I cried out, “I don’t believe I can go!” (You know I had never wished to for an instant.)

However, *mozos* had run after Don Pablo, and they

came back; a small piece of string was discovered somewhere in the town and my stirrup tied on again. I beseeched Mr. Warner not to go off so far again (not that he was any good, but Don Pablo was), and we all set off. Mr. Warner was on a great, beautiful black mule, and he was utterly happy. And now the tone changes, for in a very few minutes I became used to the saddle and the horse, which was very gentle. The rest of the straps seemed stout and strong and there was no further difficulty. The expedition was most interesting; the day was lovely. Pablo and I prattled lightly in Spanish all the way, and Mr. Warner was kind and attentive, and as always very agreeable. As soon as I tasted blood of being on a horse all my ancient love of it revived, and coming home I trotted almost all the way without the slightest fear.

Tzintzuntzan is a very ancient Indian village. The palace of King Caltzontzi was in the neighbourhood; we saw the pile of stones, its ruins. The town was the seat of the earliest bishopric in Michoacan, and the first viceroys built churches and made good roads to it. All that has now gone by, but it is interesting for its primitive Indian population, and besides, there is a picture in the church well worth seeing. If not by Titian, which is very probable, it is by somebody who knew how. There is a portrait of Philip II in the corner, one of the figures, and the legend is that he sent it over here to his faithful subjects in Tzintzuntzan.

The Churches went over there to see it a couple of years ago, in canoes on the lake; but we were told that now the winds are so strong it would be vain to try getting there and back on the lake. Hence the horses.

The lake, you must know, is twenty miles long, and surrounded by beautiful mountains, which, as we, at

the foot of them, are over six thousand feet up, must be ten or eleven thousand feet high. Our road went winding along the shore, sometimes climbing spurs of high land running out into the water. The weather was delicious like our June, not too hot, but not the least cold. The country is parched and bare waiting for rains which begin in April. It all looks dry and dreary; cracked and dusty, yet the peach trees are in blossom, and wild cherry, and hawthorn, and Eupatorium grows every where on bushes ten feet high massed with white blossoms. The other things look like October, thistles and asters gone to seed, and the like. But there are lots of pretty flowers of the labiate tribe, all colours, and a pale poppy with prickly leaves. Then we kept meeting Indios bringing loads of pottery on their backs, brown men, moderately clad in dirty white, with bare legs, hurrying along at a short trot they have, which gets them over the ground though it seems not to. But this must go.



We left here about seven in the morning, and got to Tzintzuntzan at ten-thirty. We alighted from our horses under a tree in the middle of the town, there being no inn, and stood and looked about us. I strolled through a tumble-down gateway into a snarly place where great huge pink roses were sprawling on vines, and two blue women with red jugs were drawing water at a yellow stone well. Then Don Pablo took us into the Hall of Justice where there was a coat of arms of three Aztec kings with one of them, Catzontzi, quartered just as he was embracing the Christian faith,—I mean quartered on the coat of arms. After this we went to the church where

the picture is; it is in a waste place planted with immense olive-trees so old they are tumbling to pieces. The church has a quiet cloister with round arches, painted pink and yellow as everything is here; the picture is in the sacristy. It is fine and very impressive, Christ borne from the sepulchre, surrounded by the women, St. John, etc., a bit of very Titianesque landscape in the distance. It is startling to see a picture so fine (whoever painted it) in this strange place where all the church decorations are of the most crude description, in a barn-like sacristy, not very different from the Da Vinci "Last Supper" stable. There is no date, no signature, and only the scantest legend. The Republica seems to take no interest in it,—it neither steals nor protects it. The Indios stood about with heads uncovered while we studied it, and Mr. Warner wrote a careful description of the figures. He, of course, is sight-seeing to write later.

We then strolled down to a friend of Don Pablo's to eat our food. . . . This friend of Don Pablo's was a lady who lived in a corner of a street in a little adobe house with tiled roof like the rest. There was a little shop with counter through which we passed to a great room with no windows to it, lighted only by that door and another one which opened into a bright garden. She was for shutting this door so the *perro* need n't come in, but I said I would see to the *perro*. The floor was but the trodden earth, the sides of ramshakly wood;—the garden was very pretty and sunny, contained, besides cactuses, of which the woman gave us beautiful blossoms, a pig and a dog, two cats, two children, and a little miss of thirteen years, in a blue *rebozo*.

While my men went off somewhere with the horses, I took our package of food put up at this hotel before we started, fetched a wooden table out into the light

part of the room by the door, called for plates, knives, forks, etc. The lady took these from a sort of shelves she had, but she only owned two forks and two tumblers; there was a mug of Guadalajara ware we used for the third. The children stood amazed as I did these things, and the cats came round and mewed for food. Our parcel contained one lean hen stuffed with *arroz*, three hunks of Mexican bread, a piece of hard cheese, and two bottles wine, — their claret, not bad. I carved the hen with a knife and my fingers, for the *tenedor* (fork) bent double as I stuck it in the hardened breast of the bird. Then I summoned Dons Warner and Pablo, and we ate rapturously of our meal — giving the carcass and bread to the *mozo*, and small bones to the two cats, who sate by and mewed. The small child yelled and was spanked by his mama. Then we thanked them all round and went away.

We walked down to the shore of the lake, and saw men pull in nets with which they were catching a small white fish, which abounds; we went to several pottery places where they always gave us pockets full of little toy ware. Then I made a very hasty sketch, we looked once more at the noble picture, and then mounted again at about 3:30 P. M. to ride back. It seemed perfect rest to get up on the horse again after dragging round the ill-paved streets. Every body wished us good-bye, and we trotted out of town gaily.

The ride back was lovely facing the west, the wind made ripples in the lake which broke like surf upon the shore. Don Pablo went fast asleep on his good, white steed, and I was glad of a let-up of Spanish conversation.

This excursion, so successful, determined Mr. Warner to go on to Uruápan, forty-five miles off, on the same mule, and he wanted me to go too. I was

tempted to, for we are all dying to get there, but there is no road whatever to speak of, so it is out of the question for Churches. Don Pablo agreed to go, and to manage the whole thing, and in the end he set out with Mr. Warner Wednesday morning; but by great strength of will I succeeded in keeping out of it. It would have been fearfully tiring, for they come back to-morrow! One day to go, forty-five miles, one to stay, sight-seeing and no rest, and one to come back. I have rejoiced unceasingly that I did not go, but Mr. W. was pretty wroth with me, and tried to make the Churches make me go; but Mr. C., in fact, the Mexicans, all said it was too hard a journey. . . .

We now come to our second hospitable friend, Señor Pancho Arriaga, whose brother married the sister of Don Pablo. Why he is so devoted we can't imagine, but he every day devises some nice thing to do. *Tuesday* he heiked us all forth early in the morning to the lake, which is two or three miles away from the town, Mr. Church in a sedan chair (my dear! like yours, only blue!) and Mrs. C., Downie, and I on donkeys. We went to the Hacienda de Ybarra, which his father used to own, and there we embarked in a *canoa* (or dug-out) and were spooned about the lake, landed at a village where there is a picture of some merit, a Madonna, date, 1702, but not very interesting, except that it is in a sort of pigsty, and belongs to a native Indian woman, having been in her family for sixty years.

We loved the donkey business so that we arranged for another trip the next day. That was *Wednesday* p. m. I sketched in the morning; at four Señor Pancho came for us, and the cavalcade proceeded as before, Señor P. always on his own horse, hung about with *lorgnons*, guns, umbrellas, etc., and on the lake he shot a Gallina, a strange bluish water-fowl,

which he presented to Mr. Church. The saddle for donkeys here is a simple saw-horse, which fits over them in a rather agreeable manner. It shuts up flat when not in use, like carpet-chairs. We were all very happy on our "donks," and this expedition up the mountain was lovely. It is steep, looking off on the lake, and we stopped at a rock on which Baron Humboldt erst stood. The donkey-man was an old rascal, with one tooth and a white beard. The rest of him was brown, except such scanty portions as were covered with ragged shirt and trousers long since white, a red woolen *faja* girt about his waist, his feet tied up in flat sandals with thongs, a leathern pouch hanging down in front, and an old serape on his shoulders — a torn straw sombrero on his head. I had a great deal of talk with him, though, owing to his tooth and extraction, he avoids every consonant in his speech, which makes it hard to comprehend. We saw the *puesta del sol* from the height, and as we came back it grew dark and was lovely moonlight. My saw-horse came all to pieces up on the mountain, so I got off and walked down, — but resumed the donkey in the streets, clinging on to a fragment of the wood.

Thursday was passed peacefully. Our course here is thus: Downie shares my room, she gets dressed and out about seven-thirty, then I come forth in my riding habit (the striped dressing) clap my hands over the railing, and Vincenzo comes running out with a red bed-blanket round him (which I'm sorry to say is superseding the serape), "*Aqua fría, y mas toallas!*" I cry. "What!" says V., "*mas toallas!*" as if the idea of fresh towels was an absolutely new one. To-day he informed me that the masters had gone to mass at Santo Calvario, and had locked up the towels before leaving, so we all had to do without. He runs to the fountain in the square, and dips up

two great pails of splendid cold water and comes running up into the rooms to fill the basins. Slings the old water down into the *patio*, and leaves with a radiant smile. "Now, Vincenzo, you know we others desire the coffee immediately." "Ya!???" He exclaims—which is to say, "What! coffee, now?" "Why, certainly, we always have it at *las ocho!*" "Oh, ya!" he says and runs away again. This "Ya" is *déjà* (French), but is used for "right off," "hurry up," etc. I have just got the hang of it. Vincenzo now runs up with tumblers for the coffee and a lacquered waiter heaped with different kinds of bread. Then runs again for the coffee-pot, and a great pot full of hot milk. He always forgets the sugar which is kept in the office-and-bar-room for some reason, so runs to fetch that. Mr. Church comes out and we all fall to. At twelve or thereabouts, the same struggle begins for our next meal. "What, ya!" says Vincenzo. "Yes, yes, *tenemos mucho hambre!*" (We are now in that condition, and have been nagging V. for our dinner, but he is making the beds and can't attend to it.) The morning goes to sketching, strolling in the market, entertaining Don Pancho, and the like. We have *comida* down-stairs in a room with no windows, a big door on the *patio*. Vincenzo runs with one dish after another. Slight naps ensue or extension on our hard beds, and then the *burros* come for these expeditions. Last evening the sunset was superb, we saw it from a point near the lovely lake, and walked home by moonlight, always accompanied by Don Pancho, and doing Spanish.

Mr. Warner will be back to-night, probably, and the whole coach is engaged for to-morrow to take us back to Morelia, or rather to the railroad, which is halfway. We have been a week, and it has been very amusing. Mrs. Church is lots better, and Mr. Church

is delighted with the place. Still I am dying to see my trunk, which may be mashed under others at the Morelia station, and we are both longing for letters, which must be there, I think by this time. . . .

Yours,
SUSAN.

CHAPTER VI

Summer at Matunuck, 1886 — Winter in Paris with her nephew, Philip L. Hale — Spring in Spain, 1887 — Matunuck, 1887 — Matunuck again, 1888.

(1886–1888)

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

MATUNUCK, *May 29, 1886.*

Month last evening I left Mexico!

DEAR LUC.,— Seems as though I had skurse written you enough this week, as I have been terrible busy with setting to rights and the Index of Spain; so as I don't *feel* like tackling my daily jorum of said index, and do feel like writing to you, I will anticipate the Sunday, as I may not feel like writing then. (Not that I generally write you on Sunday, as that is your day.)

I probably feel like addressing you because it's deliciously warm this morning. You know it is not always here; yet, indeed, there is much to be desired in that respect, for howling winds prevail most of the time, but this morning is simply perfect. I had my breakfast in the front door, with the sun slanting across the porch, and all sweet airs and sounds coming in. The breakfast was excellent, faultless coffee, rich cream, brown sugar, nice butter, fresh eggs (the gift of Cornelia Franklin), dropped by myself on toast made of bread, providentially driven to the door yesterday by the Wakefield baker. My pretty china, the fruits of Christmas presents in a great measure, enables me to have all red ware, with the

sugar in a little red Guadalajara tub. Jane succeeded this morning in only introducing one dish of a different pattern. This is her passion, though there are plenty of things that match, to suddenly spring on me a blue plate, with butter, in the midst of my red group — though just as likes the night before when all was blue, the butter came on red. But why mention these vagaries. I don't even regret them. . . .

I believe my idea was to tell you of my walk to Cornelia's yesterday. The days are so immensely long, that by starting at five-thirty there is time for anything. So I finished my old green and red plaid skirt (which I have all ripped, sponged, and ironed, and put together again since I came), put it on, and strolled forth. It is enchanting outdoors, just that fascinating hint of green to come, on all the trees.

In the distance I saw Cornelia at her tubs. It was a pretty picture. The sun was slanting over her old house and a mass of lilac bushes, or rather immense lilac trees which overtop and surround the house. Her celebrated fly-honeysuckle is all in flower, and there, close to it, she stood, such a good bit of colour, brown herself, with a red gown and her grey, short, crisp hair blowing about her forehead. "Well, there, Miss Susy, I heared as you was come!" She is cleaning "haouse," as most of them are here, which consists in setting everything outdoors for the moment, beds, rocking-chairs, pots and pans, and especially stone jugs, which seem a great article of furniture here. She was really employed in scraping the putty from a window-casement, and washing the panes, which she had removed from the house, and had resting across the wash-tub. Of course she gave me plenty "loilacs" and honeysuckles, and eke half a dozen fresh eggs in a peach basket, which proved to be eight when I got them

home, which I did in great fear and trembling, on account of so many fences to climb, as I came all up round Long Pond, . . . pausing for the sunset on Ingham's peak. It was a quarter of eight when I arrived here, found Jane "loighting" the fire, not yet quite dark.

I've got a great mass of lilacs and dwarf cherry blossom in my Appleton vase, which, though broken, lends itself to these uses. Real Solomon's-seal and eurigeron or robins' plantain in a blue beer-mug, wistaria from Aunty in my red bowl. These two on the mantelpiece. Fly-honeysuckle in my glass jug, — and Margy's glass pail full of great jack-in-the-pulpits, side-saddle flower, trientalis and two arethusas on my davenport where I write. Jander sits on the corner shelf, and the donkey by the hearth. 'Palus keeps the bookcase doors to. Thus you see how delightfully dawdling it is, — as I just stopped to look out the Aster in the Botany. But I am busy all day long; the great sticker is the length of time required to read the newspapers! I take in three, the *Daily*, *Prov. Journal*, and *N. Y. Comm. Advertiser*, which being an evening paper, gets here quite fresh the next day, — thus I have news of three periods, morning before, evening before, and same day. As they all say the same thing, — spiders, with eyes all round, would read them at the same time — since it is only necessary for the brain to grasp one impression which could be done at once. (This suggestion seems to me quite in your vein.)

You see I breakfast at seven-thirty. Fool outdoors with killing aphides and the like till about eight-thirty. Write letters till early mail, then do Index till "abaout" noon. Then see about dinner, perhaps cook something, otherwise clear out closets, drawers, rooms, attics, of which there seems always no end. Dinner table set anywhere it is warm enough, either

by sun or wood-fire, if required. Newspapers and outdoors dawdling till 2 P.M. then sewing till five, diversified by P.M. tea. Long walks or visit to Aunty, or both,—home, as aforesaid, for evening meal (slight) at eight—then *more* newspapers, and whatever novel there is time for till nine, bedtime—but last night I sate with Jander over “*La Morte*” and crackling fire till ten-thirty! Ain’t it nice!

Yours,

SUSE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
September 14, 1886.

. . . The young people had a merry time here through August and went off singing my praises and those of Hotel Susan. But there is a good deal of clatter and bang about running such a household, and I now feel like a fool, or a squeezed lemon, or a pricked balloon, or any of these things. There is nobody here now but Philip, may the Lord be praised! . . .

We have all been writing Lives of Great Men, which all of course remind us we can make our lives sublime, but also give us a good sum of money, for a sort of text-book for schools, telling who borned them and when they died. It was a great hack job for a publisher, and Jack, Nelly, Papa, and I have been cramming up and scribbling down at the rate of two lives in three days,—Schiller, Rousseau, Carlyle, etc., etc.,—eighty of them! We could n’t open our mouths without a date or a fact coming out in the life of some great man. We are getting over it a little now, and don’t mention an incident in the life of Burns or Voltaire oftener than once in half an hour. . . .

SUSAN.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *Tuesday,*
September 14, 1886.

DEAR LUC., . . . We settled down to a nice little trio, and I was glad to have Papa taste the sweets of the small régime; we breakfast and dine on the piazza, which he greatly likes, and don't seriously object to the superior luxuries of cooking which become possible. We at once (all three in fact) fell to on "Lives," and nothing was heard but the scratching of pens, and some incident in the life of a great man dropping from the cyclopedia into the mill. I finished Schiller and Voltaire, and prepared the anecdotes for Papa's "Victor Hugo." Phil. did most of his "Goethe," and he himself (with dictation and much reading aloud by me of Longfellow) did Burns, Tennyson, Longfellow, Goethe, Emerson, and Hugo, in the days between Thursday and Monday P. M., besides his leader for *Lend-a-Hand* and getting up the oration for cattle fair!

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

CHÂTEAU LAFITE, *Wednesday,*
January 19, 1887.

DEAR LUC.,—It is raining, just simply raining as it might any northeast day at Matunuck, and not too cold for me to sit up in the *fumoir* to write. . . .

Vendredi, le 21, January, 1887.

Figurez-vous, ma sœur, la plaisir de me trouver encore une fois sur le pont, après deux jours d'un temps affreux (but not dangerous at all). In other words, the same day I was writing, we found our-

selves *le soir* in *le trou des diables*, in English "off the Banks," for it seems we were not yet rid of Newfoundland. Such a racket and toss there was that night, bang, bang, bang, slattery, rattly, everything on the loose, and not a moment quiet till the morning; everybody sick again, and only "*mon commandant*" and me at breakfast. The trouble is, besides, that with the deck so wet and everything shut on account of great seas, it was impossible to get any air. But last evening it was calm, and to-day, after a lovely night of sleep, I mounted to find delicious sunshine for the first time in five days, and the sky all fleecy with delicious clouds. Philip and I have been walking about and afterwards basking on deck, and it is just as nice as summer, with ordinary wraps. The first time I have put on my boots for many a day, slippers sufficing below.

I will now give you some account of our passengers, who are really very amusing. (I feel, by the way, that my voyage letter is always a mere repetition of the last trip I made whatever it was, but that can't be helped.) The captain is very worthy. I sit on his right; he comes swooping along the deck from his *passerelle*, to meals, like Neptune, in bad weather, all done up in tarpaulins, which he sheds in the *fumoir*. I am generally there getting a little air, and perhaps Philip is, also, whom the captain encourages, both as to his French and his *mal de mer*. You must know there is a cat on board, the sweetest pussy, belonging to the captain. He is "very" nice with her, and she sits up in the empty chairs swaying from side to side with the motion of the ship, like any old salt, at all the meals.

Next the captain, *à gauche*, and opposite me is a great personage we call Maximilian. He is Secretary of State in Mexico, lives in Guadalajara, saw shot *l'empereur*, apparently, speaks five languages, and

lies copiously in all. A very lively *camarade*, owns to fifty-two years. Just the kind of man to exist on a voyage or in a novel. He talks English very well, but we use French on account of the captain, and the yarns of these two on every subject, from the life of the inhabitants of Jupiter to the habits of the porpoise, are well worth listening to. Next Maximilian sits the *Dominie*, a Scotch Parson born in America, with a very slow voice. He tries to do a little French prepared beforehand, every day, as, “*Avez-vous oysters en France?*” to which the obliging captain replies, “Oh, yes, so much!” Next is the Inca, or Argentine, a young, handsome South American, who has just had his fling in New York, and is going back to B. Ayres via Bordeaux. He speaks a little English, a little French, mostly Spanish; is very intelligent about Chili and Peru, often discussed at table; but I fancy he drinks in the evening by himself. Perhaps not. Next me comes Philip, but more frequently goes—for he bravely each time places himself at table to snatch the fearful joy of a chop, and then disappears to get rid of it. Next him Butler, an Ohio boy, with great black eyes like a faithful hound, and the same sort of patient endurance. He is n’t sick, but don’t say much. Philip is fond of him and I accept him, just as if he had been round from the beginning of the world. He has found a companion we call the “Laundry-man,” who sits at the other table. For this is the whole of our table now described; at the other, are or ought to be, *la dame et son mari*, a little squealing *Parisienne, nouvelle mariée*, who prefers to lie on the sofa by our table all the time, and be petted by Maximilian, the Inca, and her husband, Edouard, who is a poor thing, *chétif* and pale; they are going to Barcelone, and have a valet and *femme de chambre*, in the other part of the ship. These play cards in the evening, and

talk disgusting French nonsense most of the time; we have no great commerce with them. But the table-talk is immensely amusing to follow and join.

Well, then, there's Sophie, the *femme de chambre*, just getting over her sickness, *Alsacienne*, very loquacious. She makes Philip talk, and thinks he will soon learn French. Also *Avril*, a very worthy *garçon* with whiskers, who takes an intense interest in us; and "*Maitre-d'Hôtel*," the head (and only) steward, who is sad and superior, but friendly.

Evenings, I read "She" in the *salon* to Philip lying on the sofa there; at eight they bring a vile stuff they call "tea," with little biscuits. Everybody is there, but such a racket of rolling, there is not much commerce. Only Butler plays sometimes, on the piano, all sorts of things by ear, like Berty. But to-day all changes with the lovely weather, and all the world is laughing.

Et maintenant nous sommes arrivés au dimanche, 23d, —going on very well, with lovely weather. We came out of the *trou des diables* all safe, and in the balmy air of the Azores (three hundred miles away) found a true *ciel de Mexique* as "Maximilian" says. I find it a very agreeable voyage. . . .

I love to engage Maximilian in great yarns, when he is not playing cards with the squealing French *dame et son mari*. She has lately taken on a new access of *mal de mer*, and don't appear. He is chock full of Mexican tales, which, if I could keep them in my head, would be great for my book, if, moreover, I could believe them. He told us at length, in English last evening, the shooting of Maximilian which *he saw*, and how he himself escaped to Vera Cruz afterwards and went straight to the Empress at Vienna. His *propriété* is all in Michoacan and Jalisco, and he has crossed from Guadalajara to Patzcuaro over Lake Chapula, the very way Churches

are dying to go, only we didn't know how. He swears the R. R. to Guadalajara will be done next November, and promises me letters to *sa famille* and all the notables of G. This will water the mouths of Churches and Janviers! Altogether he reminds me a good deal of T. G. A. in his endless resource of anecdote, and cheerfulness. . . .

Va sans dire that he lies like a Mexican — Espagnol, Français, — but what does that signify to fill up the time? He is in the Mexican Corps Diplomatique, his title is Secretary, but he is not so high in office as he should be, *à cause de* his imperialistic tendencies. Spent last winter in Washington, and is now sent to London.

Funny thing, as there is no printed list of passengers, nobody knows anybody's name. Perhaps *you* do! If you have seen any list of our passengers, send it to me! P. S. His name is Pacheco. Good name. . . .

Mercredi, 26.

Well, well, my dear, *ce Golfe de Gascoigne!* Since writing this last we have been through a frightful racket. It began to roll soon after I stopped writing above, and by bedtime things were very wobbly. It seemed my bed was wet through with drippings from the deck; so they changed me over to the other side; but the fence to this new bed was not high enough, so that all night, I slept but few winks, for there was a devil of weather, rolling, clothing banging, and waking every minute to clutch at something, for I was really afraid of falling out into the swamp, full of riparian reptiles, which we call my carpet. In the morning I was the only one up. The captain didn't come to breakfast, and Max, when he arrived, was in a bad humour, on account of the rough night, and his bed being wet; but this was

nothing to the day we passed later on, the worst business I have ever had at sea. Phil. lay on one sofa, I on the other, braced against the table by my legs at right angles, to prevent falling off. Great seas sloshing over the ship with a whang! bang! and from time to time, crash! some glass broken, which let buckets of water down to the entry pouring downstairs then leaping in here, and wetting all the floor. By three it grew dark, for it was pouring and blowing. The servants hollered French to each other and sopped up here and there, shrieking for the carpenter, who never came. We seemed sort of abandoned at our end of the ship, for the deck was almost impassable and the captain and all, were away off at the other end. Finally the cook made his appearance, and a great parley was held. Meanwhile Max, Butler, and I met in the *salle à manger*, holding on to posts and chatted a little. At dinner time a brave *marin* all in tarpaulins brought the soup, and afterwards the other dishes; for you understand the kitchen is well forward, and all the dishes have to cross the whole length of the ship with great seas breaking over at every moment. We had a merry meal, holding glasses and plates not to slop. The Laundry-man leaned back in his chair, and it broke off all the legs, precipitating him under the table. He got up with a pain in his back, and renounced the idea of dinner. The Argentine was in bed, so was *la dame*. The captain could not join us. Pussy sat in his chair; she is very lovely, and slants with the motion of the ship till she is nearly parallel. Every few minutes, slash! a great wave sweeps over the ship, sets everything sliding, pours down every crack; the lamps swing and smoke, we laugh, or look serious, and wonder what next! Such is *de Golfe de Gascoigne*. *Heureusement*, it got more quiet before bedtime. I had a new plank put up in the bed, and

Butler lent me his pillow, mine being wet through. A delicious quiet pervaded the ship, and we all slept like angels, to the calm, regular motion of a reasonable ocean. This morning the storm is over, the sun shines, we are all on deck, and all the world is happy. But we are detained by all this twenty-four hours, and shan't arrive, apparently, till Thursday night. . . .

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

13 RUE D'ALGER, PARIS, *Friday,*
February 18, 1887.

DEAR LUC.,— . . . I will go on to narrate *Wednesday*, which was a rather interesting day. (They are all interesting as they go on; I am having a splendid time, but not all worth writing about.) I gat me forth after the labours of my writing, about twelve, as usual, and started for lunch, stopping at the tobacco shop to stamp my letters. The Church St. Roch is just opposite, and people were swarming in. "*C'est un enterrement?*" I asked of the tobaccolady,— for it generally is. "Oh, no, marm, it's *une noce.*" *Une noce!* so I thought I would go over and see. I slipt in at the side door behind a *couturière's* girl going home with a bandbox, and found myself in a somewhat crowd inside, but could step up on a sort of height where I saw well the broad aisle. At the door there were two gold-sticks in waiting, in old gold and crushed-strawberry liveries, and two by two the guests came in and stood in the aisle sideways until it was all filled up in rows on each side, understand? These persons were pretty young girls in light or white street costumes with hats or bonnets, stout mamas, or praiseworthy fathers, the latter in dress-suits, white cravats, and white kid

gloves. An old gentleman next me, who engaged me in conversation, told me these were the "*parents et les invités,*" because they came in carriages, the other people filling up what would be pews, only there are none, were *des curieux*, like ourselves. This person by the way, feigned amazement that I was *étrangère*, "*Mais vous habitez Paris, Madame!*" We could n't talk much for the gold-sticks came down with a great pung! "*Ce sont les mariées,*" my man whispered; the band, I mean organ, set up Da! Da! dy dar-dy da-dy (i. e., Mendelssohn's wedding march), and the party pranced up the aisle much as with us, and vanished among the candles far away upon the altar, the bride with veil, on the arm of her parent or guardian, the mother I guess with her *gendre* to be, and then all "*les invités,*" who had been in rows, fell in behind and made a procession which ate up its own tail so to speak, those being first which were last, according to Scripture. I went away then, for no use trying to get near the ceremony. All this made me late to lunch, and the friendly Duval man and maids said, "*Monsieur est parti, Madame.*" "*Déjà!*" I ejaculated, and ate alone. I then went up Opera Street and across the town to our dreary bankers to haul out some money. The usual moss on the doorstep, signs of decay and decrepitude; dust in heaps on the book of arrivals, and our names the last inscribed. The clerk waked from the nap he dropped into ten days ago when we left him, and handed me a letter which arrived just after that event. Managed to find some aged *billets de banque* for me, scraped the mould from the ink bottle and furnished me with the first steel pen ever coined. Forgive this waste of paper on this faded pleasantry; but such is Perier Frères.

Being in that region I accomplished a visit on our excellent *compagnons de voyage* from Bordeaux, I

must have written about them, they were so cordial in the train, and I had promised to visit them. They are milliners, and have an immense great *maison de modes*, "MADAME VALÉRIE LEOPOLD," in a great sign all across the building. I found her sitting among customers and bonnets on sticks just like any grand milliner *chez nous*. The *madame* she was waiting on was telling her about her son's marriage which she had just got nicely fixed, with a suitable *dot* and unexceptionable daughter (joke!). She sighed as she spoke and Madame Valérie heaved a fat sigh and said,

"*Le mariage! c'est la destinée!*"

"*Oui, Madame! c'est la destinée! Bonjour, Madame.*"

"*Bonjour, Madame.*"

Meanwhile I had been persuading the head waiting-woman to do over my small green bonnet then on my head (and they have sent for it, and it has n't come back yet), and then Madame Valérie, being at leisure, sent for her *mari* and we had great *épanchements*. I consulted them on many things; in fact, they are useful friends, Parisian to the end of their finger-nails, with no object in cheating me. They told me of an apartment, big studio, bedroom and kitchen, for five hundred francs, one hundred dollars a year! and if I were to live here with Phil., we could establish a nice little *ménage*. Not furnished, you know, but as Madame remarked, *mon dieu*, the trifle to throw in a bed and *quelques meubles*. But don't be alarmed I shall be home by May 1. These folks live over in Châteaudon, so not far from rue Bergère, where I sort of think the Marcous were; a very good neighbourhood.

I then filled up half an hour with the enchanting water-colour exhibition, second time seeing, and at quarter of four took cab for Mrs. Greene who expects

us every Wednesday—but Phil. was busy. There this time were Dr. Sturgis Hooper and Mary Edmund Quincy again. She is really very bright and nice. I say young—call it forty. After Dr. Hooper left we had a great talk *à trois*,—just what Mrs. Greene likes, gossip, politics, Jews, Buddhism, Boston, really very good fun,—interrupted by a young Shaw nephew and his pretty wife, and I fled, for it was late, and when I got home having hurtled down the Faubourg St. Honoré on foot at a rattling pace, Phil. had lighted the lamps, poked the fire, and begun to wonder if I had abandoned him. You know Mrs. Greene receives in bed, all done up in white lace with white kid gloves on, the bed strewn with the latest literature, newspapers, etc., a little table with tea close to her side. (But all the rest of the week she is up and about, rattling round to receptions, climbing up-stairs, as brisk as you please—just my favourite scheme of being bedridden.) . . .

Always yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

13 RUE D'ALGER, PARIS, *March 20, 1887.*

DEAR LUC.,—Strange things have occurred which I must reveal before coming to the great fat budget of letters we received yesterday, yours of March 6 and others same date, some of Phil.'s even Monday 7, which is really quick, being within the two weeks.

Well, I am going to Spain! I can't hardly believe it myself, it seems so singular. It won't make much difference to you people at home, as I shall not be, I hope, much later in getting back, certainly before June 1 and I leave here,—Paris,—just the same time I had meant to. Perhaps you will have heard of this in America and know more about it than I

do. You must know that Wednesday evening when I came home from dining *chez* Mrs. Greene, I found a *telegram* from N. Y. sent through old Periers. You can guess if I was scared, as we were then (and are still) worried about the accident on the Prov. R. R. It was from *Mr. Church* and said:—“Will you take a trip to Spain with Fanny and John Johnston April 10? Expenses paid.” I was considerably knocked at this and went to bed. Philip was out, and I could n’t consult him till next morning, when he visited me as usual after I had waked him at six-thirty. . . . I concluded to answer thus (by cable): “Delighted, if short. Must be home before June.”

We then had an interval of great anguish, hoping the Johnstons would fall out of window and break their necks, so I need n’t do anything about it—but, lo! yesterday P. M. came the fatal flimsy, blue paper, saying thus: “Delighted. Sail 26th for Havre; hope to start quickly for Seville. Johnston.” . . .

You see it is a *chance* to go through my beloved Spain again, and my idea is to come home in one of those fruit-steamers from Gibraltar, so it will be all on my way. If we get off from here the tenth, I may sail for home by May 1! I suppose they are let to ask me, because I can do a little Spanish. On the whole, I think it is a lovely plan of the Churches and Johnstons; still you will pardon this goose-flesh, caused by being so in the dark. Doubtless they are all writing me letters to-day, which I shall get in time to know what we are to do; meanwhile, I don’t see my way clear about a few things, but they will come out right, I suppose. Of course, the point is *expenses paid*, otherwise I should not think of it. . . .

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

GIBRALTAR, *Saturday, April 23, 1887.*

DEAR LUC., — Here we are, you see, under the protection of the Henglish Lion, which is a strange sensation right in the thick of Spanish emotions. But I must not describe his roar to you yet (though you can imagine me with my very best English accent on), for I am much behindhand in narrative. In fact these young companions are such active travelers that we have but little time to write. . . .

Sunday P.M. we had a lovely drive to *Italica*, which I am delighted not to have missed. It is an old Roman amphitheatre, which I have described without seeing in all my works on Spain. The sweetest old overgrown place, with galleries and ranks of seats still left, and traces of its old purpose, — but poppies and all bright flowers growing in the crevices of the old crumbly stones, and thick turf everywhere. We came home through the fair grounds where everything was in a merry state of preparation; and

Monday morning, we were there betimes. It is just like a great cattle show, exactly, only Spanish, with gipsies and peasants; but, alas! they have *all* given up their costumes, no *majos*, nor short petticoats nor even *pannelas*. However, we had lots of fun looking at the things, booths with toys, etc. . . .

But, then, my dear, — then, — we went to the bull-fight Monday afternoon!! Yes, *Me*, at the bull-fight. It was perfectly horrible, sickening, disgusting. I went because Miss J. was determined to go, and you know we are interested in Mazantini, the great toreador. On the whole it is just as well, because now I can use all my powers of speech to exhort others not to go. That's all I will say now. . . . Rafe Curtis was on the seat in front of us in the same box (son of Daniel, now an artist, used to be

little boy at my Chestnut Hill school). In the evening we went again to the fair grounds, and saw fireworks, and then the thing to do is to walk from booth to booth and look in. This is very amusing. These are built close to each other along each street so to speak (but slightly put up, as if on the Common), and families hire them for the whole fair. Open to the street, the three other sides are furnished with looking-glass, sofas, etc., more or less, according to taste, and here they sit, worthy people, inviting their friends (or eke us) to come in. The fat mama in a rock-chair, in mantilla and fan, and nice daughters sitting round with guitars, and Peabody boys on hand. These propose something, and from time to time, you and *Billy Bobby Ware* (for example) get up with castanets and dance the gavotte, while people of all sorts crowd round the open entrance, but the performers seem quite unconscious of these outsiders, and when the dance is over they sit down and chat till the spirit moves again. We hurried from one to another to see as many as possible. There were hundreds of these booths!! Sometimes Mary Hall would obligingly sit at the piano, while Almira opened her mouth and sang a kind of Andalusian caterwaul; at others, it was as if I should do the Lapland cottagers' song. Of course I use these names from lack of knowing those of the Seville family ones. It was very *worthy*—only they now wear, you know, just light-grey or any woollen dresses cut like ours, with waists, overskirts, etc., nothing like costume, except occasionally the little children, and here and there some pretty girls who had "dressed up" *à la Sevillana*, as we might at Thanksgiving—you know it was not at all for pay, but for their own pleasure—only hospitality demanded that the crowd should be allowed to look on,—there was no franc or peseta business about it whatever.

By this time we had had quite enough of the fair, and *Tuesday* we were off for Cadiz, after such a wallowing with Miss *Butcher*. She came to us, surrounded us, swallowed us up; but was so kind and useful that we loved her. You will find it hard to picture Mary Curzon in a mantilla and prayer-book taking Miss Johnston to see a Spanish Baron who sells Moorish tiles; but you must, for it's exact. She wanted books to read, and Miss Johnston lent her our *Story of Spain!* which she and her sister sat up late to devour, so much they were pleased with it. . . . Good-bye, in haste.

Yours,
SUSAN.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

“ALHAMBRA”! GRANADA, SIETE SUELOS,
April 30, 1887.

DEAR LUC.,— . . . So I will compose myself to narration. We are very happy to be settled to-day in this lovely place without having to start off for anywhere. Arrived late last night, and tumbled into bed tired as dogs as you will see. This morning the joy of getting at our trunks, changing clothes, etc., is so great that we have no thought as yet of sight-seeing. In fact, it is simply enchanting to be here, in a lovely *salon* with great windows opened wide on little balconies, shaded by leafy elms, birds singing, otherwise no sound but the rushing water, and an occasional dear donkey setting up his bray. The place has all the charm I hoped it would, coming back, and no disappointment. . . .

We only spent one night at Gibraltar, *Tuesday*, in solemn preparation for the Ronda Ride. This I want to describe to you with great detail, so I will pass over a lively talk at the “Royal” with a jolly

old gentleman, who turned out later to be Sir John Hanbury, an eminent physician, sent out to Gibraltar for two months. He had just arrived in a P. and O. steamer, and when the other passengers saw that we knew "Sir John," they bowed before us in awe; when I turned to one of them and said, "Who was that pleasant old gentleman who just went out?" they gasped in amazement.

At five o'clock on *Wednesday* we were called, and after the usual delays, we actually stalked out over the clattering streets of Gibraltar on horses! Mine was a very tall one. The procession was this: 1st. The guide, called by us "Polonius" on account of his characteristics. 2nd. Miss J. on a lively white horse. 3rd. John J. on a brown horse. 4. Me, on a great long-legged beast we named "Major Dobbin." 5. Two trunks on a mule surmounted by a man. 6. Another mule with all the rest of the baggage, rugs, straps, etc., and our lunch. Fancy if it reminded me of our journey in Syria. I was fain to compare myself with you, for, on calculating, I find I am now four years older than you were then, and far more decrepit; still I held out well, and the companions were very considerate of my infirmities. We sallied out of Gibraltar towards Spain, over a narrow strip of land called "the neutral ground." There is sort of a bridge there, and a toll-house; and here my horse, who was walking very slow, thought *he* would go back to Gibraltar. The others all went ahead without noticing; I had no whip, and was n't sure about pulling the bridle, as it was a curb-bit. There was a great snarl of people, donkeys, carts, etc., and there we stuck with his head towards Gib. "Don't be afraid!" called the toll-man in English. I saw Polonius galloping back, and soon he arrived, seized, with great scorn (of my powers), the rope round my horse's neck, and led us out of town. This

was rather a bad beginning, and ignominious, as Miss J. is an experienced rider, but my terror was so great that I didn't mind anything — it is so long since I have been in practice, and this horse was so very tall, it seemed a great distance to the ground. I will hasten to say that Dobbin soon came to behave very well, and I grew very happy with him. He no longer had to be led, and, in fact, proved the best horse of the lot on the second day, when Miss J.'s lively animal began to flag. She, by the way, brought all this distance a regular riding-habit, trousers, and all, of light grey, while I climbed up my horse in my usual dark-green travelling dress. But, after all, I was just as comfortable as she was, and less bother on touching *terra firma* to be in a Christian gown. We soon began on that elation of spirits which comes from being up early, outdoors and on horses. The day was lovely. Gibraltar rose behind us, and we galloped along a beach of the Mediterranean Sea with little waves breaking over the horses' feet. (I didn't much like this galloping business and was thankful that ever afterwards there was no good enough road for it, and we went on a walk.) Soon we began to go up and up through fields delicious with flowers, still views of the sea, but mountains coming on in front, over a narrow bridle-path. We rode perhaps four hours, and then stopped at a little house to repose, — not even a *posada*, but just friends of Polonius, as it were. When I came down off my horse I was stiffer than a log, and so, indeed, were the companions. They invited us to a pretty room, where they set out knives, forks, etc., and by and by when the mules arrived, Polonius brought out from saddle-bags the lunch we had brought. Meanwhile we were resting, wandering about a sweet garden, gathering nasturtiums, which grow wild all through here with a delicate sort of Dutchman's pipe, more

twining than that of 39 Highland Street. There was a very nice Spanish cat at that place, a *perro*, a couple of pigs, and hens, who all formed part of the family, all worthy people. Again to horse, and jogging along, the scene growing wilder. Our second rest was in a lovely place, we called the oasis, tall trees planted near a delicious spring, and a family living in a sort of thatched hut with a donkey. After that we began to follow the bed of a river, constantly fording it! The first time we feared greatly, for the strong current wet the stomachs of the horses, even my tall Dobbin, but we soon got used to it and loved it. This river was very full on account of recent rains, a brawling kind of torrent, sometimes flattened over broad sand places, sunny, not too hot, and fresh spring greens everywhere. The oleander, which was so pink three years ago, is only in bud, but other shrubs are out, and all manner of low-on-the-ground flowers. Polonius, who is a stupid old person, expounded things in Spanish; — he was a very faithful guide, and knew all the right stopping places, etc., through constant doing the same route. We reached the foot of the mountains about 5 P. M. After a last rest, we began to climb, climb a very steep path, meeting people that seemed like forty thieves coming down with mules, scenery very wild, but not terrific. At last awfully tired, after sunset we reached Gaucin at the very top of everything, a beetling Moorish town stuck up there for safety, years ago, with a Moorish castle amongst it, the tiled roofs so brown and old you could hardly tell where houses ended and cliffs began. We clattered through the narrow street, all Gaucin at our heels, and were lifted off our horses to fall upon beds. It was a sweet hotel. The host very worthy. A real *fonda* with up-stairs and down-stairs, and a funny room for us women, with two beds, we think belonging to the hosts themselves. In

the morning I was looking off a lovely little balcony away down into the ravine, when a neighbour made signs from his garden, would I like some lilacs. I nodded, and saw him order a *señora* to pick them, and then a *muchacha* brought them round, out of his garden door and through a back street to our front door. A great delicious bunch for each of us, a white rose apiece, and a sprig of mint. All Gaucin as before was at the door to see us mount. The animals came up from the cellar, where they had spent the night, the packs were put on them, and after the usual dawdling we were off for our second day on horse, after an excellent breakfast the host made himself in the kitchen right off the dining-room, so we heard him beating the eggs. I was pleased that the hotel was so good, for at first it seemed I should have to live there always, I was so stiff that first night; but 'tis wonderful how a good sleep brought me round.

Thursday we were winding round a maze of mountains sometimes up, sometimes down, but always high,—now looking back towards Gaucin, now turning towards Ronda. Our lunch place was a *posada* where the horses had the first place, ourselves next. It was a paved *stable*, some men were playing dominoes at a round table, and we had a table given us to eat our food on. All the town at the door, which gave all the light, as there were no windows. That day we saw few trees, and on the whole, the scenery was not intensely interesting, not great crags, but a great deal of somewhat monotonous up and down. Still, it was all beautiful, flowers, flowers everywhere, hawthorn, wild roses, no trees anywhere— at last we began to see Ronda afar off over a plain at the foot of our hills. It took long to reach. Certainly a wonderful place, and well worth the trip, even apart from the fun of horses. It is very old to begin with, Roman, then Moor, always with the reputation of

cantankerousness, on account of its fast position on top a steep precipice of hundreds of feet. This again is so mixed between old masonry and the rock that you can't tell which is which. They built the wall of the town into the jags of the precipice. The river brawls at the foot, turning Moorish mills, and rushing off to water all the fertile fields in the neighbourhood.

At last we reached it. It is a great handsome, proud city, the new part with broad streets, *alamedas*, churches, with all the honest dignity of a centre not degraded by railroads—or even, you know, carriages! In the middle of the town is a grand bridge built over the *tajo* or chasm. This bridge is the market-place and nucleus of the town. We saw the splendid view from our horses, but next morning went to search it thoroughly on foot. You look down, down two hundred and fifty feet to the boiling river, the sides are absolutely perpendicular rock worn with age, moss-grown, ferns and cactus growing, at the top, the houses built close to the cliff,—up the river is seen the old Roman bridge,—down, you see, far below, the Moorish mills,—and little people, donkeys and things, hurrying about, the merest toys, they are so far off. It is perfectly wonderful—I never saw anything like it, and *for once* am satisfied as to a gorge or chasm. They are usually so slanting, but this is really perpendicular. From the plateau the town is on, you look off of this jumping-off place, over the fertile plain to snowy mountains.

The hotel is dignified and spacious. We had a great room on the lower floor with a *salon* opening from it, and a grated window looking into the street with chairs in it on a raised dais. We only spent the night there, got up early to go and look at the *tajo* and town, and at nine, bidding farewell to Polonius and our horses, mounted the top of a diligence for *Gobantes*. We love diligence, and try to do all we

can thus. There is a splendid road all the way, indeed it is the bed of a railway to connect the Granada region through Ronda with Algeciras and so Cadiz. We are glad we did it before it lost its flavour. But, alas! tell Nelly, how can she bear it, even at Ronda, the costumes are all gone. Long trousers everywhere, for men, with Yankee felt hats; plain waists and skirts for the women, or little *plaid* (!) shawls. *Pannelas* are still worn but tied under the chin! Is it not sad? We reached the R. R. at Gobantes at two-thirty, and resumed the commonplace routine of tickets, weighing trunks, tooting whistles, and smoke. Reached Granada just as before, in the dark, and drove up the lovely avenue, a small moon glimpsing through the tall trees.

It is just as lovely here as ever, and the J.'s are charmed. We were full willing to rest, as you *now* can understand, and even to-day are doing but little. In fact the charm of the Alhambra is to loiter round the lovely place. We spent the P. M. there yesterday. J. J. is too *La Farge* to be able to bear the renovations by Contreras. In vain I suggest that the whole thing would have tumbled down if he had n't.

Our rooms are enchanting, and to me everything is still more beautiful than the first time, *except* we Hales were so wise or so lucky in being late in all these places. No *fresas*, reluctant nightingales (but some), and the blossoms not so intensely profuse up here—but still enough for those who do not know better. On the other hand there is more snow on the Sierra Nevada—and that little garden in the Alcazaba, Nelly, is more lovely than before, with a bed of double anemones instead of those geraniums I painted in my foreground.

That's the whole of our career up to this time, which is *Sunday morning*. I am glad to have a little room to revert to Tangier, which was very pretty and

very amusing, not half so Eastern as the East, but enough so, and — from the fact of being a little *got up* in a stagey way for the benefit of Europeans, *more* Eastern than the East. For instance, the merchants in the fireplaces were richly dressed in their own best *haiks*, as a kind of *réclame* of the establishment. The “Hassans” round the hotel overdid their sashes, etc., etc. We had a very amusing donkey-ride out into the flowery suburbs, sitting sideways on saddle-bags. At the hotel in Tangiers is a very pleasant Scotchwoman, Mrs. Lockhart. . . . And there we met for the second or third time some charming English people, man and his wife, who are just turned up here again, and becoming our fast friends. We only lately found out their names, — they are the Lieut. Henns who were over in the *Galatea* for the yacht races! This accounts for their niceness to Americans.

Well, well, we are just laying out the last days of our route. I leave Madrid on Monday, May 9, for Paris, and sail on the fourteenth, less than a fortnight from to-day! I long to see you, and shall not stop in New York any longer than necessary. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *July 22, 1887,*

(*Alas! how fast it goes!*)

. . . What bosh “A Week away from Time” is! I should think Time, or anybody else, would keep away from such a boring set of people. Poor old Tennyson dragged in and Sir John Franklin. Have you read “Love’s Martyr” by Miss Alma-Tadema? My young folks have been reading it with divers opinions.

We are in full blast here. Papa turns out reams

of manuscript daily. Jack is raising worms under glass, after Darwin. Robert paddles the canoe, with Greta Marquand in it, a young woman of sixteen I have thrown down to this cloud of youths, by which I am surrounded. There is Billy and John and George and Fred and Arthur and Herbert to come. But no matter, while there is gosling in the larder and broilers roving the hill. I have some nice servants, as I may have mentioned, and things go smooth. Jane is stupendous. She has got on to the right side of the baking powder, and her cakes and things are so light they fly down your throat of themselves. We keep up the form of making the bread, Robert and I, but it's only a ceremony, for Jane is really at the bottom of the pan.

However, don't expect to see me at Newport, for the whole thing turns upon my vigilant eye. Drop a line though, now, do!

YOUR FAITHFUL SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

MATUNUCK, *September 12, 1887.*

Monday morning.

DEAR LUC., — *Sunday* swept by without a minute for writing, and eke the early mail this morning; so now this will not get off till to-morrow, but I will make sure of it now. My house-maid's work makes me more busy than ever, especially in the first morn, so I am terribly behind on letters. . . .

I will now describe yesterday that you may learn that silence has not yet settled over Matunuck. Mr. McElery arrived *Saturday*, so he was in bed for me to carry water to in the morning, then the whole house to open and arrange, and breakfast table to set for five. (Joe has ceased to come except sporadically to fetch ice.)

Jane fears to be seen, you know, so that every time anything is missing on the table I have to get up for it. We are in the red room, indeed living there, for it is very windy outside.

I washed the breakfast things while Jane made the beds, and this with some attention to dinner, towels, blankets, etc., took every minute till time to dress for church and read over the *Sybarite*,¹ which was valiantly prepared by our three Hales, with a brief furnished by Mr. McElery, who is very pleasant, by the way, and full of *raconting* his tales, all good and some new. Papa was very good in tending him, but, of course, he fell to me a good part of the time, and what with that, setting the table and making the salad, there was not a minute till dinner. The parent Weedens went to lunch at the Strangs'! so there was no walk. Michael went off to get golden rods, and came back so late that the tea was cold, the kitchen fire out, and Jane gone. I scalded my hand trying to heat some water in haste for his cup; then saw him and Papa off in the red boat, and took to my bed and bag. As this had blown out of window and been picked up by Jane, I had great trouble in finding it poked under a newspaper in the kitchen, thus had but just got on the bed with Ambrose and day-before's *Advertiser*, which Michael had jackdowed in his room, — when I heard steps storming up the backstairs, it was Papa all dripping. He had tumbled into the pond at Julius' landing owing to a loose plank, and was wet through to the middle of his watch. I came off the bed, ran down and made a fire in the red room, got hot water to make him a jorum of *his* 59; took away his wet clothes, and then re-began to set the table for a six-o'clock tea because Jane wanted to go to meeting (of all things! the first

¹ A weekly paper written by the Hale family and read aloud every Sunday after service.

time in her life). Mr. McElery came and sate down *at the table* to read me a poem of Bret Harte's, so I folded my hands and listened to that with external calm, as if I had absolutely nothing else to think of, till Papa appeared in such dry clothing as he could find, and we put him up to the fire to dry. Billy Weeden wanted to stay to tea, so there were six, but every one talkative and entertaining, and *all* of them helped clear off the things. Jane got through and away. Robby and I made bread. At eight the team and Joe came to take the guests to the midnight train at Kingston; and at nine Robby and I went to bed after blanketing all round, for it was cold and rainy. Papa seemed all right this morning, and his watch is going.

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
December 29, 1887.

DEAR LUC.,—It is working splendidly, but absolutely no time to write about it, for Jane and I are busy cooking all the time that Franklin and I are not making the beds. I wish you could get a good idea of it. All the Weedens joined me in Providence, and before all the Hales arrived Tuesday we had the dormitory all fitted up. Berty, with John Diman and George Clarke, drove up the hill with Joe Browning, and an hour later Greta with Edward (who had waited at Kingston for her). There was a great hubbub and a slight lunch, and then all swarmed off to search for skating. . . .

I went out to find them about three, this was Tuesday, and anything more lovely I can't imagine. It snowed here all Monday night, but cleared off during

the morning. The whole country was exquisite with a soft, iridescent sort of sky, and round, hazy sun going down. Patches of white snow in amongst the oak-trees, and yellow grass. The Salt-pond (that you see from the piazza) had those houses sharp reflected, as often in summer, but now in *ice* of an opaline greenish tint. Up at the end of the little pond I found them all skating round, or clearing off the snow, or building a great fire, though it was warm like summer. They all were picturesque in fur caps, short trousers, good legs, — the girls in bright colours, with furs, — and elated, with glowing cheeks — I left them to come home and set the table, and the scene outdoors was perfectly delicious. We dine at four-thirty — Jane *prefers* it! says it saves her trouble, and of course it does. The dining-room looks sweet with fire, swinging-lamp, screen, set for *nine* (our number). That night we had roast turkey, Marlboro pie, cranberry, cauliflower, nuts and raisins, all very jolly, — and passed the evening prattling, with the banjo, — and forming great plans for spending all the next day on the ice.

The wind went round in the night, and in the morning it was a pouring S. E. storm, raining so hard that everyone who ventured out got wet through! This was a strain on the resources of the house, but the day passed merrily — and in the evening the boys had a “Minstrel,” performances with songs written during the day, and a dance by Edward.

To reward them this morning it is clear again, and new ice made, and they are all up at “Venus’s Mirror” skating again.

The men all sleep in the parlour with a roaring fire, and four beds crammed as close as they can be, and piled with blankets, washbowls on the window-seats, and looking-glasses hung on pegs, — and upstairs Greta and Leila in your room, me in Papa’s.

Old Franklin, all day long, goes from one fire to another (five in the house), piling on wood. Time for mail-man.

YR. SUSE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

PROVIDENCE, *April 12, 1888.*

DEAR CAROLINE, — . . . I had a splendid time in New York. People thought well of me! I had lunches and dinners, eke flowers were sent to me. The only objection was that the pace nearly killed me, and I wish now to do nothing but sleep. I stopped over for a few days with the friendly Weedens here, to talk over the coming campaign at Matunuck, but to-morrow I fly to the arms of Jane, and long to be there, and to see the spring a bustin'. I was so afraid it would or had busted before I arrived, and looked anxiously from the car window lest early golden rod should be appearing at the wayside. By luck it has n't quite begun, and patches of snow still occupy the hollows.

I am much pleased with New York. There is less gossip and more social life than in little Boston. Your neighbours may be worse, but there is less said about them. I really do think the interests of people's lives are broader, certainly more varied. . . .

Always yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *October 7, 1888.*

(Raining as usual.)

DEAR LUC., — . . . Well, now, I will give some account of myself since the Weedens' departure, only I have elsewhere depicted that period, in letters you may have seen.

On *Wednesday*, my dear, with great anguish I put Clementina in the basket which contained all summer the Globe-earned worsteds. She was so sweet; seemed to foresee her fate, ate a careful breakfast, and let me put her in, although all tremblings, without a struggle, was n't it odd! The string was tangled in her hind leg. She rose to adjust it, then settled herself on "sucking-blankets" placed at the bottom of the basket. I carried basket down to Weedens', speaking words of cheer on the way, and handed it over to Nelly, the second girl. I learn that Clementina did n't stir or struggle all the way to Providence. Nelly Balch met them at the station, and took Tina in horse-cars to her new house; where Nelly Balch wrote she was sleeping "comfortabils" on a couch, not disturbed in mind by the journey. This is all a great comfort, and an immense relief to have her gone, though I miss her; but not to have to consider open or shut doors, cold, the chicken bones, is a wonderful relaxation, and as I can think of her happy and contented, and laugh with Jander about her attractive little customs, it's much better than having her here. Nevertheless, as soon as the Weedens were gone, I took to my bed, and stayed there all day, and all night, without budging, or doing anything but doze. I had quite a headache for basis of such action, but was more worn out in mind; in fact, it seemed a fit occasion to *give up*. Lizzie was sick and in bed, unable to cook a dinner; there was nothing in the house to eat, and no one to eat it. The Post-office was gone, all the letters were lost, therefore none to answer, and no way to get them anywhere, newspapers, ditto. I had no money, and no means of spending any. My clothes were all torn to pieces, and a large hole in my only shoe. The Weedens were all gone, Clementina was gone, Joe Browning was gone with the Weedens. The Albert Sebastians were

all drunk. The Brownings had killed their large pig. "Uncle George" was mad because the P. O. was shut, and did n't come for the swill because there was no *Prov. Journal* for him to read, besides there was n't any swill. Now don't you think all the requisites for *giving up* were here? I gave up. Nor must I forget to add that it was cold, very cold, and raining, of course; and all the wood was so wet that none of it would burn, so there was no fire. . . .

Bed was warm and delicious. I was n't in a low state of nerves, you know, nor crying, only calmly, cheerfully, discouraged. Understand my night gown on, and clothes all off as for the night, blinds shut, a pleasing dark pervading the room. There was an interlude at noon during which I rose and prepared a delicious tomato soup out of chicken bone, put it in two bowls on two trays with two slices of dry toast, carried one to Lizzie's bedside and administered it her; brought the other to my own bedside, got into bed, and ate my own, put the bowl aside, and much refreshed turned myself to the wall.

All was absolute silence about the house, and miles about the country —. Suddenly, a trampling in the entry! I rose, and over the bannisters parleyed with — Mr. Matlack, come to board for a week! . . .

I hawked him out of the house with a round turn and down to Cashman's and silence fell again on the house. By and by it was dark (a wet evening), and then the long night; I had a lovely rest.

And rose, at the usual hour on *Thursday*, a giant refreshed. Tapped at Lizzie's door. "Lizzie, do you feel like getting breakfast?" "Yes'm!" said a hungry voice. So we began life again cheerily. The mail-man came with letters from everywhere. The sun came out, and I dined on the porch off stewed duck, very delicious, with a wonderful pudding Lizzie has discovered. Took a great walk in

the afternoon, and felt very happy, relieved from the burden of humanity and cats. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *Tuesday,*
October 16, 1888.

DEAR LUC.,— . . . All seems rounding well in, now, and I am impatient to be off, although the weather is lovely here. Saw a beautiful sunrise from my bed this morning, having left the window open for it,—and just two minutes after it was *up*, the sun I mean, my clock struck six. The almanac says sunrise was to be at five fifty-eight. It's a relief to have the orb so punctual. At once, Lizzie came out at your door, soon the whir of the egg-beater was heard, and at quarter of seven, the grind of the coffee-mill, as I sate chattering in my bath. Pond perfectly exquisite at that window. At seven sharp I seated myself on the porch to a succulent breakfast.

Since then, alas! clouds and chill, and I have retired to the red room and a fire. But I can't be writing you more. Only you may see how well done up my affairs are to allow this dawdling. I read, read, read these old novels at every moment. Let's see:

All to be riveted in my head to stay till November!

Sir Charles	3,500 pages	
Udolpho	1,700 pages	
Cecilia	975 pages	
Thaddeus	571	} fine print
Children of the Abbey	628	

Yours,
SUSIE.

CHAPTER VII

*Readings in Chicago, Washington and New York—
Trip on yacht "Gitana" with Mr. and Mrs.
William F. Weld—Summer at Matunuck—
Another winter of lectures and readings, 1890.*

(1888-1890)

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

CHICAGO, *Monday, November 5, 1888.*

DEAR LUC.,— . . . The election is making a hurrah-boys, and on Saturday there were but few at Mr. Jones's Church, on account of two rival processions which encumbered the streets and almost prevented our getting there in the cable-car, which might be called remark-cable car, it is so fearsome.

When I get to Churches' I will try to write my events, can't now remember where I left off! "Udolpho" Thursday at Mrs. Babcock's was the first great success as a reading, the folks had then found out they were to laugh; and it went off quite easily; same here the next evening, for Mrs. D. had me repeat it instead of *Cecilia*. There were lots of jolly people here, and every one enjoyed it.

Saturday Mrs. Glessner gave me a stunning lunch, of twelve ladies, all important. I sate between the hostess and Mrs. Potter Palmer, a north-side magnate of great importance, a very pretty little young woman married to an ancient millionaire. We had two butlers, and great display of table splendour, all in good taste and as absolutely in the latest style as

possible. I like Mrs. Glessner much. She had on a tea-gown of flowered yellow silk trimmed with rich lace, and made smock fashion. The ice was in real calla lilies, resting each on its own leaf in the plate. The house is very handsome, built round its own *patio*, from which comes all the light, the windows on the street being mere slits.

Last night we tea-d (dinner Sundays middle of day here) at Baldwins', who love Papa Edward since they saw him at Orange, New Jersey, years ago. Very jolly people, we had a great deal of lively, easy talk. Their house abuts the lake, with only a great high pillar between, which contains on its top Fred Douglass, preparing to dive into the lake. The lake is perfectly enchanting, the saving of the place for natural charm. In the morning we went for virtue's sake to the Unitarian Church, formerly Brooke Herford's, and heard an unutterably dull sermon. Mrs. D. prefers Salter, who does Ethical Morality, and married a Gibbens, sister to Mrs. Willy James.

Dr. Dudley is delightful, I take great pleasure in making him smile. He is full of good stories, which I will try to remember.

Altogether 'tis very strange and amusing, somewhat fatiguing, to have to cram a novel each day, and read it each night, but the task is waning, only three more. *Oh*, I expressed on Saturday, to Belle Wilson, all the books I have done with, for her to return to B. Library; and eke with them, to get it off my mind, my own "Sir Charles Grandison," which she may keep till December.

We are all goose-flesh about the election; Dr. Dudley is Republican, and almost every one I see is; calling Cleveland a beast and a brute, so 'tis a very agreeable political atmosphere. If the Reps. win, and Chicago is *sure* they will, 't will be terrible fac-

ing the mugwump Churches and Democrat Osborns.
Hark, the door-bell? No — but 't is time, so farewell.

Yours,
SUSAN.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

1820 N STREET, WASHINGTON, *Tuesday,*
January 8, 1889.

Oh, my dear, I must now again take up the labouring pen, though I am most dead; I guess writing to you will rest me more than casting myself on the bed. Last night was the "Elixir," a great success, after a tumultuous day. We were not home till twelve, so I feel like a rag to-day — but cough, let me hasten to say, much better, and voice malleable, without black-in-the-faceness. . . .

I *dressed for 75*, and Hutchinson, English maid, and I repaired in a herdic (which we sent back) to the Berrys'. Mrs. Van Rennselaer Berry is sister to Mrs. Nat. Thayer. The house is very handsome, and all lighted with candles. Not very good for the purpose, being long, old-fashioned drawing-rooms (like Uncle Edward's in Summer Street), but I had a small platform, and it did well enough. Arthur was there, M. Hurtado, a little French *attaché*, came to get his orders (in French) for playing the *entre-actes*. He did nicely. Hutchinson was perfect, in dressing me, and it went without a hitch; lights, rouge, powder, clothes, very becoming, I guess, and all satisfactory. Do tell Miss Bolger that *the blue dress* came out stunning, and *that back* looked young if nothing else did. Obedient to Hutchinson, I resumed that to appear in company, only fancy! with the feather pompon atop of me!

There were swarms of real friendly souls there, so that I was quite at ease and surrounded, and plenty

new ones introduced. Alexander Bliss, Cabot Lodge, Langley again, young Dodge, and Rebecca, sons of Leila Gilman, that Bristed girl I used to teach, now married to Griffiths or Griffin, Emily Tuckerman, her mother,—the whole Bailey Loring tribe, himself, Madame, and Sallie;—it's so long since I've been at a party, it tired me bellowing at them all; Kitty Everett; her young son, Leo; Cousin Hopkins, abandoned by all his females; Mr. Graham Bell, and Mrs. — (who understood every word of the "Elixir"); Mr. Eugene Hale, very demonstrative in his praise of it; sweet Miss Clymer, I knew here before, and her mother; my feeble mind refuses to recall more—all very complimentary, and all apparently coming to my reading this P. M.

'T is a pity; they have so oversold the tickets that we have moved the readings into the Sunday-school room of the Unitarian Church. Many deprecate this, and none more than I, but they seem to think it can't be helped. Anyhow it's their own doings; but it's harder for me to be colloquial from a great platform, reading desk, and so on, than in a pretty parlour; a little more platform last night, and less to-day would be more to the purpose. . . . Hastily closing,

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

1820 N STREET, WASHINGTON, *Friday,*
January 11, 1889.

DEAR LUC.,—I will now attack another big letter to you, for there seems signs of delightful calm. Mrs. Hobson, wisely, plans nothing for our mornings—unless I have calls from specialists, so to speak, I have the whole morning in my room drop-

ping down on her in hers occasionally, to exchange confer generally on the outlook.

I have my second reading this P. M., so seclusion

I have my second reading this P. M., so seclusion is especially well, to cram my "Female Quixote," and rest my voice, which by the way is almost in its normal; my nose-cold still hangs on to the great detriment of h'd'k'f's, but that's, of course, a minor evil.

But to the charge. I wrote Anne B. somewhat about the first reading. It now seems æons ago. It is terrible having it taken out of parlours and put into a horrible Unitarian Sunday-school, but it went off much better than I hoped, and now I have ceased worrying about it, for it really makes much more money. They took seventy-seven dollars at the door, over and above the hundred or more season tickets they had worked off beforehand; and more are expected at every reading, as it is town-talk. Mrs. McGuire, whose mother, old Mrs. Taylor, is one of the earliest inhabitants and a mighty Unitarian, offers me her cab to drive to every reading. Mrs. Stone (president of the charity) sent me flowers, which furnished my front. I had on my black silk, and black French bonnet with flowers in it. When we reached the place, I was put in a little side "study," and here came in to me the Rev. Rush Shippen to minister to me. He was to introduce me (and did it very well, by the way). All my handmaidens had left me and I was alone with him, when an infernal button at the back of my neck, which holds the plastron of my shut-up waist, came undone — no looking-glass or anything, my gloves all on.

"Mr. Shippen," said I, in despair, "can you do a button?"

"Well, I don't know," said the man, in a maze; he looked at it utterly helpless. "Ah — I — I —

will call one of the ladies," said he; we looked out at the door into the passageway. Luckily a swarm of women I knew were there. I summoned them in and amongst them they fixed me, in great merriment, — Emily Tuckerman, Harriet Bancroft, Grace Kuhn; and the latter (so nicely) said, "You look charmingly, Miss Hale, your dress is just right." Was n't this kind of her? — a Boston woman too! Harriet was also very nice; they passed off to the hall, but she came flying back in a minute, saying, "Susan! you don't want to stand up, in a *pulpit!*!" "Heavens, no!" She flew off again, hailed Shippen to the task, they moved the pulpit, got a great chair from the church, got a small table, glass of water, etc. (All so shiftless this not done beforehand!) I now advanced through a crowd of seateds on each side a narrow aisle, and ascended the platform. It was appalling, so ugly, and the chair was a high-backed, slippery horse-hair sort of throne, my feet hung down in full view of my audience, which stretched back into dim depths of distance. My heart sank, but I took it in both hands, and began to talk about Sir Charles in the airiest colloquial way, as if I were perfectly happy and at my ease — had to bellow to fill the place, and 'tis hard to bellow colloquially. The effect was magic, a broad smile broke out on every countenance, and after that every one was just as charming as possible, and I really enjoyed their sympathy with all I said and read. Was not that nice? Kept seeing lots of friendly faces, all looking real pleased, as if they thought it was going well. It lasted two good hours, and no one rustled or moved or got up to go. Chief trouble is that I have to speak much slower than in a small room, so had to omit lots I had marked to read, and, in fact, wound the dear characters up with a round turn, scarce dwelling on the courtship, punctilio, and

wedding. But all seemed delighted, and swarmed about me after it was over to compliment. I can't say too much of the niceness of Emily Tuckerman, Harriet, Susie Loring, and a dozen others, who sate literally at my feet and sort of egged me on by their, what you might call, tender applause. It was a fine representation they say of old residents, and solid worth. Mrs. Cleveland was not there, but old Mrs. Folsom was, they say. I move, you know, chiefly in Republican circles, yet not to the exclusion of Government people. . . .

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

1820 N STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Tuesday, January 15, 1889.

DEAR LUC., — . . . At three, Mrs. Secretary Fairchild came for B. and me, and we were admitted to the White House by private entrance, that curved *perron* at the back, by the way, the monument being done like Bunker Hill and Cleopatra's needle and all other obelisks on top of each other; the view there is the finest in the world.

We knew by the swell of human beings that the reception had begun, indeed the outside was black with masses of well-dressed people. We joined the file and entered the Blue Room, where Mrs. Cleveland stood in the doorway, and along next her a row of richly dressed young dames. Our names were given, we shook hands and were yanked along this line, and then let in behind, to stay in the rest of the room while the presentations went forward. The receiving line were fenced out, as it were, by backs of sofas, which left the Blue Room open for the favoured one hundred or eighty, like us, while the crowd were passed along into the East Room, and so out. More

than a thousand thus passed. Meanwhile, it was a party, where we were, of pleasing people, all unheeding the stream; except we could go and watch Mrs. Cleveland at it. She is really very distinguished looking. Had on a white party gown, with fluffy white feather trimming about her stately throat, but all open and low necked. She rested her left arm on the sofa-back, holding in that hand a white ostrich feather fan, and hauled the people past her as if she were landing a whale. Miss Ellen Bayard was amongst the receiving young ladies. She that was with Fiskes. In behind were Mrs. Hoar, Mrs. Dawes, and Anna Dawes; Mrs. Commodore Harmony, Miss Leiter (perhaps the belle of Washington) lots I knew and did n't know. It was kept up till five. My dear — Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker was in the crowd. Horrid-looking little thing. Towards the end the great man Cleveland came in, and we were introduced to him.

As for the President, I was amazed to see him so far from distinguished looking, for have n't the mug-wumps proclaimed him as the glass of fashion, etc.? Mrs. C. undoubtedly is distinguished. She is taller than her spouse. Well; we pretended to go; taking leave of our Royal Hostess, but she begged us to stay to tea; so by and by we were led through the retiring throng, a passage made for us, to the grand stairway; and up two flights, as it were, in the back-entry between bedrooms, tea was set out at two tables, Mrs. Cleveland at one, and my friend Ellen Bayard at the other. I dropped naturally into a seat by the latter, and helped her prattle with her men, one of whom was Captain Duvall, who had been bellowing the names to Mrs. President all the P. M. Also *Burnett* was there.

Thirty or forty people (*intimes* like myself) thus remained. Of course this was the influence of Mrs.

Fairchild. We came away and down the steps in the loveliest of moonlight, the sweet peaceful scene stretching off to the river, a contrast to the fevered crowd within. But it is a splendid Republican sight, all those well-dressed, well-behaved people filing through the White House to do homage to their chief magistrates. . . .

That evening, *Sunday*, a family dinner at the G. B. Lorings', perhaps the pleasantest thing yet:—only eight, thus: Mr. Loring, me next, then Senator Hoar, Mrs. Loring; opposite the host came Mr. Blaine, Sally Loring on his right, next General Berdan, then Mrs. Hoar (Ruth, so friendly and homelike). All these men very talkative and nice, and after dinner we all sate in a group and heard them tell stories. I am quite in love with Blaine, he is so drooped and white, and unsuccessful. As I looked at him, I kept thinking how it would have seemed to plunge the dagger into him *à la Corday*, as I intended, you know, if he had not declined the nomination. He is fairly worshipped here as a god in his circle. In Washington you might say the Republican party is Blaine; they are so short-sighted; their only idea is who will look well in the White House. They are all worrying lest Mrs. Harrison should prove not *femme du monde*. . . . But Blaine, I am convinced, will do no more harm, so I can afford to admire and pity him. He was certainly most agreeable.

Monday, was a great lunch for me *chez* —, immensely rich people. They have a *chef*, and the corporeal lunch was stunning. Little moulds of *paté de fois* were made with suitable designs, and the *chef* wept he was not informed early enough that I was literary, because he would have made an open book for my one, with printed page of *truffle*. As it was I had the anchor of hope. A great bed of fat red roses nearly covered the table. Ten fat stupid

women were the guests, they all carried on before me as if I was Shakespeare; a little brains goes a long way here. I never encountered anything like it. "My dear Miss Hale, you! such accomplishments! *You* really read and spell!" Gorged with truffles and flattery I fled home. . . .

Then the round of K Street receptions. I like this business greatly, which may amaze you; at each house the same people, in fact, all Washington tailoring round after each other like that picture in "Gammer Grethel" of the boy with the goose. I always see someone who leaps on me, and Mrs. Hobsen is delighted with me, because I am never on her hands for a moment. Quiet evening, early bed; to-day a field-day, which I leave to my next.

Yours always,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

32 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK,
January 23, 1889.

DEAR LUC., — . . . Now to return: I think I wrote you last Wednesday morning, before the great Warder luncheon, hope I don't repeat. The Warder house is a great house by Richardson, in the donjon-keep style, and therefore appropriate to Warder, ho! It is very like the Glessner house in Chicago, where I had a gorgeous lunch, so you may call it odd, or just the reverse, to have it prove that Glessner is the junior partner of Warder, and that the money that built and runs both houses was made by the reaping-machine that "knocked spots out of McCormick." Only in Chicago we frankly called it a "a Reaper," as if we knew exactly what that meant, while in Washington we say "some — a — form of agricultural implement," with an ignorant air, as if such

knowledge were beneath us. Leaving these fine distinctions; the Warders gave *me* this lunch in their keep, which is more gorgeous even than the Glessner one. . . .

We went at one. The dining-room was darkened, and lighted by artificial means, viz.: cut-glass candelabra on the table some four feet high, with banks of candles, all in little shades. There was some gas above, but very dim, the vasty ceilings all unilluminated. Between the dining-room and the picture-gallery is only an arcade of red marble columns and through this vista, the large pictures (not remarkably good, but well enough), were to be seen lighted from concealed gas jets above them. The table fairly sparkled with jewelled glass from Carlsbad. The table-cloth would have amazed Mrs. "Butter" Browning of Matunuck, for it had a broad stripe of embroidery in white satin running the length of it. There were men at this lunch, a mitigating feature invented by the Warders. Mr. Warder took me, and we sat as king and queen at the end of the long, wide table—fourteen guests. On my other hand was Admiral Rodgers, a handsome, charming man of sixty-five, or thereabouts. Well, we began, and ate and ate, and ate and ate. Mrs. Hobsen and I used to know what the courses were and how they came, but it's gone from me now, — anyhow there was terrapin and saddle of venison, and pheasant, and little scalloped things in saucepans with silver handles, and others in shells without handles, and shad and cucumbers and asparagus, and things in season and out of season, and pain and champagne, and claret and sherry, and Apollinaris, and real water, and all out of beakers that sparkled and shone internally and externally.

We sparkled and shone all that was possible under these circumstances, faint yet pursuing as each new

thing came on, — and rose from table a little before four. Then we moved into the picture-gallery for coffee, and into the drawing-room for tea, and the great, huge bank from the middle of the table of Jacquemint and white roses stuck with hyacinths, was passed round for us each to take a great bunch to carry away. Then the shutters were taken down, and the guests carried off on them; this is figurative, to say we went out into the daylight, and made a few K Street calls. Luckily we had no dinner engagement, and were so dead we didn't dream of going to the Bancroft Davis reception.

Friday was our great field-day. At one Mrs. Hobson and I were at Admiral Steedman's, next door, by the way, to the Woodhull's. You know dear old Mrs. Steedman (now nigh eighty), was one of my first ladies to listen to *Forgotten Novels*, ten years ago; and before that, I once *did* her brain club for her. She has always been most kind and affectionate, goes out now *never*, but gave me this breakfast. All Washington warned me to prepare for this, as her cooking is the most delicious of wonderful things. She is of Philadelphia origin. And wonderful it was. The dear old lady at one end, Rosa at the other (her only unmarried daughter), Admiral not visible (but he called on me one day previously), then six really bright, agreeable women, next me Mrs. Bacon, who was Kate Stoughton, husband in the navy, great friend of Charlotte Wise, but younger. She professes to have taken a passion for me, and has missed not a chance of seeing me, sent me delicious violets for my last reading. On the other side Mrs. Wood, they all like, handsome woman, western husband, lots of money, they live in Mr. Corcoran's very handsome house. Opposite, Miss Turnbull, great favourite, lived always in Washington; Miss Grey (Bessie, sister of Judge Horace Grey of Boston), and Mrs.

Hobsen. That was all; such things to eat, all were delicious; for instance, "*pone*," in a kind of pudding to eat with sausage! *waffles*, brought in hot, and hot, with preserved cherries and juice, fried chicken, all creamed and brown, not to speak of bouillon, oysters, and the usual things thrown in. (The bouillon at the Warders', by the the way, was served in Sèvres cups lined with gold, crimson outside with medallions containing shepherdesses.) This Steedman affair was very sweet and genial, because we were all bent on making her perceive it a success. The last thing was home-made cherry bounce in which we drank her daughter's birthday health. We came away from there *gorged*, to plunge into our own Friday reception, and stood receiving all afternoon. Swarms of people, partly for me, and partly for Mrs. Vice-President-elect Morton, who was there, having come to W. for a few days to engage herself a house, etc., etc. Pleasant greetings I had with John Hay, who has been to every reading (so has Harriet Lane, Mrs. Johnson), William Walter Phelps, Mrs. Ironside, Kasson, oh, hundreds of intimate friends, dear Admiral Warder, etc., etc. They stayed till it was time to dress for the Edmunds dinner. I wore my black lace with the cardinal which looks very pretty. It ought to be long, as should all my clothes for that *milieu*. Charming dinner, only we were tired and not hungry. I sate between Kasson and Langley (the diners-out *par excellence* of W.); Judge and Mrs. Blatchford were there, Dr. Leonard and Madam (rector of St. John's, the fashionable church), Mr. Pellew. . . . I was near enough my dear Senator Edmunds to hear and speak with him occasionally, alas! this is all I have seen of him; but Mrs. Edmunds and the daughter, Mary, are lovely to me, loudly lamenting I sketch no more in water-colours. We left at ten-thirty, and might have gone on to

Mrs. Secretary Whitney's jam, but flesh and blood resisted, and we went home to bed.

On *Saturday* my last reading, very pleasant, for every one crowded round to say farewell, and praise, and wish they could go on forever. It was "Children of the Abbey," and they roared at the fun. I wore my violets from Mrs. Bacon, black gown, black lace bonnet. My feet in good boots are much seen and admired, on the heisty platform they give me. . . .

Always Mrs. McGuire's cab, for the reading, you know. In it at the close Susie Loring and I flew to Mrs. Whitney's musicale, and were just in time. For the reason you had no rehearsal, my dear, was that your orchestra had a concert Friday night in Washington, and the next P. M., Adamowski and his stringed quartet were bid to play by the far-scheming Mrs. Whitney. It was a charming occasion. Her lovely celebrated *salon* where Sherwood read, and where I should have, if they had n't moved me into the vestry, one of the most perfect of rooms. Several hundred people, but scattered about on crimson divans with masses of roses over them, on comfortable chairs. The music on a dais in an alcove. Everybody (straight from my reading) in their best street costumes. I knew the most of them (more than I should in proportion in a Boston drawing-room), all saying pleasant things. Mrs. Whitney very effusive. Adamowski played *à ravir* and they were all carried away with him, and wanted to learn from me his previous career. I felt very light-hearted, because out of the woods and no slip about the readings (two hundred and fifty dollars safe in my pocket, and I guess about five hundred dollars for the charity), so I could enjoy my homage at my ease. We slipped off without stopping for tea. . . .

At seven-thirty, a charming, cosy dinner at Mr.

Sam Ward's, sitting between him and young Ward Thoron, a charming fellow, just from Harvard. Langley there, of course, and *Lowndes*, the hero of that novel, "Democracy." After dinner some thirty people came in. The Swiss Minister who talks agreeably in French; Cabot Lodge; Mrs. Barlow (*née* Shaw) wife of General, — Mr. Fairchild, etc. — all very well with me — especially Mr. Ward, who talked of Fullum and the Friday Night Club. Home in a vile slush, hard to get to our herdic, and up our own steps.

Now for *Monday*, last day. At eleven in the morning, old Madam Stone (corner-stone of W. I call her, you know), fetched me to the Louise Home, instituted by Mr. Corcoran for decayed gentlewomen, to read to them! It was such a time, old birds swarming round me, delighted with the ball scene in "Children of the Abbey," and in the midst a great bouquet of flowers *for me* from Mrs. Cleveland, with a card in her own handwriting, great was the glory and the praise. Old ladies nearly wild; they hung on my neck at parting, and are ever since quarrelling over one copy of the "Children of the Abbey." Mrs. Stone is so much enchanted with me for this act, that she can scarce keep within bounds. . . .

Saturday we had delicious "Siegfried" at the opera, the most charming fairy-tale, scenery, plot, orchestra, singing, all enchanting. If you remember, I left *Brunhilde* last year asleep on a mountain surrounded by flames, and Siegfried just about to be born. He was now grown up, welding a sword for himself with which we saw him slay a great dragon, named Fafner, then found Brunhilde, waked her up, and married her, she still the right age for such purposes, being a Walküre.

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

"ALHAMBRA," GRANADA, *March 18, 1889.*

. . . Thursday evening was our really last dinner at moorings, with Elliot Lee and Dr. Goddard. . . .

And on *Friday* we were really off. I was all excitement and on deck at seven-thirty (I can always have coffee when I get up) to see the sails stretched and all; but there was lots of delay waiting for a new steward, who said he would come and didn't, and lots of sending boats ashore, which I guess always happens, so that it was eleven or so before we glided round the lighthouse and off into the Mediterranean. This was one of the most *delightful moments* of my life! and all that P. M. sailing as fast as a steamer; the companions lying on deck, all of us, with cushions and rugs, no noises, no smells, no thumping as in steamers,—a glorious sunset gradually coming on as we left the old rock behind, and coasted along the lovely mountains towards Malaga. The moon was up when we came near the lights of that town, to anchor in the bay. Oh! it is perfectly delicious, this sailing part. . . .

Yrs.,
S.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

YACHT "GITANA," MALAGA, *March 20, 1889,*

I believe, but don't ask me the day of the week.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,—I will write you a brief note before breakfast, partly to say that Malaga raisins are very good raisins, and to add that I am having the most heavenly time on this sweet yacht. Besides we have just come down from the Alhambra and your favourite spot, the Villa de los Moros, is all there. Just imagine how it was to really see the

whole thing again,—drive up under the archway from the town, after dark, but in superb moonlight, up and up among the elm trees, Nelly and Anita all amaze, for you never can make any body believe beforehand how its going to be (and so much the better), then rattling up with a whoop of mules and wheels to the Siete Suelos, where mine host comes bowing out, and observient waiters stand round, and lead us to rooms all ready with *chimeneas*, which is Moorish for fire in the chimney, and the dear old lady, who has been chambermaid ever since Isabella took the keys from *El Re Chico*, with her head tied up in a *pannelo* and a shawl crossed over her bosom, runs for hot water. We were all so enraptured that we went out and strolled about, up to the gates of the G'fe, and were only restrained by the absence of a permit, from rushing that night into the palace. It was rather cold, and we needed wraps, for Sierra Nevada is sheeted with snow, but the sun streamed in on us in the morning.

Everybody was delighted; and, oh! my dear, we are a very nice congenial party. There is n't a black sheep amongst us, nor one in wolf's clothing. Willy is a dear, so very gloomy in speech, so sunny in fact. "Well!" he says invariably, "*now* all our troubles are going to begin!" Whereas we have no troubles whatever, for all runs smoothly always. Nelly is lovely. . . . Alhambra or No-hambra, B. Mercer is not only ornamental, but thoroughly sweet and companionable. He attracts much attention. The beggars say, "Pretty little Señor, give me a penny. You are so *bonito*." Anita is full of enthusiasm, and learning, and reads away to kill, in "Irving" and "Murray," occasionally barks up the wrong tree, but soon down again. As for Susan, that wily old stager is still overflowing with grief for the poor Moors, and trying to contrive some practical plan for their

return to the Alhambra. Meanwhile, it seems as if it might all topple down some day, spite of Don Señor Contreras, who keeps propping up arches and re-gilding.

Peach blossoms just out, the grounds full of violets, but trees bare, no nightingales; that end garden near the Torre de la Vela, but scant as yet with flowers, but entrancing with the wide view of the snowy Sierra. We are off to-day for Africa, sailing three days, perhaps, before we stop again at Oran, so lots of love from us all.

SUSAN.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

ON "GITANA," CARTAGENA, SPAIN,
Sunday morning, March 24, 1889.

MY DEAR LUC.,—I have now a little tale to relate which will make your hair in particular stand on end; but it is all happily over, and not likely to happen again, so you must be sure not to worry. . . .

On *Tuesday* morning we left by train and returned to Malaga, getting a better view of the splendid great rocks in the gorge than ever before. It's the finest scenery of the sort; but the railroad tunnels it, so you have to crane your neck, and I have never before been on the right side for it.

We reached Malaga, drove to the Muelle. Our *pretty boat* awaited us, and we had a *calm, peaceful* dinner on board, and a *tranquil night* in our *cosy cabins*. Mark well these words, as I have done.

In the morning, *Wednesday*, there was great delay getting off. Two tug-boats tugged their utmost to haul us from our moorings, and captains of all these crafts swore in Spanish, while we did our best in our tongue, to be even with them. At last we were off about noon, and went down to lunch in our cabin,

where everything looked so pretty, open piano, writing-desk, books, chequers, sewing scattered about. No sooner did we reach the deep sea, than a gale began to blow, and, my dear, long before night we were tossed and pitched worse than I ever saw, not stormy, you understand, but a real gale, seas sweeping over us! The first warning was a great *slat* when the yacht was perfectly slanting. Everything in the cabins went sliddering off from one side to the other — the whole *decor*, anything loose, with one whoop off on the floor. Nita and Nelly began to be sick, took to their beds, — in fact, I was taking a nap on mine when it began. Suddenly a great sea poured through our sky-light, right on Anita in her berth, same time the ship lurched, and all our trunks flew across the cabin. The water in the basin flew up in the air. The poor child gave one leap from her bed. “We are sinking!” she cried. This was very silly of her, but really not surprising. I went up on deck, but could only poke my head out. There were great waves as in pictures, towering over us, not breaking, the deck slanting, and, oh! as I looked, a great swoop came, and I *saw* a sailor fall headlong! “Man overboard!” was the cry; and all was confusion, for they had to turn round, with great yelling and hawling of sails, to try and find him; this made us wobble worse than ever, a lurch, a sea of water in the big cabin, every mortal thing wet through and thrown down. The lamp flew out of its socket in our room and hit Anita on the head, glass clattered, big trunks jumped from their places. Just then a steamer came along. We put out a signal of distress, viz.: Union Jack reversed at half-mast, and she came up to us. This was to show her that a man was overboard. Another great wave smashed our davits and, alas! washed away our pretty boat which always took us to shore, like our cedar canoe, only bigger. We hope,

perhaps, the lost sailor found it, and was saved; or that the steamer took him, for we could not be wallowing thus in the trough of the sea, so turned again sadly and headed for Cape de Gat, because it was too bad to try for Oran across on the African shore. Such a night! Dark and groping, so they dared not go too near land. However, they knew all the time exactly where we were, and both Willy and the captain were splendid, alert, calm, possessed. But all night we rolled and rolled in a horrid manner, not going fast at all, because not sails, or not the right direction, or something. Nelly was sick, both girls awfully frightened. Billy Mercer, with pink cheeks, but sick, curled up in a corner, no use to anybody, me going from Nelly's cabin to Anita's to keep up (?) their spirits — and once, in doing so, I was shot across the *salon* upon a pile of chairs causing a perfectly fascinating black-and-blue spot, still on my thigh. It is about four by two inches, and the shape of the Alhambra enclosure. Our cabin! All the lockers flew open, one of them contained four dozen or so Chinese lanterns, which spread themselves on the floor, sopping wet, mixed with the broken lamp, the contents of my small black box, all the rugs, and three trunks of B. Mercer's. Anita was in my bed, as hers was wet, and there was really no place to be at all, for a well person; finally I went (to comfort her) to Nelly's cabin, and sat on the floor by her wash-stand with my head in her clothes-bag. Willy was needed on deck, but he sweetly came down whenever she called, to reassure her, and really (they said) there was no danger, beyond — what you may imagine on general principles. Well, we turned in at last, I and Anita in same bed, but the thing rolled so from side to side, we were thrown against each other and then apart, to the anguish of my scorped thigh. Not very much had been done about meals,

as the fire had to be put out; but Willy and I partook of tongue and salad, with some cheeriness. The big lamp was too wet to burn, and only one or two not disabled. I put these details on record, not to forget, and not to put you in anguish. In the morning, *Thursday*, I woke after a fitful sleep, and found we were *still*, thank goodness. Dragged myself from bed, feeling banged as if on horseback a week, climbed to deck. We were pointed towards Cartagena, land in sight, a grey not bad morning, but no wind whatever! so a mild roll, roll, which I once had hated, but which now seemed perfect rest. Our rail is smashed, our best boat lost, the "life-boat" with a great hole in its side, so we seek this excellent harbour for repose and repairs. Nelly was by this time fully disgusted with life on the wave. That evening she resolved a great many things already forgotten; for by the time, about noon, we dropped anchor here, she had abandoned the plan of at once going on shore to some vile hotel, and we are living happily on the yacht, carpet taken up and dried in the sun, beds and rugs, ditto.

This, you see, was *Thursday*, and we are still here. A sweet Spanish carpenter, whose tools he inherits from Tubal Cain who sailed here with Noah, according to legend, is mending our rail,—a tough job, and the boat has gone to his house to be repaired. By the way, just as we were coming to, in port here, *Gitana* smashed into the *Nuevo Roberto*, a chunky tug-boat, and broke off her mast, which came tangled to our rigging. B. Mercer sprang for an axe which hangs in our gangway, and a sailor with one dramatic stroke, clove the thing free from us. Whereupon an old Spaniard, deaf as a post, sat smoking all day on our deck demanding £20 to repair his old tug. William gave him £12 finally. This was the last of our disasters, and we are very happy here,—I for writ-

ing and rest, the others, because they've had enough sea, for the present! The harbour is very pretty; and the town a funny old town, utterly devoid of tourists or modern life. We pass our time in the cabin, writing, sewing, practising, or, when we choose, call a boat and go ashore for stretching our legs, and to see the sleepy town. It is sweet just to sit on deck and watch the donkeys, boats, people, *perros*—the sun sets in a wonderful cleft of hills. I regret my sketching things, but I'm glad I haven't got them, for I am terrible behind in writing. There is a rumour of a steamer to Oran; if she comes in from Marseilles (a French *Compagnie Transatlantique*; you know the article!) we may cross without waiting for the yacht, and get to Algiers by rail. She was due to-day, but there are no signs of her. Nelly and I went ashore the first day and drove in a ridiculous *tartana*, a yellow sort of market-cart, with two wheels like a herdic. We bought some *artichufas*, and I have bought a red petticoat; but even here pretty *pannelos* and all those things we brought home are done away with. Oh, but I have got you a basket here you will be pleased with. Now don't worry; for Nelly is so scared she won't go anywhere for more than a day out, and we shall take steamers for all long trips. On the whole, I am glad of the experience—only seeing the man go over was terrible. We shall get no letters till Malta. Always with much love.

SUSIE.

Favourable thoughts of the piazza at Matunuck while we were tossing in that trough.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

OFF LEGHORN, *May 2, 1889.*

DEAR LUC., — Strange things have happened since I last touched pen. We have *done Rome*, Florence, Pisa, Leghorn, all in five days.

I loathed, loathe, and shall loathe Rome, and have always hoped to escape it, even on this expedition. It was, therefore, with great gloom that I listened to, and assisted William in his admirable plan for a short trip, leaving the yacht at Naples, and swooping back to it here. We have put his plan through with great success, and now I feel great satisfaction that I have *done Rome* for good and all. As we approached I peered (in imagination) down into it, like Dante, or perhaps more like Orpheus, shading his hand. . . .

We left *Gitana* with only hand-things last *Saturday* at eight, rowed ashore, to station and had pretty ride all morning past Capua and away from Vesuvius, to Rome, — drove to Hotel Bristol, through great modern, dreary streets. We had grabbed *mezzo pollo* and little flasks of wine, so did n't have to stop to eat, but jumped into open carriages, Willy with Anita and me, because he wanted to tell us things, B. Mercer with Nelly, behind. We saw *all* the old Roman things (see Stoddard's lectures) *Forum, Column of Trajan, Palace of Caesars, *Coliseum (I mark with an asterisk (as in Baedeker) the things I think well of) *Borghese Gardens, the *Pincio. All very interesting, nothing against them, of course; it is the sacrilege of turning this old place into a frivolous den of American spinsters that irritates me. Funny to see *how* the Pincio really does look, it has been so described in novels — absolutely different, of course, and very charming. We kept meeting the King, Queen, and Prince of Naples (their heir).

Don't you know they were just married, Humbert and Margherita, when we passed through Milan? The Prince is a nice-looking young man, with the Hapsburg mouth and chin. I haven't the suitable genealogical tables to find out how he comes by them. At the hotel, a bare, hideous, modern place, were Ned Everett (son of Helen) and Freddy Allen of Arthur's class. These dined with us, and Ned, who is amusing, told me of seeing Papa at Washington March 4, or thereabouts. Next day, *Sunday*, everything was shut in the way of galleries, which Willy either had not, or had counted upon (he hates them, although an admirable connoisseur and judge of pictures). We took carriage and drove round seeing things, Anita, Nelly and I; at the Capitoline Hill where we were to see the "Dying Gladiator," etc., I made a misstep and fell out of the carriage on my side. Great anguish, and I thought I was dead, but it proved the contrary, I was only a little faint. This, however, put an end to *my* career for that day. I'm all right now. I just drove with them to see Castle St. Angelo and outside of St. Peter's, and then left them to explore the inside, while I went home. Slept through the p. m. and rubbed leg with alcohol. Thus ends my career in Rome; I am glad to see that much and no more of it.

Monday off again eight-thirty for Florence. . . . Arrived about three; at the hotel door was *Hartog*, the courier! This we expected for he is now conducting *famille Beal*. . . . He at once (as a friend) took us in his grip, evidently annoyed to find we do so well without him. After all it was nice to see him, and like the Catholic religion, we fell back with relief into his arms (supply the links yourself in this comparison). It was perfectly enchanting at Florence. . . . Our rooms were on the Lung Arno, which runs, you know, parallel to the river, and a great dam below

us made a brawling noise. All the well-known bridges were there, Ponte Vecchio, etc., — and lovely sky with domes against it. Our quarters large and luxurious. As before we went out at once, but on foot with William to see sights, the Lanzi loggie, Bargello, Duomo, lots of things, as in a dream, "Perseus" by B. Cellini, into which he threw his pots and pans, so familiar. . . .

Tuesday. — Betimes to the Uffizi Gallery, and our whole minds given to Botticelli, Raphael, etc. Splendid gallery, saw all my old friends of Minot's photographs. It's very singular the way you go from Uffizi to Pitti by a covered way all across the river and the town, as if *you* might go all along Boylston Street, cross it, and through the "Tunker's" house to get to Carry Weld's, without going outdoors. Just as we were approaching this passage, Anita saw *Philip* turning into it. We leaped on him, and his Theodore Butler. Was not this fine! — for I have had none of his letters telling his plans, which letters are getting on a fine bloom at Barings according to custom, before sending; they joined us for the Pitti, and Philip showed me what to admire, but my mind was rather turned from the pictures, as you may suppose. Met also Russell Sullivan, very nice and cordial, but tore ourselves away from him. It was lunch time, and Phil. and Butler came to lunch with us in our *salon*, then left to return in evening. Anita and I took a little carriage, and saw lots of places. She was crammed with Hare's "Florence," which is excellent, and I know pretty well about the things. We had a fine time at San Marco, — all about Savonarola and Fra Angelico, — saw a sweet old cat in Ghirlandajo's "Last Supper," a fine fresco — saw the Luca della Robbia's singing boys (bas-reliefs) and many things, of course, omitting many; then drove up to top of San Miniato, and came down, something

like Pincio. I will explain all these things by mouth if you want to hear. From San Miniato is a superb view of Florence, which is certainly a lovely town. The dome of Brunelleschi is very fine, between you and me the Cathedral it belongs to is hideous, all variegated of dark and light marbles without any effect, like a Chinese inlaid puzzle. Ponte Vecchio is delightful, — a great bridge, but all little shops like the Palais Royal, — the Goldsmiths, you know, like B. Cellini. Anita and I walked along here, carriage following, to look at shop windows, — came upon Willy and Nelly, who were buying all Florence, — they told us to keep our carriage and go to *Doney's* restaurant and get ice-cream and buy candy, which we did — met *Isabella* Curtis at a street corner who exclaimed, "Why Sue! I thought of course you were a *Marchesa!*" . . .

"How did you get here?" she cried. "Why, I am *yachting,*" said I. "It looks like it," said she, glancing at Anita, and the carriage seat heaped with flowers, shopping, candy; I was sorry to have so brief a view of her, for it's long since I've seen a *contemporary!* . . . All these things were very exciting; the Welds also met acquaintances, and, as hitherto we have led a charmed sort of life apart from our kind, as it were, this return to humanity was refreshing. So *Wednesday*, May 1, which was yesterday, Hartog brought us off to Pisa, where we stopped from eleven to three, — saw the lovely pulpit in the baptistry, went to the top (!) of the leaning tower, and through the far-famed Campo Santo — all reminding me of *Bologna*. It is but twenty minutes rail to Leghorn and here was the yacht, our row-boat, sailors and captain, just rowing ashore, by chance, to seek us, having come in, only the night before. We came on board, *always* in great joy to revisit our cosy quarters, and our *things*, for this three-days-in-

a-handbag business has its drawbacks — and off before breakfast for Nice, with a very light wind.

Our rooms are written for in Paris for the eighth, my dear, and when you receive this I shall be buried in the Bon Marché. We sail the eighteenth, unless there's some slip about the staterooms, or delay — but I hope to be at the Thorndike in less than four weeks!!! My! it will be nice. I now write to Thorndike to bespeak my room! . . .

YOUR SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *June 8, 1889.*

DEAR LUC., — I feel constrained to refresh myself by pausing to write this. . . .

Time driveth onward fast and Louise, Emily, and I dream of nothing but soap and scrubbing brushes. It has been pretty up-hill work. Emily so cross, even ugly at times, that I went to bed one night sure that I must give her up. Not to dwell on the subject, she was so mad because I chose to have the kitchen cleaned before the red parlour, that she retired to her attic tent and sulked, leaving me and Louise to wrestle with the kitchen and Estella, and gave me no dinner, but a small piece of boiled flounder and no pudding. This, of course, was comic, but fatiguing. Joe and Emily at this period could not communicate, so I had to come out of my bed between five-thirty and six (his only hour) to tell him each morning to bring up her wood and water. For though Peter Larkin came and coupled the sachel and turned on the ram, this ceased to work the minute his back was turned. So as soon as the women had used the water he had poured into the tank, they (of course not telling me the water did n't run) began to clamour for more, and would n't "haul" themselves. Louise,

Emily, and Estella having eaten up by Wednesday all the food I had planned for the week (old Jane never ate, you remember), I walked down to the beach for fish and came back bringing a stick of buckeyes, twelve, and one fell off on the way up, so there were eleven. Next day the "gang" sent me up two flounders, which she cooked as above. All the men are busy in the fields snatching greedily the sunshine, after four weeks of steady rain. Elisha absorbed by preparing for the Weedens. Regular post-carrier down with the German measles, and his brother driving the mail, who "did n't know," etc. All the wood that is not in the cellar is wet, and it was so dark in the cellar that Emily "could n't see" to go down there, and Joe would n't. Franklin had the key to the cellar-way, and when he came on Tuesday, hope revived. But he had forgotten the key, so we had to pry up the staple, after waiting three days, which we might have done at first. It rained so, out of the question to sit outdoors, and whole house so filthy, difficult to find a place inside.

There; I don't think of anything more, adverse, for the moment, so I will hasten to turn the picture. Emily, of herself, "got good" and was yesterday all smiles and johnny cake. Mrs. Bradley brought a voluntary pair of spring chickens, which I am eating, delightfully broiled. Jeffrey Potter of himself came and mowed the lawn. The sun, of himself, came out. The ram of itself began to run one midnight, and Joe of himself took up the stair carpet, and brought guinea-hen's eggs. Suddenly this morning, two blue-fish, unsolicited, walked up the hill. And really much is accomplished. The whole house except the attic story shining clean, and redolent of soap,—much cleaner, to tell the truth, than Jane used to do it, between the drops, probably on account of the *less friction*. That Pons Asinorum the kitchen closet,

is crossed. All the old things thrown away, all the new spices and meals put up in neat tins and pots. Even Emily is radiant with its state. (It was in an unusually horrid condition by reason of a bottle of bluing, which poor old Nelly must have knocked down, which had spattered indigo over every bowl, plate, dish, shelf, wall, floor. This was why I wanted that cleaned first, and we have been less blue all round since.)

Thus I devoted myself yesterday, 1. To preparing my part of the house for the Weedens. The big parlour is sweet with the Algerine, etc., things, and one or two slight changes of arrangement. 2. Then, as above, to handling myself every article in the kitchen-closet, opening the "stores" and filling the pots and jugs therewith. Then to Weedens' with my silver and linen to set their table for their first meal. Then to my broiled chicken, and then to make a rich Parisian toilette, and seat myself with studied elegance to receive their first visit, should they come up. 'T was in the parlour doorway opening on the west piazza, at my little oval table, in my favourite rock-chair. I had on my black net shirt, and new red waist, with silver Constantine pins. Hemmed new Paris napkins as I sat, alternating with the pages of my French "Virgil," — while on the table was my Sicilian orange h'd'k'f. Jander was on the window-seat and the scent of Jeffrey's hay floated in across his nose (Jander's).

They didn't come! that is Mackart didn't, and Leila and twins remain in Prov. — but Raymer and Jamie came trooping up with the little girls, — and later Mr. W. came and passed a long, agreeable hour, after which I went down and took tea and strawberries with them. I think my artistic effect was lost on these spectators, but after all 't was myself I sought to please. . . .

I take leave of you very happy and with prospects of a calmer week. . . .

SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *June 24, 1889.*

DEAR LUC.,—Hoped to write you a great letter, but the thing has begun, and I have not a moment to myself. It is now just short of mail time.

But everything is going on sweetly. I wish the calm of a small family could be kept along with the delights of a large one! Robert arrived Saturday P. M. by the new train (two o'clock from Boston), which works extremely well, as people get themselves all steadied in time for an excellent six-thirty evening meal (not tea, because there is not any).

I will describe one day as a pattern of our present state, by which you will see that for a family of three persons, my staff of three servants, with the outside addition of Joe, Louise, Franklin, Elisha, Albert Sebastian, and Estella, is ample. At five-thirty, Emily softly glides down-stairs, and I hear the gentle stir of the poker, and the softly falling coal-scuttle. I turn to my slumbers, secure in the prospect of a good breakfast. Perchance Franklin is stealthily splitting a kindling, or Joe breathlessly dropping ice into the new refrigerator.

At six-thirty precisely, Katy trips over the stairs, and soon the willing ram fills her pails. She brings one to Anne's door, and gently taps her awake. Now is the time for me to rise. I find in Fullum's room my tub, towels and bath-gown, all as I wish,—and, slipping on my "Billy Mercer," I run up-stairs to wake Robert, and hold our morning chat. Coming back to my own bath I call to Emily out of window, "You may let up the kittens, now," and she

throws wide the cellar-door, whereon Theodore and Emma rush out and come up to join my bath. (They are rather unworthy, and I am very doubtful about keeping them; but wholly hind-house cats, so don't trouble the family at all.) Now Nelly, the stern little sister of Katy, passes down to the kitchen, leading Estella, whom she has clothed the while. At seven sharp, I descend to the front of the house, which I find well aired, doors open, big parlour dusted, flowers fresh, and Katy just bringing in breakfast, which we have in the red room. Nelly goes up to tell Miss Bursley breakfast is ready. Robert appears, and we have a charming little meal, with great roses on the table, sent by Cornelia. After breakfast, the Gospel according to Edgeworth, and then I go to my writing, much curtailed by chat, however; then (and *not before*, you observe), I visit the kitchen and lay out the food of the day with the cook. Yesterday being Sunday, Robert did a "Sybarite!" I clothed myself in my Paris light *mousse-coloured* gown; Anne got herself together, and we went down to church; a lovely day, rather cold. Leila and twins are just arrived. They came up after church, in fact, were here all day. We walked to Tuckers in P. M. — laurel superb, going fast. Then coming back at six-thirty, Emily had all ready, and Katy her part as well, bluefish, johnny cakes, and jelly cake, and we had both houses fully represented on the piazza, *with many wraps*, all evening. But I must stop. Love to your hostesses.

TO EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

453 MARLBORO STREET, BOSTON,
November 15, 1889.

DEAR EDWARD, — I have got my list pretty much made out. Perhaps I will send it to you later. I

want to know whom you think it would be well to begin with, for the very first go off, you know I am starting with the present, to work back. Of course I want my first gun to be taking, and attract the attention of these ten foolish young virgins. I want to read (and condense) therefore, some good (but not too familiar) recent novel, or other prose, but entertaining, — and read a little poem. What do you think of George Meredith's "Richard Ferval," and if so, how can I have any *life* of him to give in brief words? Then I thought a poem of Austin Dobson. If so, what *life* of him? I have reserved two days for these modern living people, before coming to Dickens and Tennyson. Tell me what you think. Would you have Stevenson for one, instead of Meredith, or besides him? It goes pretty smooth after that; I am only making the lists now in order to have some printed, after which I shall employ myself in getting together all the lives of the people, and selecting what to read. "Minto" is charming; I have bought it.

Andrew Lang would be good, would n't he, for one of my moderns?

We are having a wallowing time here. The house is lovely really in the country, with open views over "Charlesgate East" to the park. I made a water-colour sketch yesterday from the open window. . . .

Amelia B. Edwards is really great. She is just as easy and simple with the audience as I am at Matunuck, and she knows lots. The Boston women are all there trying to look as if they knew the same things. . . .

Yours lovingly


TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

1214 EIGHTEENTH STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Tuesday, January 14, 1890.

DEAR LUC.,— I will now endeavour to write you a great long letter, for it can't be known when I shall have time for another, as my classes are coming on after this thick and fast. I'm to have a grown-up one, on between days, which will make me busy nearly every morning, but good for my pocket. But I will begin with this dinner of last night to get it off my mind while fresh, and then revert to yours received yesterday, and other matters of high interest. . . .

Well, you see, long ago, came a great card as big as a house inviting me to this dinner. I take it as very nice of the Mortons to *at once* pay me the attention, puts things on a pleasant footing; and this particular dinner, as *you* know, for the Judges, is of all others the most desirable for grandness (though, likely, the most dull). Even the mugwump residue of the Cleveland dynasty must needs regard it as great, because all these judges are the same as last year, when Tuckermans, Wards, and the like were proud to be present to meet them. So every one exclaimed, "You! dine with the judges! How splendid!" My nice Mrs. Cummings (lives with Blatchfords, sister of Sam Wells and Kate Gannett), cried, "You dine at the V.-P.'s to-night. Well, wear the very best gown you ever had in your life!" Great anxiety and interest was thus shown in the event by all my Job's comforters here. How Ruth (Hoar) in her niceness, without knowing this, had asked Papa and me to go round with her, same P. M., yesterday, to call on all these same people, "Judges' day," Monday, without knowing I was to dine with them. In the carriage it came out. "You going!" "You



SUSAN HALE, ABOUT 1865

going!" we both said, and embraced; this was nice for me, for at their teas, I saw all these women, so when we met at the dinner they were all quite pleased to see me, and ran and got their husbands to show them to me. . . .

In great fear and trembling I climbed into my long-tailed gown, the white trimmed with Algiers stripes. Do tell Miss Bolger it fits like a glove, and amazed everybody with its suitability — and good effect. Though the Senators' wives sate behind great diamond crescents in red velvet gowns, . . . Ruth had a very pretty white satin and sort of yellowish brocade dinner gown. Judge Field of California was to take me out, and he proved very gallant, talkative and agreeable, rather ponderous and would-be-judicial, in manner. But Mr. Senator Hoar was on the other side, of course, friendly and most jolly, and

Senator Evarts Mrs. Sands Bancroft Davis

Mrs.	◦Hoar	◦	Senator Lamar
Judge	◦Brewer	◦	Mrs. Blatchford
Mrs.	◦Edmunds	◦	Judge Harlan
Judge	◦Gray	◦	Mrs. Morrill
Mrs.	◦Miller	◦	Judge Blatchford
	◦Vice-President	Mrs. Morton	◦
Mrs.	◦Fuller	◦	Senator Edmunds
Judge	◦Miller	◦	Mrs. Field
Mrs.	◦Brewer	◦	Justice Fuller
Justice	◦Field	◦	Mrs. Lamar
Me	◦	◦	Senator Morrill

Senator Hoar Mrs. Berdan Mrs. Bancroft Davis

Dinner at the Vice-President's for the Bench, some Senators, and Myself

our end was altogether the lively one, for most of these great men prefer, I believe, to slumber on the lea like the pimpernel, as they dine, and their wives, in general, are not the sort to rouse them. . . .

The dining-room at the V.-P.'s is newly built on

by them to their gorgeous house, and is a handsome, vaulted room, the table looked lovely, though simply adorned with a mound of ferns, and the end heaps of bright roses. Endless menu, of course, and plenty of champagne. The Brewers are the newest comers, just appointed. She is a pretty, quiet, little woman.

Much love from

SUSAN.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

1214 18TH STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.
10:30 A. M., *Tuesday, January 28, 1890.*

DEAR LUC.,— . . . Had a *nice* time receiving with Anna Dawes *Thursday*, P. M. She is a charming hostess, and attacks her "tea" just as *we* should, not merely standing (as many here do) like a graven image at her door with pump-handle attachment. Result is, people love to go there, and swarms poured in, many really agreeable, and of whom I could tell great yarns,—so odd are the threads which keep coming up here to tie these folks to our family or my old haunts. . . .

The Senator himself came down on purpose to meet me, very agreeable.

From there I went to a great reception at Mrs. Leiter's, in her superb house (built by Mr. Blaine). Here were swarms, again, of people more swell, in their own estimation, than some of the Dawes crowd (though these were pretty fine). *Friday evening* was the great Wanamaker reception. I wore my yellow lace gown, and really amused myself, standing with Admiral and Mrs. Crosby near the entrance, who told me who was worth knowing of the eleven hundred announced guests, and presented me to some. My dear sweet Mrs. Edmunds was also there, and Mrs. Davis, whom I conceive to be Mrs. Cabot Lodge's

sister-in-law or something of the sort (not Mrs. Bancroft D.), was particularly nice to me. It was a tremendous jam, though the house, same as the Sec. Whitney's had last year, is huge, with an added *ball-room*, where hired musicians were *bawling*, but nobody paid the slightest attention. Pa Wanamaker was there. I like him, but had no chance to speak about the Matunuck P. O. He has no *wine* ever at his sprees, which rather pleases the public, as at the Whitney's, same place, too much champagne was given, so that the guests were apt to be notoriously affected by it. The girls Wanamaker and Morgan were very nice to me, and so was Mrs. That was my great outburst for last week, and minor ones must be omitted. . . .

Yrs.,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

ST. LOUIS (!) MISSOURI, *Sunday*,
March 9, 1890.
(10 o'clock with you, 9 here.)

DEAR LUC., — I am writing in bed! Not from incapacity, but because my trunks are not yet here, on account of late arrival last evening. So Mrs. C. conceived it well for me to take the course of not getting up; and I have just finished a most delicious breakfast, great rose on a tray with coffee, fish-balls, orange, etc., and now can't restrain myself from describing my truly lovely surroundings.

The house is away out of town, as you said; quite analogous to the Bursleys' new situation, in all respects I should think, only that it is far more country here than they are, more like Edward's house in Worcester when he first went there, surrounded by open fields and sky. Mr. and Mrs. G. O. C. met me at the station 7:30 P. M. last evening, and I was

drawn in their comfortable carriage away across an immense town, long, straight streets with cable-cars in them, and very dark and dingy. There is an immense deep cut for the railroad which divides the town in two, and over this are great distinguished bridges sparkling with electric lights. We crossed one of these and then came away up into the suburbs, but not up any hill because it is all flat as a pancake. . . .

For here I will go back to the trip to emphasise the fact that I was tired, though it was a fairly comfortable one. I got off from W. in marvellous peace. Edes *famille* most affectionate, had to sit round holding their hands for an hour after lunch, nothing else to do as baggage had gone, and it seemed proper, also. They have been marvellous good to me, and strange to say, I have come to condone their faults, and much attached to their merits, although I will describe their faults at Matunuck. Took horse, I mean steam, at three-thirty, in a parlour car, very comfortable, quite solitary. At Harrisburg, we climbed out of this and into our sleeper, no difficulty, just across the track; this was after dark, so no impression could be got of the place. In fact, I am much like Nellie Bly in this respect, having seen but little of the country I passed through this time. I proceeded at once to the dining-car, and had a very good meal, everything on the menu you like, pay one dollar, whether you eat it or not. There was some river outside, and I turned to look at it. "Oh, what's that!" I exclaimed, meaning what sheet of water. "That's the moon," said the gentleman opposite, as to one as yet unfamiliar with the heavenly bodies of the locality. When I praised the effect on the water, he said, "Yes, that moon-scene *is* nice." I saw no more of him. And then came the bed business, too hot, too cold, thumpty-thump, jag-dy-jag,

man snoring opposite, stopping the minute you get used to going, going the minute you are resigned to stop. At Pittsburg, 2 A. M., the porter came and advised me in a friendly manner to sit up and look at it, and it was weird and wonderful, great blazing lights of natural gas, and chimneys glowing, besides electric dotted up a great hill. 'T was here we changed the time, and became one o'clock when it was two.

Now you know, and don't need to be told, the odious part is getting up in the morning, with the day before you in the old smelly place, not one effort to ventilate it. In fact, I consider the vestibule business a misfortune, for it prevents fresh air getting into the whole train, so that cigar smoke is wafted all through together with dining-car and all other possible odours. However, I got the "toilet" first, and had a refreshing douse in ice-cold water for my head. The beds were gradually made, and it is a change to go to the dining-room and get an excellent breakfast, coffee beastly, of course, but plenty of it. The day is long, — varied by local newspapers at each big town, and an occasional walk at stations on the platform, when time allows. Colder than anything I've had all winter, hard ice on all ponds, and sparse snow, — fields brown, and bare, and I must say landscape most uninteresting, long, flat plain, spindly woods, scattering towns of wooden houses, — the sunset fine over monotonous stubble fields. About noon, the human beings began to warm towards each other. . . .

Yours,
SUSAN.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, *Wednesday,*
March 12, 1890.

Well, well, my dear, strange doings. . . . Yes, Washington was a scrimmage, but all those events, and eke yours (forgive me!) seem pale like this ink, before the vortex in which I am now turning. Before my eyes are, ever, Agnes Repplier or George Egbert Craddock, for I am being lionized here madly, furiously, as they were in Boston, only more so. I seek to profit by their defects, and to seem simple and unelevated in company, to strive to discern differences between Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Bones, and to give due honour to the local lights, instead of treating them with the contempt which I received myself from Repplier; but as I recognise her difficulties, I become indulgent to her failures. Mrs. Carpenter proves a little trump. I have closed my eyes and just follow where she pulls the string. She led me (although partly my fault) into the scrape so admirably described in the enclosed cutting that I rejoice not to spend any time over it, only you can imagine the brain-whirl which accompanied it. Lucky enough I had read *Evelina* twice in one day so lately, for thus, without the slightest preparation, I could go through with it, in great glory, and only additional triumph.

Here pause, and read the slip from paper.¹

That was *Monday* P. M. You left me in bed Sunday (perhaps you are just reading that letter). *Sunday*, at six o'clock tea, were about thirty people, Mrs. C.'s own friends she had asked to meet me, — all coming to shake hands as to a lion (*à la Repplier*), afterwards eating at small tables scattered about the

¹ The wrong book having been brought, Miss Hale could not give the reading she had prepared.

rooms. The most charming person here, so far, is this Mrs. Lackland, a *sister* of old Rev. Elliot. She is a sort of *Chanoinesse* (but really not much older than I), very pretty, grey hair, sweet manners, worldly, bright, full of wit and talk. She was here, and other men and women of interest. Evidently *we* belong to the bright, literary, *radical* set, not great on clothes or conventions, scornful of the "fashionable," church-, Lent-keeping set who represent Beacon Street here. Many of them I have since seen; but I guess the others are more representative of real St. Louis. Ask Papa. His Mr. Learned was here, and Mrs. He very genial and nice. But they were all little more than phantoms at that time.

All is charming, thoughtful, considerate, in the house here. I am tended like a precious piece of porcelain. The talk chiefly turns (no, but often), on the sale of my tickets, which was a wonder of good management. The room holds one hundred, the seats are gone long ago, and the omitted, howling in anguish. . . .

There; now, you have the lay of the land. Mrs. Copelin (pronounced "Copelan") had a gorgeous, far too filling dinner, after that we drove (an endless distance) to the pretty room where I was to read. Here was Mrs. Carpenter, much elated, as, spite the fearful weather, pouring torrents, and such mud (!) the place was full (only two seats vacant). Mrs. Lackland's little speech was charming, and the thing went splendidly, rather better for the blunder about the books, but imagine my condition for a few moments! Everyone was presented afterwards, very gushing. . . .

Tuesday, I went to town with a neighbour, Mrs. Herf, in a carriage, and bought a pair of thick boots, for nothing I have is fit for the mud. At two, we

all went to a great lunch at Mrs. Copelin's where were about one hundred women. I wore my black net over white silk, with a sash of *vieux rose*. The lunch was at little tables, made a sort of "progressive" one, for after each course, I was moved, as the lion of the occasion, presented to about six new women, and expected to say something brilliant, or at least, literary. This was rather trying as there were six courses, and six changes to six tables, but I lend myself to this starring business with some zest and amusement. . . . There was a woman there (name hopeless), who asked if my sister was the author of the "Queen Red Chessman," which she much admires. We got away at five, had a light sort of dinner after so much eating, and then were hawked down town to *John Fiske's* last lecture on "Early America"; same, I suppose, you heard. Mrs. Hemenway pays for the course here, and everybody goes. He is much fêted and adored, and loves his St. Louis much. In the hall he used, I am to do the "Elixir" next Monday evening; the tickets are selling like wild-fire; the wily Carpenters kept them back till after I had made my first impression. . . . This time it is for the Training School for Nurses, and they will doubtless clear some hundreds, besides paying my two hundred dollars and expenses.

I am now even with the present time, for this morning I have but prepared "Cherubina" for to-night. Very ingeniously they have put this one reading in the evening, in a larger hall, with the permission on this one coupon for ladies to bring their "authorised escorts" each *one*, this admits the men, doubles the audience, for the same money; the tickets are all season, five dollars for the course of six, with this tit-bit for the men thrown in. All the planning, Mr. Carpenter's, is wonderful, and I wish I could take him starring with me everywhere.

Every available moment while I stay is engaged to some lunch, tea, club, dinner, or reading, and people wroth that no vacant times remain. I couldn't stand the racket long, but guess I can for these two weeks. It is indeed amusing, and then peaceful mornings are a great relief. Then we have really charming talks, Mrs. Carpenter in my room, very appreciative, herself full of fun and good talk, real *Boston*. . . .

Always yours,
SUSE.

CHAPTER VIII

Summer at Matunuck, 1890 — “The Elixir of Youth” at Olana — Trip to Europe with Miss Susan Day, 1891 — Winter in California giving readings, 1892 — Matunuck, 1892 — Out West again.

(1890–1892)

TO EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *May 2, 1890.*

DEAR EDWARD, — I am dying to go to Persia. I always was, since I saw the architectural coloured pictures Mr. Church has, and you know that book of Persian poets of his. Of course, let us go in two years. I can easily make twenty-five hundred dollars next winter and the winter after, and that will be enough, unless we change our minds, — but really, merely by planning them beforehand in this way, I have often accomplished things as difficult. You acquire the language, and I will attend to minor languages; though McNutt says he gave up Persia (going across from Nijni Novgorod), because he felt that he didn't know enough Russian to accomplish it in safety. He was a little man in Washington, who talks every language. But we can do it.

It is perfectly heavenly here, and I wish this could be your time. Cornelia is running me, and she is really just the right sort. She cooks splendidly, and she goes her own way, I mine, and without any bother the things are done. Her son, Johnny, is also on hand and Franklin is coming to-day. Her Hannah

is to do my chamber work, and an excellent cook they have provided will take Cornelia's place, when the family begins.

The land seems more enchanting than ever, just beginning to tint with spring soft colours. Great dish of mayflowers before me. I heard a whippoorwill, he suddenly started up in the middle of the night, made one remark and was silent again. The "Summerus" is blown down. I seem to not regret it in the least. The seats were very hard, — yet there you recited the "Deserted Village" to your exasperated brothers. . . . Mail-time.

Yrs.,
SUSAN.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *Sunday,*
June 1, 1890.

DEAR LUCRETIA, — At three-thirty this morn, in a yellow dawn, as perchance you have heard, Cornelia and I met on the *pavé* in night gowns. At quarter of four I was taking my bath, and she was grinding the coffee, at quarter past Papa and I were drinking the delicious results of her grind, and at half past we were on the road. As I turned into the woods on my homeward way, having left him on the Kingston platform, it was half-past five! Such lovely smells, sight, sounds; the trip was delicious. I let the old fool-horse dawdle along, — flew out to get a quantity of lady's-slippers, like yours, under an oak tree, had a delicious conversation with Welcome Kenyon, pronounced "Kinyon," and when I next saw the clock in the red room, it was — five minutes past seven.

It's now eleven-thirty. It seems æons since then. But suddenly in honour of Edward, we have tumbled into regular summer weather. The windows are open; we have no fire. I have a summer shirt on.

Sun pours in. Leaves wave and rustle. Somehow or other, all is wholly changed. This was partly owing to the magic of Papa's presence, for we had a beautiful time, all the more so from its concentrated briefness. I hope you may be seeing him at this precise moment, and learning the same thing, for I'm sure he enjoyed it. I emphasise this, and pray observe it is emphasised before going on to describe the malaproperties which mixed themselves with the occasion. But these were really trifling compared with the niceness of seeing him. I'm only afraid I bored him fearfully with the gabble he indulgently allowed me. But I guess it did him good to let me talk. He seemed discouraged when he came, and I think enjoyed it all himself.

In the first place observe:—I have been here four weeks. *Each* separate week, he has written to say he would be here. Therefore we have kept his study swept and garnished, and the bedroom all ready,—*that* remains so still. Finally he wrote he should n't come *at all*. Tyndales, after saying they should, said they should n't till *next* week. Now under these anticipations, I kept postponing the crisis of the house-cleaning, viz.: oiling the parlour and entry floor. My dear, they were just oiled, and everything they contained piled in a heap in Papa's study when he arrived, so he could n't set foot in it, even cross the threshold. Moreover, the time, which eateth all things, had just brought the moment when your room and my room were being cleaned, everything they contain was in the entry, so that Papa had to climb over them to get to his room. All my things were in Nelly's room (mattresses, gowns, etc.) so he could n't go there, and in Fullum's room were assembled all the brooms, pails, slops, dusters, in action for this assault. The dining-room was cleaned but impassable, all the kitchen things were outdoors. A howl-

ing wind made all outdoors untenable except the big porch, and this could only be reached by going out of the red room window, because the parlour and entry were fresh oiled. You could n't open this same red room window for a moment without all the things out of his bag blowing all over everything; and here we also had to eat, as there was too much wind on all piazzas. Happily his own room up-stairs, the blue, was cleaned fresh, and I made the bed myself, so there he had a great nap. Cornelia was excellent, and we really had a lovely morning on the east piazza reached by rope-ladder, so to speak, — took an excellent walk P. M. and then, for the first time since I came! it was warm enough to watch the sunset from my seat (summer-house blown down) and a great moon. No wood-fire! scarcely lamps as we went to bed at eight. Dinner (twelve-fifteen), so no more now.

Yours,
SUZE.

P. S. *Monday morning.* — My dear, it is warm!! Really warm. Thermometer says, "summer heat," 76° in the shade, and last evening I sat on the porch till bedtime. Saw sunset on "Susan's Seat," and great nearly full moon flooding the scene, without a wrap, without a chill. Oh!! it makes so much difference. Suddenly the idea of fires is forgot, the red room deserted, my (own) bedroom a paradise, and all the piazzas practicable. I fear now a storm, but that peg once in, we hold on to the *theory* at least of summer. And at five-thirty this morning arrived the dusky band, headed by Cornelia, now retired on half-pay (literally), who will break in the new cook, and finish the *odds* and *ends* (well named) of cleaning, the bottom of the pot closet and the top of the front door. Lucy, a nice wistful-looking coloured, who

made me excellent hash for breakfast. Hannah, who is now singing as she makes my bed (too frequently of late the work of my own hands). Outdoors George I is restoring the "droive-way" destroyed by I-talians. He is aided by his serf. 'Lisha is painting the boats. Albert Sebastian is whetting his scythe to cut the lawn. Franklin is beating the rugs, and their dust is flying in again at the windows. Lionel Clark is hurrying from Wakefield with paint to do the piazza settees, neglected by the painters. All this because 'tis June, and the Weedens are coming. Only this stirs the back side to any activity, and I waste my breath till now. Mr. Cove is rebottoming the piazza chairs.

Yours,
SUSE.

TO GEORGE L. CLARKE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
September 7, 1890.

YOU POOR DEAR GEORGE, — No wonder you were terrified. I hope you have already heard it was only the stable and barn. My house is saved. It was terrible enough any way, one of the nights that cut a deep mark. We were all aroused by Billy's anguished cry, "Fire! Come down! Bring pails!" Of course I thought, and each separate one, "It is *Our House*," but looking out I saw a fierce glare for background sharp against the Weedens', and thought sure it was that house. In an instant, incredibly quick, all our men were clothed (?) and tearing down the hill with green pails in their hands. In a few minutes, at my porch, in my night gown, I received poor old Bailey and Ellen, — the little girls, — whimpering they had n't any place to go to. Popped them into my bed in Fullum's room, where Alice and Rose Perkins had come to see the scene from

that window. We all thought the W. house would go, *sure*. A man was sitting like a cat up on the roof, yelling for water, and they all set to hauling it from the well and conveying it there. This saved the house, which, however, is blistered and scorched and would have caught inevitably, but for the water; and then the wind changed and led the flames towards the sea.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Weeden was brought up here by Louis (our boys were *fine*), and I put her on the lounge. Later came Leila and Esther Butts. We made a little wood blaze in the red room and sate there talking low. Raymer and Jamie (well scared) went to bed in Louis' room (Nelly's). We knew then that both barns were lost, and the horses roasted in the flames. . . . The coachman woke to find the barn burning, lost his head, could n't find the door to let out the horses, and escaped himself through some window without a thing. All of us are sure it was his pipe or matches that set the fire, but he is so denuded, nobody accuses him.

I never shall forget that dawn, the flaming sky, a waning moon, and the still, calm, cold light that crept on us before the sun. The girls and I walked round the house, we were all sort of calm but excited. "Susan, why don't you go to bed?" "I have n't got any bed!" But by broad daylight we turned out the little girls, they ran home, and I turned in for one hour,—for at seven, we had a good breakfast for hungry, grimy Robert, Louis, Phil., Harry. Parber had been forced to turn in about four.

They have \$2400 insurance and the house to be painted. The old billiard table, insured, brought three hundred dollars! Its legs, reversed, made a prominent part of the sight. . . .

Always yours,
SUSAN.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

OLANA, *October 17, 1890.*

MY CAROLINE, — I feel it is time I should shrive myself to you after total abstinence from all communication through the summer. You see I have abandoned Matunuck, shut the house, and fled hither to the mountains, where there is peace, after a tumultuous season which I will proceed to describe to you.

Now Robert Hale, the youngest nephew, who is a dear, conceived about those days the idea that he would no longer be a burden to his parents, neither take from the parental pocket that gold which was needful for his sustenance, and eke for his boots and trousers; and he said to me: "Susan, I will go forth into the wilderness and make a good business in raising locusts and wild honey for the market." And I said: "Robert, do not this thing, but come with me as usual to Matunuck, and I will put money in thy mouth and food in thy wallet."

Whereupon I encompassed him about with three youths to teach and coach for their schools and colleges, viz., Louis Church, the youngest son of this place, a dear as ever was, aged twenty-one; Hugh Williams, son of Martha and Moses, you know, a handsome tall-headed youth, very sweet, and a lazy dog; and one Harry Rice, of whom we became very fond. He was to be crammed for "Hoppy's" school (more respectfully Mr. John Hopkinson), Hugh was to enter, if the thing could be brought to pass, this autumn at Harvard, and Louis was to read English literature for life in general. So one day in June these three youths settled upon me, all shy, all homesick, all scared to death of us; like cats on the fence they gazed at each other and said no word. I had also in the house Lucretia; the Rev. Edward, always delightful, but somewhat awesome to the youths;

Robert, whom they also feared, though he strove to look very gentle on them; and Philip the nephew, fresh from Paris, the genius of the family, most delightfully amusing, but eccentric and lawless to the last degree.

To these were added unto me as the summer went on, all sorts of inflictions and afflictions, partly in the form of joy and delight, fair girls, who flirted with these boys; Minot, for a week, who has become very fat and forty, and carries round with him a photograph gallery of his numerous progeny, remarkably pretty little girls and several twins; the great Alexander Harrison, who came over from Newport to encourage Phil. and pass judgment on his work; my Jack, otherwise Edward, Jr., who stayed a fortnight with us before going off for three years on the Continent. He has a travelling fellowship conferred on him by Harvard for that time (five hundred dollars a year), and is to study literature, philology, ethnology, and all the -logy things belonging to language, in German universities. That's the end of him, as far as I am concerned, for the present; but so it is with nephews, as with other stock, one down and another come on. This is not the half of my list of inmates, but the rest of it would only bore you. I had angels in the kitchen, they were coloured ones, "Rye and Indian," I call them, native neighbours; and a very choice cat, called Timorous Tim. . . .

Well, the campaign was a great success. The three youths became so fond of the place they could not bear to leave it. Harry got into his school, and Hugh got into his college, and Louis got well and strong and jolly, which was the real object of his coming, and Phil. painted two portraits and lots of sketches, and Lucretia grew fat, and Papa Edward was rested and refreshed, and all the boys fell in love with all the girls, and got over it immediately afterwards,

and the money came out about even for the house-keeping, and Robert has four hundred and fifty dollars in the bank to start with. He is twenty-one, and he has resolved not to come upon his father any more; is n't that plucky?

Now, so great and joyous a summer worked for the glorification of Susan, who was adored by great and small; but, perhaps, you can guess that very little was left of her at the end of it. So as soon as I could get rid of the last of them, I locked the door and came off up here, where dear Mrs. Church was longing for me, and here I fell upon a bed and slept for three days, except for putting on good clothes and being agreeable at the necessary periods.

Always your faithful

SUSAN.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

OLANA, *Thursday, October 16, 1890.*

DEAR LUC.,— . . . Now to my events; my dear, on Saturday evening I did the "Elixir of Youth" here! Mrs. Warner thorned Mrs. Church to make me (I'm displeased with Mrs. W. for this foolishness), and I could n't well refuse, although I had not a thing in the way of costumes, and only that small trunk's worth of my usual clothes. It was sprung on me at breakfast. I yielded, and everybody flew off in different directions on different behests. Downie to Hudson to buy false hair and rouge, Louis and Leila to drive round the country and invite the neighbours. The day was one of scrimmage, and on my part, of great gloom—but it really went off charmingly, and I am glad it took place, for it gave great pleasure, and Mr. Church is immensely pleased. He says "the half had not been told him." The stage was perfect. In fact I have always been longing to

do something on it, a raised dais at the foot of the stairs. About ten guests came (in the dark, long drives, up our winding wood road) and this with ourselves and the servants, for whom a sort of gallery behind a screen was arranged, made about thirty for audience. Mrs. Warner played soft music as the Old Lady came gliding down the stairway and advanced to the front. I had on my heliotrope plush wrapper with a canary-coloured little crêpe shawl over it. Standing with a background of old idols and armour, and two great bronze cranes, and tapestry, lighted by tall standing lamps hidden from the audience, and raised four steps above their level, the effect must have been perfect. I wore my own india silk for 50;— and 25, Downie squeezed me into her ball-gown of white crêpe, most becoming, a wide gap in the laced-up-back was plastered o'er with a piece of sash, and I had her white feather boa on my throat. At 15, I wore bodily a gown of a small Twitchell from Hartford, who came with the Warners. The length and all was just right, only a few plaits had to be let out at the breast. This, of course, brought down the house. Michael, the great big coachman, brought in the Baby, to the great delight of the gallery, who thought the whole performance the best thing ever seen. (Miss Bolger will like to hear about the "Elixir.") Leila and Downie were both very nice. Leila hustled me off at the end and got me into my own black net gown, to return to the company. Wasn't that a time! The Warners (Charles Dudley) were amusing. . . . She plays superbly, and willingly, all the Dresel-Chopin things we used to know by heart. They went off Monday early, and with them Leila, Louis, Downie, and Mrs. Church, the latter for two days' shopping in New York, back last evening with Louis. So that Mr. Church and I were left alone like Darby and Joan. It rained

incessantly Tuesday, but he was most agreeable, and, of course, I spent much time by myself. I have not got over my thirst for sleep, and sometimes fall on the bed morning and afternoon, at it again from nine at night till seven. I take great walks daily, and feel myself coming round. The trees are glowing and hills soft and luscious. . . .

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

[BOSTON], *Saturday, November 22, 1890.*
10 o'clock A. M.

Oh! my anguish! Note when you get this: I am about to take horse—electric—with the Stanleys to see James Lowell at Elmwood. Farewell, if it proves to be forever:—this P. M., Coolidge reception, and then Tyndales at six. Funeral to-morrow, mine, I mean—this is a jest. . . .

That was a stunning dinner at the Lorings'. Very select and very jolly, Helen Bell,—Mrs. *Henry Whitman!* and—myself, also a certain Miss Putnam, pretty, who used to belong to my Charade Club. I was taken out by Professor Japan Morse, and he is delightful, sate next Mr. Goddard, who was at end of table, opposite Gen. Loring, Mrs. Loring, middle of side. The Fenelosas it was for. She is very pretty, by the way of being beautiful, in fact, rather conscious. Gay was there as a Japanese.

I have much funny things to tell you. Lost forever if I don't survive this expedition into the heart of Cambridge.

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

7 SACKVILLE STREET, LONDON, *Monday,*
December 22, 1890.

DEAR LUCRETIA,— Words fail even me to convey to you any idea of our surroundings. It is nearly ten o'clock in our very luxurious lodgings; it is so dark, with a great yellow fog, that we have our lamp and candles (very feeble ones, to be sure), and so cold, in spite of fires in every room, that we are sitting close up to the grate with our thickest wraps on, and all wound about with the heaviest steamer rug! So much for London in December. How you would hate this darkness! My dear! Try to realise it. When I came out into our parlour at nine for coffee it was just like the middle of the night, with some faint dimness of a distant dawn. The room is large, great veils of blue fog always hang about it in rifts. We see each other but vaguely across the thick air. Nice little grates full of soft coals, constantly heaped up (at our expense), but they smoke like the dickens. Candles have a halo about them, iris-tinted. Our lungs are all full of this thickness, and our noses of the smell of smoke and coal. But this is a very exceptional season. When we arrived there were "nine degrees of frost" as they say, meaning 23° Fahrenheit; this had n't occurred for nine years, there was snow, and it began soon again. There is about an inch of snow in the streets, and they are nearly wild over it, great snow ploughs drawn by countless horses and attended by brigades of men scrape the little stuff into corners. It clogs the carrot-slice wheels of the four-wheelers, and the drivers demand extra fare. And awfully cold, inside, for they have no idea how to warm houses. I keep thinking how you would hate it. But to narrate; my! what æons seem to have passed since my steamer-letter. Let me begin

by saying we are always having a splendid time. Susan is in good spirits, delighted even with misfortune, as every traveller should be—I mean discomfort, for we have had no misfortunes whatever. We laugh and plan and review our triumphs in the most constantly jolly manner. She is very considerate and unselfish, and very thoughtful of me in all possible ways.

Well, *Thursday*, land was in sight, and we were hawked out of our beds by “joddes,” who wanted to get through her work. “Ze baz ess redy,” this pernicious creature announced when it was yet dark, before seven o’clock; and we were all dressed to leave the ship, and things packed and strapped by eight. Then came the most tedious hanging-round period. We were off the Isle of Wight, and waiting for the tender or something. It was eleven before we were off the steamer, and all that between time, standing or sitting round in draughty passageways, twaddling with the people who were going on to Bremen. Cold as Greenland, and no means of getting warm. Then we descended to the tug, a very respectable conveyance, but open-deck, and waving farewell to the Saale, sate on a settee in rugs, chomping up to Southampton. Only a handful of fellow-creatures. . . .

Our protector was Linzee Tilden, Effie Bird’s husband; he saw us through the custom-house and into the train at Southampton, a spot I am now pretty familiar with. We had but time for a hasty sandwich, and some Scotch whisky before starting for London in an ice-cold compartment where we could see our breath. Hot-water things for feet were all; and the trip about two hours. Snow on the ground, and skating as we passed small ponds. Luckily we had all our rugs; and had a very jolly ride of it with first impressions of England. But just imagine not warming a first-class railway carriage in Decem-

ber! They don't think of it. But now the fun begins. London! Waterloo! a four-wheeler,—driving through the well-known streets, Piccadilly to Sackville Street, a knocker on the door, great confusion of departing boxes in the hall, and our boxes. We were a day sooner than expected, but our rooms soon ready, and we installed in our delightful quarters. The house is just like 6 Hamilton Place in the days before gas, water, furnace; I keep thinking of it all the time. We are up one flight, with a front parlour on Sackville Street, three great windows, absolutely useless, as they let in no light; folding doors open to my bedroom, and Susan's is just behind. The bedrooms exactly as cold as Matunuck at this season!—although each room has a constant fire in the grate. But, of course, you know these fires don't influence an inch away from themselves. I was soon as you may suppose (about 4 p. m.) in the depths of a four-poster mahogany bedstead with a flight of steps leading up to it, soft depths of feather bed, but warm. Jane, the delightful maid, flitted about poking the fire. I saw her through veils of blue smoke; she brought 'ot water and more towels. I slept till nearly seven, then hastily jumped into my tea-gown and came forth to receive Mr. Tilden, whom we had invited to dinner. Our parlour was all right now with fire, a lamp, and plenty candles. It is large and the farther, or Greenland, end is the dining-room, where we now had a cosy little dinner, ordered by us, and served by Jean, a sweet French *garçon*, very devoted; but soon leaving the table to nestle up to the fire for coffee and Tilden's cigar. He bade us farewell when he went,—off for the Sunny South the next day. Now that was the whole of Thursday.

Friday, came Stevens the devoted, very burly and nice, and full of plans, Susan and he mutually pleased. You must know that I had got a horrid

cold and sore throat in the climate just described. It began by being too warm in bed on the steamer, and the exposure of Thursday did n't better it; so I got Stevens to take me in a cab to see Dr. Benjamin Waed Richardson, whom he recommended as something of a professional light. It was well as a study of the English method of doing these things. We drove to Manchester Square, sent in names and waited a long time in a huge room on the lower floor, where a great table was laid out with every possible periodical like the reading-room of a library. At last we were shown across the entry to the great man's library where he sat at a writing-table in the middle of the room, with a horrid lamp. They have no idea here of the Rochester Burner or anything bright, only "Duplex," and dim at that; the ground-glass shades seem thicker than ours. This was high noon, you know. He is a very chatty, affable man, knew all about "Edward Everett Hale," prattled of America, as he wrote the prescriptions. He fetched a reflector and lashed it to his forehead, and then by the dim light of this lamp went down and explored my throat. But, lor! his appliances were antediluvian compared with those of Vincent Bowditch and dear Dr. Bangs, who have gas jets for lighting any part of the human frame within. He searched about amongst my tonsils, then exclaimed, "I have it, I see it, it is not at all dangerous," and taking his head out of my mouth he ran to write prescriptions. . . . He would like to come to America and lecture, and he told me the titles of six lectures, about the "Morals of People's Insides," as you might say, but "Hathaway," that's the lecture agent that Amelia B. had, told him the subject would n't interest Americans. I think they would, and this gave me a chance to air my views on the foolishness of employing Hathaway. Moreover, he showed us a "Statement" from D. Ap-

pleton and Company, with whom he has dealings, which he has had a year and never could make out. I know 'em well, those "statements," and pointed out to him that it showed *due to him* \$102.95 which he could get for asking. We further turned this sum into pounds for him to understand, then laid my two *guineas* on his desk and departed. Stevens remarked he thought of saying that *our* charge for information was also two guineas, but we didn't. We stopped to order a *sprayer* for my throat; and in due time all my drugs came home from "the stores" where Stevens ordered them. Let me hasten to say that they have cured me finely, and that I am all well now, *really*, so you must not worry at all. It was just one of my throats, and the remedies were excellent. Several things in the cure I think highly of, viz.: he told me to stay in three days and that I should be well in three days, and all the drugs were apportioned in doses for three days, now they are all used up, and I am well, and there's no further question about going on with them, because there ain't any more stuff, it's only to throw away the empty bottles. . . . It's quite a wonderful cure, but you know I am great on recuperation. So that's all that. . . .

SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

AJACCIO, LA CORSE, *January 31, 1891.*

DEAR LUC., — We are certainly having the best fun any two Susans ever devised. Perhaps you didn't know we were coming here; in fact, I believe I have never mentioned any plan or change of plan, so may as well say here, that little Susan on the Atlantic voyage found out she didn't want to settle down in Florence for the winter, which was the parents' plan; so we decided for Sicily and the top of Africa, to

my great content. As all the Continent is fiendish cold, we did wisely, for it is very cheerless all over, so that seeking warmth alone would have driven us forth. Then I found one day that we could get to Palermo this way, and here we are. I have always been longing to see Corsica. I wrote from Cannes to the British Consul here, there is no American one (see Baedeker), to ask him if it were *safe*, and he wrote back a very nice note saying there were no bandits these twenty years, and theft and robberies unknown,—also recommending this hotel. So off we came, though Goddards and Legays shrugged their heads and wagged their shoulders and said, “There was nothing to see in Ajaccio, which was all there was in Corsica.” . . .

Having packed and said farewell, on *Wednesday* (28th January), we started after coffee in a two-horse open carriage, all our *malles* strapped on before and behind, and us sitting in a nest in the midst of them. Proprietor Neef hurried from the market to press flowers in our hands, hyacinths, violets, roses, pinks and mimosa, and off we went trot-trot for Nice, three hours along the Corniche, although it don't much begin to be called so till the other side Monte Carlo. (These places I knew before on account of the yacht, and Susan spent a summer at Mentone when she was seven.) I must be brief about all this; the drive was lovely, we approached Nice, the curved shore all built with glaring white houses, and saw no ships, no *vapeurs*, no wharf, concluded we should have to give it up. But by driving on discovered at the end of the town the port let in at a slit as it were, and all the shipping thus concealed from the Promenade Anglais where Fashion walks abroad, as with us at Cannes on “la Plage.” We hated Nice, I always did, great big staring town, chock full of Americans; but we lunched at the Zenith of Swearth, called

“London House,” which Welds and I frequented. We had a delicious lunch (it cost six dollars, without eating much, but there were waiters with buttons and without, a *chef* and a Tiger, and music, which was extra), while gaudily hatted girls at other tables proclaimed their birth by shrieking through the nose, and a young man astonished us by his moustache actually curled in ringlets. To fill up the time we drove after lunch to Villefranche, where the yacht used to lie, then at four-thirty betook ourselves to the Quai Lunel where *vapeur Perseverant* was lying bound for *Bastia*. Papa and Nelly will know the kind of ship, from Spanish trips, and you, my dear, going to Brindisi, only this was smaller than most. We had the ladies’ cabin, along with a young Corsican lady travelling with her uncle, a priest. She was sick all night, and told us her history, like the Princess Cynecia, in the morning. It was after sunset as we steamed out of the slit, and saw the gay lights of Monte Carlo afar off. We dined on board, oh, such fun, with the captain, and four, no, five, men; we all began to talk like brothers; this is Corsican manners and most agreeable. They all speak French, though they prefer a jargon of Genoese and Phœnician; they are most polite and courtly to us, and seem to love each other, but they are violent, just as in books; they fly in a rage, contradict, almost stab each other over the simple question, what time it is; calm down again in a minute. (Once in an omnibus going from station to hotel they all got telling us about Ajaccio. One mentioned (as it were) Washington Street, another Boylston Street; all yelling at the top of their lungs; one said (unluckily) that was all the streets, the others fell on him and reviled him for saying that was all; in the midst a lady shrieked, “You’ve forgotten Beacon Street!” This calmed them for a moment, and there was utter silence. Then

I changed the conversation by asking if there was snow in Corsica, and they began again. We were scared at first, but soon found they meant well. Just exactly like boiled milk (my favourite simile), up and down again in a minute. This happened in Corte, — I now go back to the boat.) After dinner the captain, and a blond we most unjustly call the "Turk," were very gallant and took us up on the *passerelle* (captain's bridge), where we prattled with them till the moon rose — then to bed, and slept well. At six, we reached *Bastia*, this was *Thursday 29*, and saw the sunrise while our *malles* were pulled up from the hold. Our effects and those of the Turk were all put on a *charrette* by a nice woman, who afterwards dragged the whole thing, with some aid from a boy, across the town to the *gare*. He did the most of the real pulling, but she often did. There we got coffee, had an awful panic about Susan's valise, which was missing, we feared stolen, the *chef de la gare* and all *Bastia* got interested, all polite, gentlemanly, devoted. It turned up to our immense relief. It had got mixed up with the Turk's things, and was taken to his hotel. As soon as he saw it, he sent the boy back with it to us; then dressed (he was in his bath), and flew himself to the station to make sure we had it; it spoils this story to cut it short; we were objects of greatest interest, and recommended by the *chef* all along the line in consequence. He assured us from the first it was n't stolen. Thefts never take place in Corsica; all the whole *corps dramatique* (for it is all just like the stage here) shook hands with us heartily when it turned up. And so off for Corte.

Now you must know there is a railroad over the island from *Bastia* to *Ajaccio*, only it is not done. We knew this; there's a bit of *diligence* in the middle; but we were aghast, on the boat, when they

all informed us that so much *snow* was on the mountains nothing had come through for days! Snow don't surprise you in January, but we were used to roses and sunshine for a week or two. Still we pushed on to Corte (you'd better get a map and see how it is), for the Turk told us Hotel Paoli was good. And there we arrived in time for lunch, at a funny hotel, in a strange old town sliding down a precipice, with a citadel built by Spanish viceroys (1440) — home of Paoli, last stronghold of his rebellion, etc. (I move out of the sun which is too hot.) Most picturesque place. Our two rooms opened out of a dark banqueting hall with a huge fireplace in it, roots of Salvator Rosa's trees burning there. Bare floors, but comfortable beds. The *garçon* (who was one of the squabblers in the bus just described) stopped between passing plates, to explain "*la vendetta*." He says it is amongst their *mœurs*, and means that they *se tuent en famille* on occasion, but never strangers. This was reassuring. Indeed they are sweet folks, not at all alarming. A most imposing old chief of the *poste*, like Oliver Peabody, arranged for our *Friday morning calèche*, which brought us through to the railroad. It was a grand drive through a difficult pass up over high mountains, like Via Mala, any of those, plenty snow, — but cork, pine, laurels all green, and shrubs almost in blossom, wild, grand, like Pyrenees. We lunched at Vivario, and watched the villagers strolling up and down; the men are very handsome, and their top-boots (not india-rubber) redeem the deplorable, modern, long trousers. The women do all the work, brought down our trunks on their heads! The R. R. *gare* at Vizuona is a mere temporary stopping-place in the woods; all the last hour we were driving through deep snow-cuts; we passed a ruined shanty for the R. R. workmen which had lately been wrecked by

an avalanche. It was cold at the *gare*, two hours to wait; we went into a small restaurant and had coffee in front of another huge fireplace. Two friendly men sate with us, while they warmed a sausage in the flames, put it on hunks of bread, and ate it with their jack-knives, which they called "*coltelles*" (cross between French and Italian). They offered us some,— but we had lunched. Then from 4 to 7 P. M. in R. R. a "*salon*" car which held eight of us, one Madame Marchi, of Ajaccio, who is very friendly. We all prattled all the way. A *calèche* brought us to this charming, clean, luxurious hotel—a balcony opens on a close-at-hand view, of sea, mountain, and sky. It was dark. "What is that opposite?" we asked. "It is the garden of the British Consul." Continued in my next.

Yrs.,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

PALERMO, *February 23, 1891.*

Monday, 8:30 A. M.

DEAR LUC.,— I must seize the early morning joyfulness to begin you this letter. It is warm! The sun which I saw rise, from my bed, a little while ago, is slanting over my balcony, and acting like a stove. All the *Méditerranée* is before me,— Monte Pellegrino, looking like Gibraltar, on the left, and a more remote headland on the right. Below, an esplanade, broad driveway, and stone parapet running round the sea. This is "*la Marina*," the fashionable parade of the Palermitans, but until this moment it has been so dashed and washed and blown and snowed upon as to be deserted. You see we have changed our rooms to the sea-front, and are very happy. I can't help feeling that the sun rises in the west, I am all turned round, for the exposure seems

just like Ajaccio and Cannes (also Matunuck), where the sun rises on our left, but here in this north-facing harbour, it comes up on my right. No consequence s'long as it is so nice and warming.

Yesterday I had yours of February 8 (just a fortnight coming) in which you had two from me. . . . We enjoy your mystification about Ajaccio, all the Day persuasion were in similar fog, but, my dear, you ought to have remembered that Bonaparte was born there! Cagliari I should n't expect anyone to know about. . . .

When I leave here, I'm going to mail you a charming book about Sicily in Italian, I think you will like to have it read to you, *skippingly*. It is by one Schuregaus, German, but I read the Italian translation here, for practice in the right tongue. See if old "Schondorff" has got "Une Gageure," by Cherbuliez, 1889; it is a really charming, a very clever novel, of course, French in its treatment of love. . . .

I wrote a fat letter to *Comm. Adv.* yesterday, No. VI. It will be terrible if they don't print them! It described our trip Friday to Segesta and Selimonte. All the week has been charming, though cold, windy, bad weather, but we did something almost every day. The sights of Palermo are all good, and not fatiguing. *Tuesday* we spent up at Monreale where are the beautiful mosaics, time of Normans, church all lined with them, charming old cloister of Moorish columns, like Spain, dreamy garden overlooking the lovely plain of Palermo, called Conca de Oro, and literally gold with oranges on the trees.

Wednesday, we drove P.M. to La Favorita, ugly Chinese villa built by the Bourbon, Ferdinand I of two Sicilies, time of French Revolution. I've got a delicious sort of Saint Simon gossipy book about these Spanish Bourbons by the old Dumas, but in Italian! It is rich, all about Nelson, Emma Hamil-

ton, Acton, etc., etc. Do you know about such things?

Meanwhile we were getting friendly with the Smiths, and we all agreed to *do* the Segesta-Selimonte trip together. It took two days, from 3 A. M. ! Friday to ten Saturday night, during which time we became very *intime*, and like each other much. Mrs. Smith is a handsome woman of fifty-nine. They are Quakers and "thee" each other, the mother and daughter, who is a regular charmer, twenty-four. . . . They have come all to adore me, and our two girls have struck quite a friendship. They live in London, because the other daughter has married *Costello*, M. P., and a Catholic!—and Pa Smith has bought an estate there, and there's a son. But Alice has been over at Bryn Mawr, and is going later to Girton to study. . . .

. . . The crucial moment of the trip was on *Friday* about noon, when we came to a swollen stream, on foot, with no visible means of crossing. I gave the example of mounting a pack-horse which came along led by native Sicilians, by means of a man's knee and a rope-stirrup. There was great applause as I rode across the torrent, straddle on a high pack-saddle, the man behind me, also, on the same horse, driving him by a rope at the mouth of the beast passed across me to him behind. Then Mrs. Smith, who is more cumbrous even than I am, though full of pluck, was shoved and pushed up on the same animal, which returned with her. Susan scrambled on top of a donkey and drove him over herself with great prowess, while Miss Smith, and Lozer, found a place they got over by means of a fallen tree and crawling on stomachs. This caused great jollity, and I have made a picture of Mrs. Smith mounting, which she will send off to America in a "circular letter" all her friends will see. I wonder if the ripple of it will

reach us again, she is *Philadelphia*, you know, so it may! Those Greek ruins are intensely interesting. You know I was in fevers to do all this with the yacht, but the Welds didn't care to. Now I am satisfied, and well repaid. The country is bare, but the shore always beautiful, only cold, my dear, as Greenland still, and snowing at Segesta. . . .

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *June 15, 1891.*

. . . Why didn't you stop at Kingston? Do it the next time. Just ask great big stationmaster Taber—he will beetle down over you like an overhanging crag or Phillips Brooks—to send you over to Miss Susy's. This is not a house, but your *Vouillet* trunk.

Charlotte Hedge is here, and very delightful. We talk of old days and old Brookliners, and laugh over their romances and finales, and, strange to say, seem to think we are about as well off in body, mind, and estate as the others of our contemporaries. She is greatly troubled by people being dead without her knowing it, which she considers a rudeness on their part. I have therefore suggested leaving Lizzie Fisher (Mrs. P. Everett) one hundred dollars in my will to send my P. P. C. cards all round after my demise. Good plan?



Annie Bursley sends her regards to you and wishes you might come over to see us and the laurel while she is here. The laurel, by the way, is about to be

glorious, just coming out like pop-corn in genial warmth.

My Robert is coming down Saturday, and, oh! my dear Edward, Jr., who you should remember has just returned, full of meat and absolutely delightful, talking philology and nonsense with equal fluency. He is enraptured to be at home after the seriousness of Germany. But I must be where? Kitchen or garret? Each calls. (There is really nothing for dinner to-day, unless a miracle brings a steak from Wakefield. The fish-man passed me coldly by, and we ate up the leavings of yesterday, for breakfast. I have n't told these dames, my guests, and still hope something will turn up.)

Yours,
SUSY.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA,
February 23, 1892.

DEAREST CAROLINE, — You *are* a daisy! Your valentine came yesterday, and I will respond with this Little Hatchet. This joke, of course, refers to G. Washington, on whose birthday yours arrived. I have no letters to speak of, so yours was like water in the wilderness. . . .

Now about me, I am equally horrid about writing, for there is no time to do it. I have thought you a million letters, but until Edison invents a morning pillow which receives and transmits the early idea, I shall never be a good correspondent. Lots to tell you. Don't know where to begin. The Hales have reams of annals, for I write *them* constantly. I've just got through the San Francisco campaign. A month there very well managed by some friends of Nelly's, who took me on her account and cherished me on my own. Great "social success." Same "Old

Readings," new here, of course, where they never before heard of Sir Charles Grandison. I had three sets of readings and took in six hundred and fifty dollars. So you see I did n't come to ruin, as I feared when I left you. . . . They pay here in delightful round gold pieces, all shiny and fat. I love to play with them and part from them with anguish, which makes me a sort of miser. Still I always have a little bag full about me, and there's prospect of more. Well, I was nearly killed by kindness in San F. . . . San Francisco has excellent shops. I bought some feather trimming to put around myself with good effect, — and have done wonders in the varied scenery and decorations of an old bonnet, in addition to my good one. Six pairs of Paris gloves did the rest, and I'm told they liked my feet. *You* will forgive these extreme details, being the only person besides myself who takes any interest in my personal adornment. . . .

Well I wallowed in a sea of Unitarians, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, infidels. My chief joy was hawking about in cable-cars, the greatest fun in the world, and having California oysters at the excellent restaurant of the "Palace." Such was San Francisco. I escaped from it with my life, and after an interval of repose at charming Monterey, the Del Monte Hotel, where they have a glorious seventeen-mile drive by the Pacific, I returned to this spot. Santa Barbara is the most peaceful, placid little hole in the earth's surface. It is very beautiful, no doubt, but cocky! Lord, if you hint that the historic interests of Sicily are perhaps more ancient than the post-office here, they go to moult in a corner. 'T is the valley of Rasselas, and those who are really here never get out, and don't want to get out. . . . The climate is perfect. By the way, you have been here. That's a mercy, for you know how it looks, and I need n't go on telling you.

And here are charming people. . . . Anna Blake looking well and handsome. It is an enchanting place, and I am possessed all the time I am here with a longing to be somewhere else.

Now we are going elsewhere, immediately, to Los Angeles, to Pasadena, to San Diego, where the dear Nordhoffs are, and then I make my way to the north, and climb along to Portland, Tacoma, etc., and home by the Canadian Pacific, which is said to be the most beautiful of all the routes. I have abandoned my nephew's wedding, which is for April 5. It makes me sick to do this, especially as I am just now wild to cut the whole thing and go home, — but this would be foolish, for they have arranged for me to make a pot of money at Los Angeles, and I'd better do this region up thoroughly while I am here. I shall give March to southern California, be in San F. again early in April, for one or two winding-up things, then off and home before, or on, May 1. . . .

YOUR LOVING SUSY.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

SAN FRANCISCO, *April 3, 1892.*

. . . Since this letter I have yours about Aunt J.'s legacy. I have already laid it out in countless ways, in my mind, — my ruling idea is to put it in my bank and *keep spending* the whole of it. I mean whenever I want one hundred dollars for any frivolous or philanthropic purpose, I shall just say, "I'll do that with Aunt Jane's legacy." There probably will always be one hundred dollars there, and I can always thus call it, so keeping her memory green. Don't this strike you as a good investment? Better than ten per cent. . . .

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

JUST BEYOND BUFFALO, *Thursday, April 28, 1892.*
(*Time the same as yours.*)

DEAR LUC.,—While I was breakfasting, they changed to eastern time, and my watch is now right! You know I have kept it at Boston time, and computed the difference, but now, lo and behold, nine meant nine. I should have kissed it, but for the public position, in a dining-car. To-night I reach New York, and a steady bed, at Nelly Blodgett's, 24 West 12th Street. So now, why not wind up these memoirs, especially as I want to tell you about a beast there was in Chicago,—but this train is fearful wobbly, as it is the famous limited, and we are going lickity-split. . . .

Tuesday, it became clear we should miss our trains to connect with Chicago. Thus I had the day to spend in St. Paul,—and what's more, four dollars more for a sleeper that night. This was not the Canadian Pacific's fault, but the *St. Paul-Chicago* R. R.'s, for changing their time since my ticket was issued. I was not loathe to see St. Paul and after writing Parber and Nelly, I sallied forth into a great big town which seemed like London after the crudeness of the Pacific coast. Brick houses!—real side-walks (instead of wood planking). Carts in the crooked streets! Omnibuses! cabs! There are cables, and electric, but these haven't entirely driven out the horse, as on the Pacific slope. I mounted a cable, took a transfer, and went some one hundred miles or so out into the suburbs. It must be very pretty in the spring and summer. Great Mississippi rolling through the town, and overhung by pretty houses on cliffs. The fashion of the suburbs took my car, on return, to do their shopping. A young girl had *Epigœa* stuck in her waist, and had

given some to her young man for his button-hole. "No, they don't grow here, they were sent me from Wisconsin," she replied to my question. I thought she might have given me *one*, but she didn't. She had a practice of running her tongue out to catch her little spotted veil, and sucking it, but no chewing-gum. This trip would n't last but an hour, — still it was about time to lunch, so I found McVeigh's, described as the swell place, by a porter at the station. Here I found that if I ordered pot-pie, — they would throw in bread and butter, coffee, and a piece of any other kind of pie I chose, all for 25 cents. This is the only cheap lunch I have had since leaving home. I would then have strolled about, for the shop windows were large and interesting, but it was pouring and blowing great guns. My umbrella was turned wrong-side out, and my only feet were getting wet, so I beat a retreat to the station — two o'clock and nothing but to wait till seven-thirty! Five and one-half hours, — in all from 7:30 A. M. to 7:30 P. M., twelve hours, — in the Ladies' Waiting Room, that fascinating retreat! I must say that Union Station at St. Paul is the best managed I ever saw. To be sure I never stayed so long in any other. It swarmed with emigrants the whole time, coming and departing, eating oranges and bananas and throwing the skins on the floor; a quiet woman, mistress of ceremonies, answers their questions, and an excellent coloured porter swept the place every fifteen minutes or so. I bought a rotten novel, at the stall, and read it all, took several strolls, washed my hands often, ate an orange. Oh, my dear! Oranges are delicious since leaving California, I think they must be Floridas, — large, sweet, with a delightful odour. The California oranges have no smell nor taste. But I really got rattled from sheer fatigue, sitting on a hard settee, in my bonnet so consecutively, with the

din and roar of trains without, scuffle of feet within (it was like a ball-room for changing movement) and the call of the man, "Cars ready for Rabble-gabble-jabble-habble, *change* for Mississippi-nippy b-b-by;" a dusky porter loved me, and at last came and brought me to the gate, and by and by I was let through to my train.

This was a delicious "*Manns Boudoir*," and why on earth they don't always have 'em I can't make out, but I'm told they are not popular! A whole little room like a stateroom to myself, nice sofa which becomes bed, with door to shut myself in, plenty room for box (the Angel), and nice hooks for hang-ups. Here I passed a blissful night, but bones aching with the constraint of hard, bolt-upright sitting all day. So in the morning at nine-thirty on

Thursday we came to Chicago, and here a day to waste, as my train on my ticket was 5:30 P. M. Now mark the *contretemps* of this day, I had to go to get my sleeper (telegraphed, but not paid for, from San Francisco) to a place called 66 Clark Street. When I came out, after fixing that all right, it was pouring, with thunder and lightning, a phenomenon they don't have in California, so I was pleased to see it. But the streets began to run rivers, and I had on my tan, thin shoes (another pair in the Angel). I took a hansom (25 cents), got back to the station, ransomed the Angel from the parcels room (10 cents) took it in a cab (50 cents) to the Palmer House, ordered a room with bathroom (\$2), bought some newspapers, 10 cents, and retired to a delightful wallow in bath-tub, and bed. At one, refitted, I came down to the restaurant and had a really civilised lunch, \$1.50, well served. If St. Paul had appeared like London, Chicago seemed Paris, New York, Vienna, rolled into one, so cosmopolitan. The Palmer is a fine hotel, swarms

of people coming and going, the service of porters and everybody prompt and perfect. Cab with Angel back to station, 25 cents. It was now cleared up, and blazing hot, sultry, oppressive, with a howling sirocco that filled the air with dust and brickbats. I started to call on the ——; I didn't in the morning on acc't of the rain. Glad now I didn't, for observe the sequence. I arrived at the familiar house, where you know I feel very much at home, the door was open, so I walked in as I rang, a servant came, I turned into the parlour, saying, "Is Mrs. —— at home?" "No, she is not," said a young person about twenty-five, scarcely rising from her chair, treating me exactly as if I were a book agent. "I'm sorry for that," said I, "I am Miss Susan Hale, a friend of hers from the East." "Is that so?" she said, leaning back in her chair again. I sate down on a hard little settee. "Is Mrs. —— away?" "Yes, she is at a rest-cure." "Oh, — has she been ill?" I asked. "No — but she thought she would go for a time to rest," etc. With a corkscrew I elicited that Dr. —— was also out. "Excuse my holding my handkerchief in this way," said I, "I have a large paving-stone in my eye, it's very dusty." "Is that so?" said she. "Yes, I've been travelling for ten days from California and this is my first sight of a friendly house." "Indeed?" She then slowly rose from her very comfortable lounging chair. "Won't you take my seat? You may be tired." "Thank you," I said, accepting it, "it is a good while since I have seen a comfortable chair." My rage was now getting better of my affections, and I soon rose to go, — she made no effort to detain me. "Tell Dr. —— I am sorry to miss him; *Miss Susan Hale*, tell him, please." "Oh, yes, I know who you are," she said, "good morning," and before I was out of the house, she was back in the good chair

with her book. Did you ever! There was more, as I have abridged this, but all to the same purpose. I cried a little when I found myself alone, from rage and sheer fatigue. Did you ever know such brutal treatment, a dog who had been so long travelling would have deserved more kindness. I just hope that when Dr. — came in he was wild with rage. She never dreamed of asking me what station I was at, or when my train was going. While I was sitting there a transfer cart drove up with a trunk, she and the maid much surprised. She glanced at me suspiciously; "Oh, it's not my trunks," said I sharply, "they have gone on to New York before me." Now did you ever, — who can she be? Some young relative they have taken on in Mrs. —'s absence. I went back into the hideous streets, such a sirocco was blowing that people hid themselves in doorways, or I should have gone to the Art Institute to hunt up my dear French, Daniel's brother, the curator there, but instead threw myself into a car and went back to the station; had been gone just half an hour! Won't the — be mad, if indeed the girl tells them! And now it was three-thirty, and two hours to wait for my train again. My very soul loathed the "Ladies' Waiting Room," which was worse than the other, the day was so hot that it smelled *perspiration of emigrant women-ish*. But I bought "David Grieve," which is *long*, at any rate, and sate myself down with an orange again. Here, too, I had a loving porter, Number 9, who took compassion, and got me and my box into my sleeper at five, though the train didn't go till five-thirty. So since then I was happy, for this is a luscious train, with princely dining-car; it is fearfully hot, though, the thermometer was 74° yesterday, they say. Had a bath at 5 A. M. in the barber's shop. Whenever I think of that girl I am in a new rage. She didn't

mean anything, or course; but how insolent she was. . . . So till we meet. . . . Cast down but still fuming.

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
September 15, 1892.

DEAR LUCRETIA, — . . . Now to my adventures. I might just as well have the account engraved for yearly use, for history so repeats itself. Yesterday was the day of *the Fair*, when all Matunuck is utterly abandoned, and not a thing can be got or done from anybody, — and also as usual it poured guns and blew blazes, the regular “Line Storm.” The storm began night before in howling wind which rattled and shook the house. Beamish was out with his lame foot (which is better), so I was absolutely alone in the house. About midnight began the fateful tunk-tunk of the ram (although I had charged ’Lisha to watch it). Absolutely nothing to do, for if I had gone down to Browning’s in the howling blast, nobody there who knew anything, and I feared to rouse poor Gerald, whose gallantry would have driven him forth. So I just stayed in bed, trying to persuade myself it was no worse than a sleeping-car or the St. Paul R. R. station; — of course I slept off and on, but great gusts of wind would wake me up, and then the ram prevent my going to sleep again.

With the first, grim glimpse of a stormy dawn I began to walk the house, and looking about for Beamish I descried the grey hoss bringing Pa and Tom Browning swiftly along the road. I ran to Nelly’s window, opened it and yelled, “Mister Browning!” A fierce sleet of fine, slanting rain had just begun

driving into their faces and mine. Tom, who conceived me to be a ghost, with streaming hair, in my night gown at that unseemly hour, flew up the bank. I yelled, "the ram, Tom, the ram!" and pointed towards the field. "Do yer want me ter stop it?" "Yaas!" I cried, and he leaped over fences like one mad, while Pa Browning "continnered" the hoss down to their barn. Before I had got rubbed dry, changed my night gown and back to bed, the darned thing had stopped, and all was still. Oh! the relief. But now shortly Albert, Louise, and Lily came upon the scene for the usual overture upon the kitchen-stove, with wind and stringed instruments, accompanied by the kerosene can. Beamish came home, dry as a bone. I conceived the idea of a breakfast in bed, and accordingly Louise sent up a neat tray with everything delicious on it. White meat of chicken, *à la maître d'hôtel*, johnny cake, fried potato, and coffee with the best cream. I enjoyed it leisurely, snoozed, read a French novel, snoozed again. Then slowly rose for my bath, dressed, dawdling, and came down. It was five minutes past eight o'clock!

Well, the storm increased as day went on, and by noon was a regular tearer; the place deserted by unlucky Fair-goers, no kerosene in the house, nobody to get it. Gerald came up quite wild because abandoned of men, with no vegetables nor nothing. When the mail-man came he had no mail! A letter I gave him blew away, and I had to run round the house for it. Nothing alive but millions of flies from the Pier, which infest everything. They have cleaned the stick-stuff off my stamps. I took Gerald down cellar to see what could be found, and gave him four ears of corn and a cucumber, leaving three ears for myself, and two tomatoes. The day wore on, an excellent dinner, but I became so dog-sleepy that I con-

cluded to go to bed at five! Louise is dretful lame with her rheumatiz, so I invited her to spend the night in your room! Lily ran down in my waterproof to get their night gowns and tell their family. Swam back, and by dark, which set in early, the house was absolutely still. We all slept like tops, Beamish on my bed, and, lo! the sun rose brilliant this morning, and 'tis a glorious day. All Matunuck astir. Cart with the piano-case up here before breakfast, Thomas J.'s boy with the goose. To be sure they are all off again to the Fair, but anxious to keep us alive before starting. I felt fresh and hungry. Louise slept finely, and is on her legs again, Lily one great stare, dazed with the luxury of your apartment, unwonted indeed. . . .

SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

WAGNER VESTIBULED TRAIN,
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO LIMITED,
NEW YORK CENTRAL

AND

LAKE SHORE ROUTE

10:15 A. M., *Saturday, February 4, 1893.*

Ha! my dear Luc., here I am again off on my travels. I've been so busy that I really haven't given a moment's thought to the subject, beyond attending to preliminaries, so I am quite surprised to find myself started for the long trip. . . .

Lots of things I want to tell about, but perhaps I'd best give my whole mind first to the Jarley, which went off finely. I did my hair in smooth puffs, it is becoming, and I wish it were the fashion, for I'm just grey enough now to have it pretty. A big comb behind. My own new brocade coat over a real old quilted red petticoat, belonging to Mrs.

de Forest's grandmother, short, showed feet, a fichu of Mrs. Goddard's, quite open, and a great big miniature of Mr. Jarley I borrowed of Willy Poor, night I dined there. Rouge and powder made me look very well. I had a real old bonnet, yellow satin, and came out first with it on, and—"Diana of the Crossways" as a cloak, but I laid these off at once. I made a speech before the curtain, saying I was the original Jarley but not the first one, having married Jarley after her decease. I had a broad-bordered mourning handkerchief and a big bag, lace mitts. This speech was well received, the rooms were crowded; they laughed at all the points very well. Meanwhile *Munzig* had trained and placed the wax-works, and in the applause the curtains drew back and revealed a pretty tableau of them all. Judge Howland and Beaman, the two funny men of N. Y., *par excellence*, were dressed like draymen, in checked suits and paper caps, to lift the figures and dust 'em, wind up, etc. They were both very nice, *en rapport* with me, perfectly themselves, not acting, but saying funny things. There was a real hand-organ, ground by Mr. Cross, as an Italian. He was n't a wax-works. They were: 1, Bo-peep; 2, Mary had a little Lamb; 3, Diana (these all pretty girls of fashion, got up to look pretty), Columbus subdued by a smile of Indian Maiden, Paderewski, Gladstone and the cow (no cow), and the Police Matron, Mrs. Malony, you may have read about in the papers. The most charming was Kelly (a young clubman) who danced like *Carmencita*, dressed according, very graceful and pretty. These were all, except Nora Godwin, who at the last, as Lorelei, had a little scene with a tail, and fishing up a drowned sailor. We had the curtain three times with intermissions, so the thing was long enough;—but at the end there were howls for Jarley, and I sang "Coming through the Rye" and

the "Lapland" song. All then demanded that "Missing the Train," which I had done at Mrs. Goddard's, and a banana was sent for to Mrs. Hunt's, three doors off. As I had no costume or properties for doing that, I invented a yarn I have long thought of, telling the plot of a story all mixed up so that there is no sense in it, while I ate the banana. This pleased them. Oh, while we were waiting for the banana Howland and Beaman sang "Johnny Smoker" — and at the very end, when we were called out once more, they both shouted at once, "We both want to be Mr. Jarley." It was all easy and jolly and like our old charade doings, and everybody was delighted. Swarms of people came to me after, at a sumptuous supper; 't would take a week to recount them all. I was pretty tired but slept well, and was equal to my packing next day. Howland and Beamen were awfully nice to me, and all the rest, in fact, but the rest are chiefly fools — of the performers, I mean. Mr. Tod was very nice, and so in fact was Mrs. Tod, a little woman of fashion, in short, a Potter. Billy Bobby Ware was there, stern with me for not letting him know I was in N. Y. I am sorry about that, forgot him at first, and then too much engulfed with engagements. Nelly Blodgett sent me an immense bunch of the latest kind of roses, to wear tied with a broad pink ribbon. I now take my koumiss. . . .

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, *February 7, 1893.*

DEAR LUC., — . . . As these people here are rolling in wealth on both sides, it is a luxurious, handsome house, with rugs, pictures, servants *ad lib.*, a turbulent family, slaves to the telephone, which is

going incessantly — some of them are a little deaf, so the key is high on which all conversation is pitched. It's odd, but though this *luxe* is as different as possible from the simple Dr. Dudley home, there's the very same flavour of *Chicago unrest*, noise, racket, hurry, bustle, no repose, no particular centre, outside people pouring in, the family pouring out, everybody late to meals, the father hurrying on the food, carriage always at the door, some rushing for cars and missing them, Robert taking snap photographs, the dog bursting in and breaking an expensive plaque, nobody grumbling at anything, all very sunny and happy, very well-bred, polite to me, our departure to-night a mere circumstance — such is life in Chicago. I can't think the race can stand it more than one hundred years, if so much. Meanwhile it's amusing to watch. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

124 RUSH STREET, CHICAGO, *Friday*,
April 28, 1893.

DEAR LUCRETIA, — *Quel scimmagio!* we are all full of plans and engagements and skurrying to and fro and the "joy of eventful living." It is like 6 Hamilton Place on the eve of "Water Day" only more so. Mrs. M. is a delightful hostess and just throwing herself into a whole summer of the fiercest hospitality, and I come in for the first fruits. But I must be calm and mention that I have got here, all safe, and am now nicely rested. . . .

The place reeks and swarms with the just and the unjust. . . .

We went to see the Fair grounds yesterday, in the carriage, and, oh, my dear! it is glorious there. You must be tired of hearing of it. But if you'll imagine

an area as fine as the whole of the Louvre, Tuileries, Pantheon, Palais de Justice, Invalides, with the Seine thrown in, bridges and all, suddenly spring up in a night, all of white marble, and set down on the borders of the beautiful lake, you'll sort of understand. Not miniature, or imitation looking, but the real big things, with real canals and real gondolas floating about. Aunt Maggie kept groaning what a pity they are not of permanent materials, but to my mind there's the very charm—it's a great bubble blown up in honour of the time, which will be dissipated when the occasion for it has ceased. We only saw the outside *ensemble*, rolled about in chairs by nice students from universities, in blue coats, with good manners. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

CHAPTER IX

MATUNUCK, NEW YORK, THE WEST, EUROPE

(1893-1897)

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *Monday,*

8:30 A. M., *May 22, 1893.*

(Breakfast done at 7 o'clock.)

DEAR LUCRETIA, — Mrs. G. Child has got eighteen little ducklings, the sweetest things you ever saw. Cornelia says the frogs will eat them, but the frogs ain't come "aout" yet, so they are sailing about the pond. I was strolling back from Ramses, where I had been to look after the lady's-slippers; they are still in bud, very small as yet, and not many, — and coming round by Jerry's cart-track and through the G. Child barn-yard I conversed with Walter Perry, who it seems is a worthy soul. . . . Well — "Her gawselings, two on 'em, was took the noight before, so there ain't but four gawselings to be sailing around the pond," — four sponsors, however, or grandfathers, or old geese, remain from last year with them. While I was grieving for this, however, he said, cheering up, "But th' old duck come back yesterday with eighteen hatched out!" "Did!" said Susan.

"Yes, yer know" (as if it was in the papers), "she stole her nest last year and brought home eight, but now there's eighteen."

Much encouraged by this I was hurrying home,

when, lo! at their landing (this was exactly at sunset, seven o'clock), set sail on the pond, the sweetest



sight, little Ma duck, but stay: let me depict, their heads like little black knobs, but all pad-

dling and steering and veering like old crafts. Ain't it too bad the frogs will get them?

A change of dynasty occurred here at that same hour, without bloodshed. Exit Cornelia, and *vive* Louise. This was made to suit these ladies, Louise did n't "feel to come" before, and now "she feels to come." Cornelia consented to come to 'commerdate Louise, but now she thinks Louise wants the job, and besides her settin' hen requires her attention, "for lor sakes they don't know nothin' abaout chickens." "They" is Hannah, Oliver, and Franklin, who calmly allowed a chicken to die without counting it.

Cornelia was in fine form, and vastly entertaining, but Louise, after all, suits me better; she is enormous this year, but well, and is now carrying some new pails up garret, with a rolling sort of gait, be-seeming to 250 avoirdupois.

Because I went to Wakefield Saturday alone, and came home with brooms sticking out of the wagon, pails piled behind, bread, dish-towels and papering for Fullum's room, for Knowles he's selling out, and has a pretty assortment of papers cheap—'Lishe and Alice will come and paper to-morrer, if Louise will go down to Weedens' and help clean this afternoon. . . .

YOUR LOVING SUSIE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *May 30, 1893.*

DEAR CAROLINE, — When I came back and saw my front stairs, I sate down on them and laughed, they looked so unclothed after wading knee-deep in your rugs (like the talking oak, only his were ferns). No matter it's real good here outdoors, — and so I dare say it is with you to-day, for the sun has come out bravely. Things were rather at sixes and sevens, the bed taken down in my room, and everything thrown out of window, for instead of beating the carpet and putting it down in my absence, Elisha had interested himself in mowing the lawn. Now new-mown hay is very well in its way, but you do like a place to put your bonnet. No matter again.

Mounds of letters, and loathesome masses of newspapers two mails old, like cold griddle-cakes.

It was lovely crossing, mild in spite of the grey, and I was fully busy thinking all about my comforting visit, dear, for that is what it was to me. This is all I'm going to write now, for I sit in chaos. Lots of love from

SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *October 2, 1893.*

DEAR LUC., — Phil. came Tuesday, Cornelia was here and in fine spirits, and cooked like a breeze the succulent things in the larder. But, lo! on Thursday (it now seems ages ago), Oliver came down and said Hannah was sick. Cornelia put the turkey in the stove, made a good fire to last, threw away the pumpkin all strained and seasoned for pies, and departed in haste. I went to the kitchen, and that day, and Friday, and Saturday, myself cooked everything

that was eaten in the house! I did it, of course, remarkably well, and Philip was indulgent, but, oh! it is a terrible drag on the legs as well as other members. . . . The first day Phil. and I washed all the dishes after dinner, that you know is what kills, — after standing all the morning, to go at it again at the sink. But good old Franklin came every day afterwards, and made the fire mornings, and stayed round, and I called in Oliver, who dined with Franklin and stayed afterwards to help him wash up. 'T was a sight to see the two old darkies clumsily puttering away with the mops and towels. Oh! those mornings! to wake up in doubt of any help — cold as Greenland — my bath at six, — then down to a cold kitchen, the faithful Franklin appearing just as I gave him up, — then making myself the coffee, sweeping the red room, in a royal clutter, of course, with Phil., his cigarettes, the constant fire, newspapers all scattered round, — set the table, back to kitchen to fry sausages and potatoes and make toast, boil milk, skim the cream, put away the milk, keep neat the refrigerator, fetch Phil.'s waterpail, and cheer him in bed with news from the front, — breakfast always late, on account of slowness of fire to boil coffee, sinking down in a chair to get something inside of me — no spoons, or butter or something else lacking, so to jump up and get them — and the fire to be kept up in the red room. . . . My! was I glad on *Sunday* morning to hear Cornelia's genial voice! Hannah is all right; it was a scare, and Cornelia gave us a royal dinner in four courses, — Phil.'s send-off before he departed same Sunday P. M. . . .

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

NEW YORK, *December 9, 1893.*

MY CAROLINE, — No quiet sitty-sitty in my room after breakfast to write letters, for all is a rush and whirl. Yesterday I didn't put pen to paper, and now I must go forth into the world immediately. We supped with Irving and Terry last night at Papa Park Godwin's, and these lions didn't dream of leaving us till *two, two (2)*, so it was half-past when Susan stretched herself along the bed, and this morning there was no sign of breakfast till nine. Opera the night before, and it was one o'clock before we "retired," to be quite correct. Is it not lucky my constitution is so confirmed (?) by nights and nights of Fooley Ann, so I am equal to all this? Opera was charming; Melba, a new light, has a fresh young voice, very flexible, and a wonderful method. It was *Thomas' "Hamlet,"* finely put on the stage, good orchestra. We were up in the third tier, it was fun to look down on Mrs. Kruger's neck and shoulders, and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's diamonds. . . .

Niece Nelly is having a fine time with her Davenport, and I had a charming dinner there last evening, after which we all went in two carriages to see Irving and Terry in "Henry VIII." Glorious, the stage setting wonderful. I had no idea I was going to meet them after it at the Godwins', — but there they came. I sate next him. He is charming. She is rather frubsy, restless, very gracious, however. He has given us a box for the "Lyons Mail," Saturday evening, — and to-night I go to Willard's "Professor's Love Story." *Voila!* . . .

YOUR SUSAN.

TO MISS CAROLINE P. ATKINSON

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
October 10, 1894.

How lovely of you, dear Carla, to write me such a nice letter. It will comfort me for Robert's departure to answer it to-day. A howling, howling northeast storm; the house rocked and shook in the night, it leaked and drip-dripped in my bedroom. Early in the dark, gloomy morning, a blind I opened (thereby drenching me and my nighty), banged and smashed a big pane, that one at the head of the kitchen stairs. I nailed it up feebly with a piece of thin board (in the same costume, before my bath). Here in the red room with a cosy fire it is quiet, being southwest, and Pa and Ma Wells are still quietly sleeping in their room above me, where Mamie and Gladys lived. . . .

I delight to be here, — later than for several years. The weather up to to-day has been just perfect; I never saw such a glorious day as Sunday, — and it will be fine no doubt, after this. I'm thankful my Robert got off yesterday, for would n't this have been a howler to drive in, to Kingston? I miss him terribly, and it was awful, last week, to have Phil. go. But you know I am an incorrigible devotee to solitude, and am never so cheerful, I believe, or so unruffled by small difficulties as when I'm alone. There's a sort of obligation to be polite and pleasant to yourself when nobody else is round, and besides, — what's the use of getting mad with yourself? Yourself can't hit back.

How ridiculous for Robert to go to a different wedding in Pittsfield. How absurd it would sound in a book! Speaking of books, we have done pretty well this summer for reading aloud, — all the "Sinky-witch" books, i. e., "Fire and Sword," "Deluge,"

two volumes, "Pan Michael," "Yanko," as well as "Patronage," "Pendennis," "Beauchamp's Career," and "Richard Feverel." Robert and I read "Pendennis" (nine hundred big pages) in less than a week. Last evening I was so solitary and sleepy, after a glorious, long walk, I thought I should have to go to bed at seven-thirty; but began a wicked old novel of Dumas, and didn't stir from it till nine. . . .

Your always loving
SUSAN.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

1619 INDIANA AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,
Sunday, January 20, 1895.

DEAR LUC.,— . . . Buffalo was very delightful and my heart still remains with the Rogers family, especially Pa and Ma Rogers, who are lovely, gentle, folks. . . .

Wednesday the trunks went off at 11 A. M., after that there was a moon-like calm all day, for whatever else they bought they had to carry in their hands. At 9 P. M. we all (except the dogs) left the house for the station, and soon bade farewell to the parents and James Johnston, and rolled off in the swell private car, only my berth was in a common one next. I breakfasted with them all next morning, sumptuously, at a real table in a real room with huge plate-glass panes to the windows. . . .

Scene now changes to a very pleasant, light, quiet spare-room with bath-room adjacent at this friendly house. Mrs. Dudley and the Doctor very cordial, really pleased, and just as witty, clever, agreeable as possible. . . .

There was to be a great musicale that first evening at Mrs. Glessner's, so I took a (after the sleeper of

previous night) useful nap, in some anguish about my trunk (as it started with the California ones, by a separate train from ours), but it turned up all right, and I put on my fine golden Day gown. It was a beautiful affair in the splendid Glessner Richardson-made château, ladies dressed in "18th Century" costume, either powdered, or *à la Recamier*, anything except modern, though, of course, many, like me, in ordinary gowns. The house was a bower of roses, the electric lights veiled in pink artificial-flower shades, so the light was dim, while through an arch of smilax (this new kind) the orchestra, *Thomas*, played delightful things. After that, supper, standing, roving round the place, lots of people I knew, amongst others Mrs. David Coolidge (a Shurtleff), who is staying here with her son, Dr. Fred, who married a Chicago Sprague. . . . Lots of people fell on my neck on account of Papa Edward. President Harper and Mrs. Palmer of the university there,—and others, from which spring future engagements, to be reported as they come off. It was a very brilliant and beautiful occasion, worthy of any cosmopolitan city, the only thing to note especially is that they take *more* pains here to be correct,—but nothing is overdone, nothing vulgar. The two celebrated belles of Chicago, Mrs. Caton and Mrs. Eddy, had correct rococo costumes, brocades cut just like our grandma one, but brand-new. Their hair powdered, and all their diamonds on in tiaras, or elsewhere. . . . But, oh! now for *Mrs. C*——. I knew her before. She is lion-hunter *enragée*, advanced female, views, everything, but above all, given to hospitality. She came, she said, "to carry me off" after the lunch, to spend the night at her house over on the north side (between which and us is a great gulf fixed, you know). I was aghasted, I twisted in the toils, but in vain, so, now let me tell

you about it. In the first place they all stayed till four-thirty, then she (the last) said, "Now, Miss Hale." I had to go up and hastily invent a few things for the night, which I put in the Angel, then came down and drove in her sort of hunched-up carryall with sides buckled down, it was pouring, talking a blue streak two miles to her house, — she said the house was full of the people coming to her party, but she was to find a corner for me; "she knew I was the sort would n't mind sharing a bed." Fancy my anguish! The house when we got there proved to be the largest I was ever in, very modern, swell, in swell part of Chic. Immense drawing-room like a conservatory, all windows, on a curve, with window-seat overlooking the lake, — an organ in it, — grand piano, mere detail, crooked-legged chairs, arm-chairs, consoles, girandoles, flowers, pictures, rugs, — not too much, fairly good taste, Dresden, Limoges, Sèvres, photographs all over the house. Halls with stairs up and down, and open fireplaces, long corridors, — double doors, portières. All in a bustle, maids about, mistress of the house returning after the whole day out, regarded with a vague interest by people putting ferns in vases. Mrs. Dean Palmer advanced and was received joyfully. She had missed her train, so came and made herself at home (she was invited for the evening, but had meant to go back to her university and change her gown). Mrs. C. embraced her, gave a few orders, then noticed me standing in the middle of the place with my Angel at my feet, "Oh, Miss Hale, — by the way, — yes, we must put you somewhere, — well, suppose we all come up into my room." Here she forgot all about me again, but Alice Palmer, taking compassion, invited me up another flight to her room as she called it, having taken herself possession on her arrival. Here I got on the bed. Observe I had parted com-

pany with my Angel, bonnet, fur and india-rubbers, and met them not till long after. I needed this nap, for I had been in the sleeper one night, then the next, up late at Mrs. Glessner's, and not drawn rein. I found a bath-room and a stray comb, and dressed according to my lights, without any baggage, and strolled down just in time for dinner at a long, confused table. Frank Sanborn is the real lion of this set for the moment. He is talking about Abolitionists on Tuesdays at Mrs. C——'s, and staying there. . . . But next me sat Miss Root, *femme mûre* who lives *chez* Mrs. C——, Swedenborgian, but a very attractive woman, and there was a Miss Bryan there I afterwards much liked. These people were all by the way of adoring me, and it went very well, though I was cross, tired, and dull along that part. You see the thing was endless. We were scarce through a scattery kind of dinner, where you had to keep passing the olives, but in a superb dining-room, with more Limoges and Sèvres and Spode up on shelves made on purpose, when guests began to burst in by stairs up from the front door, and we had to come out and be presented. Here was Miss Lunt, who idolises Mrs. May Lewe Dickinson, and had met me at her house in New York, and people, chiefly named Root, poured in because they are musical and were to sing. It was about this time that I slipped upstairs and wandered round searching for my effects, and met a nice, coloured Ellen, who runs the house, who, moved by my state, found my Angel, and put me in a room with two beds inhabited by the C—— boys, with guns and shaving materials, but always more Limoges and Sèvres and plaques of Abraham Lincoln. I got out my slippers and a fresh handkerchief; I had on a fairly good gown for a lunch, but no gloves, and felt only half dressed, but everybody else was so, except Mrs. C——, who had time

to slip into a pale blue surah waist, and do her hair over.

About a hundred people came tumbling in, or let us say fifty, but really as many as that. The singing was beautiful, some Christmas music, the room so large the organ was not overpowering. Mrs. Winn was there, that used to run the Quincy Shaw school, adores Nelly, — and, mind you, I was presented to every one as the chief lion, and they all raved about Papa. Mrs. A—— is a very sweet old lady slightly deaf. She followed me about, and I liked her, only she is rabid for woman's suffrage, and I felt like a fraud, yet did n't want to discuss the subject. Frank Sanborn and I sate together part of the time on a sort of Recamier-sofa-throne, and cracked jokes about Boston. But the time seemed endless. I saw other happy people *going away!* but I could n't, like the caged bird. New people dropped in about eleven, and we lions had to be trotted out again, and stand on one leg after the other. Finally the last went, and then to bed; but where! The sainted daughter, Sally, gave up her luxurious room to me, Ellen, the darkey, brought my Angel, my bonnet, my fur! At last I was in bed. Nice bath in the morning in a china bath-tub of great size. Long breakfast table, and really rather amusing talk, for now I felt fresh, with Alice Palmer, F. Sanborn, and all the rest; for six slept there, and the family is fourteen. And so by and by escaped; and a very agreeable Irish coachman drove me home in a buggy. Wasn't that a time! . . .

Yours,
SUSAN.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

CHICAGO, *February 1, 1895.*

DEAR LUC.,— . . . Another *épave* of ancient time is Professor Palmer, just now visiting his Dean wife, and much fêted; . . . We met them last evening at a very grand dinner at Mrs. Glessner's, of sixteen guests. I wore my Day gold gown, which is gorgeous. I sat next to *Thomas*, the conductor. I was rather scared, but he is easy to talk to. His wife is Amy Fay's sister, you know (that was with me in Boston), that kind of Fay to which Zebra Pierce belongs. The dinner was for the Palmers, after dinner I had lots of talk with Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, and she was, in fact, charming. She is just resigning her post of Dean here, and goes back to settle down in Cambridge, where he "professors," but first they travel abroad for a year. There was also Professor Laughlin, . . . quite an amusing fellow. All these eastern importations like to sit and analyse Chicago, and it is an interesting study. Laughlin says the women are far more advanced than the men; they certainly run the whole thing, and the men do have a cowed look; Dr. Dudley holds his own, however. A distinguished military-looking man with white hair and irreproachable shirt-front proved to be Marshall Field, the great shopkeeper where I bought my wrapper, but he is a man of intelligence and philanthropy, triple millionaire. I should think he would wear orders and call himself *le Maréchal Field*. . . .

The table was beautiful, a huge centre-piece of white roses and lilies of the valley, on crimson plush, five butlers, and lots of courses—but the terrapin was not up to the Philadelphia mark. The men at these feasts stay away an endless time; and it's not because they drink or smoke much, for there is very little wine at these dinners, and only a few have

cigars; it's another sign of the supremacy of woman, for the men think they want to be left to themselves! I remonstrated, though last night I was having a very pleasant talk with Mrs. Palmer, when Laughlin joined in. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

IOWA CITY, *Wednesday, February 20, 1895.*

DEAR LUC.,—I have just finished a stupendous copying job for Edward, twenty-nine pages of break-jaw stuff about Old English syllables, it has taken three days. It will affect my wits and handwriting in this letter, but I wanted to get that off my mind, and yet I must write this to keep up the continuity which works so well; for yours came in this morning. . . .

You may well guess that my randans here have begun. Such a time! Edward is quite dismayed at my being such a lion, but he is very sweet and patient with it. Thirty-two calls have been made on me, and yesterday a great reception of me from all the Ladies' clubs. Edward is so funny about it, he says, "Of course you are nice, but what I can't understand is your being a literary celebrity."

But these small towns beat the Dutch; I believe they would run after ——, if she should come this way, and, indeed, she would be a worthy subject for their rampant curiosity, which is all it is, in matter of fact. Our Mrs. Copeland, the landlady, began it. Of course Mrs. Shaeffer (observe I spell her more copiously after seeing her card) and a few of the Professor's wives, felt bound to call on Edward's aunt,—but Mrs. Copeland, at meals, when I have lingered after Edward's departure, was much carried away by my charms, because I knew Louisa Alcott,

had seen Longfellow and Emerson, and been in a hack with Susan B. Anthony. She, Mrs. Copeland, "is a club-woman,"—and she early secured me to "attend a meeting" of her club, they were going to discuss Michelangelo, but come to think on't, they concluded to discuss me, and then to invite members of all the other clubs in town, then they asked me to "address them on some subject," and then it slipped unawares into the local newspaper. So there was the greatest fussing and calling and consulting, and people who had n't yet "visited" now "visited," and in fine, yesterday was the day, and Mrs. Bloom's the house. Moses Bloom was a great Jew here, and his widow lives in the "most elegant mansion" in the place, and by good luck she belongs to some club, so Mrs. Copeland worked on her to receive the "Amalgamated Clubs" at her house, and Mrs. Bloom called on me as a preliminary, and I was out, so on Sunday she went to our church! to bag me coming out, and Mrs. Barrett, who is the President of Mrs. Copeland's club, called on me, and I was out, so she fixed an hour through Mrs. C. to call again, and learn my views on my subject, that she might fitly introduce me. They were crazy that I should talk about the celebrated people I have known, but I would n't do that, so they were e'en content with a "talk" about Corsica, etc. Well the house is very pretty, just like the Brookline later, suburban houses, of wood, large rooms, portières, hard floors, rugs—somewhat crude in adornments, but not really back in sea-shells and snipped-paper ornaments, very pretty, in fact. Mrs. Bloom, as hostess, Mrs. Barrett, as President of the N. N. Club, Mrs. Copeland, as my keeper, myself, as the received, stood in the doorway, and met about fifty or more ladies of the three clubs, viz., the Art Club and the 19th Century, and "Ours," the N. N. (No Name) Club. There was a little *remorqueur*, or

tug-boat, named Miss —, or something, who took in tow separately members of her club (the 19th C.), and presented these, but the Art Club had to stretch for themselves, for their President is abroad. . . . Of course, I had seen about a dozen of the ladies before, and some of them are very well-bred, well-dressed, attractive women, . . . and they all have an appalling thirst for the improvement of their minds. There are folding doors, and I sate in the middle of them with a stiff circle round the edge of each room. It was rather formidable, as the prevailing dress is black silk, and I had to turn my head from one set to the other, like a weather-cock (I notice my neck is a bit stiff this morning). But I fell to prattling in a perfectly easy way about my trip with Susan across Corsica, and they sate enraptured, — and many managed out of my simple tale of traveling to extract “a thought” to elevate and instruct. I managed it in laps, leaving off when I feared they would flag — when lemonade was served, after which I went at it again. They thought it was beautiful, and Mrs. Copeland quotes a lady, who “envies me that vocabulary.” So I got back to Edward, who was much amused by my account, and we are both relieved it is over. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *April 24, 1896.*

. . . Oh, my dear, such a relief to get here. I was in a horrid way in town, the last end of my tether, body and soul. It was lovely and warm when we got here, and everything so nicely prepared. Such an improvement on the early days of my arrivals, when, as once, I had to kick in the back door myself, in order to enter a cold, neglected house. Now Elisha

was at the door, Louise in the kitchen, mayflowers on the table, bright fire on the hearth, a few letters waiting, and Christie, hurrying up the hill with eggs, and Thomas J., going down after leaving a chicken. I had a fine smoking-hot meal of steak and boiled potatoes about five, and went to bed at six, in broad daylight, birds singing outside my window. Since



then we've had a cold turn, and I got wet to the skin (fact) away down by the ponds picking "arbutus." Not so very good for grippe, you will say, but in fact I've been better ever since; it kind of shook me up I expect.

I can read here!! Don't think I've opened a book since March 1. I have a Cherbuliez novel, which starts well, down on the Mediterranean, and I have Mrs. Clifford's "Flash of Summer"; have you seen it? Terribly sad, but extremely well written. All these tales nowadays begin with a most unpromising marriage, and worry along to a miserable death or two at the end, but it's no use to expect anything different. . . . Lots of love.

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
May 6, 1896. 46°!

DEAR LUC.,—Two delicious days, Monday and Tuesday, sitting in the doorway, with warm sun, and such rich-throated birds; one had his little gullet just full of rapture he threw out, expressly for me, sitting

on the post of the piazza. I begged him to settle there for the summer. But a grummelly unefficient thunder shower in the afternoon yesterday changed all during the night to howling north winds, blowing from everywhere, and to-day it is grey and freezing cold again, so I return to my fireside. However, those two days were worth waiting a winter.

Always yrs.,
SUSIE.

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *May 27, 1896.*

DEAR LUC., — I want to tell you that I saw the full moon rise last night, my first dealings of any sort with the heavenly bodies this season. It was really full the night before, but fogs and clouds, — so, as last evening, it was booked to rise at eight-forty-two, I slipped on my red dressage when I went to bed at eight-thirty (in Fullum's room), and softly stepped into my own room, not to disturb Louise; there I sate in big arm-chair waiting the performance. It was lovely, the only night possible to call warm (except that cracker of a Sunday), so dark and still, frogs singing, whippoorwills, and occasionally a cow remarking in the dark. Where to look I knew not, — so little conversant with moons of late. Scorpio was over Africa in the least land-locked part of our horizon. Well: by and by came a flush behind the Point Judy lighthouse! and then the rim! — away out to sea, at least five moons' widths to the right (or south) of Point Judy, so that it made a wake across the water when it got high enough. It was very beautiful, coppery, and strolling slowly upward through belts of fog. So then I went to bed. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *June 4, 1896.*

DEAR LUCRETIA, — . . . Yesterday I did n't touch pen to paper; at nine-thirty, after wrangling at cart-rails till I was nearly wild, — having bought a slop-pail, a duster, a gem-pan and a floor-broom, and resisted the lure of fifty feet of hose, — I shrieked to Francis, "Let's get out of this!" — and we started off on a great walk after arethusa. The country is enchanting. We hied up through Goodchildses, and admired her pigs, which she has set up in a "stoi" near Jerry's cart-track. Climbed the gate and encountered "George Oi's" sheep with lots of little lambs. Crossed to the Kingston road foot of Broad Hill, and walked up to Mrs. Teft's, finding lupines under the pine trees. Mrs. Teft she was washin', and real glad to see us, the medder pinks made her think o' me, and she was wondering. She's pretty well except for the rheumatiz, and washed out three days in the week all winter long over to Segurses'. She had forty eggs sot, but nothin' come on 'em but four brilers, and she let them go last week to Hen. Whaley. She thought mebbe I'd like them, but he come along. So we left her, and went down through her "swormp" and got the arethusas (same as medder pinks), and so came up round by Peths'. She also was in her tubs (why Wednesday (?)), but took us into the parlour and said, "Ye'd better take off your bunnit (my *béret*) and cool yer head." They's all up in confusion with them bees that swarmed that morning and all aout in the apple tree now loose, but Josh he ain't never stung cause he can manage 'em. She was thinking of whitewashing, but sot down to read a letter. This to account for the disorder of the room. She give us "pinies," and snowballs, and we come on down through the fascinating wood-path, with laurel just hinting, to Cornelia's. She *was* whitewashing, and met us with hands upraised all

limy — but presented a dusky cheek to my embrace. She was dretful glad to see us, and her cats come round most friendly. By the way, Mrs. Teft had a new kitten, named Grover Cleveland. Cornelia's lilacs is all "threw" with, but she gave us yaller lilies. Down through their poine-woods ter Mrs. Abby Tucker's, but nobody but the dorg at home, and him inside barkin' on us. I see her brilers are pretty well along, and her white rose well on to blow. Wasn't this a nice trip? We reached here reeking, just in time for a rubdown, the mail, and old fowls fricasseed. I must stop.

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS KATHARINE P. BOWDITCH
(MRS. ERNEST AMORY CODMAN)

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *May 30, 1896.*

MY KATHARINE, — I had such a glorious rainbow here all to myself last evening. I want to tell you about it right off. I was thinking about you when it happened, so you see you came into it. It began up behind the hill back of the Matlacks' and stretched over the Salt Pond, and Brownings', and "Hogswallow," which is now a mass of apple-blossoms, and "P'int Judy," and came down behind the "Tumble-down," but not into the ocean, for it stretched over it so you saw the water-tints through the shaded colours of the rainbow, and all that landscape framed thus, and sparkling with the recent rain, was exquisite. It lasted quite half an hour, I am sure, growing more and more intense, — with the outer, reflected, reversed bow, distinct in every part, though fainter. It was so lovely, I sort of felt it was a sign that things were going to be better with us. The porch

shut it off partly, so I got a kitchen-chair there was in the best parlour and sate a long time (with a cape on) out in the driveway, just in front of the house, to watch it. Swallows were rejoicing round, and two soared up together into the arch, and made me think of Franz's song (is n't it?).

“ Ach, Vöglein, du hast dich betrogen
 Sie wohnet nicht mehr in Thal
 Schwing' auf dich zum Himmelsbogen
 Grüss' sie droben zum letzten Mal.”

Just then Louise came along with my supper on the little P. M. tea-table. “Where are you?” “Out here!” I cried, and she put it down in front of me, table and all. Dropped guinea-hen's egg on toast, and little new radishes. It was raining, you know, and there I sate in the middle of the road, all laughing and crying, and eating my supper. The bow went higher and higher as the sun set and setter, until it was all melted into vague clouds and softness — and I came in and lighted the fire.

Mr. Robert Browning is well. He came along during the rainbow (before I had my supper), and we conversed about it. I said (too lightly, I fear), “Well, the people in the ark were glad to see it.” “Yes, that's so,” said he, very seriously. “And we hain't no mention of there ever bein' a bow previous to then.” I *must* tell that to Robby.

OWN
 SUSAN.

TO MISS CAROLINE P. ATKINSON

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *June 16, 1896.*

MY DEAR CARLA, — Oh! Carla, you can guess that I miss Robert now terribly. This morning I was thinking, — I *must* have Robert. His soothing in-

fluence kept everybody at his or her best — now, with all the different elements, they are at odds, and I can't talk with him about it to get comfort and counsel. . . .

There are five maids or nurses in the kitchen, and Franklin has his breakfast every day. My motto is, "Kill, kill, slay and eat," for it seems as if there could not be enough things in the house to feed so many. I love the fray, you know, only my head gets confused sometimes, after six weeks of absolute quiet and solitude. The children are delicious. . . .

But just fancy last Sunday, pouring sheets of rain outdoors, cold and damp within, fires in the red room and Aunt Lucretia's, gloomy groups scattered over the house and moulting in the kitchen. Not a hole to hide in! Thank heaven to-day is warm and glowing with sunlight. The place looks lovely, and all Matunuck is in perfection. Laurel just over everything. Lots of love, dear Carla, from your

SUSAN.

TO MISS CAROLINE P. ATKINSON

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
September 18, 1896.

DEAR MY CARLA, — I am rotten not to write you before, but I am up to my ears in housework since the departure of the gilt-edged ladies. Has Phil. or anybody written you what a scrimmage there was that first week of September with fifteen people in the house, and only fat Louisa Sebastian to "do" for 'em? We all turned to and set tables and washed dishes. Edward was fine, he tried to wipe tumblers, but couldn't get his hand inside he said. Parber and I made the beds, and Francis proved himself a first-class butler. It was all because nobody was willing to go away. We have calmed down now, only six

and a half at table, Geraldine's the half, — and we have a regular routine of "stretching for ourselves." Louise Gray changes the plates, Peggy cuts the bread and fills the tumblers, Phil. makes sudden lunges at the dishes to carry them out to the kitchen. Everyone so accommodating that it runs merrily, and all agree it's much pleasanter than the strait-laced régime of Queen Mary, and Loisy's cooking makes them eat twice as much as in Hannah's time. Of course, it's a little more work for me, but we are all so happy I don't mind it. Only if I wash the breakfast things, I don't write letters. September has slipped along like lightning, and it is good for me to be busy to keep off the wolves of thoughts about last year. . . .

LOVING SUSAN.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

ALGER, *Wednesday, December 16, 1896.*

DEAR LUC., — With my nice coffee and marmalade (fresh butter, and such rolls) I was planning many necessary letters; but I believe I must begin one to you, to say that *I've got my wooden bowl*. It is exactly my dream, that I imagined in coming, only really better in several ways. Isn't that wonderful? — I was so afraid Madame Kirsch would n't give me this room, — the one I had first, last time, and which I dearly loved, and which I had to leave, in about two weeks when we moved to the villa, where my room was n't half so nice. So when we got here, and Madame led us up (*six flights*) I was all of a tremble till she came to the right door, opened the same window, and there was my terrace — and the view! I think it's about the most beautiful view in the world — perhaps that San Ysidro one is better, but something like. Oh, my! the curving bay and

white-capped mountains, and sun just rising over them into glorious blue sky, and the peacock water all across the horizon, and on the left Algiers. And then up here the nice, brick terrace all our own now with a parapet that you can dry your towels on, absolutely not overlooked, so high up: and down below the winding road with little donkeys' trot-trot, and boys sitting sideways, and Arabs and dogs and butchers' carts, and a horn blowing, and jingle-jingle, and tall cypress trees sticking up, and red roofs all scattered amongst olive-trees, and the white villa opposite, but below, so not to shut out anything, all hung with vines; and great fat roses climbing over our gate, and lots of them on my bureau. And warm, with the sun slanting in, and me in my dressage with a light rug on knees only, and hair drying after excellent sitz-tub, which the sweet French maid has just taken away, and *garçon* taken away the coffee-tray. There! . . .

Yours,
SUSAN.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

NERVI PRÈS GENES, *January 24, 1897.*

DEAR LUC.,—Last night, before climbing into my steep German bed, I prepared for the occasion, by spreading over it, besides my (new) Arab blanket the *Mädchen* always sees fit to make up in it, my red bear dressage and fur cape, rejoicing in the possession of such luxuries in a tropical climate. By winding my little head-shawl round my feet, I managed to fall asleep comfortably, and must add that the fur cape slipped off to the floor in the night without my minding it. The weather was on my arrival, at first, warm and lovely, open window, sun streaming in, but a big storm was brewing, and all yesterday the sea was in a glorious pother, the sun all day raging

through an angry sky, making the most wonderful peacock tints on the water, and great surf breaking on our rocks, which everyone went out to see. Really as fine as Atlantic storms. . . .

It's very beautiful here, and intensely comfortable, and I have a few friends in all languages in the hotel, and, oh! the joy of being by myself, I mean as to making plans, no one to worry about, for fear she is not happy. Then there's no one to say, "I thought you meant to do so and so." As for Lucca, it's no great consequence whether I go there or not. So I've passed the week, getting a good rest after that Columbia business, sitting in my lovely window with its surpassing view, mending all my clothes, and making a *digado* to hide the rags of my other gown, writing up letters (sadly behindhand), doing Italian *meister-schaft* and an Italian novel, walking on the enchanting *spiaggia*, or going to Genoa to shop. There was a nice English girl here with her uncle, and evenings I sate with them in the hall, where sometimes is orchestra, and one evening was a prestidigitator, who reminded me of Francis, only he spoke Italian and French. These Hanburys are gone, and the only American man is gone; I'm glad he's gone, for he made me tired, puling, and of no great account. So now evenings I have my *café noir* sent up here, where my nice lamp, novel, and Fooley Ann, await me. By the way, last evening I beat twice running! I bought a new pack of cards (French) in Algiers, and for a long time they could *not* get the hang of the game, but now they beat quite frequently, and when they don't, I cheat.

So now I want to hark back to those last days at Algiers, which I never quite described, and I want to review the period before it's forgotten. I think very fondly of the month at Kirsch, and in fact Genoa is gloomy in contrast with laughing Algiers. You see

Nora and I decided to go down to the town for a few days. . . .

The rooms, *deux chambres communicantes* they gave us at *l'Europe* were one good, one very bad, and Nora very kindly gave me the good one. This was bad for us both. Hers was utterly dark, only having a window on a well, which was far from well, as the smells were of the kitchen; so I had to have her come into my room for coffee, etc., etc. She had to give me the good, on account of my superior age, of course. In general I prefer the bad, for then there's no grumbling, or else I can do it myself. However, my room was enchanting, and I should have had her there anyway, most of the time, for us to enjoy the balcony overlooking the amusing town and harbour, where we hoped to see our steamer coming in; as it happened our backs were turned just at that moment. (Sun now shining in nice and warm; affections got the better of rage, and clearing off fine.)

Well, we got there and settled in P. M. after a *scrimmagio* of departure from Kirsch. Seems to me I wrote you or somebody about that. Nora went out and bought up half the town, jewels, embroidery, all kinds of things, and I met her at the pastry-cook's, and we had tea together, and met the Beans. I feel now as if I did write before about all this, no matter. On Tuesday we had a laughable expedition with Madame Kirsch. I wrote Carry Bursley a letter about this, which she will show to you, but not make public. She brought her omnibus to our hotel, and we all climbed in, Miss Homer, Mrs. Bean, Madame herself, me, Nora, — five fat fools of middle age, and we went to see some Spanish dancers and afterwards, the Moorish bath. Then we went all about the Arab town and saw houses' insides, etc. I may have said to you that all these sights are less *genuine* than our visits to Hassan's wives, and such. Here there is

always *quelque chose de réclame*, the things got up to appear Arab to foreigners, and the *cinquante-centime* business, or more likely *vingt-francs*, appears throughout. We got back to the hotel about four, and Nora, untiring, went out again to ransack shops. I was in fevers from finding the Henns' cards, lest I had missed them, and an immense bunch of violets from Henn, and I saw before the hotel door their funny little trap with the prancing pony. So I stirred not from the spot till Henns returned, after a long absence from their trap, when they came in, and we had the nicest, long, confidential talk in the *entresol salon* of the hotel. They are very dear, affectionate people, and it seems they were disappointed not to have me staying with them. . . .

Meanwhile, *Tuesday*, Nora and I lunched at the fish-shop, which is my joy and delight, and she liked it just as much. You sit in the dark before this great arch, and eat *crevettes* and fish and *entrecôte*, with a bottle of some wine, and outside is the blank white wall of the mosque near the sea; but between, is a great broad staircase, public, down and up which goes everything, Turks, donkeys, Jews, Arabs, dogs, women, Rag-bags, sailors of all nations. Women, selling parrots and monkeys, live on these stairs, and below make a living tending cockles and mussels and snails, which nobody seems ever to buy, in little dishes. Musicians twangled and sang-led naughty French songs, cats came out from behind boats and ate entrails of fish, a man brought violets I bought for a sou or so. About one o'clock we saw grand muftis, all done up in clean turbans, with arrogant burnouses over their shoulders, go sailing into the mosque, so we went in on our way home, and found the same with their shoes off, kneeling before Kaabas. We like that, Nora and I, and, in fact, we did the same for luncheon the next day, only sitting up-stairs

over the arch. That day, *Wednesday*, we meant to go to Point Pescade to luncheon, on the border of the sea, where often Mrs. Church and I drove, a beautiful sort of Cornice drive. But our *tram à vapeur* only stopped at St. Eugène, and wouldn't go any farther. Nora was a little displeased with me for not knowing this at my birth, but I didn't, so we walked round a little, watching the waves, and then got on the front of a stray bus and came back to town. They had a small, loose lamb under our seat running round amongst our legs. Nora bought more things that p. m., and I got a copper jug, — either then or previously. Now came *Thursday*, a day of hurry and worry. My gown came not home from Gaze till the last minute. Nora still wanted to do things, and we actually were on the bus to go out and lunch once more at Kirsch, when it came over me that I could n't and would n't spend all that time, get tired, see all the Kirsch folks again, after saying good-bye once, so I broke loose, and jumped off the bus, and came back to hotel, very luckily in time to pay Gaze, finish my trunks, and be all calm when the steamer arrived sooner, at one instead of three, o'clock. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

HOTEL NETTUNO, *February 4, 1897.*

DEAR LUC., — Now must tell all about my Lucca expedition, because it was wonderful. You must know, the evening before, i. e., *Monday*, I was sitting in my red bear, playing Fooley Ann in my huge chamber, with two tall, dim candles, when by a knock, there was suddenly ushered in upon me a beautiful youth, looking something like Will Chamberlin at twenty-one, who was Francesco Maggi, come from his

mother, Signora Catemia Maggi, to say she was afraid it was going to be *cattivo tempo* next day, and what did I think about going to Lucca. "Cecco" (she calls him) thought it much wiser not to go if it *plover*-ed very much, and I fully agreed with him, so it was settled that unless there was a decided change in the weather we should n't start. At least, I think that is what we said, but you can't be always sure in a strange language. It poured as I went to *letto* and I confess I prayed to all my gods that it might continue, and so avert a difficult experience (but I'm delighted that we could go). *Tuesday morning* at the *otto* when Esther brought *il mio bagno* with this beautiful copper jug containing the "acqua freddo," it was pouring; so I did n't hurry the coffee or anything, which came eight-fifteen. But when I had all finished and looked out, it was just stopping, though Pisa below was still splashing through puddles with wet umbrellas, and I thought it would be a shame if Signora should take the trouble to come for me, not to be ready, so I dressed wholly, fixed money, gloves and all, then leaned again from my window. It was ten minutes of nine, and a neat signora in black was walking along rather fast below. "Now if she turns the corner," I thought, "I'll put on my bonnet. If she goes along Lung Allio it ain't Signora." She turned the corner, and I was pinning on my bonnet when Signora Maggi appeared at my door. She is a dear. She looks a little like Augusta Hooper, the Bursley cousin, but she is gentler. Her breeding was perfect all day, and so enduring. We started down, discommanding my *fuoco* for which the *legno* was just coming up-stairs, and took a *carozza* for the station, and a second-class carriage for Lucca, where two men were in uniform, that we talked with all the way, about *viaggio sul mare in grand vapores*.

It's about three-quarters of an hour to Lucca, snow on the green fields all along. I asked what the *alberi* were, and seems they are mulberries, and she told me all about the process, and she says it's perfectly lovely to see the worms gobbling the leaves. "Ain't it *bellissimo*?" she said, turning to the men, "great, fat, white worms as long as your finger, they seem to enjoy it so!" It was sloppy at Lucca, the station outside the walls. We had umbrellas and my fur cape; she had a muff. We walked briskly into the town and to the *prefettura* in the Grand Ducal Palazzo, where she had a friend. She knows all the Fullums and police officers and George Clarkes in the place, as well as dukes and duchesses, and if she don't, she says, "*io Maggi*," and they lift up their hats. We were waiting it seems for a friend of hers who has an *offizio* in the *prefettura*, and he came downstairs with a great key, and unlocked the rooms (still in Ducal Palace) of the Pinacotheka. Some interesting pictures, not remarkably so. Guercino and Fra Bartolomeo, and one or two fine portraits (said to be), by certain masters. A *duchessa* was copying an ugly little picture of the Dutch School. It was the picture of a little man with a big head, surrounded by pots and pans, and she had made the head too big, so it came down below the middle of the picture. But no matter, she was a *duchessa* and enjoying herself, — a girl about twenty, I should think. There was a portrait of Eliza Bachiochi, the sister of Napoleon, don't you know, he *gave* her the Principality of Lucca. What cheek! She is all fine robes and a coronet, quite different from the clothes she brought from Ajacico. The *condottore* of Institute of Belli Arti, came and was presented to me, and showed me pictures, as did the *custodiano*. Then we came out and said good-bye to these friends, and went to the Cathedral.

I was already enchanted with the little town, though piles of *nieve* were in the streets. The Cathedral front is very beautiful, all carved. We went in, and within it is beautiful also, very narrow with lofty columns. It was a feast day for the Madonna or somebody, and high mass, with lots of candles, and music going on, and oh, my dear, such beautiful music. I have never happened to hear any very wonderful church music. This was a full orchestra (besides organ) of violins, wind instruments, led with a snap by a fine conductor, besides full chorus of voices, and solos by a delicious tenor, as if Jean de Reszke himself were there, a good baritone, and a soprano I thought to be some prima donna from opera, but it was the *voce bianca* of a boy! We just sat down and listened, for, I should think, two hours. I have seldom been so moved by music; it was passionate, emotional, though coming back to fugues and, so to speak, "sacred" movements, to fit the service, — it soared round the arches; the violins were fine, violas, — like a regular Higginson concert, only up on the side of a cathedral. Meanwhile the service was going on, archbishop and people in lace night gowns bustling round the mantelpiece, rows of priests holding candles, and little boys skurrying about, the tea-bell ringing, and everybody kneeling for the Host. This never impresses me at all, but the grand music was soaring above it all. I enjoyed it intensely.

This was rather funny: We waited after mass was over to see the sacristan about precious objects, and could see into the sacristy where all, thirty or forty, the worthy priests were now taking off their little lace-trimmed camisoles and their quilted petticoats; each stood in front of his own high cupboard, and was hurrying off his things and folding them up to put away, just like Mary Hurlbut, very particular,

each. It seemed to be which should get through first. Then they shut their cupboards with a bang and came out transformed into respectable, elderly gentlemen, like Mr. R. C. Winthrop, took their umbrellas and walked away.

I now hinted to Signora that I was beginning to feel hungry. She nodded as if to say, "I'm with you," and led the way to the best restaurant in town, where it was nice and warm with a stove (church cold as a barn), and we had jesting about ordering the *colazione*. (I paid for everything, this was arranged by Dr. Layfield.) The *garçon* and Signora asked me if I liked *caccia*, and *caccia* proved to be larks and *veccaficos*, so we had them, but so small that I added beefsteak with salad, excellent. We had soup and *risotto* first. It then appeared that our train did n't return till six-forty-five! and here it was about one! But the Signora had her plan; she took me to a friend's house where there was a pretty room on a balcony, with a bed!! and Signora there left me for two hours, while she ran round town seeing her friends. I slept like a top, and woke up wondering where I might be, as I stared at the flower-frescoed ceiling, jumped up, and wrote a note to Russell Sullivan, who had recommended Lucca, to tell him I was delighted with it, only in despair at being torn away from it so soon.

The Signora now took me round the town; to Palazzo Mancini, one of the most beautiful, where she rang the bell, said "*io Maggi*," and we were admitted to the picture-gallery. Chiefly Dutch pictures, and portraits *de famiglia*. About five she let me get into a *legno* with her, and accomplish my longing, viz., to drive round the town up on the battlements! You can't think how splendid it is! There are trees, great old sycamores, up there just like Beacon Street Mall, only it's away up on top of the walls, which

slope down within the city all green; the road up there, broad for several carriages, with side-walks under the trees and seats looking off on the mountains and plains, or back down on the town, or across it, to the Cathedral and other towers. Never was anything so delightful, and, lo! the sun broke loose and set brilliantly just as we were leaving it. It is three miles to drive round the whole; we had a nice driver. We then went back to friend's house, and hugged *scaldini* to our stomachs, while daughter played and sung very well. Then, pitch dark, walked to the stazione, and arrived here at 8 P. M. most dead, but happy. I never talked so much Italian in my life. More in my next.

SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

NAPLES, *February 6, 1897.*

DEAR LUCRETIA, — It's lovely here. See? I am fronting Vesuvius right over there. The sun resumed its place of rising as at Algiers, and I have been sitting in my sunny balcony, till the stone step of it got rather hard, and I got rather too warm. For it's delightful and warm here, and I'm in my foulard dressage, instead of red bear. Last night when all the little lights came out round this curve and up the hill, I felt as if I myself were a (highly coloured) part of one of those highly coloured pictures of Naples that we've always been seeing from childhood up, with Vesuvius lighted just like a cigar. He is rather covered with clouds, but smoking away right here. . . .

Now as Baedekers say: For Route Pisa-to-Naples consult — Anne Bursley's last which I wrote her yesterday. It depicts the *trajet* hither, after which I take up.

The Stazione Centrale is as far certainly as 39 Highland Street from Eastern R. R. Station. Omnibus took forever to get here through streets very much like New York, only over here, there are always amazing sights, the women bare-headed; one lady walking along with her husband, taking his arm while he had a large, flat basket of fruit on his head. Little donkey moving a family, with all the furniture piled on a great long cart, the lady of the house sitting up behind, and the gentleman driving the little donkey. Immense, great ugly wreaths of beautiful flowers stiffly arranged, carried about by flower-venders. Finally we came out on this long Piazza Umberto, and I reached my room very soon. They were expecting me here, and handed out three or four letters (from B. F. Stevens, Nora Godwin, May Davis). I sent a messenger at once to old W. J. Turner for my American letters, — but fully expected to wait, and half expected some blunder would prevent his sending them thus. So I had coffee in my room, and then a warm bath in a luxurious marble receptacle, where I could float, it was so deep, with all sorts of big and small *linge*. Thence I came back and climbed into a high and excellent bed, while a grindage played (and is playing now) yanky (not Yankee) waltzes below. But though tired, I was rather excited, especially as other letters kept tapping at the door, and chiefly *the one* I have been in sore need of, from Carry Weld, settling all about our meeting at Messina, Hotel Victoria, February 14, to go at once to Taormina, the loveliest spot on earth. So now I have only to keep very calm and stay on here till it's time to cross 'twixt "Scilly and Charib" to Messina. Why I am here is that it seemed the best headquarters for letters, and in case of doubt, C. Weld was most likely to write me here, or be here herself.

So at 10 A. M. I came out of bed and began to dress,

when tap again at the door, little smiling messenger boy from Turner with great bunch of sixteen letters from America, besides a New England magazine from Papa. Imagine me settling in excellent arm-chair in the sun, alongside of Vesuvius, and going through the whole batch. Such nice ones, — and you know, I've been all this time sort of out in the wilderness. I now felt warmed and clothed about with civilisation, and indeed affection; coming to this great city hotel is the way I feel when I finally abandon Matunuck and my *farouche* solitude, and come up at midnight to Thorndike, a good, warm room, electric, a milk punch, good bed, and above all, letters from you and other constituents. So now I sate and read and read. It took an hour to read them through the first time. . . .

I was perfectly sure coming to this perfectly respectable house that somebody I knew would be here, and as I had seen no soul I ever saw before since parting from Nora Godwin, and had talked nothing but *haythen languages*, I was quite ripe to drop into the arms of the first American. As in Fooley Ann, you wonder what card near the bottom of the thirteen it will be to come to the rescue and win the game, so at one, time for lunch, as I entered the great big *sala*, open to the top of the hotel, glassed over there, big palms growing in it, where folks read their newspapers and take coffee at little marble tables, I wondered who it would be:—*Ernest Longfellow* and Mrs., sitting there, waiting for luncheon. This was a very nice card. They are delighted to see me, rather bored by themselves, and as we are always meeting in strange countries, quite natural. They at once had me put with them at the table, and invited me to their charming parlour. I feel most respectable under their wing, and, indeed, I like them much. . . .

I don't mean to go up Pompeii or down Vesuvius

or any of those things. Amalfi is lovely, and the Longfellows are the priests thereof, but I think I stay right here, write my letters, look out of window, go to see all the Pompeii things in the Museo right here, and enjoy the luxuries of first-class living at three dollars a day, — 't is but a week, and then, ho! for Messina. I am quite reconciled to the Sicily plan. Carry Weld is so cordial, and so longing to see me. After that I shall just go on to Cannes and see my nice people at Hôtel de la Plage. They have written me, — I mean the gentlemanly proprietor and his wife, who love me, and urge me to do so. Then Paris for a week, then London, Stevens' for a week, and then home to arrive about the middle of May. Just laying out the plan makes it seem as if it were over already! So no more now.

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

CANNES, *March 24, 1897.*

Such a delicious drive, and you with me (un-awares) through country roads, and every tree just flushed with sheen, the first minute of real spring-time, poplars and willows and oaks and sycamores and maples with hanging things, and ladies stepping out of green fields with great bunches of red flowers, yellow flowers, blue, purple, white flowers, and a river with clear water sparkling over stones, and the earth smelling newly ploughed, and the lawn-cutters making hay smells, and the Golf Club, and caddies caddying and putters puttering and toads toadying and Dukes and Princes and Counts counting, and the Grand Duke of Russia and *sa femme* in a carriage, and the blue sea sparkling, and the *Jardin Publique* with music, and little boys drawn in carts, and donkeys with side-saddles, and English women hold-

ing up their petticoats to the skin, and fish shining in the fish-markets, and small boats everywhere, and Britannia ruling the waves. Hurry up and come before it is all gone by.

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

AND

MISS M. L. GODDARD

CANNES, *Tuesday, March 31, 1897.*

An Adventure

My dears, I am all entirely and completely packed, my trunk is locked, my strap is rolled, only the little Angel is yawning to receive these writing materials when I am done, and there's lots of time. No *entrecôte à la Caroline et Bearnaise* this time, but the ordinary lunch of commerce, — and off in the bus to the train.

Now you see, yesterday we had engaged Lambert for the day. Lambert's the beautiful, who looks and is exactly like Charley Longfellow, viewed from the marine side of him, and would he not have been happier, the real old Charles (?) if he had earned his living sailing round this bay in the best boat of all, and winning every prize for fast sailing, as he did last Sunday, for the *Alsace and Lorraine*, his nice, neat, pretty boat, that goes like the wind. These boats have two masts, Louisa, a large sail, and a small one on the after-mast. They have comfortable seats and neat cushions in the standing room, and crickets for feet.

So not much after eight, as I was finishing my coffee, Lambert came to the bedroom door to know if *ces dames* intended to go. I suggested it was

raining at the moment, but he said it was "*un grain seulement*," and, lo! the boat was already before my window, bobbing up and down, with the American flag, in my honour, floating from the mast. I may as well tell you that this boat proved to be the *Ville de Londres*, and this Lambert, the brother of Charles Longfellow, on account of Lambert's great preoccupations in connection with winning the prize the day before; but Lambert's brother is almost as beautiful as Lambert. So by and by Mrs. Braham got through her coffee and came down, and all the household took our wraps or came to the door, and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson waved from their window, and we crossed the boulevard to the beach, and walked across a plank to the *Ville de Londres*. Did I tell you about Mrs. Braham? She is a most excellent, stout, little English lady from Streatham. I take her along with me on these drives and sails, for she perfectly delights in them, helps the paying part, and is a worthy agreeable companion, very well bred, an immense prattler, but quite intelligent.

The day began to be beautiful, such blue sky and fleecy clouds, and though he had to row at first, the wind soon sprang up and we were clipping along, with one rail down, and the waves bumping against the prow. I always sit up in the bow against the foremast, and little Mrs. Braham was planted at the stern, her short legs firmly clinging to a footstool, and perfectly happy. I can't tell you how beautiful the receding town is, with its hills at the back and pretty villas, and soon *les Alpes maritimes* rising in the background, snow-covered and shining in the sun. We sailed past Isle St. Marguerite and soon came along to St. Honorat; already they had reefed the mainsail and taken in a small one, and we rushed along on the outward tack like mad, then went about and anchored in the sweetest haven, deep emerald

water amongst rocks, on a shore all pine trees, carpeted with brown pine needles, a small *cabaret*, the only house, and little tables set out with benches before it, under the trees and close to the sparkling water. Great big splendid parasol pines, there are.

So while our lunch was preparing, Mrs. Braham and I walked all round the island, under the pines, to an old castle there is, where Francis I was imprisoned a while after *Pavia*, and along to the grounds of a monastery, where old monks make (and drink) a kind of Chartreuse; and through their fields, rather neglected, but all the better for poppies and calendulas and dandelions and borage; and when we got back the lunch was ready, and we ate our beloved oysters, and a very good chop, and *pommes*, with a bottle of Sauterne, all out under the great pines, and the hens came and ate the fragments. It was perfectly beautiful on account of sparkling whitecaps on the crests of the intensely peacock waves, and this was because the wind, my dears, was rising, and this is where the adventure part begins.

Well, just then came along Lambert, his black eyes very big, and said that this was a mistral that was blowing, and getting stronger every moment, and that it would be impossible to leave the island then (as intended), and that we must wait and see,—if *ces dames* would forgive him, as it really was n't his fault. So these *dames* were very amiable, and found a sheltered place to sit and watch the proceedings. The house was n't appetising, and Lambert and his friends were playing backgammon inside in the chief room, but we found a pile of bricks, or rather tiles, waiting to be a roof, which made a fairly comfortable sofa, and perfect shelter from the wind, and there we sate and prattled and watched the glorious waves in the narrow channel. After a time I stirred about, and confess was a bit disturbed to perceive that the *Ville*

de Londres was gone, no sign of her at her moorings, but Mrs. Braham took it comfortably, and prattled away, and pretty soon Lambert appeared from a remote part of the island and said they had been obliged to *mettre* the boat *à terre*. I thought if it had actually come to burying the boat in the ground, things were getting pretty bad; he said there was no hope to return in the boat that night! but that the *vapeur* which runs daily from Cannes, on excursions, was due at two, and that *ces dames* had better go back in the *vapeur*, and moreover, in case the *vapeur* did n't come out, as was quite possible, in such a tempest, he had already engaged two *lits* for these *dames* at the cabaret, the only ones there were. This was all rather startling, especially as it was now three and no signs of the *vapeur*. Half a dozen excursionists (picnickers) turned up, and began to stroll round in an anxious manner, looking towards the mainland, where was no sign of a *vapeur*, or anything else, for that matter. I suggested to Mrs. Braham that as we had the two *lits* we should go and lie on them for a while, — but it seemed they were not prepared and could n't be *till night*, which augured ill for their excellence. However, we settled down on our brick sofa again with great cheerfulness. Mrs. B. was a dandy, she did n't fuss nor worry nor wonder what would happen, but prattled away in a pleasing manner, while I dozed. Now came along Lambert saying that they thought they could get the boat to the Golfe Inan, and that if these *dames* like to risk it they could go, too, and take the train there back to Cannes. This was something like sailing for New Bedford from Nahant, when your home is in Newburyport, — still you know there is a train from New Bedford. The wind, he said, would be favourable for Golfe Inan, whereas hopeless to tack in the teeth of it, to Cannes. “But can you take the boat out of

the ground?" "Oh, yes, madame, *toute de suite*." He now said that two other *dames* were very anxious about getting back, they came in the *vapeur*, and it might not arrive, so did I mind if they came along with us? "Not at all, I'll go and ask them," said I, and here comes the excellent episode of the English. I went up to rather a nice-looking gentlewoman. "*Vous êtes Française?*" "*Non, je suis Anglaise.*" "*Alors,*" said I, "we will speak English. I have my boat here and we are going back in it, to Golfe Inan, to take the train to Cannes. We should be glad to have you come, too, if you like." "Euogh, but you know we came in the steamer." "Yes, I know, but the steamer is now overdue, and no signs of it, and there seems a chance of having to spend the night here, which would n't be very pleasant." "Euogh, reely, but where did you come from?" she said. "I came from Cannes," said I, rather coolly, for I was getting tired of this. "Did you, really, but I did not see you on the steamer." "No," said I, "because I came in my own boat, with this man, and we are waiting to know if you would like to go back with us." "I should n't think of doing such a thing without consulting my friend," said she, and without a word of thanks turned on her heel and walked off. I was madder than thunder. "Come along, Lambert," said I, and we hurried to the remote place where the boat was, picking up Mrs. Braham, to whom I related the rudeness of her countrywoman. She was much more enraged than I was.

The boat was in a snug little cove, its sails neatly folded, but our two men with a friend had her out in a trice, and we were just stepping on board, when along came the English women, two of them, with their man. They came up and without a word to us began bargaining with Lambert. "*Combiang de tong faut-il pour aller au terre?*" said the man, very

rudely, as to a menial. "*Une demie heure,*" said Lambert. "But can you guarantee that there's no risk?" the man began; I stepped into the boat, "*Partons, Lambert, nous n'avons pas de temps à perdre,*" and in a flash we were off, the sails shaken out, and going like a shot toward the land, leaving the three English gawping on the rocks.

Mrs. Braham haughtily settled herself in her wrap, glancing up at the English, "You'd much better wait for your steamer; I dare say it will pick you up by and by," in the most patronising manner. Set an English to snub an English. As we sailed away, Mrs. B. remarked, "Nasty things, I hope they'll be drowned."

But as for us, we flew, and under the lee of St. Marguerite's had none too much wind, and when we came near Golfe Inan it proved that after all we could face the breeze and sail all along the bay to our own port, which we reached in perfect safety about five, just as the sky was setting to work on a glorious red sunset. To Mrs. Braham's regret, we saw the little tug on its way to the island, long after we got back to our comfortable rooms and pretty windows; we saw the little *vapeur* labouring painfully with the waves, and the English, no doubt, into port.

Meanwhile, everybody here had been watching the mistral, which made everything fly on land, — dust, brickbats; and when we came back, *garçons* and porters hastened to meet us to know our adventures. We were most lucky in having landed on the island before the blow began, for as it happened, nothing really happened, and we were quits, with a little bit of a scare. But I laugh whenever I think of those English, and of Mrs. Braham's disgust at 'em. . . .

Always yours,

SUSIE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

PARIS, FRANCE, *April 11, 1897.*

Oh! my dears, how nice to get your letter this morning just when I was whetting my pen to write to you, and now you are in Nice, which saves ten centimes on the postage; but, alas! after this I shall be diminishing in the distance, and these delightful letters won't be half so good to write or read. But you try to keep it up a little, won't you? and I will write voluminously from the briny deep. All you say is most interesting. Our weather the same here, viz., horrid for a day or two, sloppy, rainy, raw, cold, but now it's turned good, I do believe, and excellent to run about in. *Marronniers* all green with buds about to burst, and lilacs in all the stalls, and yellow flowers. Oh! Paris is enchanting, it goes straight to my head, and I wish I could be here a month. . . .

There was a note from Mrs. Greene, by which I went on *Wednesday* to see the dear lady. She is white, diaphanous, like a pale leaf quivering to go, slightly deaf, but most lovely. There was a horrid woman there boring her about the Pope and young American women, and wanting money, who, the more she saw we wanted to be alone, went on the more about the Pope, but we had a nice talk all the same, and I am going again to-day at three. She is immensely interested in my trip with you. She says she is eighty-one. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS CAROLINE P. ATKINSON
AND
MISS MARY E. WILLIAMS

SURBITON, *Easter Sunday, April 18, 1897.*

MY DEAR GIRLS, MAMIE AND CARLA, — I was on the edge of writing you, and in comes Mamie's "splahndid" letter of April 8, so I will direct this to her, for you two were in my mind so much in Paris! I was nearly crazy, and kept asking myself why I had wasted a minute elsewhere. Let's go and live in Paris. I long to hire a small apartment, throw in a few *meubles*, such fun to buy them, then keep house, run out and buy a nice duck, some green peas, fat strawberries, and a little cream cheese, and a bunch of wall-flowers. What more could one ask! Oh! it was just lovely. We were at rue de Beaune, No. 5, — "we" was Nora Godwin, who came up to Paris with me. She is a funny companion for me, for she is by the way of being gloomy, at times, and that bores me, because I am so ridiculously cheerful, which bores her. However, we get on finely, and it's a convenience to be with somebody, and we were perfectly independent of each other.

There was the river, whenever we came out of our little street, and the Pont Royal just opposite, and horses trot-trot, and great omnibuses, and *bateaux mouches* shooting under, and Paris men with tall hats and canes and pointed toes, and women in felt slippers holding up their petticoats to the arm-pits, and little boys going to school, — it made me wild. Of course, I went to see dear Mrs. Greene, and twice walked back all the way through Champs Elysées, the horse-chestnut trees in full leaf, and the blossoms about to come out. It was horse-show, and the Rond Point chockful of waiting carriages and staring

crowds and footmen wading in tall boots and buttons, and *grandes dames* with flaring hats piled high with flowers, fruit, and game, and four-in-hands with outriders.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

SURBITON, *April 26, 1897.*

(8 A. M. *In bed.*)

DEAREST OF CAROLINES, — Now this is really my last will and testament before leaving this side the Atlantic, for I shall be on my legs every mortal instant minute from now till I start on Thursday. I have your good letter of Easter Sunday. It disgusts me to have you in those places without me. Perhaps to-day you are starting on your drive. I wish Kumpf would take me more seriously. Why should she laugh at the mere back of a letter from me? However, I think of her with the greatest affection, and so you may say.

Oh, heavens! the things I have done and seen here. I would that my pen could utter the thoughts that arise in me. Chief of all was our great expedition to Winchester, which dear old B. F. Stevens (here comes my breakfast, but, by the way, my cold is about well, and I am in fine condition, only it's the custom of the country to wallow mornings) contrived for me. We went to Salisbury by train, and then drove in open carriage nearly all the way to Winchester, through such lanes! The party was six of us, two parsons, English, loaded to the muzzle with archeology, two stray Vermonters, with B. F. Stevens and myself, all but me men, and smoking incessantly. We stopped every mile or two to see an old church or something, and my head is still full of early perpendicular and tumble-down Norman, not to speak of Elizabethan and Jacobean and Gothic and reredoses

and chantries and sepulchres and saints. Those old churches are wonderfully interesting, but what I really and truly delight in is the hedgerows all full of primroses with violets alongside of 'em, blackthorn all in blossom, full of blackbirds, turf so thick your foot sinks in it, holly hedges with the berries still on, and around each Cathedral its beautiful grounds with immense great trees, all a sheen of promise just now, and that soft veil of English atmosphere between everything, so to speak. The weather was perfect, just like English water-colours, fluffy white clouds with chunks of blue between. It's Constable's country, you know, and everything looked like his pictures, which I had just been seeing over again, in the National Gallery. We stopped for tea and bread and butter at old inns with swinging signs; lunched at "the Angel" and "took our doles" of beer and bread at the gateway of St. Cross Hospital, where it has been dispensed daily since the year 1 B. C. The top of every hill is a Roman camp; King Alfred wrote the ten commandments in the ruins of Wolvesey, now a mass of wall-flowers and walls. Everything that Henry VIII spared was destroyed by Cromwell, and Dean Kitchen has written up the whole business. You see *my* little head has got somewhat mixed, and I laugh whenever I think of the condition of *Stone*, a callow youth that went with us, from St. Johnsbury, Vermont, his first outing away from his Ma. He sailed next day for America on the *Saint Paul*, and he thinks he is going to "write this up" for the "*St. Johnsbury Caledonian*." Ha! ha! By the way, Jane Austen, novelist, died at Winchester. I saw her house. The present Dean, a dear man with his legs all buttoned up in reverential gaiters, invited us to come and see his stable, which is where the pilgrims of "Canterbury Tales" used to stop.

We put up for the night at "The George," Winches-

ter, an excellent hotel, with electric and all modern comforts engrafted on the old place, which keeps great old fireplace we could sit in, and the old galleries from Shakespeare's time; the bed I slept in three miles square, or thereabouts. My, but it was good after all that standing round.

This is but a small pattern of the things I've been doing, amongst others running round Regent Street and spending my last guinea on a nice little cape at Scott Adies (not half so big as Louisa's), acquiring the English language, and learning to drop my Haitch (H.). B. F. Stevens is a most dear man; if you are in London, make his acquaintance and order your books of him, 4 Trafalgar Square.

Last evening in the long twilight we strolled along the Thames toward Hampton Court, oh, so pretty. I've got a great cabin all to myself, on *Mobile*, with two port-holes, very likely open all the way, — and expect a good voyage, for which I am laying in books, sewing, and writing materials; — to reach N. Y. May 10. I shall think of you lying off at Bellagio, but don't neglect to mend your catarrh at Ems, or somewhere, and come home, dear, in the fall. I shall continue to write, but it won't be the same thing. . . . Lots of love to both from

SUSIE.

CHAPTER X

BOSTON, NEW YORK, CALIFORNIA,
MADEIRA, MATUNUCK

(1898-1902)

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
September 19, 1897.

. . . I had to go to town on account of my celebrated back-tooth, which has been a source of income to dentists since 1833. It finally broke off and came out one day lately, and I repaired to Piper to have it repaired. He got into my mouth along with a pick-axe and telescope, battering-ram and other instruments, and drove a lawn-cutting machine up and down my jaws for a couple of hours. When he came out he said he meant wonderful improvements, and it seems I'm to have a bridge and a mill-wheel and summit and crown of gold, and harps, and Lord knows what, better than new. After this, and to comfort me for not being able to bite anything but the inside of my cheek, George took me to Hoyt's "Black Sheep," of which the scene is a bar-room in Tombstone, Arizona, and coming home, we went through the new Touraine, Young's Hotel, on the corner (opposite Pelham), which was all blown up last year, you know. It is perfectly gorgeous. Kings don't know what they are talking about when they speak of living in palaces. This is really beautifully furnished, you pass from Louis Quatorze to Elizabeth Rococo, all hung with Ambuson and Or-

mola. There is a great library with real books bound in calf, and make-believe old gentlemen sitting reading in them. Then we took a compass to Park Street and came home through the Subway. Lord! such a wonder. Broad steps lead down to the bowels of the burying-ground, but there it is all white and brilliant and spotless clean; a wind sweeps through the chasm, and open cars and shut cars, Brookline cars and Reservoir, shoot to and fro; you spring on, and with one dash whirl through an avenue of sparkling lights to the feet of Charles Sumner, where you are once more unearthed, and all for five cents, in three minutes. 'Tis wonderful; methinks my father's hair would stand on end to see the sight.

All the women were haggard in waterproofs with bags, running in and out of Jordan and Marsh when I woke up the next morning. I bought two linen collars, and tried on a black silk gown Bolger is making, and came away.

I was glad to get back here, and to my little flock and my cold lamb. But must go to-morrow to finish the tooth works. My mind turns me now to clothes, for I have been so long living in shirt-waists, I feel as if I might break in two at the body-line like a wasp. I long for a whole garment in one piece. Little we reckon here of the outside world, so look ye for gossip to your other correspondents. Now here endeth the first lesson, for I've a chance to mail this, by my gilt-edged ladies going to church. So bless you every one. This may reach you at Prague or Vienna. My! can't I get into the envelope myself? *Write, write.*

YOUR LOVING SUSIE.

TO MRS WILLIAM G. WELD

HOTEL THORNDIKE AGAIN, *January 16, 1898.*

DEAREST CAROLINE, — Since I was here before, in various cities I have seen the following plays at different theatres: “Never again,” “Idol’s eye,” “Belle of New York,” “Girl from Paris.” They are all mixed up in my mind as one great mush of legs, jokes, songs, and falling up-stairs. The most important personage in any one of these plays, — General, Grandfather, Priest, Judge, Pope, or Father-in-law, must be able to turn a double somerset at a moment’s notice. In the last, four red girls and four golf-rigged boys danced a sort of fandango, which ended by the boys doing leap-frog over the girls, after which they all rolled in somersets to the front of the stage, — a cloud of white petticoats and black stockings. Such is the state of culture at this end of the nineteenth century, as far as stage requirements go. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

2 EAST 35TH STREET, NEW YORK,
January 21, 1898.

DEAR LUCRETIA, — Things have begun in a lively manner, so there’s scarcely a minute to write, but I will scabble a few remarks before getting ready to drive in the park with Mr. Goddard. It poured in sheets all yesterday, but to-day is sunny and lovely. . . .

Francis called for me at six-thirty, my dear, in a *horseless carriage*, they are quite common here now, and no dearer than a cab (75 cents for us both). They look, — well, I can’t make a picture, for I haven’t seen them enough, but you sit like a han-

som, looking out into space with no dasher, nor reins, nor tail, nor legs, nor any other part of a horse, in front, and a seen-less man behind gets along somehow — rubber tires, noiseless springs, the thing glides along avoiding teams and everything. It's glorious. We dined at "The Arena," a sort of foreign restaurant, then saw Coghlan in a beautiful play, "Royal Box"; I enjoyed it immensely, the first straight piece of acting I have seen all winter — or last, for that matter. Coghlan is apt to be drunk, but last night he was perfectly sober, at his best, very handsome, and I think the finest actor going. So that's my events, beyond lots of talk with my hosts, — some Fooley Ann, — and good sleep in a great big bed. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

8 MEETING STREET, CHARLESTON, SOUTH
CAROLINA, *February 12, 1898.*
73° in the shade 9 o'clock A. M.

Now, my dears, you shall have this letter to-day, whatever befalls. It must be a thousand years since I wrote. And do you know that a year ago to-day I crossed from Naples to Messina, and spent the night in the meat-market, so to speak, for my room in that hole (I mean hotel) was right over the shop. And then Sunday you didn't come, and then *Monday!!* you stood in the doorway of my room. What a shriek there was! 'T is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and here I am sitting by myself in another strange place, but no door will open for you and Kumpf and Louisa to come in.

I couldn't stand it any longer up there north. Very amusing, but so much gadding was wearing me out no place could I hide where my secret sin, to

wit: teas, dinners, theatres, lunches, didn't find me out. New York was the most delightful and most fatiguing of all. About these times nice nephew Arthur put Charleston into my head, and made it easy for me to come here. He knows people here, and they found this excellent boarding-house for me. You may say, "Why Charleston?" but then I shall say, "Why not?" You see it's easy to get here, and its warm (enough and not too warm), and it's a city with comforts and conveniences, and it isn't one of those everlasting pine-y places, full of consumptives and sand. Best of all, I don't know anybody here, so they will let me alone. I have, to be sure, some letters, and people have been written to about me, but I mean not to poke 'em up till I've got thoroughly rested. Meantime I'm treating the place like a foreign resort, going round quite by myself to see "the points of interest." It's a pathetic ruin of a once brilliant town, dilapidated, squalid, rattled with earthquakes, torpid with the departure of business, overrun with donkeys, grass growing in deserted streets, — but some of these things make it interesting. It's a network of trolley-cars, and I can jump into one of them and ride around and around for hours. When you get far enough out, the long, flat land and clumps of live-oaks, and sere meadows, in this soft southern atmosphere are very beautiful, and the odours of pine and sweet bay are enrapturing.

My house is close on the Battery, so I see the sparkling water through trees and a sort of park, and the sun shines in, and there's a pretty garden with all the things we (you) have in Algiers and Riviera, that is laurustinas, violet beds, ivy, roses, just coming along. I don't see any *mimosa*, which I do hope you are enjoying somewhere this instant minute, with its floods of yellow sunshine. Anyhow I am thoroughly enjoying it, and when I get tired

and "lontsome" I shall just git up and git, back to excellent old Boston, where they had a blizzard the other day, and killed all the horses with live wires, and I'm told Providence is still three feet deep in snow. But now let me search my past career and pick some crumbs of incident to enliven you. . . .

Meanwhile, my nice young folks were good to me in Boston. We had a little dinner at Thorndike, and then went to "Keith's." It used to be the "Bijou," I believe; there is an entrance on Tremont Street, very gaudy, and going in that way you descend into the bowels of the earth and walk along a great looking-glass passage where, like that Algiers restaurant, yourself is going along on its head on top of you, all bedecked with gold and glitters, finally coming out into the theatre. Then after the performance we went to the new Touraine which has a "*kneipe*" underground, where the men smoke, and a German band plays, while we eat broiled live lobster and drink beer in stone, with German carvings and mottoes all round, and the electric lights coming out of the stags' horns. And when we emerged it was through a tunnel and up a "lift," which landed us in the front entry, on Boylston Street, of the Touraine. In fact, all Boston is getting to be one great subway; and you can go from Thorndike to the Music Hall without wetting your feet, where, by the way, I saw some stereopticon views of Corsica, very beautiful, slightly tinted, which made me long to be there again. Can't you manage to get over there from Nice? It's not very bad crossing, only twelve hours.

I bade good-bye to Katharine Bowditch, who is off with all her family and outriders to Italy for the summer, perhaps they will get to Sicily. And I met great, big, faithful Sam Johnson, who jumped into a car, but as I was jumping out directly after,

amazement sate on him and he sate on a woman who was there, and no explanations could be given or required. I saw a great quantity of Hales and Bursleys, and my Katy, and sich like. Oh, the Union Club, you know, has a department for ladies, to wit the old Mayflower rooms in the Quincy House. It is beautifully done over by the Union Club, and much more charming for a meal than our Mayflower. I lunched there several times. They have a chef and good food. The Thorndike also has a chef from Delmonico's, and all the chops have little tufts on top of them, and layers of peppers beneath. You would n't know a lamb if you met him, so disguised, but the result is good. Old Miss C. D. is there, more like Queen Victoria than ever, but it's rather safer not to let her see you, for she holds faster than the flea.

Now from all this anguish and these delights I came away to my Goddards in New York. New York was reeking with pictures. All the Fortunys at the Stewart sale. I spent hours there twice. You must have seen (N. Y. *Herald*) some account of the auction. That little "Choice of the Model" is an enchanting picture. Now you must know that *Madrado*, *Boldini*, *Gandara* are all three of them in New York in the flesh (very much in the flesh), getting \$6,000 apiece for fashionable portraits, and thus picking the bones of all American painters. It must have been fun for Madrado (he was at the auction) to hear his "Guitar Girl" run up to \$16,500. Their portraits are on exhibition at different galleries. I saw them all. At Gandara's, there stood George Haynes as large as life, painted in hat and frockcoat, gloves and cane. He looked very beautiful, and it must make him sleep finely o' nights, to be seen thus attired on 5th Avenue. And, oh! I rode in a horseless carriage—it's a dream of locomotion. I had

Miss Susan Hale. These men were just like pleased schoolboys, or Harvard men, after the ball game has gone right for us. The air was all full of enthusiasm and even gaiety. Vice-President Hobart was there (the President of the Senate, and a fine man), Allison, Wolcott, Chandler, Cabot Lodge, about ten of 'em, and Governor Hawley of Connecticut, and Dyer of Rhode Island, the latter in Washington to get them to fortify Canonicut for the defence of our coast. Stirring times! Well, after lunch, which was brief, only ter-rapin and the like, for these schoolboys had to run back to their tasks, Young, the librarian, took us. Pa and me, all over the new Congressional Library, which is a superb building, and as he is an enthusiast, and Pa, a scholar, he hawked us all over everything, up-stairs and down-stairs, through halls full of frescoes, and crypts full of old pamphlets, and rotundas with people reading, and little carriages for books, on wheels, shooting up and down chimneys, from garret to cellar, and round and round circular stair-cases, breaking our legs, and breaking our necks looking at ceilings, and looking out of lofty windows over all Washington, till we were well nigh dead. Then there was a great reception for Papa, where I saw an immense amount of people known or unknown (for I was in the newspapers by this time), and then I came away in a blaze of glory. . . .

Will Everett is giving delicious Lowell lectures on certain poets. I only came in time for "Byron"; oh! so admirable, with charming extracts. He spouted "The Assyrian came down," with his true old fire, too ranting, perhaps, but full of expression. The audiences are jammed. . . . *Write.*

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *April 20, 1898.*

DEAR LUC.,—Having a splendid time condensing "Sir Charles Grandison" to thirty pages, for my book. It is lovely to-day, but pretty cold with sharp wind, so that it's only 55° in the sunny porch. I pile on the logs, and scratch away. We have breakfast now at six-thirty!! So I get to "my pen" before seven, and have done twelve pages since. I hated to have Lucy go, and Mister Browning "was in hopes she'd stay threw the summer." Saturday and Sunday were lovely days, and Sunday P. M. we were basking in the porch, warm as summer, when Mr. Turner arrived and stayed to tea, very gallant.

Last evening the sunset was of the finest. I was up at my rock. The west all golden with golden clouds, and over the salt ponds, a superb parade of torn clouds in lavender and rose tints. I keep forgetting to tell you how the sun (when there is any), like this morning, pours into my Fullum's about five o'clock.

Always yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *June 22, 1898.*

DEAR LUCRETIA,— . . . Yesterday was quite multifarious, so I will give you the account of it. It began peacefully, and when Phil. and Sully were safe at work, and the house calm, I slipped off to walk up to my farm. It was lovely, the red roses growing just like blackberry bushes all over the place, and I got an immense handful. Came down through Miss Abby Tucker's place deserted, as she was to Wakefield selling eggs, and came across to Hannah's

cart-track to come over between the ponds. It had rained in the night, and squeezing through the dripping woods, I had got so wet that when I came to the crossing between the ponds, I didn't hesitate to turn up all my petticoats in a sort of pouch to hold my flowers, leaving the other hand free to clutch branches, and thus proceeded, in my shoes and stockings, to wade across the flood, which was well above my garters, for the ponds are both so full now, the water is smooth across and quite deep. As I was halfway over I perceived hard by a man in a boat fishing. "Hallo, Jerry! I'd have asked you to put me across, if I'd seen you!" He discreetly averted his eyes, and kept his back towards me, saying: "I'll row you down home if you want." "Oh, no," said I, "I'm so wet now I may as well go on," and so I did. It's tremendously grown up on this side, and I got still wetter from the wet bushes, so I was a fine sight as I came up the back stairs at twelve-thirty. I had just time to cast my skin and get ready for dinner, when from the head of front stairs, I perceived an arrival, an unknown young man, getting out with his shirt-case and artist-weapons,—viz., Howard Cushing, whom Phil. and I had vaguely asked over from Newport to sketch. He is a dear fellow, very handsome, twenty-five years of age, son of Robert, and remembers acting with me in the "Rose and the Ring," seventeen years ago, when he was a little boy. We love to have him here, and he is out now with Phil. and Sully sketching, which he came for, having studied in Paris, and already an artist of some repute. Luckily (as always) an excellent dinner soon steamed on the table,—roast beef, salad, cream-pie. . . .

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *June 27, 1898.*

DEAR LUCRETIA, — . . . It seems really a pity to have so few folks here, for the weather is perfect, the household running like clock-work, Nora, the cook, delightful, with lots of puddings in her eye; and splendid things to eat,—broiling chickens, fresh lamb, strawberries in profusion, thick cream, and *lobsters* yesterday for the first time. . . .

I must tell you of our little chippy sparrows that had their nest in the trellis by the front door. Their young, happily, are abroad now, but Ma and Pa Sparrow hang round as tame as tame, coming regularly to afternoon-tea for crumbs of cookie. Yesterday at the moment Mary set the table down on the piazza, the two alighted hard by, with a jounce, quite unalarmed; they open their little throats and sing, as if to join in the usual P.M. tea-talk. We think cookie must be very unwholesome for them, a very singular form of worm, but it's astonishing how much they tuck away in their small crops. Our robins cover the lawn, and to-day the bobwhites are singing there. Behind the dog-house there is a warren of somebody, we might call them the "Somebody Warrens," four small animals with bushy tails and a mother, that nobody knows. When I describe them as woodchucks, everybody says, "Oh, no, they can't be woodchucks"; if I take to calling them squirrels they say, "Of course, they ain't squirrels." I suggest muskrats,—"Oh, muskrats have flat tails." As nobody has seen them but Nelly Ryan and me, we feel we ought to know how they look, but we are told it's impossible they should have bushy tails and not be squirrels. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *June 30, 1898.*

DEAR LUCRETIA, — . . . Well, but I want to tell you of my expedition yesterday, a great one for me. You must know Brownings are carrying the wash this year (such a comfort, no wrangling, and only 75 cents a week). I was sitting on my hill-top, surveying the scene, about six, when their team emerged from their house below on the drift-way. A sudden idea took me down to the back door, where I invited myself to get into the wagon. "It's an honour, Miss Sewsan," said Mr. B., "and I consider it sech, for I consider you to be the fust lady in the state. You be that for eddication, at any rate." We were now on the steepest part of the hill. I murmured, "I guess you rather overrate me." "Haow?" said he. "I GUESS YOU RATHER OVERRATE ME," I yelled. "Not at all, not at all," he persisted, "the languages you are acquainted with, and the numbers of them is proved by the different nations you have visited." I changed the subject to the condition of Mrs. Thomas J. (who is in *articulo mortis*), and we occupied the time to Elisha's with the treatment of laying out the dead. . . .

Yours,
SUSE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
October 21, 1898.

DEAREST CAROLINE, — I long to communicate with you, yet dally with the thought, for (like you) I loathe the pen in these days. My mind has invented a rake with separate pens for the teeth, wherewith we could scrape the soil of correspondence, and, with

but one set of ideas, start a whole field of letters. Cadmus would be nowhere in comparison.

Where are you? How long do you stay, what are you going to do next? I put these questions and will, meanwhile, answer them with regard to myself. I am here. I mean to stay till the bottom of the thermometer comes out. . . .

To revert to the living Susan, I came back Friday night and settled down to peace, "George Meredith," a French novel, some salutary sewing and an excellent cat. Whereupon, to tell the truth, I took to my bed this Monday (as you have seen me arrive at your house), the result of fatigue and worry. I had a glorious little attack, all to myself, with excellent Loisy to tend me, and let me alone, and at the proper time to make me a chicken-broth that was a dream of succulence; I am all right now, and feel the springs of youth and gaiety bubbling up round my aged roots again. But I want to stay here, in order to have myself to myself for a change, as it has not been possible all summer long, and I think the first half of November will be beautiful, don't you? . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS ELLEN H. WEEDEN
(MRS. NATHANIEL W. SMITH)

SAN YSIDRO, CALIFORNIA, *February 26, 1899.*

DEAR MY POLLY, — . . . Here it is just about perfect. I wish you were here, my dear; I think we must take a trip together sometime. It was, to tell the truth, quite fearful cold for two or three days, but then the weather turned warm, too hot for grumblers. I am sitting in my great big open window now, with my hair down my back, before dressing for breakfast. Chinese brings me a little pot of coffee at seven (when I come back from my luscious

cold bath, in a house where such things are situated), just one hundred steps from my room. (There! a sweet donkey brayed just now on the next ranch, in a most loving pathetic manner.) And then I write my letters till the jangle wrangle rings for getting up, when I ought to proceed to put on my shirt-waist and thin undergarments. My room is called the "Buglight," because it is a little house all by itself set up on four legs over a sort of piazza where we sit to read and sew. See those outside steps that climb up to it? The ranch house, with four rooms only one storey, is close at hand just below where the companions live. Mrs. Day, Susan, and her maid were there when we were here together, but they did n't let me have the "Bug" then.



It is rather cold, as there is no stove or anything, in fact, it is about like the dog-house in matter of structure. But the sun rises about the time I do and comes shining in with great might, and my window and little balcony overlook the garden all full of oranges, mandarins, grape-fruit (ripe, you know), guava bushes, besides all manner of flowers in blossom. Lots of little birds skipping round in the live-oak and cypress trees, and above all a sweet little cat I've named "Cuddly-cuddly" infests us; full of purr and lap-sitting, though also wild and frolicsome. She troubles Mrs. Weld by catching birds and eating them before our eyes, and I told Mrs. Weld I heard Cuddly saying her prayers, and she said, "Give us each day our daily bird." Ain't she naughty?

This place is about six miles out of the world, there are but a few people here, and we just dawdle all the time, doing nothing beyond writing, playing cards, reading aloud, sewing a little—to mend our clothes—and strolling round. The mountains are

beautiful behind the ranch, and in front is the Pacific, just about as far as the Atlantic from us at Matunuck, only we are higher up among the hills here. We drive when we choose, or are driven in a great surrey with two horses; but it's just discovered that I am allowed to drive "Jack" in a little light wagon. This is great fun. He goes splendidly, but is very gentle all the same. Yesterday, Daisy Rand (twenty-three), who is with us, had to go to Santa Barbara to luncheon with some friends. It's about like going to the Pier, but the roads are lovely, winding through woods and along by the sea. So I drove her into town with Jack. We did a lot of shopping in the funny little town. I wanted a piece of pink ribbon. I wish you could see their collection, in one of the best shops, — about twenty rolls, that was all, in a glass case. O. Kenyon would blush at such a small show. I left Daisy, and then drove off to see some friends of ours, the Olivers, who live in Mission Cañon, and invited myself to lunch. It was dinner (one o'clock), all the better, and I had a lovely time. They live, by the way, just beyond the Hazards' place, which is all closed and lonely, its beautiful garden wasted. It seems quite forlorn. The Olivers' servants are all Spanish, so Cachucha, or whatever his name is, took "*mi cavallo*," and put him up till we ordered him brought round later. Then I rushed back to town, picked up Miss Rand, and we drove home in great spirits, in time for our dinner, 6:30 P. M. . . .

YOUR SUSAN.

TO MISS LUCRETIA P. HALE

HOTEL DEL MONTE, MONTEREY,
April 22, 1899.

DEAR LUCRETIA, — We have changed our base, you see, and arrived here yesterday afternoon, pretty tired, after a delightful but rather fatiguing trip. I must tell you about it at length, and you can circulate the tale amongst the various constituents. You must know, and Nelly will agree, that there is one hideous way of getting from southern California up north, and one beautiful way, which is rather difficult to engineer, partly on account of everybody thinking it's best to go the bad way. . . .

I thought we had better go the good way, and so, I got our tickets changed and everything fixed. We got started on *Tuesday* in fine shape. The day was perfect. There had been fogs, so everybody kept saying, "What shall you do if it rains!" It *won't* rain, you know, till next November, so that seemed futile. Our trunks had gone to town the night before; and about eleven we climbed into a nice surrey, from the stage-office, Santa Barbara, with our small effects (my Angel and Carry's hold-all) a splendid luncheon in a tin box, and quantities of wraps. We had a Mexican driver, named Olivas, who proved in the long run rather tedious, but he was excellent with the horses, and very careful about hot-boxes and watering. All the inmates of the ranch were there under the great pepper tree to say good-bye; the Bushnells and Clarkes and Munros and Sam. Cabot and Mrs. Sam., and sundry minor lights, and most of all, Mrs. Hawes, whom we have become very fond of, and she of us, so it was quite anguish to part from her, and Mr. Hawes, the same, and Rudolpho and Joachim, and the Chinese, and Cuddly, the cat (who was at my door at five in the morning), and

(I forgot to mention) Mrs. Greene and Mrs. Thacher and Miss Haven, who are coming on here next week.

So we drove away triumphant, through the pretty garden reeking with roses, but sad at heart, thinking very likely we may never be there again, paid for our journey at the stage-office, and then went off towards Arro Hondo. After ten miles or more of plain road (passing the house where we used to see the Birge Harrisons), we came down to the sea, and the rest of the day was beautiful, along the shore, chiefly on a cliff looking down at headlands with surf breaking, then turning in and out to round gullies where brooks flowed down to the sea, on our right the hills, dotted with white oaks or glorious fields of yellow mustard, like exaggerated sunshine. We ate our luncheon under a great live-oak at Tecalote, and all the P. M. drove and drove, reaching Arro Hondo about sunset. Arro or Arroyo Hondo means the deep ravine,—and there tucked away between steep hills was a ranch on the creek, approached by a narrow bridge, just one Mexican adobe house, where we spent the night, in two rooms on the lower (and only) floor, our doors opening on the piazza, the plunging sea in our ears, great eucalyptus trees reaching up out of the shadow of the hills, and the moonlight trickling through their branches. Nothing could come there except by the stage road, and nothing would come there, after us, till the next noon. Very worthy people (Yankees) gave us an excellent supper and breakfast, and *Thursday*, the next morning, we were off betimes (eight o'clock) with Olivas, and drove and drove all day long. We left the sea about 10 A. M. and turned into a beautiful narrow pass through deep woods, and the rest of the way was up and down along a creek amongst lovely wooded mountains and fields for grazing, immense ranches without fences, all midsummer green

now, and the day really very hot! and oh, my! the flowers! Mariposa lilies, painter's-brush, poppies, and dozens of others in patches, now blue, now yellow, now crimson. It is just the heyday of it this month. I have never seen such profusion even here before. Lunch under a great willow tree, in a barley field, which the horses gobbled joyfully. At five we reached Lompoc, a ridiculous, hideous, American town, all at right angles, — put up at "Hotel Arthur," requested our supper then, or at least, some coffee and bread and butter. G. Proprietor said supper hour was five-thirty and "he didn't think he could get the cook to get it any earlier." However, an agreeable boy, who helped G. P. to run things, persuaded the cook, and brought us coffee in our room, where we were shaking ourselves out of the dust, — and at six we were on the road again, an ugly straight one for "Surf." This is a new place, only a hideous R. R. terminus. The train came along and we got into our sleeper stateroom, and spent the night in it, though the train did n't start till five the next morning! We had it all to ourselves, except three ladies, who arrived after we did by stage from Santa B. Was n't that funny! We felt like dogs next morning, when the train started under us, — but porter gave us a very good "Buffet" breakfast, and we reached Castroville at noon, where we lunched at the station, then came on a small branch to the gates of this hotel. I will give our experiences here in my next. Lots of love from

SUSIE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

HOTEL ATHENEUM, CHATAUQUA, *Monday*
morning, August 14, 1899.

(After breakfast.)

Oh, my dear creature, you can't think how I miss you now I am on the war-path again. It's quite terrible! I have things to refer to you at every turn. We came here on "the Flyer" (Empire State train) from New York *Saturday*, tore over the same country we came through six weeks ago. By the way, the orange asclepias is still in blossom near Rochester. It was fearfully hot; the Pullman car was crowded. Two imps of children, a married couple playing cribbage, and lots of fat gentlemen. These mostly got out at Utica, the cribbage pair kept on pegging all day, he was in his shirt-sleeves, so was she, for that matter. They had a most vulgar, modern cribbage board made of tin or something similar, with great pins, like those we use in dressing ourselves, except fatter, a great many of these pins, and I may say they seemed not to get lost. They played like lightning, and he constantly got the better of her, which was the only thing about him that reminded me of you.

We reached Buffalo at four-thirty P. M. (only eight hours from New York), and then had to go the rest of the way, two hours, in a nasty little side train down to Mayville, jammed into a blazing hot common car, with about a million female people, all in shirt-waists, who got out at suburban homes every two minutes, with masses of bundles and bags. I had to sit crowded up with two shawl-straps, my cape, my umbrella, Pa's waterproof and a woman, and Pa was the same in the seat in front with his bag and cane, only he was sitting on his best and only hat; besides this, a red-bound book of small stories and the *Cosmopolitan* came out of the pocket of his water-

proof and fell all over me. Thus we passed æons, stopping at station after station, with more shirt-waists piling in upon us. We saw the sun set in a great lake there was, and I fully expected to see it rise again, but before then we came to the part of it on which we embarked in a small bath-tub called the *City of Rochester*, about as big as one-eighth of a Nahant boat; all the shirt-waists got on with their bicycles, which were heaped up in the waist of the ship, and we were all jammed into the stern under an awning. The thing snorted and started, and bustled out into mid-ocean, then stopped and began to wobble and snort more, apparently shrieking for help. I was quite sure we should go to the bottom. It was now pitch dark; only a crescent moon was making a path over the water, and lights sparkling afar off, and I was wondering whether I could swim there in my boots and carrying my umbrella and the *Cosmopolitan*, when lo! the boat snorted and started again, and it appeared our place was right there at the back where I could n't have seen it. We landed on a crowded wharf, and by reason of passes went through a gate, while the shirt-waists remained howling without until they had paid the uttermost farthing.

My dear, this is a most wonderful place, there are ten thousand people, truly that number, here this minute, and I saw them all at the Auditorium yesterday, at church, really an imposing scene, a great bowl of a place with sloping ranks of seats to contain these people, open to the air above, all woods and great trees, so it was n't hot. A fine organ, a trained choir of one hundred voices or more, instruments besides, a good leader and the audience all also singing, "Holy, Holy, Holy," like mad. Pa sate up on the platform, being a "counsellor," and, amongst other things, by and by he was announced by name to the audience to read a portion of Scripture. A

little lady next me in a good blue foulard whispered to me, "Is he any relation to the man that writes the books?" Said I, "It's the same." Said she, "Did you know he was a minister?" Said I, "Hush, — I'm his sister." (Because she had no business to be talking during prayer or something.) She was covered with confusion, and afterwards pressed my hand and said it was an honour.

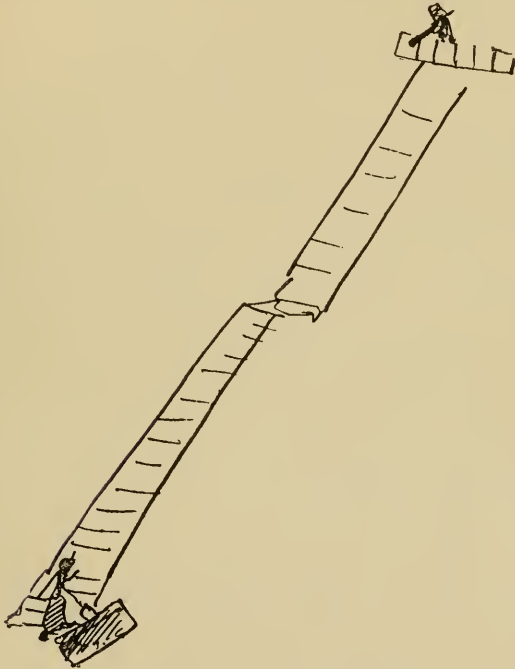
We are ourselves staying at a great howling, bel-lowing hotel, built much on the plan of that at the Grand Canyon, in fact the carpets are the same, but there are swarms of cottages where the shirt-waists are poked. You know they are all here improving their minds, learning some darn thing or other, and hearing lectures and being very devout especially Sundays. This week is the Grand Commencement Graduation Feast of the season. We are fairly comfortable, and sit at a small table with the great guns of the institution, such as Dr. Hurlbut, Bishop Vincent, and the like. I am a small lion myself, but seldom growl in the presence of Rev. E. E. H., of course. It is a philanthropic enterprise, and no doubt gives a pot of culture and all that, but do you know, even the gate-money brings in thousands of dollars, and they must make money hand over hand, so they can afford to do things in style. The scene is a beautiful great grove with great trees, and the lake, and fine buildings, stone walks, a Doric temple, lighted with flaming torches, shirt-waists wandering 'mid the electric lights and talking about geology and the next world, to each other, no men to speak of, and "meetings" every five minutes to "hear" something. It is all, in fact, extremely interesting, but Lord! I shall be glad to get out of it, which will be next Friday, and safe in my beddybeddy Saturday night. Write to Matunuck and tell me how you like this letter.

LOVING SUSAN.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *October 7, 1899.*

. . . Oh, that Back Bay Station! Have you ever imagined such a ghastly, bellowing cave of the winds? I got there Wednesday afternoon with the



Angel in my hand, not darst to check anything, fear they'd carry it on to the Interminable. I stood upon a blasted heath in a sort of tunnel, looked up a great ladder and saw cabmen at the top (as it might be that landing at the Yellowstone Falls), with telescopes looking down. I said in a small voice, "Could you come and get this bag?" One of them took

wings and pounced, like the aforesaid eagle, and thus I was saved. But how devilish. The employees are so disconsolate. The man at the news-stall stands like one alone in a desert, saying it's horrid. . . .

Yours,
SUSAN.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
Sunday, November 5, 1899.

Oh! my dear! that carpet! It's a joy forever, and, strange to say, it's exactly the right dismentions (I mean, I believe, dimensions), as far as the female brain can compound. We've spread it out in the big parlour, and every little while I say to Loisy, "Let's go and look at my carpet," and when the morning sun is just slanting in upon it and door stands open admitting balmy perfumes of November, I go and dance my saraband all over it to a joyous, morning song. Mr. Browning says, "I don't know as I ever see sech a one." I myself know perfectly well that he never did. Seriously, my dear, it will fit exact in this room where I want it, just taking out the border where the hearth and chimney comes. My! won't it look handsome in this room. I am going to leave it where it is till I come down in the spring, and then spread it here. Makes me long all the more to have the fitful, feverish, hateful winter over with, and me here again. . . .

I had a rotten time in town, the only whiff of excellence was seeing you come in at the door. It is enchanting here. I still breakfast outdoors,—only this morning I did n't, for it was 32° only, and the sun in a bank of clouds where it arose, lazy thing, at six-thirty. Such a lovely stroll on the beach yesterday afternoon and lots of nice thoughts of things

past and to come. Home in a glorious sunset,—and somebody had put chrysanthemums on my mantelpiece, and the fire was blazing, and a small moon looking in at the window. Passed the evening with Tristram Lacy (Mallock), and went to bed at eight o'clock. . . . I will stop now. Lots of love.

SUSAN.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

221 NEWBURY STREET, *February 4, 1900.*

Now, my dear, do you understand that I am in bed with bronchitis, barking, sneezing, blowing, forbidden to speak, or mix with my kind, and confined to my doctor for companionship? Well, I am, and must hurry to describe it to you before I get perfectly well, which may happen at any moment, and I want to be sure you know how dreadful it is first. No sooner had you departed than my bones began to ache. On *Thursday* Mrs. Wells gave me a lovely tea of about thirty constituents. I wore my (last year's) pink-embroidered-on-black-Hollander waist, and they all said how well I looked, and began planning luncheons and things for me. The next day I moved into these (excellent) rooms. I'll tell you about them later. Went to a dinner that evening, it was a fiendish night, bellowing wind, and that slippery, I came near sitting down on the curb-stone several times from sheer fear. The next night I went to the theatre to see Rogers Brothers, and then I took to my bed and stayed there till ever since. My dear Carry, I bark and sneeze just the way you used to do. I didn't know before that bronchitis was like that. Have you got a whole chicken yard in your midst that clucks and wheezes and yawps and bellows just how it's a mind to, without any collusion or consent from yourself? Mine does, and I think it very unpleasant.

But no matter, I am getting over it, and in fact I'll tell you about a little spree I had yesterday, which turned out all right. You see this 221 Newbury is not a regular boarding-house — (God forbid!) I only have my breakfast in my room — it's very good. But when I got well enough to eat, and my doctor said I could have a steak, they brought me up a small piece of white leather with marks of a toasting-fork over it and some pepper, and I didn't care very much for that. So the next day, which was yesterday, I just privately got out of bed and put on all my clothes for the first time in a week, and put on stockings and shoes, and my flannel waist and the "Beast," and tied up my bonnet in a veil, and fastened my fur over my mouth, so that nothing was to be seen but eyes, like an owl in an ivy bush, and I ran down-stairs and out of the door and waited ten minutes on the corner, a devilish wind blowing forty knots an hour, and not only knots but bits of glass and brown sticks, one of which went into my eye. My car took me out to Highland Street; and I stopped and bought a small, thick steak at the butcher's, and ordered a cab at the stable, and walked up the hill to No. 39. By ill luck I fell foul of my doctor, just starting off in his automobile runabout. He flew out and seized me by the fur. "What are you doing here, Miss Hale?" It was a good thing; for he could guide me firmly into the house, and put me down on a sofa. Every soul alive was out of the house, but we gave the steak to the cook, the doctor went away, and by and by, a nice succulent smell came up on a hot plate, accompanied by juice and nice meat and a slice of toast and glass of wine. So I ate and was thankful, very thankful, and by and by my cab came and I got in and drove back here, and went to bed again, none the worse. Niece Nelly turned up, in the midst of my escapade, and tried

to make me stop and live there, but I could n't do that. There won't be any more trouble, for to-day there's roast chicken for one o'clock dinner, and after this I shall go out to my meals. I mean to visit Rose and forage for a meal pretty soon, so don't you worry about me, because I shall be all right long before you get this.

As for what's going on in the world, don't ask me, for they don't let me see people for fear I should talk and get black in the face. — is going to marry —. She is the Christian Science lady, you know. When I was in Washington there was a family named M——, or something, who had absolutely no digestion, and suffered agonies from peritonitis, bronchitis, diagnosis, and meningitis, whenever they put food in their mouths. But after they knew —, they used to have cucumbers and lobster salad regularly for dinner, and just telegraph afterwards to her, and she would simply fix her mind upon her Maker, and they would digest by return telegram. . . .

You must know that I *can* eat here, if I want to (in general I don't want to). It is not a regular boarding-house, but three worthy spinsters, the only inmates besides the landlady, have meals which I can share at any time, quite handy. These three spinsters occupy each one room by herself, and they think I am splendid because I have a parlour. They stick out their noses and wiggle them like rabbits when my "company" comes, through their cracks to their doors, — and they all have shut-up bedsteads, — and they all make their own beds and lie in them. I am so afraid they will all be found dead some morning, and I shall be accused of the crime. There's a bed of that description here in my chamber, but I won't sleep in it, so it's "draped," as the landlady calls it, and looks a cross between a catafalque and a shower-bath. But my room is so big it don't trouble,

and I keep my shopping on it. It's too bad this letter is not so amusing as the last, but the materials don't seem so succulent. Write, write incessantly.

Yours,
SUSAN.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

221 NEWBURY STREET, *February 23, 1900.*

DEAR CAROLINE, — This is me yesterday going out to catch a car in my black lace and arctics. No bon-



net, as it was impossible to open the umbrella. Nobody stared, for there was nobody anywhere. I had the car to myself, and buzzed down to the Subway, ran into the "Dike," where they took me apart and

hung me up to dry; and when Philip and Steven Codman came in they found me sitting cheerfully at the table in my red-flannel shirt-waist, with cocktails and oysters all ready for them. We had a jolly time and so celebrated the Father of our Country. It was a merry rain, poured all day and till midnight, and so hot! I was here in the evening reading, and the thermometer was 80°, with window open and register shut.

The other spree I had was going to ——'s funeral, which had place in my brother's church, quite handy. John Tibbetts, I understand, says he is always glad of a funeral when he comes here to see his mother, for everybody sees you, and it saves the trouble of sending cards. I was with Parber, who performed the occasion, so I came up the little winding stair by the pulpit, and thus burst upon the mourners assembled, and popped into the first place handy next to ——, instead of being sorted out, according to my kind, by Russell Sullivan and other devout ushers, who were doing their duty at the main entrance. As —— is niece of the departed husband of the deceased, she may have resented this contiguity. But she's deaf as a post, so she did n't dare say anything, and I pressed her hand to show it was all right. Soon, all the collaterals came in, swathed in crape, so you could n't tell them apart. . . . Helen and Minnie, Emma Rodman and her dear, handsome, old father, who looks as if he were walking in a dream of fifty years ago, and that devil, ——, still alive, though the Woman Suffrage Bill is knocked dead as a door-nail. She fell upon me and hung around my neck, but I cast her off like a millstone, and swam across the street to my car. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

BOSTON, *March 1, 1900.*

DEAR CAROLINE, — Carla Atkinson is coming here to lunch with me and take me to a concert, but I'm too previous, and she won't be here for half an hour; so I'll sit in a corner and write.

It's pouring; did you ever know anything like it! Chicago is buried in eleven inches of snow, but we are in a Niagara. That's why I'm not running to see Rose in this interval. Sheets of water bar the way between this and No. 6, and what's more, I've just broken the mainspring of my lovely umbrella, so it's run down and no good.

Under these circumstances, I will simply give you a plain, unvarnished tale of what happened to me when I last went out into the world on *Tuesday* last. First, I had luncheon with George at the Union Club, and, by the way, we had little chunks of lobster *en brochette* with thin bacon between, just fried in crumbs with a mayonnaise sauce, or eke Tartare. Good idea? Then I lifted myself up along by the State House, seeing things I never dreamed of before, a great eagle on a column, and a façade facing some place and a tunnel that pretended to be Mount Vernon Street, and a dirt heap that was all that was left of Hancock Place; and so by reason of great strength arrived at No. 24, where Isabella and Mary Curtis reside, next door to Greely. It was something after two, and of course too early, and I had made an awful mess of it, because they were just sitting down to middle-day dinner, after the customs of the ancients. They begged me to join, but the memory of the *brochette* was too recent. They showed me a little real owl that sits in a chestnut-tree at the back of their house, and eats the sparrows. . . . I then in

a perfunctory manner meant to drop a card on the lamenting ——'s, on account of her mother. You remember the hymn, "I'll drop my burden at their feet and bear a card away." Of course *she* was seeing no one, but to my amazement the man-opener, I mean doorkeeper, said he was sure Mr. —— would see Miss Hale, and so he would, and we had a really charming chat of half an hour concerning the demise; and her kindnesses and eccentricities, and the family diamonds and pictures, and how pleased they were with Edward E. and the service in his church, and all that. It seems she died all in a minute very peacefully and quietly—and that's a blessing for anybody—and there is no will, because she had destroyed the one she once made, saying that everybody mentioned in it was dead before her, and many other little traits really touching and pleasant to dwell on.

So then, on leaving there, I thought it was late enough to put in at Helen and Minnie's, but the maid, clothed exclusively in a cap and a flaming sword, proclaimed they didn't receive till four. Whereupon, like the *peri* at the gate with no oil in my lamp and not murmuring "Too late," I was for going elsewhere, but Papa Ellerton Pratt from the top of the stairs bellowed that Miss Hale was to come up. Once again saved by masculine supremacy. We sate, Pratt-ling, in front of a great log, on the well-known sofa with ancestors looking down on us, till Minnie and Helen came in, and persons of all ages and sexes, amongst the latter Edward Jackson, and dear old Henry Sayles, who is getting weary of this world. He thinks it's this world, but I know it's Boston that's the matter with him. However, he's just had a little spin in the Mediterranean with (a nephew) Tappan Francis, and they saw Mrs. Homans and Taormina, and the Cappella Reale at Palermo and several things, but not Girgenti. Agnes

Irwin came in, and she and I went away together, and blew down the street with a howling gale against us, . . . till I forsook her, to call at the May Winners'. They were out, — the good-for-nothings — but I went in and tied my head up again (did you see about the girl at the concert, who sate bleeding all down her cheek from too firm a hat-pin?), and went on to call on Mrs. Townsend, a dinner call, and then on Mrs. C. G. Loring in Otis Place. The great big sun was pouring its level rays through that gap, a flood of gold, but the gale was unabated. Mrs. Loring away, but the genial General there, who showed me their daffodils, and then I came out again into the cold world. The last blow was meeting Harriet Guild, who told me everybody else was dead, so I flang myself into a passing automobile and had myself taken home. Took off my regalia, put on a wrapper, had a simple meal of a cup of tea and some crackers, and read a German novel I've got till nine, and so to bed. There now, I guess it's time for Carla.

Yours,
SUSY.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

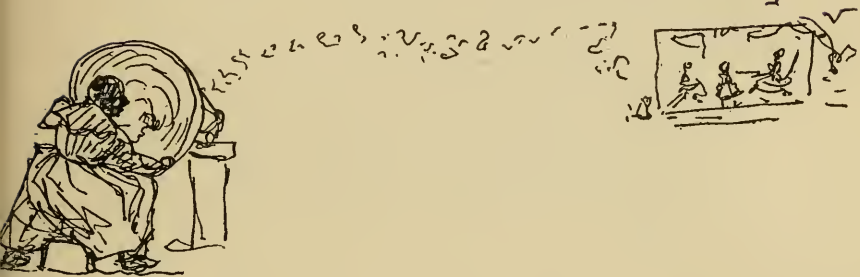
THORNDEN, *Sunday, March 25, 1900.*

Oh! Carry, to think my dear Mr. Rogers is dead! I just read it in my *Sun*. The dearest man ever was! Remember his reading Rob's poem to us at Mrs. Thaw's luncheon? I know he didn't want to live any more, after the death of his wife; they were the most devoted people I ever saw, — he has been brave as brave since her death, and kept up his cheerful gaiety as well as he could — but it was no good. He has had lots of sad things happen to him. Oh, dear!

Excuse this lamentation of mine, and tell me what-

ever you hear about him. I send you (direct from publishers in Toronto) the "Lunatic at large," which we think pretty funny, but not so funny as the people think who think it is *very* funny. If you get this before you begin the book, *skip* the introduction, till after you have read the book. It spoils the effect. I think it will read aloud well.

It's too bad about your readers. No good in people that don't read *con amore*. We might buy a "something-phone," and have me read into it, and



send the scrolls on by instalments, for you to let loose while you are sitting round sewing on the square piaz. Ha! pleasing thought, but rather dull for me, sitting bellowing into a hole with no response.

Before I forget it, let me tell you to be sure and buy the two *Scribners* for March and April, on account of a tale in two parts called the "Touchstone" by Mrs. or Miss Wharton. We have only read the first part, and are impatiently awaiting the end in the April number. It is very clever; she is more James-y than Henry himself, epigrammatic in every line, but her style thus far has the merit that you can understand what *she* means, on account of her finishing her sentences, which her master had long ceased to do.

We have here now Miss Kirkland (you know,

mother a Wilkinson, thus cousin once removed of May's), who was living in Johannesburg when the row began, with her brother Jack, who is an Edison man; he was trying in his Edisonian way to electrify South Africa, when South Africa turned upon him and electrified the world. They had to come away, naturally, leaving ("their tails" and) batteries behind them, and she is giving three "talks" here in Syracuse about the situation. All Davises and herself are fiercely English, and I have learned much about the impossibility of Boers. Apart from opinions, she is very interesting, and describes picturesque Johannesburg, all glowing in the primitive colours, red earth, blue sky, intense green of "wattle," etc., in a very interesting manner. It will never look so any more, for the war will have spoiled everything, even if Kruger don't blow it up. . . . Good-bye, dear.

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *April 8, 1900.*

DEAR CARRY,—At last! I've cleared decks of baleful bills, perfunctory notes, and refusals of offers of marriage, and "come to you at last" with my big yarn. I've been here just a week (to-morrow) and everything is lovely. The landscape is sere and brown still, but the great big sea is all sparkling with sunshine, alder tassels are getting on their mustard, fat robins jounce the ground, and I saw a great rabbit. The only other wild beast visible is the donkey down at Browning's. . . .

Then I touched in New York to get a good soak in the villainies of that place before coming into retirement here. . . . Billy and I had skurce time after this to dress for dinner,—and then go to

"Sherlock Holmes," which is splendid, Will Gillette being the incarnation absolute of Conan Doyle's creation; long, thin, wiry, imperturbable. The best scene is in a most unpleasant cellar where you are led to believe that gas may escape at any moment and suffocate everybody, especially Sherlock H., who is decoyed there for that purpose, when suddenly he takes a great chair he's been sitting in and smashes the only lamp, so that not only that cellar, but the whole theatre, is in total darkness, except the gleam of his cigar up by a broken window. Of course, all his attackers fly up to that window to catch him, except one, who brings another light, revealing Mr. Sherlock Holmes slipping out of the opposite door, which he bangs behind him, and we hear him bolting a million great bolts the other side, and the curtain goes down leaving everybody to perish miserably, except himself and a girl there is round. It is thrilling. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *April 29, 1900.*

. . . As for Francis and me, we have nothing much to tell in return. Our excitements are limited to bursting in on each other after long, solitary prowls among the hills with our arms full of luscious Mayflower, which is now in perfection. One dawdles along peering under laurel clumps and dead leaves till a little patch appears full of winking, little white blossoms. In my case I let my huge bulk down with a slump by one of these patches, and lay hold of a bunch, lo! the trailing vine comes up with blossoms hanging along its stem for half a yard, dainty pink, and sweet in smell. Nice little anemones say "Ha! ha!" under the bushes, and my! such big dandelions,

just fit *boutonnieres* for a robin, going to his wedding in a fat, red waistcoat. Brambles prevail, and I came in streaming with blood last time from a rent in my wrist, grabbing an especially good blue violet. No matter, there's carbolated vaseline and asphyxiated cotton in the house, as well as soap and warm water. . . .

LOVING SUSIE.

TO MISS ELLEN DAY HALE

7:30 A. M., MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
May 15, 1900.

DEAR NELLY,— Are you there? I believe I must write you one of my jorums. It is perfectly exquisite here, yesterday and to-day, after so much waiting, and some really bitter weather. Doors and windows all open, "birrids" singing, buds sprouting, summer heat and a soft haze in the air. Yesterday I did nothing but dream and dawdle, in the front porch chiefly, neither reading nor sewing, just watching the things. It's so still here. Yesterday I heard somebody whistling; thought it must be on my own hill; no, it was a man away by Matlack's; finally he came along with a tin pail and started down the driftway. I saw (and heard him till the sounds were lost), and then I could still see him, the only black spot in the road, way down to Wanton's, still blithely walking along whistling. And that was all that happened during that space of half an hour.

Just now when I was eating outdoors a little "smole birrid" came and sate down in a crotch of the vine, hitched about to see if it sate easy—examined the timbers with an eye to building. Then flew away, to tell Mr. Birrid, I suppose, what the rent was. . . .

Nothing is done on my place, for not a man is to be had. I must marry; what I need is a man under constant control, who can move bookcases, beat carpets, saw wood, change a bedstead. . . .

YOUR SUSAN.

TO MISS MARY B. DINSMOOR

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *June 7, 1900.*

Hours with Browning

DEAR MARY, — When your little friends ask you about the employment of my time, and you mention the above as one factor in my existence, I fear they may misapprehend. This thought was mine just now as I was engaged with Robert B., pursuing our agreement that he “chore” for me one hour a day for a dollar a week, in the æsthetic, poetic, congenial task of cleaning up the dog-house and cellar. Not Sordello but sawed wood was our background, — “Here! pass the broom,” not Pippa passes. The joke is threadbare, but still retains its humorous aspect. The most interesting thing we discovered was three addled eggs on a shelf in the dog-house, which it’s thought Bartlett, not Partlet (!), laid there last autumn. They suggested themselves first to my nose, later on to sight. Well, the occasion was an interesting and drastic one, and I don’t feel much more exhausted than after a regular Browning séance with T. Wentworth Higginson in the chair, and, after all, now that I am cleaned up myself, in my red gown, hair tied and put up, hands washed, and a pocket-handkerchief about me, it is but ten o’clock and plenty time for late mail. . . .

“Children of the Mist” is here, and I’m sure I shall like it. It has the real Dartmoor tang, don’t it, and, as you say, suggests Hardy, although strong

and individual. I divided my brief evening between that and Maeterlinck's "Bees," which is most delightful. I have it in English (partly because they *won't* send me the French). I'm sure I shall get so stuck-up with honeycombs and queens as to reach the belief that mankind is a mere detail. (Oh! must I say that to Bee or not to Bee is the real question!) . . .

So far we are alone, but Francis is due at any moment, and all the Grays arrive to-morrow, via Sound boat, at 9:30 A. M., or thereabouts; there will then be five in the kitchen to feed and eight, no, only six, in the dining-room, i. e., Parber's study, — with Edward, the baby, suspended between. We have had three lovely days; now it's cloudy again. Jim Brown came and climbed ladders, mended the leak, fastened up the front door, made all the windows open-and-shutable, unstuck the slats of blinds, stopt the hole in the fireplace and said it was dangerous, besides making himself most agreeable, and charging the whole to Mr. Weeden (at the request it appears of the latter). Jim has a loud, bellowing voice, like hailing you from the top-mast, and if you don't adopt his pitch in reply, he says, "Haow?"

By the way, why not have a "Half-sheet Club," with no laws, and one by-law, which should be for members only to write to members when reminded to by the sight of a half-sheet and on it "Half-sheets without Authors" could be the name of the club, and you and I could be the only ones in it.

I must stop, partly because I observe that, like the eggs, I'm addled. I'll go and hem napkins to restore my tone. My place and house look sweet really; Mary Burrell and Cornelia came down yesterday and brought me a mess of greens (chadlocks, spinach, *milk-weed*, dandelions, all in a brown-paper bag) and

a huge bunch of my lilacs, snowballs and things. Everything is a dream of green lushness between here and Wakefield.

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS ELLEN H. WEEDEN
(MRS. N. W. SMITH)

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *November 5, 1901.*

DEAR POLLY, — The sun was just coming out of a fog-bank, the thermometer was 32°, when I began to eat outdoors this morning. The whole land was covered with a white frost. Weeden's Hill looked like a birthday cake, and I wanted to see everything begin to sparkle when the sun touched it, and I did. Coffee and beef-steak smoked in the sharp air, and so did my breath, but I had on my little fur, and my bear over my knees, — and a good snapping fire in the red room to fall back on. I have fallen back on it now. It's 50° in here. You can't imagine anything more lovely than the weather all this week. I've got jolly chrysanthemums in my yellow pot on the table, and nasturtiums picked yesterday from your wall. . . . Write.

Yours,
SUSAN.

TO MISS ELLEN DAY HALE
FUNCHAL, MADEIRA, *Thursday, I guess,*
January 30, 1902.

DEAR NELLY, — Here we are at the place I came out to see, and it is very satisfactory. We were playing round on shore yesterday, and were going in a boat at ten o'clock. Meanwhile I will stop staring at the island and the native boats wobbling up and

down at the landing stair, and write you about it. May be this will join my fat letter in the mail-bag.

We are having a jolly time with the Swift-Gray combination, and they are all nice to me. The girls are agreeably excited and fresh. We were all out and competing for the bath-tub before six (this was yesterday). Of course, the whole ship arose and swarmed ashore, but we were sitting on the very top deck as the sunrise touched the island and its great cliffs began to unfold themselves before us. Until nine we were gliding along confronting them. Luscious, soft tints, you know, — like Andalusia, red and green, forests and waterfalls and little houses like Noah's Ark set about in folds of the vineyard. Rapturous! Made me feel just like Straits of Gibraltar and to cry, "Oh, why ever stay away from these things?" Then came the landing in wobbly small boats. We went over with Swifts pretty early in the game and climbed that fearful stony stair, all slime, that occurs at intervals all round the Mediterranean (for this seems just like that sea, though outside of it). Portuguese "nao" sounded in our ears, the naked natives were diving for coins.

Sometimes I think this first impression is the whole thing. Might just as well go home now, and wait till you forget it, and then start out and come again. But the rest is excellent, also; I mean the more to come. There was a worthy man on the pier with a very English accent, who proved to be Jones of Kentucky. He had simply strolled out to see the event of our arrival, which occurs only once a year. Ethel was keen to enjoy the medley of all sorts, which I won't describe, except small puppies just out of a nutshell, and a tall negro in the garb of a Catholic priest. Hot, mind you, on shore, and ladies in *pannelas* bringing fat roses and violets, camellias and callas. Finally came our Henrys (all the rest of the

ship-load spued out of boats in the interval), and we went and sat in ox-carts, we really did, to be drawn up the mountain. But such ox-carts, wait till I tell Mister Browning about them. Low victorias on runners with easy seats front and back like a hack, tops like palaquins, with curtains that draw or open. Thus we sate in three of them, me, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. Wister in one — Ethel with three of our men in another, and Mr. Henry, Miss Butcher, and the other two in the third. Oh it's so pretty. A great brook divides the town down a chasm with arched bridges over it, and all ferns and elephants-ears growing on the sides, women washing, and lizards down there. The climbing stretch is paved with cobblestones; and plane-trees, as yet bare, are planted along. We glided up to Reid's hotel, somebody urging the oxen, which are buff and small, with bedposts on them for yokes, and men running each side, and all yelling, and small boys pressing flowers on us, and expecting small coin (English), which we lacked, so then they gave us the fat roses. The town is all on the slant, you understand, like the back of Mentone, red tiles, green blinds, gardens with our same California things, I mean bougainvillæas, scarlet passion-flower, begonia, trumpet flowers, Maréchal Niels, La Marks, all climbing round like mad with splotches each of its colour, streets very narrow, high walls, and these gardens on top of them, with smiling faces looking out of lattices and throwing down buds of camellias to us. We went up and up for two hours, I should think, getting steeper, more bellowing, men sweating; they keep greasing the runners with a kind of horse-tail they have, which makes the cobblestones very slippery. At last we alighted at a gate in a very high wall, and inside was "Santa Clara," the villa belonging to Mr. Gordon, a cousin of Mr.

Henry's, who never lives in it now; Mr. G. had written his people to serve Mr. Henry's party a luncheon in the veranda. Wasn't it delightful for us? The garden, etc., like such villas at Algiers, full of trees and shrubs, a broad, turfed terrace with a moss-tinted, red parapet, and down below the town, the sea, and our smoke-stacks like dots on the water. A lovely play of clouds.

It rains three hundred days here, but off and on sun bursting out, and there is almost a constant rainbow over the place, with one leg of it in the water. The house is forlorn, because deserted, with great opening rooms, and windows like doors opening on verandas, with vistas between bay-trees. Pity they are bored with it, the Gordons. We had a cold lunch served by a worthy old Portuguese care-taker and a *valet de place* Mr. Henry brought along from the town. My! it was good, cold pasty of "weal and 'am," — cold beef, turkey with *paté de fois*, a delicious salad mayonnaise, of which Miss Butcher said she had tasted nothing so good since leaving Philadelphia, cheese cakes. We were hungry as bears, and ate joyously. After luncheon the fun was to see lots of sledges sliding down the cobblestones, these were returning ship's company, amazed to perceive us up at the lattices, and by and by we got into our baskets on runners, and flew down lickety-split, but I was n't frightened, for we were tightly wedged in, Mrs. Henry and me, by an Uncle used for that purpose. Our two running men, one on each side, urged and restrained us by ropes, running, yelling, slipping, sliding, swerving round corners, sparing three elderly ladies in the sledges in front of us, from instant death. In a jiffy we were down at sea-level and close to the stream and plane-trees. We fooled round in the shops a little; the basket work is celebrated, but I can't very well take home large piazza chairs with

arms. Henrys all stayed over to a ball, made for the Auguste Victoria, but Ethel sweetly did n't care to, and we came home in lovely lights, rainbow, etc., about four, tireder than dogs; at least, I was. . . .

LOVING SUSAN.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *May 5, 1902.*

MY DEAR, — I have waited to write this till the last moment before your arrival, that it may reach you warm and bubbling with freshness and all the glow of this raw sou'easter now raging. I had your *grand* letters, but no use answering out into space with no address short of 6 Comm. . . .

Speaking of space, and wireless Marconi, did you see about the mouse that wanted to go to a piece of cheese he saw? "Take care," said Ma Mouse, "it may be one of these wireless traps." Of course you know that I have long had a wireless doorbell, the knob is still up in the garret some place. Nobody ever answers it, but it answers perfectly well itself, so I feel in advance of the invention. By the way, I have just invented wireless bird-cages, won't it be nice, all those little birds we saw in Mexico sitting round in the air on invisible perches, eating invisible seeds out of wireless glass. Of course they can't fly away, through fear of Marconi. I mean to have a quantity of them.

But this, you will remark, is neither here nor there. You will want to know some of my adventures since last I wrote, whether from Europe, Asia or Africa, I can't remember. Yet stay, — it was to Louisa I wrote last from May Moulton's lovely spare-room on March 18. Since then, ever since then, I've been fighting a barking, sneezing, catarrhal attack, such as you've seen me through with many a time. Oh! for

Dr. Deahens' glorious spraying-machines! It was the change from lovely Algiers to cold raw London done it, and then the Voyage on the *Saint Paul* was colder and rawer (but lots of fun, I had my cabin to myself, dressed a doll, read a whole book, and mended all my stockings). Black and blue all over from bumping in and out of my berth, so rough. Then New York, Boston, coldest, rawest, — but Pa's Millennium had to be attended to, a glorious ovation it really was, and he was in fine shape throughout, all my boys, his sons, there, and we sate in a row to contemplate the apotheosis of Pa. . . .

YOUR LOVING SUSIE.

TO MISS MARY B. DINSMOOR

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *May 14, 1902.*

DEAR MARY, — I can't resist this envelope, though I'm sure it will shock your hostess, when forwarded. I want to tell you that the Saturday and Sunday were the most fiendish days here. Howling winds and that cold, Tom's potatoes were froze, and there was an inch of "oice" in Alice's dish-pan. It was, I am sure, Martinique weather. (How terrible that is!) It was impossible to keep even the red parlour warm, 55° either inside or out was our best record, and I naturally had a relapse and am now a bran-new wreck, with new aches and pains, different kinds, with different drugs. Still, my new cook-stove is the pride and glory of Matunuck. It has a sort of altar-piece on which Loisa hangs votive offerings to Prosperpine (I suppose) in the way of the coffee-pot and fried potatoes ready to eat. And we've had a great circus and cleaned out the cellar. You can't dream what it is to be purged of your cellar. Cartloads of rubbish carried off, and my hind-lawn, so to speak, now resembles the scene of a collision, with smashed-

up locomotives lying bleeding, being the remains of an absurd furnace the Hales had in Palæozoic Ages. A man is coming to lay a new cellar floor. Meanwhile I am taking myself off (as per contract), this P. M. for the "Dike," Mrs. Glover and George's luncheon. I feel exactly like not doing this, but "I dare say I shall have a good time."

The country is looking just as I wanted it to look before, — just as I am leaving it, — and when I come back Saturday the maples will be out and turned sere. Don't you know Theo. Brown used to say "fall had come" when the first crocus faded? But don't let me be so gloomy. I cease.

Yours,
SUSAN.

CHAPTER XI
JAMAICA, MATUNUCK, EGYPT
(1902-1905)

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

OFF BALTIMORE, *November 22, 1902.*

(I mean, not at sea but nephew Arthur's.)

. . . Meanwhile, it's lovely here, and mild as summer, and it seems foolish to go anywhere. You know the Arthurs are living in a long low southern house with southern exposure. The sun streams in through glass doors, and outside are broad fields of winter wheat, so bright green, 'pon my word, they remind me of sugar-canes at Cuernavaca and the wooded hill beyond suggests Popo and Ixtax, that is to say, enveloped in clouds. We have great big chimneys and huge logs to burn, but scarcely want them. But I sort of want to get somewhere, having been running round in and out of my trunk since October 19. It was delightful at Olana, under the new régime of Mrs. Louis Church;—very pleasant at Schenectady, with my descendants Maurice, Nathan and Tom; amusing as ever at Hartford. I saw Mrs. Charles Warner by the way.

I spent a night at Manhattan coming here. Ye gods! what a place New York is at present. I am sure Sodom and Gomorrah were plain sailing by contrast. Great chasms at your feet, gallows over head, explosions saying, "Boong," to make you jump every other minute, smells, smokes, lightnings. That

piece-of-cheese building on Madison Square in the angle of Broadway and Fifth Avenue is the most alarming thing I ever saw, twenty storeys high, and thin as a wedge. Any slight seismic disturbance might send the whole wedge flat on its stomach in the middle of Madison Square.

A Branch of the Corps Diplomatic
 Being thrown to the floor from his attic,
 When he did see his mat,
 Exclaimed, "What is that?"
 They replied, "'T is a Shock Seismatic."

TO MISS CAROLINE P. ATKINSON

5 P. M. 80°.

PORT ANTONIO, JAMAICA, *Sunday,*
December 14, 1902.

DEAR CARLA, — I must get my pen and things and begin to write you from my top veranda, I love it so much. You have been in my mind all the afternoon, but I have been dawdling in my room, and just emerged in my thinnest white waist and silk stockings. You know it's a great deal hotter all the time than it ever is at Matunuck. I just love it, and I think I shall thrive on it, though it is enervating and makes me lazy. But I hope it will dry out my throat and catarrh and all my diseases; anyhow it's delicious, so why not be lazy!

Do you see this point behind the ship (which is always there for some reason)? Well, we can row out from these boat-houses down here, and go round that point to the open sea, and there in the channel little bathing-houses stand up on legs out of the ocean with steps down, and we can go swimming in rather shallow water on a white sand floor. This side of the point is the channel through which all ships arrive,

amongst others Us, and as we came sailing in last Monday, just after sunrise, we came past this lovely lawn with the boat-houses, cocoanut palms, mango trees, grass to the water's edge, with a little brook rippling down to the sea, all sparkling with ferns, and lo! it all belongs to the Hotel Tichfield, where I am still staying. I became so enamoured of it from the first glance that I didn't want to go anywhere else; and as I like it more and more, my present plan is to stop right here until after Christmas, before seeing any more places; you see I have lots of time to put in before April. I am, so to speak, alone, but people are raised up to me all the time.

I went to church to-day with Hopkins of the United Fruit Company, to hear Rev. F. B. Myers of England address the Methodists; they are darkies all, and it was extremely interesting. He is a handsome man, about sixty, I should think, and he (wisely) spoke in a dramatic sort of high-coloured way to touch their emotions. He has beautiful hands, and used them a great deal. It was a sort of passionate, glowing description of the Christ as the Saviour of men; his words were beautiful and moving. To tell the truth, I didn't think he affected his audience anything much. Perhaps I am wrong. They were splendid-looking, well-to-do "nagurs," mostly girls, dressed in the latest style, pink shirt-waists, sailor hats, white kid gloves! (I had mine in my hand, so hot.) The young men in Tuxedos, four-in-hands, panamas. The singing was fine, a yang-yang played by a coloured lady, and a choir up in the loft, of a dozen girls; but the whole congregation sang (our familiar tunes) and none hit a wrong note, the young men joining, even leading, with fine voices and good enunciation.

It's suddenly pitch dark (no twilight) and I must stop.

Monday morning.

Good morning, dear Carla. Now I want to tell you about these nights, they are kind of uncanny, so hot, windows wide open, door open, with a slat-door hooked. There are no outside blinds or shades to darken this big window, only these fluffy white figured muslin curtains, very fresh and clean, put up the day I came, and there is never a speck of dust anywhere in the house. So when I get into bed (80°), I lie and look out on the lovely opal sky; the moon is full now, and it's almost light out there. Through one half-window, the branches of a sort of cedar tree sway and wave, in the slight breeze. Out of the other I see the ocean, the lighthouse with a red lantern, and tops of waving cocoanut-palms. My curtains float in the wind; it is still, stiller than Matunuck, with those deep caves of opal and mother-of-pearl out there in the sky. Ain't it kind of weird? Well, towards dawn last night I woke up and a gale was blowing; all my curtains on the loose, and a pouring rain rattling down. It can't rain in, for there are eyebrows of corrugated iron over every window. I flew out of bed, shut my windows, shut my door,—(it had gone down to 76°)—drew my (single) sheet around me and went to sleep. At six-thirty, when I woke again, the rain was over, the sky was coppery with the sun just coming along out of the sea. I jumped up and went for my bath, most refreshing after rather enervating nights.

It is beautiful now, great surf rolling over the bar. There are no flies, no mosquitoes, no occasion for nettings or screens, all doors and windows stand open. These deep verandas are sheltered alike from sun and rain. It rains a dozen times a day, and makes the green lawn sparkle. Unlike California and Mexico there is grass everywhere,—no dust, for even the little town has a good road through it, and besides

it's always muddy. It is said that the mongoose has destroyed all vermin, snakes, and things (incidentally all the song-birds); anyhow the absolutely only thing of the sort I have seen was a Person, a most highly respectable sort of beetle, with a pink-and-green pattern worked down his back in cross-stitch. By the way, I am playing with my embroidery linens and have made some very pretty cloths for my brush basket, etc.

Oh! it's lovely on my veranda this morning. The hills so thick with foliage and the water peacock-tinted. Do write to this hotel, as on the envelope. I am sure it will reach me, as I stay here over Christmas.

LOVING SUSAN.

TO MRS. WILLIAM B. WEEDEN

JAMAICA, *December 28, 1902.*

. . . As everyone tells you, the *feature* of Jamaica is its marvellous growth of verdure, beyond all the other tropics, I believe; surely beyond any I have seen. Don't you know California, etc., are disappointing from lack of grass, — waste places wherever there is nothing planted? Well, here *something* grows like mad everywhere; close down to the water's edge, even the ocean surf breaks upon ferns and vines, dipping and sparkling in the wet. We are on a sort of channel made by an island that breaks the wind and surf, but my veranda overlooks the open sea beyond. That point of the island reminds me of our point this side of Julius Landing; it is covered with trees to the water's edge, that sort of look like our trees, only they are mangoes and cocoanut-palms and breadfruit and mimosa trees. . . .

YOUR LOVING SUSAN.

TO GEORGE L. CLARKE

FALMOUTH, JAMAICA, *January 21, 1903.*

DEAR GEORGE, — . . . My letters came just as I was leaving Browns Town for good, so I poked them into my bag and just nibbled at them on my drive, which was twenty-two miles in a buggy through lovely country, sort of like Chocorua, down gradually to sea-level; it was delightful after three weeks in a bowl amongst mountains, to come out on the lovely Caribbean. It is much hotter than up there, but I love it. I am stopping over night at "Mrs. Jacobs' Lodging," a funny place, not exactly like the Manhattan, but it does very well, and I won't stop to describe it.

I received much attention from the worthies of Browns Town, and, I am assured by the landlady, "entirely captivated the whole place." You should have seen my triumphal exit from the town in an open carriage with two horses, trunk behind, small box and rug-strap in front, receiving the homage of the population, all the (dark) inhabitants crowding their doorways to wave a good-bye. Roosevelt is nowhere.

On *Tuesday* my chief admirer, Dr. Miller (a worthy man, sort of like Governor Weeden for age and build), drove me to a reception at Judge Reece's *pen*, where we had tea on the *barbecue*. These are Jamaica words. *Pen* means a great estate, and a "barbecue" is a huge stone platform where they dry pimento, coffee, chocolate, etc. It serves as a great ball-room, a piazza for tennis, shuffle-board, anything, as the climate demands no awning nor roof. We just sate there in easy-chairs watching the lovely sky, orange trees bearing fruit, cocoanut-palms the same, and all this wonderful tropic vegetation. The Reeces are just as nice as we are, — of Scotch descent. He

is the leading Judge of Jamaica. I'm in love with them. The house is a huge stone building with slits in the cellar where the blacks used to be chained in slavery days. . . .

YOUR LOVING SUSAN.

TO MRS. WILLIAM B. WEEDEN

MALVERN, 2200 feet altitude. 76°.
Thursday A. M., February 19, 1903.

MY DEAR JEANIE,—It is positively wicked to neglect so long writing you. Fact is I am swamped with correspondence, chiefly family, and, when I am going about I have no time to write,—but volumes to tell you of the delights of Jamaica. Last evening, I got a letter from Jim, and one from Mrs. Joe Browning, and these spur me to take the pen, to tell you, first, that I think of you very often, and of Matunuck constantly, and am full of tearing good spirits to think that I am so well and strong, and getting ready for a fine summer with us all together.

This place might be called the "Brownings of Jamaica," for it's an immense farm conducted somewhat on the Robert Browning plan. It's an old decayed coffee plantation or "pen" as they are called, with a huge barbecue one hundred feet square. The Great House, our lodgings, is a beautiful place, offices, etc., on the ground-floor, and the floor above, the only one occupied, with a huge *salon* and dining-room adjoining, mahogany folding doors, mahogany floors, mahogany beds in the (rather cramped) bedrooms opening on these big rooms. These (all over Jamaica) extend up to the roof; rafters and all showing, in this case white-washed, and scrupulously clean. (There is no dust in Jamaica, no flies, no cobweb visible; besides, dark ladies on all fours are al-

ways scrubbing the floors with oranges cut up in water, and rubbing them down with half-cocoanut-husks.)

Scattered about the Great House are outhouses (like Browning's barns, etc.), only of stone foundations, and thatched roofs, that is, shingle, so old and shaky that it resembles thatch. Our kitchen is one of these houses — about as far as the boat-house — no, — but twice as far as the dog-house — from our dining-room. There's no chimney to the kitchen, and all the smoke comes out of the door, — there's always a pig in the doorway. He don't go into the kitchen because there's a board put up to keep him out: Cooks and other folks step over the board when they have to go in. Mules, horses, cows, pigs, dogs, cats, chickens, guinea-hens, little darkies are all loose around the place. It never rains to speak of you know. Great masses of bougainvillæas, poinsettia in blossom, orange trees bearing both blossom and fruit, cocoanut-palms, bananas, mango trees in full bloom, rose-pink oleanders! are all scattered about on this wide plateau, whence we look off over rolling country far below us, forests, roads, little towns, with cloud shadows and patches of sunlight on them, and then beyond, towards the west — the high horizon — the sea! sometimes pearl-colour, sometimes sparkling with sunshine, sometimes all peacock tints. The sun sets there gloriously every evening at six-thirty, and rises at six-thirty in at my east window, a burst of golden glory. Now don't that sound pretty nice? This fine estate (seven hundred and fifty acres) now belongs to Mrs. Lawrence, a little dried-up old lady of my age, Scotch (mixed with a *touch* of Jamaica), who runs the lodging (two guineas a week). The food is fairly good, fresh fish brought up on somebody's head from Alligator Cove, thirteen miles below, chicken excellent, etc. But why speak of food!

Wait till I strike a porterhouse steak at Manhattan. The fruits are wonderful and some of them excellent. The "Ripley Pine," a thing unknown in the north and holding no resemblance to the pineapple of commerce there. There is no one here at present but some nice well-bred Canadians. There was a lovely young Englishman I lost my heart to, but he's gone.

I have now seen a fair proportion of the different Jamaica places, driving about in a buggy with trunk behind and "the Angel" in front. It's rapturous; I am never more happy than when I start off for a thirty- or forty-mile trip. It costs a good deal (one shilling per mile), but it's the only way to see the Island. Beginning at Port Antonio, and at last reaching this place, I am sure that these two are the most beautiful spots on the island—the lowest and the highest altitude! though other ones are beautiful, and my real passion is swimming in the Caribbean. I have met constant hospitality and several delightful people. . . . Be forgiving and write your

SUSAN.

TO MISS ELLEN DAY HALE

MY REFUGE, *February 25, 1903.*

DEAR NELLY, — . . . These you see are my simple joys;—the chief of them is my glorious sunsets from the corner of my veranda—every night beautiful. They have a strange kind of cloud here that comes up between the sky and me, entirely separate, I suppose very low. It is black, black as smoke from a soft-coal chimney, and pours up the sky like smoke, then gets torn and jagged in great weird forms like those Chinese demons on Japanese kakimonos, don't you know? It makes me think no wonder these blacks are superstitious when they see such frightful forms in the sky. Nothing comes of it, the black

masses tear themselves to pieces and settle down to looking like alligators and other long, flat things, quite harmless. The stars come out and I go over to dinner. . . .

YOUR HAPPY SUSAN.

TO MISS MARY E. WILLIAMS

BROWNS TOWN, JAMAICA, *March 17, 1903.*

DEAR MOIMITCH, — . . . Jamaica has kept on being just as delightful. The climate suits me absolutely. My passion is driving about in a buggy with all my pots and pans about me. I am just off the crowning trip of all, — more than one hundred miles, four days through beautiful and unusual country; that called the “Cock Pit Country” so snarly with hills and crags, ravines, swamps, waterfalls, precipices, that a few roads have been but lately wriggled through.

We started early in the mornings, David and me and the two mules, and had only coffee and bread (Jamaica butter is nasty). Somewhere on the road I got the habit of buying six eggs from any old lady we met, and while we were changing horses at the next place, consisting generally of a fork in the road with a house or two, I would get the eggs boiled, and a little salt done up in a rag, and some bread. At Tombstone a man gave me six bananas, none for sale, but the country full of them. That day David and I cracked our eggs on rocks, sitting above a beautiful turquoise waterfall, by the side of a river, that went brawling along with great tropical trees overhanging the stream, hung with elephant’s-ears (a twisting vine), and great cords hanging down, and gobs of orchids. At noon very likely we found some place with a bed, and perhaps a cup of tea, where I rested, while David

took out the horses (changed from mules at Tombstone), but nothing much to eat till lodgings at night, and then we drove on again over great mountain-tops with views of glorious rolling country and away — away, the sea! So finally about sunset *Wednesday* we came rolling down through beautiful arcades of bamboo, and roads hedged with scarlet hibiscus, to Christiana, where Dan, with *his* buggy, was waiting; Dan, the Browns Town driver, who took me hence, two months ago to Falmouth and Montego Bay. So that night I slept secure in the keeping of two “coachmans” and four horses out to pasture, in Miss Mullin’s excellent lodgings, — my door open on an up-stairs veranda (there was no window); outside, the full moon gleaming on a forest of banana fronds that shone and rustled in a soft breeze (only a sheet, mind you!). In the morning I had coffee (after a bath in a big tub), and when I made a face at condensed milk, a small, dark child rushed into a coffee thicket and apparently caught and milked a wild cow, for she came back with a pailful (boiled). Next day Dan brought me here thirty miles. The whole village 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 resting here, for my race is nearly run in Jamaica. On *Thursday* I drive thirty miles, then by train from Ewarton to Spanish Town, thence rail to Kingston, thence drive across the Island to Annotto Bay, and finally Port Antonio, where I want to stop a while before sailing for home. Probably I shall take *Watson*, the S. S. I came in from Philadelphia, April 14, but things nautical in Jamaica are so uncertain; it may not be *Watson*, and it may not be Philadelphia, and it may not be the fourteenth. Anyhow it will be Arthur’s, Baltimore, by April 20, or thereabouts; and I want to open the Matunuck House May 1.

I want to go there, shed my trunk,—my winter clothes are smashed to an unused pulp at the bottom of it, and my summer clothes are in rags. Then I want to come to Thorndike to refit, and press all your hands and have you see me with my fine Jamaica bloom on me. The dust, and eke 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.

TO MISS MARY B. DINSMOOR

SPANISH TOWN, 8 A. M.,
Sunday, March 22, 1903.

DEAR MARY,—Half-sheets are very, very low indeed as it says in “Katinka,” in fact, everything is on the wane, my course is run, I am on the home-track. Sweet Jamaica does not pall; on the contrary, I keep thinking what I shall do next time when I come, but probably I shan’t. We’ll see.

But I must “write to” your last, the prompt one. My other March 11 letters turned up here three days later! Oh, yes! about the old people. Yours called up all visions of my mother, your Aunt Mary, dear Mrs. Anna Greene,—how terribly we miss them out of our lives! How can we know how to behave! We could n’t if we did n’t remember them. It’s a great loss, I tell you, for these young people to break away from their trellises so to speak, their props, so early in the business. I might say to abandon their props before they know what’s proper, but the subject is too serious for jest. Of course I miss my old gentlemen also beyond words. But think of

Mrs. Ticknor, fine old figure-head, and don't you remember the real Aunt Lucretia, dear little old lady in a cap, with a nice laugh. The fact is we are none of us worthy to succeed them. You see, Mary, I shall be sixty-nine next time; and my mother was seventy-one when she died, so that we chiefly remember her as a younger woman than I am now. Ain't it incredible! Well, the only thing is we have to hang round, and we must do the best we can. She certainly would not have thought favourably of spending six months in Jamaica driving round alone in a buggy with a coloured gentleman. But what a good time she had in her rocking-chair with us all circling about her, and Dr. Lothrop in the evenings. Let's see, she was about fifty-nine then! . . .

TO REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

45 EAST STREET, KINGSTON, JAMAICA, 8 A. M.,
March 27, 1903. 78°

DEAR EDWARD, — . . . So here I am at Kingston, *enfin*, having put it off till the last, as a place well abused by all tourists, — I really rather expect to like it. It is blazing hot, and the air is lifeless, there's an electric trolley shooting past the house, which is in one of the principal streets. But why say "shooting," when it goes by about once an hour at a stealthy funereal pace. Two darks are lying on their back on the sunny curbstone opposite, and that is all the passing I have seen since six when I rose. My window is east for the first time in Jamaica, and I saw a lovely dawn with Venus and sweet little brand-new moon just trembling with being about. The sky was glorious at Spanish Town; the night before, I was out in my night gown and running about the (silent) corridors finding things — Mars was

overhead, a great cup of red molten gold, all ready to slop over at any moment; Scorpio sprawling in the middle of the southern sky, with the Sabre next him. The Southern Cross upright with its pointers, and a kind of work-bench, which I believe to be Corvus, conspicuous in the S. E. But you never once speak of my stars. I'm afraid they bore you. Orion is no finer than at home, and I think our winter ones may be as good, only you can't go out (in March) in your night gown to study them. . . . Much love from

SUSIE.

TO MISS ELLEN DAY HALE

RED ROOM, 8 A. M., MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
October 26, 1903.

DEAR NELLY, — I think so much and often of writing to you that I thought I had; and was surprised to find you were not on the list of the accomplished. You must know I wanted you here for these last days of the season, but I abandoned that when I heard of the Simeon plan, and did n't even tell you I wanted you. Perhaps it's just as well, for the weather has been very capricious, but when it is lovely it is *so* lovely; I have never enjoyed an autumn so much, I mean as to my situation, which has been just to my mind. This morning, for instance, at sunrise, ten minutes past six, I flew out of bed, ran down to open the front door and look at the thermometer. It was 40°, with a great big sun so far south it was soon slanting in to the red room even to the fireplace, so I had my breakfast in the doorway. You see the sun runs so low now, and so south, that it shines in under the roof of the front porch almost all day long (*when* it shines). But when it don't shine, — and it's just gone behind great clouds and a wind come up, — I

have to shut the front door, pile on the logs, and stop writing from time to time to warm my back against the blaze. You have experienced these things with me before. Loisy is very amenable. You see the prolonged absence of her spouse Albert (in another world), makes her feel really as if this was home more than anywhere else. She putters round in the kitchen, does our simple wash, cooks delicious things, sews on her clothes, such as putting white-cotton heels into my cast-off black-silk stockings, and after dinner goes up and dresses splendidly in her black gown and big white apron I gave her, to be ready for afternoon-tea. Yesterday when I heard her soft, stealthy tread on the top-stairs, I called out, "That you, Loisy? have you had a nap?" "No!" said she, "I was taking a bath." This is the more creditable seeing that the ram is dead, you know, the tank empty, and *all* the water we use hauled up-stairs by herself. That force-pump of Papa's lifts the water to tubs and pails front of the kitchen door by Father Browning-power, but he will go no further. It is really too arduous to pump it up to the tank. I have got witch-hazel in the front window, with the sun shining through its yellow shreds; in the corner great chunks of nasturtium cut near the ground by Polly, and stuck deep into my yellow bowl, grow and blossom just like outdoors. It's quite wonderful. The shoots put out new leaves and buds in the house, and act perfectly contented. Weedens are still here, they never stayed so late, and "Little Governor" was swimming in the surf last Wednesday. Jeanie is very nice, almost always she comes to P. M. tea, and we sit chatting before my fire till it grows so dark she can't *see* me talk. Then I light the candles and Loisy brings the lamp, — but soon Jeanie gathers up Barry, the big dog, and bustles off in the glowing, fading light of the west, with a small moon above.

Then we draw the window-shades, Loisy and me, in fact, I have pulled them down by accident, so we pin up shawls, I read my newspapers till it's time for my little meal on the little P. M. tea-table, of cold breast of Cornelia (I mean her "faowls") and buttered toast. I am reading millions of things, new and old, but go to bed sedulously at eight sharp. Loisy is reading the "Peterkins"! She thinks it splendid about the salt in the coffee, but I fear she takes it rather seriously. I am surprised at her prowess in reading. It is painful, but sure. I started her first on the "Call of the Wild," which is splendid — all about a dog, you know, — and she passed examination upon it with comments far more intelligent than those of my late guest, Mrs. — . . .

Yours,
SUSAN.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

7 A. M. 72°.

SUSAN'S ROOST, MALVERN, *February 26, 1904.*

MY DEAR CAROLINE, — I will write you about my glorious two days' drive to this place before I forget about it. I always think of you as I am driving along in my buggy, bolt upright, with my small trunk strapped on behind, the Angel sitting up in front amongst the driver's legs, and a Jamaica basket by my side, containing my luncheon and a few oranges. My only wrap is my light fur-tippet, and I sometimes travel in my white wrapper, but this time I had on my black-and-white foulard. It rained occasionally, but there was a rug in the carriage to put over my legs. Dan had an india-rubber cover, and if he did get wet the sun came out and dried him up.

We started at 7 A. M. from Browns Town and drove forty-five miles that day. The first part of the way

I went up the Cave Valley road along the side of a sort of Canyon, winding in and out, quite civilised, with little houses dotted along on the heights, and some large estates. It is all wooded, you know. The sun was just touching the hilltops when we started, and soon came into our road and made ferns and morning-glories, wet with dew, all sparkle. When we got to Cave Valley it was still early. Strange to say, this is a flat plain delivered over to sugar-cane, and there is a sugar-mill at work there, and people cutting the canes, and the dead stalks, like Indian corn, strewing the ground. I asked a man, and he gave me a long stalk of sugar-cane for me to gnaw the end of it. It is rather good, almost the only sweet thing in Jamaica that is not too sweet.

At Bowbridge we rested the horses in a cluttery little town consisting of a row of shops with no fronts to them. I bought a basket off a woman's head that I liked. When I asked her if she would sell it, she said, "No, missy." But it seems she had nothing to do with it, for her mistress, a pretty (dark) lady in white, stepped up and said, "Oh, yes," and ordered the basket off. They went into the chief department store of the place, a shed with one shelf running along for a counter, took all the things out of the basket, yams, I guess, and gave it to me for a shilling. Thus I started my luncheon-basket. I think they put their things in a pannia that was on the side of a donkey thereabouts.

Then began the most glorious winding about in lofty lanes along the edge of mountain-tops, looking off over deep valleys to other hills, all clothed, you know, with masses of foliage. This was Manchester, a parish in the middle of the island where there is, so to speak, not an inch of level ground. There are low places where they have tucked bananas, but often it is sheer precipice on either side along the road,

up and down. The mile-posts kept saying so many miles to Kendal, but I wished to avoid Kendal, for there it is railroad, which spoils these places, too much like West Newton, so we turned off at Spaulding and began asking the way to Mile Gully. The post-mistress said to go a road, which we went. A man on a donkey later on said that was wrong. The trouble is there are two Mile Gullys. I had my (very inadequate) map, and, in fact, we went the right way, only it was longer than my keepers had prophesied in Browns Town, and by the time we came to the foot of an awful hill, the horses were pretty tired. We had to pay a boy sixpence to take them by the nose and persuade them up, while Dan walked by the side, applying the whip. I don't say the lash, because that, which was of twine, had come off. Don't mention this to "Cruelty to Animals," please. It might get me into trouble. In general the darks are very considerate of their beasts, and drive gently, and so did Dan. At the top of the hill there was a church, named Bethany, and, oh! the most glorious view away over to the Santa Cruz mountains, for we had climbed the ridge and left the Manchester bowl behind. But here darks were engaged in mending this same dreadful road, which went ribboning down before us. The Chief of the Menders advanced, and in the most affable manner cried, "Welcome, my dear friends, but I must regret that you chose this moment, for you must see that we are engaged in making the road for you." He is a retired army officer, very English, here for his health, with only a part of one lung, appointed Superintendent of Roads for that parish by Government. He went on, "Your friends, the Pickerings, — for I see by your fur-tippet that you come from their Boreal Region — think this the most perfect part of Jamaica." He knew them well. You know they came here two or

three years ago to get a clear atmosphere for inspecting Eros, the new planet which is nearer the sun than anybody else. They made lots of friends here, and Mrs. Pickering was very popular. I believe they were delighted with the island, but I have not seen them since. We asked our man, who was named Garrett, about Mile Gully, and he said, "You are there, you are there," waving his hand, "but look at the road." We did look at it, and I told Dan to go ahead, through the crowd of stone-pickers, who were making it worse in order to be better. At the foot of the long hill we came on the Police Station we had been told to look out for. These are fine buildings, placed one in every parish by Government. I think they serve as jails, and that the police (all darks), when they meet a malefactor, just take him by the scruff of the neck and haul him into the station for further orders. The service is admirable all over the island, and perfect quiet prevails.

Now you must know that our Browns Town post-mistress had written to Lyndhurst, Mile Gully, to ask Mrs. Coke to take us in at her lodging for that night. Owing to the *mañana* methods of the tropics no answer came, but I had to write to Malvern to tell these people here to meet me there, which I had done, when, lo! just as I was leaving Browns Town, post-mistress got a telegram saying there was no room at Lyndhurst. The reason for the delay was that Ash Wednesday being a holiday, all post-offices were shut, and all telegrams only go from and to post-offices, which is why it took a week for my message to go forty-five miles. I left a telegram and a shilling to Mrs. Coke, to say, "Miss Hale has started. Please find lodgings near you," or words to that effect. You can imagine I felt rather goose-flesh on approaching her gates. However, we drove on inquiring for Lyndhurst. It was a good five miles from our man, who

said we were there, and two miles beyond Mile Gully Post-office. Everybody said to drive to a big cottonwood tree and then straight on through the gate, which would be open, and so it was, and we entered an enchanting glade. It reminded me of those big estates we drove through on the way to, you know what, in California, only instead of live-oaks there are mangoes and bread-fruit trees dotted about.

We came to the Great House by and by, settled in the middle of a great pen, surrounded by its own forest, a low, long house in a little fenced garden, full of roses. A pretty lady came to the door, whom I met with ample apologies. She replied rather coldly, "I had to receive you after your telegram. Your horses are here already," i. e., Lawrence's mules already out at pasture along with the Coke beasts. She showed me into the daughter's room, evacuated for me, close by the *grand salon* of entrance. In fact it was only a bluff their sending word "No room," and I will now say that these people are no lodging-keepers but the Fat of the Land, as if I had driven into Martha Williams' front yard and demanded bed and board. It was the post-mistress's fault, and apparently the way they do things here, but you can imagine that I felt horrid. However, I so pleased the lady and her family with my charms and native dances that they became enamoured of me, urged me stay longer, to come back and bring my friends, etc., etc. She is about fifty, slight, well dressed (she was on her way to a tea), looked sort of like Louisa Fessenden. Her husband is one of the chief landowners of the island. She has three sons and seven daughters (and I am sure it was the biggest daughter that objected to having me come). The house is full of glorious old mahogany, family portraits, East India china, plenty books, a piano. We found mutual friends, for her eldest daughter is married to Kerr,

the great exporting merchant at Port Maria, where I have been staying at the Rectory, and they all wanted to hear about Miss Reece's engagement to Mr. Bovell of Port Maria (my intimate friends). I had a cup of tea and a nap (on my four-poster, as hard as rocks); at seven a very pretty dinner was served, soup, fish, roast, grape-fruit from their own trees, black coffee, and we chatted till I dropped with fatigue.

At six o'clock next morning, after a good bath in my half-calabash tub, Mrs. Coke herself brought my coffee and egg. She and her daughters were starting for (twenty miles) Mandeville, where they go every Saturday to market, to take a music lesson and some other kind of lesson. She had sent word by her man to tell my man to bring up my mules at the same time. Her husband, who had been dining somewhere and returned at midnight, put me in my buggy, and I was off before seven o'clock. Meantime Dan, with my other team, had departed at midnight for Browns Town. So Jacky, me, and the mules started for Malvern over the ridge and down Bogue Hill, through the Savannahs and up to Lacovia, thence to this place (I must take another half-sheet). Mrs. Coke put me up a luncheon of minced-egg sandwiches, cold chicken, grape-fruit, and I brought along for her little daughter, who is at school not far from here, a big basket of oranges and her umbrella, which she had forgotten at home. The dreadful part of this was that it was impossible to pay for my lodgings (as, of course, I intended). I had to say something about it, but Mrs. Coke waved me aside as a thing of no moment, and I could only express my shame at intruding, so I was glad to be a beast of burden to convey these things to the daughter, especially as it occasioned me no inconvenience. But this is true Jamaica. The people are just as hospitable as they

can be, and, as a matter of fact, they thirst to see (decent) people from the outside world. Fancy! Mrs. Coke has never been to Port Maria where her daughter lives, nor Montego Bay, nor to any of the places I have seen in Jamaica, except Kingston, where they now can go by rail. The railroad cuts through the middle of their grounds, but it is so remote that you neither hear, see, nor smell it. To be sure there is but one train each way daily, and the station is three miles off.

Jacky and me changed mules for horses at Barton's Isles down below. Along there we began to see the sea, but lost it again to climby-climby the Santa Cruz mountains. It was two o'clock when we got here — over ninety miles in the two days. I love it. I mean to have one more go in the buggy before I leave the island.

And here it is rapturous, as I wrote you last year, no doubt. At present Rev. Chaney and Mrs. are here, as delighted as I am with the climate, the view, the people, the animals and all. I have your letter of January 25. I am very bad about writing this year. No time! I will try now to do better.

LOVING SUSIE.

TO MISS MARY E. WILLIAMS

LUCEA, JAMAICA, *Tuesday, March 15, 1904.*

DEAR MAMIE, — You must know that as I drive, alone, in my buggy, it often happens that I have some one particular person with me, and all my thoughts sort of take the form of telling that person what I see and enjoy on the road. You were that person yesterday, so now I will try to tell you about it, but, of course, all my brilliant thoughts have escaped me by this time. . . .

Now, you see, I have been staying at a place called

Mackfield for two or three days, and there I had a funny time. It is a beautiful "hotel" high up on a little mountain, remote from the world, with a parapet built all round the really ancient house, like a castle, and a glorious view for miles away, looking down into valleys over beautiful forests. Judge Burke advised me to go there; they are just moved there from Malvern, and when I reached my lofty castle the people showed me the Burkes' house down below, as we look down on Weedens'—only this is much higher. I was enraptured with my room on the battlement looking off over the abyss, there was absolutely nobody else in the house except the very affable landlady, Mrs. Munroe, and her spouse,—for the servants are always poked off into remote holes. But in the P. M. Mrs. Burke, a pretty lady of a good Jamaica family (white), took me to drive, and she told me such yarns about the place that I got quite scared (not really, but perhaps a little nervous). It appears the woman's husband has a dreadful temper, beats his wife, maltreats the servants, takes all the money. Now I had thought him quite a beautiful man, ugly, but with a courtly bearing, very polite to me, pointing out things in the landscape, so I had confided everything to him, and engaged his horses to take me thence to this place on *Monday*,—but Mrs. Burke said that was dreadful, that he had no horses, had no decent carriage, had no driver. So I went to bed that night imagining all sorts of things. It is the still-est place I ever was in, silence embodied, I lay awake, expecting to hear shrieks,—and wondering how I could escape from the place, especially as I was a little short of money, having been now more than a month away from banks and credit. But Mr. Burke, when he came home for *Sunday*, fixed me all up (took my American check). I guess he gave his wife a wiggling for scaring me, and it

was rather foolish of her, seeing it was his advice that took me to the place. She had had a row with Munroes, something about a slop-pail; Burkes are living in a house belonging to Monroes, supposed to be furnished, *but not*. However, I must confess that I got off early yesterday with a feeling like that of escaping from a robber's den, or rather an ogre's castle. The ogre was affable to the last, he smiled gently with his one tooth, receipted the bill which was most moderate, fastened my things on the buggy (a very comfortable one), his wife almost shed tears, the servants stood about pressing my shilling apiece close to their palms. "Mr. Duer," a very respectable coachman, borrowed for the occasion, took the reins, and we drove off. Nothing sinister happened twenty-six miles to this place, one of the horses stumbled once going down a hill, but that might occur any time. The road was enchanting through immense estates, grass-grown, with ruts between. Here, all Jamaica is really divided into great ancestral pens (which have changed hands for the most part), and even the Government roads pass through them by gates at either end, as if we should drive to New York from Boston through your place, and see your hens as we passed by. So that was how I escaped from the ogre's castle, not thrown into his dungeon at all, but with feelings of real regret.

Now I want to tell you about their hens, for you are a hen-ist. It was my chief joy at Mackfield to see them go to bed in a tree. It's a small orange tree that has grown up from the abyss, and is rather near this parapet, and every night these ridiculous hens come and crane their necks, and fear to fly, and cluck, and go away and come back, and finally, one by one, makes a great clumsy leap and lands, bounce! in the middle of earlier comers. Finally the cock, with equal hesitation, but a great air of bravery,

makes a spring with a squawk, and comes down keehunk! on a mass of hens, his legs slip down amongst them, he gives one crow to announce to the world that he and his family are turned in, then he spreads himself over them like a bed-quilt, and all



is still. Strange fruit for a small orange tree. Do yours do so? Other cocks in the neighbourhood were marshalling their hens into other trees with the same mental agitation and tumult. . . .

LOVING SUSAN.

TO MISS ELLEN D. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *May 16, 1904.*

7 A. M. 50°. *Wind west but raw with fogs.*

NELLY, — The first thing I did on Saturday was to take down "Henrietta" by Charlotte Lennox and read it straight through. I had been longing to do this to refute the slighting remarks of little Master Dobson in his preface to "Miss Burney" about Lennox. Bet five cents he never read the book, and *I say* it is remarkably *sprightly* and clever. Anyhow I made the "Elder Blows" roar with laughter when I read it to them in Mrs. Olmsted's house some centuries ago. Of course, that might have been my wit — but not all. There's a scene in a stage-coach worth preserving as a picture of the times, and the characters

are excellent throughout. Of course I skipped Henrietta's previous history which she related between pages 41-176, at one sitting.

However, that's no consequence. Mister Brown-ing says I'm remarkable. He don't know as he ever see a gyirl of twenty ser spry as I be, — and he hopes I'll continner so. He just delivered himself of these remarks on the occasion of bringing in cedar sticks left from the old fence, for there's a new one all along the place from the Libr'y to Goodchildses. . . .

Yours,
SUSAN.

TO MISS MARY B. DINSMOOR

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *June, 1904.*

. . . So I have invented reading in bed with my table shoved to overlap the pillows, with an excellent candle on it. There till nine "close couched" with the thicket, of course, shedding cold dews and wild flowers on my head, I hear the baffled pack downstairs, or hawking up to bed themselves at nine. Then out goes my candle, and me — to sleep. Thus I have enjoyed the "Singular Miss Smith." 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 n't in it" compared to the lady and her man who found palm-trees and turtles' eggs and octopuses and a well-built two-storey apartment, all ready made after going to pieces in a great steamer. Before "The Chosen" came (have you read "Benefactress"?), I was steeped in Bernard Shaw. I am always fairly well posted, but now I have bought and read all his plays "pleasant or unpleasant." This came from seeing "Candida" in Boston.

Our great event is Carla Atkinson's arrival. You know she has bought a piece of land from Mr. Weeden, and built a little house on top of a hill overlooking Perch Cove,—sort of on the way over to "No thoroughfare" and Hannah's cart-track. There are seven cot-beds in it, and therefore room for a "week-end" party of seven, including the cook, over July 4. It is very cosy, pretty, simple, modern, and Carla is very happy,—so nice to have this taste of matrimony, so to speak, without the incumbrance of man. People give her setting-up presents, cups and saucers, a settle that becomes a dinner table, and the like, and she consults me on the subject of lamb and butter. There was great cause for anxiety about water and the neighbours were sure there "worn't" none to be got on that hill. To their dismay (I mean the neighbours') the men boring (I mean boring the hole not our ears with lamentations) struck water at one hundred and seventy feet. In fact they've got down to China, as I have expressed it, and are now drinking Oolong tea. She is to have a wind-mill, and is getting five gallons a minute, and can, if she wants, have a perpetual fountain as high as her house. She has one maid (who cooks), who used to live in the Atkinson family, an excellent buxom person, named Statia, who goes to church with my gilt-edged ladies. And why should I refrain from saying that my Nelly O'Brien is the sweetest thing you ever saw, rosy cheeks, white teeth, bright eyes, invented by her mother, who is my General Purveyor of Help. In fact, when I lift mine eyes, it is not to the hills whence cometh my help, but to Mrs. O'Brien, a coachman's wife with a large family, cross-eyed, acquainted not only with grief (her husband drinks—some), but with all the gilt-edged ladies who work on Back Bay. Old Mary Mullin conceived the idea of bringing this Nelly (aged nineteen, this is her first

place) to be my chambermaid, and Mary holds her in the hollow of her hand, to do half her work; incidentally allowing her to make the beds and (sometimes) hook my gown under the left arm where I can't reach. Loisy meanwhile cooks serenely, and the deceased sister's husband is the comfort of my life, doing all those things that Father Browning ought to have done. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS CAROLINE P. ATKINSON

DEAR CARLA, — I keep forgetting to tell you that you owe me nine dollars for nine legs of lamb. I think it has worked very well. This is your lamb,



poor thing, a mere skeleton, all hind legs, while Rose's are all "fores."

What a nice time we had at dinner! I am fine to-day. No roaring ears, perfectly normal.

LOVING SUSAN.

TO MISS ELLEN D. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, MICHAELMAS
DAY, *September 29, 1904.*

DEAR SISTER, — The bridge is in my head, and a "Bridge of Size," as well as a "Bridge of Sighs," indeed. It hurt awfully having it in, it cuts the gums so, you know, and in fact the whole side of my face was very full of pain until I went to sleep at

night. Perhaps the jogging of the train was soothing, but I did n't feel so, exactly.

However, all was rapture here. The pond which I left a sere green is all aflame with scarlet and yellow reflected, at six this morning, in glass. Polly says it changed all in one night with the cold snap. Louise had n't ate the duck, at all, and her George had dug oysters down to the Salt Ponds, so I had a delicious stew of them, very grateful to my abraded palate (and a small slice of cold duck) at five, with a cup of tea. Bed at seven-thirty after a chat with Mr. Weeden and Polly in front of my nice little fire and the two cats. . . .

I will stop now on this, as my head is rather buzzing with recent travel and jig-saws in my mouth. . . .

Dr. Piper was full of compliments for my "fortitude," as he calls it. How can a person shriek or any of those things with a head full of napkins tied down by garters.

Affectionately yours,

SUSIE.

It was very nice for us to be all together, was n't it?

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *October 3, 1904.*

CAROLINE DEAR, — I had a regular circus in Boston with my dentist, had to stay a week, longer than I intended or desired. But I have a fine mouthful of teeth now that will last me out, and quite remarkable he says for a lady of my age. . . .

I had a horrible time. You see a tooth broke in the back of my head, the mainstay of my celebrated "bridge." The dentist decided to move all my chewing machinery to the other side of my mouth; whereon he moved in there himself, taking buzz-saws

and chewing-gum and rubber pipes and table-cloths, and remained there four days. When he came out, rather exhausted, I was a wreck but the results are excellent.

Write, write!

YOUR LOVING SUSIE.

TO WILLIAM B. WEEDEN

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND.

DEAR MR. WEEDEN, — In our family conference, I forgot to say that I have accomplished "The Chippendales." I now return them with thanks. The book is really very clever, and wonderfully accurate. The only question I ask is, if it's worth while; moreover, the last fifty to one hundred pages are clear, sheer rubbish; I feel as if whatever Wards, Wigglesworths, Warrens, Quincys of Park Street exist must tremble lest their fine old ancestors turn in their graves at the rumour even of that surreptitious child being born "in their midst," and come forth to refute the charge. However, I have been very much entertained by the book, and it puts me back in the early fifties (mine and the century's) when I was in the thick of it.

Always yours,

SUSAN.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

DAHABIEH "AZIZ," OFF EL KAB,
February 1, 1905.

MY DEAREST CAROLINE, — We are frozen to death, chilled to the bone, quaking in every limb, and drifting down river hind-side before, against a howling north wind, which is taking native boats joyously up to Assouan. But we have been there and done

it, and want now to get back to Cairo, for our time is up, and the bottom has come out, not of the Nile, but of our delightful, dawdling, amazing (but *not warm*) trip, since December 16, when we left Cairo. I have your splendid letter of December 18 received coming up river 16th of January at Luxor (where, by the way, our letters are again accumulating). I kind of envy you in Boston, in your nice warm house with every kind of artificial heat at your back, but I hate to have you stay there all winter. You must not let go of travelling. I hope to have many another good spin with you and Louisa, if ever I get out of this scrape! — not but what it's a good scrape, as you know. . . . But this is not describing the camel or the palm, for which see my letters thirty-five years ago, when I did them full justice. They are right here all the same, and so are the temples; but how the towns are changed, Cairo, Luxor, Assouan, mere replicas of Paris, and, alas! and, alas! for Philæ. Was the *barrage* done when you were up last? We rowed into the bed of Pharaoh, as if it were a bathtub. Cleopatra was holding up her petticoats and Horus preparing for a dive. We had a jovial picnic day there (I suppose you did); going by rail to Shellah, then in a native boat, amidst yelling and fighting to the Temples, then rowed to the *barrage*, which we climbed up on, and Mrs. P. and I were trundled in a little car, the others walking, over rails, the one and a quarter miles long it is, to the locks, where there is a bungalow for the engineers. There our dragoman, Sala, was in his glory. We had a delicious luncheon on the yellow sands, and saw a great steamer go up through the lock. Then other Nubians rowed us down the old cataracts (what is left of them) to the town again past yellow sands and great, black, gleaming rocks, and through turbulent waters to our cosy boat, a real home to come back to, where we daily

watch the sunset after p. m. tea on the divans of our pretty upper deck.

Then we had visitors (and at Luxor as well), the Whitehouse parents of Remson are there and came to tea. They are dears, and have been to all the places we have, and settled down on Assouan as the best (I think it is a loathely spot). Then we had two of the five Hooper girls to luncheon (dear old Dr. Hooper's grandchildren). Two are married, three are here, they travel round together with no chaperone. No doubt there is safety in numbers. One wants to know about stars and I told her.

At Luxor were the Lindon Smiths (he that bought the "Velasquez" for Boston) travelling, no, living, with his Pa and Ma, his pretty wife (a G. P. Putnam), their two little girls and a doll, living very cheaply in a dahabieh, and copying Horus and Ramses off the walls of Karnak. He is a great friend of Russell Sullivan. She is by the way of being a beauty. They dined with us, and so did Mr. Preble, who is travelling with his aunt, who is eighty, Mrs. Sweet, and pays the bills. My friends the Theodore Davises are at Luxor still, tied up on the opposite bank, because he has business with Queen Hatasu over there in the Tombs of the Kings. I love them all, I mean the party Davis, and wish I could be more with them. But we have settled down very comfortably to our *vie à quatre*. The Longfellows are old Nile-ists (their sixth or seventh trip up river), so they are as *blasés* as I am about cartouches and things, and we are doing the smallest possible amount of Temples and donkeys . . . but Mrs. Perkins is full of enthusiasm and goes to everything, reads Amelia B. and Baedeker, and keeps us up to the mark. Ernest is an amusing fellow. We have lots of jokes and fun, read aloud, and *dawdle*. I will write some more when our future plans crystallise.

LOVING SUSAN.

TO MISS MARY E. WILLIAMS

Ha! Escaped from the Nile!

DAMPFER SCHLESWIG, March 10, 1905.

DEAREST MOIMITCH, — You *shall* have this letter. Never was anyone so bad as I have been about writing. It was so to speak impossible on the Nile, cabined, close, confined; — but now! Susan is herself again, her foot on her native Mediterranean. Let joy be unconfined.



I found your dear letter in Cairo, of February 14, on March 30; was n't it quick by the way? One obstacle to writing on the Nile was receiving no letters. I got them all, except three times in eleven weeks, in a bunch on arrival. We stopped at Shepherds a week, came off on *Wednesday* for this ship. We are on our way to Marseilles and thence across to Algeria, where we shall be about a month, then back to Cannes, in April, to get my night gowns and see lovely quince blossoms and things, then Paris for a week or so, then to snatch some steamer for home about May 1. The winter is over, and these remaining weeks will slide off like turtles from a rock in my pond. Only words, dear Mamie, will describe my experiences; I will promise to be very funny when we meet. . . . It has been (honest) a charming winter and very salutary, and since the weather turned warm I have been happy, but you know those first weeks on the river were really anguish when I prepared my little nest of fur every night in my cabin, and quaked every sunrise in my ice-cold bath. But I'm all right now. My celebrated good physique has carried me through. . . .

I think I must tell you about our leaving our *Aziz*,

the dahabieh — Longfellows', with their maid, got off early, we lingered partly to finish, and partly to have our dear sailors to ourselves. We shook hands with them all on their lower deck. They adore Evelyn, she has been very nice about turbans, backsheesh, tobacco, etc., while I have amused them greatly by my native dances — ten sailors, the reis, the second reis, the Nubian cook, the cook boy, — Bed-riddin, the waiter, — Mahommed, the singer, — all these in red turbans with wistful eyes, gleaming teeth, — came up the bank after us and crowded round the carriage, while Saleh, the dragoman, interpreted for us. "Saleh," said I, "tell them we *love* them all." A shout arose from them — they touched their foreheads, some say there were tears in Yellow Jacket's eyes. My Mohammed Said, a sweet boy with slender, buff legs, who always held on to me tight, crossing the gangplank or going to see Temples, had departed with the trunks, — but I had him afterwards in the hotel, and gave him twenty piastres. He is about sixteen, and has a wife and two children. We shall miss these creatures, they are children, so simple. I call them our toys which we have played with all winter; and now they are put back in their box. I think of putting George Jones, Loisy's spouse, into turban and gown; would n't you?

Speaking of Davis, you know he *has* dug up Queen Tii, the mother-in-law or something of Amenhotep II, a great "find," with a chariot in excellent condition, a tablet with conversation on it, all manner of things. It is said that Theodore fainted three times with excitement (or more likely the bad air) when he first entered the tomb. They are now coming down the river, but waltzing round as we did probably in adverse winds. You know I became very fond of him. He calls me "Aunt Susan," and in an occasional jest, I call him Theodore. . . .

I have been terribly afraid old age would set in; but now I believe I shall hold out to get home. Lots of love from

SUSAN.

TO MISS CAROLINE P. ATKINSON
AND
MISS MARY E. WILLIAMS

MANHATTAN, *May 18, 1905.*

MY DEAREST GIRLS, 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 to keep the charm up. I have arrived this minute, that's half-past ten, and it is now just twelve. I only waited to get this paper out of my Angel, to tell you all about it. Your dear letters of 14th were both here, with others reassuring me about the safety and health of everybody. One is always nervous just on arriving, don't you think so? But Parber writes in fine spirits, so I think everybody must be alive, though he don't mention it. (Lovely whistles and things screeching for noon o'clock.)

In the first place I have had a rapturous voyage as to comfort, with my cabin all to myself, and moreover everybody on the ship fell to adoring me, I never was so "muched" in my life, let alone stewards and "Bad Fraus" that jumped and ran to do my things. There is absolutely no doubt I was the belle of the ship. Very few men, — which was tedious, — and the women of a — highly cultured type, which bored me, but I could sit in my cabin alone and do my cross-stitch, and read a most dreadfully vile French novel by Marcel Prevost, and an appallingly dull one, Italian, by Deledda, the Sardine. Last evening there were speeches, and I was called upon

for one, and sang "Coming through the Rye" with a small German flag that happened to be stuck in my hair, I forgot it was there. I am told that I saved the occasion by doing so. You will think I am dreadfully stuck up, but I am really meek and lowly old womans. Then I had a beautiful smooth time through the Douane, though my trunk was foaming to the top with contraband night gowns and little petticoats, not to say *mouchoirs* all marked with my name, and pink ribbons run into them; for the customary man didn't mind them in the least, said I might 'a had more. So I jumped into a carriage with all my goods piled up, and waved at the literary females on their knees before their trunks, and just as we came out of the warehouses, the sun came out and made even Hoboken look like a Garden of Spring Paradise. I caused the driver to open the carriage, and there I sate in a fluffy white boa I have, it cost seven francs fifty in Cannes, and drove up town to the admiration of the provincial New Yorkers. And here I was received most cordially, my telegram (from the wharf) had just arrived, and my favourite No. 604 assigned to me. So I came up and read my nice letters, and took my night gowns out and looked at them, and now I am writing this. I don't feel half so addled in the head as I usually do, coming off the voyage, but quite equal to going about my business. It is warm, the window open and the river all hazy, and steam coming out of chimneys. . . .

YOUR JOYOUS SUSAN.

CHAPTER XII

LAST YEARS

(1906-1910)

TO MISS ELLEN D. HALE

MONTEGO BAY, *January 19, 1906.*

7:30 A. M.

DEAR NELLY,— Whatever else happens I *must* begin my adventures. . . . I want to tell about Ulster Springs, where I was reminded, and kept thinking, strange to say, of your little house at Santa Barbara and the fun we had there with an oil-stove.

But first, the getting off from Browns Town. Oh Heavens, it was high time, for I was becoming so terribly popular (on account of my shillings, soon reduced to sixpences) that the whole populace swarmed around the lodgings, this is slightly figurative. But literally, after I got dressed and trunks locked, my hat on, and sate in the veranda, at every moment somebody came with small flowers, or a demand of some sort. I had a kind of breakfast at nine-thirty, and at ten mounted my buggy, surrounded by Dr. Miller, Gauntelett, Judge Cole, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. Taafe, and all the darks (Susan, Nora, Letty, Nancy, Cecil, and more I cannot name).

“Start up, Dan!” I said, and we rolled out of the yard towards Stewart Town. You know I am never so happy as when I thus escape from my keepers, free for hours from the clash of twaddly conversation; in my cool wash-gown, my serape under me in

case of rain, the Angel strapped behind; my trunk gone to S. S. *Delta* to come by sea (it has n't arrived, by the way, but it will, no doubt).

That drive was lovely up to Ulster Springs. I have long wanted to see it. We passed Mahogany Hall, a fine old estate; there's a picture of it in that book I've got,—Dr. Johnson's Guide Book; then we began to climb, climb, this is in the cock-pit country, you know, so snarly with hills and canyons there are no roads but this, that clings to the cliff; when we were rounding the curve we looked up across the chasm to the palisades up there, sheer rocks bright orange colour, like iron-rust in coral, and by and by lo! we were up there, but all the time driving through thick woods, looking down on the tops of huge trees on one side, and up to the roots of others on the other. Yet in the middle sort of chasm there are hilltops with houses, and goats going up to them. The forest-side is rampant with ferns; a wall, thick with them, and some flowers, especially the wild begonia, everywhere, much prettier than our house-pot one, its little earrings are brightest carmine and the other pale pink, and it grows more like a vine. Well, it's about twenty-two miles up to Ulster Springs from Browns Town, and naturally it's at the top of everything, gloriously looking off over mountains rather distant. Now you must know Miss Moses is the post-mistress there, and she wrote to beg me to come and put up with her (no lodgings) at her post-office. So we drew up before the sweetest little house, this is what reminded me of yours, all covered with purple (mauve) *Thunbergia*, the blossoms as big as a tea-cup. This picture is the whole of the house. The window is the post-office on a veranda with steps; a door leads into a sitting room (with a piano!) that takes up all the house concealed by a vine, but back of the post-office is a tiny bedroom, where they had conceived

I should sleep, and a sort of passageway where a sweet dinner table was already set with all the luxuries of the season. It was about 3 P. M. The only light of the little place was the door with steps leading down to the kitchen across the yard. I had a nap on the little very hard bed in the bedroom.

Well Anne Moses is twenty-four, she says; she is quite like Mrs. Joe Browning, you know, librarian at Matunuck, very sweet in manner, intelligent, and a power in the place. She has two friends who came in to help cook the dinner and serve it, not in the least menial spirit—for after the meal they all retired by turns to this tiny bedroom, and put on rich shirt-waists with pink skirts and did their hair and hung themselves about with beads. I took greatly to these girls, they were so wholesome and nice and had taken such pains for me, and Lena had made the pudding and there was cake, and mounds of fruit which I brought away with me in a newspaper. Miss Moses is a worker, runs the town as well as P. O., I should think. She owns two or three cows which have calves from time to time, as a good investment of her earnings. She is to be promoted to Springs P. O., so she will never be there again. While we sate under the Thunbergia vine, people came on horses, donkeys, or legs, to get their letters, and I amused myself by telephoning back to Browns Town how happy I was—we telephoned to Miss Scott and her aid, the P. O. mistress there, and could hear them chuckling over my message, which they straightway communicated to the lodgings. Wasn't this fun!

But meanwhile, Judge Cole had written to the Sergeant of Police that I was to sleep in the Court House, and though this was a disappointment to my girls, the glory of it was such they could not gainsay it, so after a stroll in the gloaming, they escorted me thither and left me pretty early, as I was tired-er

than dogs, but shortly after they left, their minion came up my steps with a tray and hot coffee, as a sleeping cup!

Now for the night. The great big stone Court House with not a soul in it or near it, on the highest point of Ulster Springs, looking off on glorious stars and mountains, none of the doors were locked, and my room opened into the great court-room, where the judge sits in his wig, and judges. In the middle of the night I came out and prowled and looked at the stars from the outer door, which I left open all night. The bed delicious, a rapturous dream of ease. At dawn, which is n't very early now, I came out and found the east veranda commanded a glorious view. Mrs. Brooks, a deaf lady with one tooth, was rather late in turning up to bring my bath in a calabash, which she set down in the room where criminals wait for judgment; because that floor is only common boards she didn't mind slopping on,—and afterwards she made some rather poor coffee, which I sipped in the sunrise. Dan, it seems, was sleeping in my buggy under the shed outside (not having friends at Court as I did). He put in the horses, and we came off (a shilling pressed in the hand of the old lady) stopping at P. O. for another and better cup of coffee Miss Moses insisted on preparing for me. She would not take *any pay* for the lodgings:—but I bought a piece of drawn-work they made amongst them. Now warn't that fun! Later:—9 A. M. Same Day.—Nothing doing in this excellent house, so I will fatten this letter, as Lucretia used to say, and send it double.

Again the drive was beautiful, repeating the same as far as Mahogany Hall, for Ulster Springs is the end of all things in the other direction. It had rained, and mist was hanging over things, in fact it was quite cool for here. We came down through

Duncan Town to the well-known (by me) road that runs all along the north side of the island, and came to Falmouth by noon; we had started so early. Now here was Mrs. Jacobs in her brand-new lodgings, in a formerly bank building just opposite the Court House. I was in Falmouth my first year, and at Mrs. Jacobs' lodgings, it was then an awful place, the terror of Jamaica, but she even then was a worthy woman, deaf, with one tooth. The tooth is lost now, so I did n't know her at first, but recognised her by the deafness. She was in raptures to show off her splendour, only deeply grieved I would n't stay, in fact offended that I did n't, but how could I! though for creature comforts I would fain have lingered in that excellent bed, in a huge room with grand old mahogany furniture, wide windows with little hanging balconies to them, the whole house to myself, doors standing open, great mahogany doors that don't shut very well on account of the brass knobs being loose.

"And there's a garret," said she with honest pride, in showing me over the house, and climbed me up there. The Inspector of the Port lives there, and indeed he is to be envied his great room as big as the whole top-story at Matunuck, with a view from Montego to Port Antonio (exaggeration) and strong sea breeze. He used to live in a hole at her old lodgings, which has been the only place for him to be. This *rez de chaussée* used to be the bank, a great barn sort of place, where she serves excellent meals, to droppers-in from the town, and the Inspector. I am her first real lodger, and she clung to me, "You stayed a month in Browns Town!" she lamented. "Oh, but you know I have a great many friends in Browns Town." "You would have as many here as soon as it was known," said she.

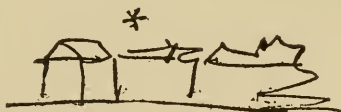
You may wonder why she has this passion for me,

seeing I only passed one night at her horrid lodgings in 1902;—but such is my fatal fascination in this island. Miss Moses' ground for worship was merely that I didn't stop at all at Ulster Springs, passing through the previous time. Another good bed, and the reason I carry on so about the bed, is, that at Dry Harbour is a gridiron, and at Browns Town disgraceful, hard and also untidy. There were two ink-spots on my pillow by which I recognised it for ten days before leaving. At Falmouth the sheets were of clean, coarse linen, with the perfume of a kind of dried sticks they have instead of lavender. I saw the Great Bear for the first time there. You know the Polè Star is very low, so near the tropics, and the Bear below the line of hills generally, but at midnight there it was reared

up like this over the Carib. Sea. A small niece of Mrs. J. came and bored me incessantly there, sitting in my room all the P. M. Another pale child who lives in the P. O. brought a cigar-box full of her treasures to show me, some shells



she had covered with tinfoil, a few coins consisting of an English ha'penny, and one of our nickels, and wanted me to buy post-cards of Falmouth, which I had already. I didn't encourage her much, and when she went away (I believe I told her to go gently) I asked Niece if the other was her best friend. "She is not my friend, I do not know her," she replied.



But Niece was a handy little thing, she took all my shoes, three pairs, brushed and polished them and put

fresh shoe-strings in — dreadfully disappointed when I insisted on going away.

But Dan came round at 8 A.M. or thereabouts. (Oh, there is a down-stairs bath at Jacobs', running water in a great stone tank you can float in.) And we drove along without adventure reaching here about one o'clock. It is sugar-cane country along the way. The cane looks just like our Indian corn, only very likely it is ten or twelve feet high, great fields on either side the road, very pretty, glistening with dew in the distance. This sets the forests back against the hills, remote, and of course a blazing sun on the white road, but there is a sea-breeze, and in spots, cocconut-palms and thatched-and-wattled villages, and little dark children playing naked in the surf. The bay and shore approaching Montego are lovely, and by and by we rattle through the town and up Church Street to the hospitable house — and my worthy fat ladies. I have described it lots of times. It is not too hot here, everything is very comfortable, even refined, the table beautifully served, lots of heavy old family silver, too much to eat. . . .

I must leave you at last, I want to read over all my letters.

LOVING SUSAN.

TO MISS ELLEN D. HALE

MALVERN, *February 8, 1906*, 8 A.M.,
SWEET PLACE, "SUSAN'S ROOST."

DEAR NELLY, — I have just written your father a little letter for his private ear, but now I must begin on my great yarn of adventures, some of my greatest in Jamaica or anywhere. I have been on a horse!! I want to write this to you specially, for I kept thinking of you and our Lily (once Rogers) and what fun we should have had out of it. As for the special

horse part, I want, if I don't change my mind, to write that for Polly Weeden, if I do you shall see that *opus* at Matunuck next summer. But in this I intend to cover the whole ground of which that is but an episode.

You see I left Orange Hill on *Thursday*, February 1, 7 A. M., just a week ago, and have not so to speak drawn rein since. It is perfectly lovely there, but (as usual you remark) I was glad to get away, for there is no atom of privacy in that most excellent house, one is continually in evidence, in fact, that is the trouble with Jamaica travelling. If I had a companion I should be less beset by over-kind hosts, — but then, — the companion would bore me, as much as the hosts do now.

“Miss Hale, you sneezed in the night. Alice must close your windows this evening” — and so she did; of course I opened them, but everybody heard me in the house and I was reprov'd next day — (but I am wasting time). Another thing is that everybody objects to everything I mean to do, — because they want to keep me (and my two guineas), thus: Miss Ena, late the evening before, came out saying: “Father says it is much farther to Windsor than you think. It is a dreadful place to get to. He has been there; there is nothing to see, and it will cost you getting there a great deal” (it did cost £2, but that was none of their business. But I must get on). My nice buggy was at the door, this was *Thursday*, at 7. Oh another thing. It had been raining pretty consecutively for a week so Miss Fanny said, “Shall you go if it re-ans?” and Miss Julia said: “With your cold (that sneeze) you must not go if it re-ans” (rains). “Oh, I guess it won't rain,” said I, and sure enough it did n't and Philip of Wallace's Livery, me and the horses, started down their terrific hill. My trunk (this was another bone of contention) had

gone by *rail* to Ipswich. Alfred, of Mrs. Aaron's, had taken it with me to the station day before, where I paid one shilling, sixpence, and had the receipt.

It was pretty driving out of Montego Bay, away from the sea now, and, soon after leaving "Adelphi," getting into the thick woods of Trelawney. In fact it is twenty-two miles, and with our good horses took just four hours, without the slightest fatigue. We went through the gates of Windsor Pen five miles, before reaching the Great House, all the way over a road all grass except red ruts for the horses, immense great trees on every side, and their own cattle grazing. By and by a brawling river was flowing along, deep malachite or rather jade, with swirling curves, overhung with rose-apple, a sort of willow they have for such purposes. An inner gate brought us to the Common, about as big as Boston Common, and at the back of it, framed in forest the sweet house where the J. Donald Hills live, sweet people I met by chance at Browns Town, where they came to a ball, perhaps I told you. She was determined to have me see Windsor, and here I was. They are entirely Scotch, not a Jamaica touch about them. I have never lived with such a real Scotch accent as theirs, they have scones, and all sorts of Scotch practices. Very refined, intelligent, in fact delightful people; she is small and very gentle with large blue eyes, her manner as gentle as Mrs. Matlack, though she is the most determined little creature, she rules him with a rod of iron, and you will see how she put me through. She has had seven children, six alive, three girls now in Elgin, Scotland, at school, two nice little things here at Windsor, and a great big boy on his bare legs, about to be two on the last day of February. All happy, joyous, well employed, healthy, no Jamaica malarial repining. As for J. Donald, he is a perfect dear. He is more like Mr. Weeden than

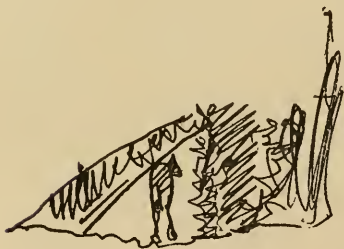
anything else,—but a Scotch edition, you understand. When he goes out in the morning to look after cattle (over one hundred head of various beasts) all the hens tag after him, and it seems part of his business to give them water out of a cocoanut-husk on top of a wall; he is here, but not always dressed in an old yellow jacket with sort of pink fustian breeches, and shocking boots which he kicks off, and puts on others, on account of the wet grass, and he walks with a slight crook at the knees through being so much on a horse. In fact he is generally



on a horse when the hens are following him (but this time he happened to be on foot), and calling out orders in a very Scotch voice, a rapturous man. But he reads, and thinks great things; takes the *Weekly Times* and is greatly interested in their present politics. I'm sorry to say he called Gladstone an "auld fule," and thinks "wot a mess they made in South Afriky." He has Green's "Short History of England" at hand, and used to read Macaulay's "Essays," but the print of his edition is now too fine for him. If you could see the nature of their lamps you would n't wonder. The house is a delight, all on one floor like the others I have described. She paints a little (*pas mal*) in water-colours, and had decorative training at a school (Scotch) like South K. Well here I remained *Thursday, Friday, Saturday* and *Sunday* with the kindest hospitable people, driving through their great pen, calling one day (in the buggy) on the Plunketts at Fontabelle, a large sugar estate about ten miles off in the same forest,—J. Donald in good clothes, and tan shoes!—or walking in and about their own

woods—but what do you think! She made me get up on a horse to go and see things too difficult for walking, a terrible business to boost me there from a chair, and to wedge my fat leg between the pommels. The horse was most gentle, and we saw wonderful things; I saw eight green parrots fly out of a cham-pak tree, and I saw for the first time the way chocolate grows, not cocoa, which seems is a root and entirely different, whereas chocolate is a great tree with flowers growing out of the bark, and great nuts in a pod (which rats eat). Now on the *Monday* it was arranged that I should depart going through to Troy up what we call a canyon, chiefly on their estate, no road but a narrow path, and I was to go on a donkey, but what!!! at the last moment no donkey was to be had and I was put up on Nelson, a great horse!

Here follows the account of that trip, which I mean to write for Polly. Instead of being nine miles, to take three hours, it was fifteen miles and took nine hours. We constantly had to cut away trees which had fallen across the path with a great cutlass we had, and six or seven times did I have to get off Nelson



for them to take the saddle off and lead him under this great slanting tree. Then I had to stand on extinct rocks of coral formation and be shoved by main force up on to Nelson again. Dear man, J. Donald Hill, went before on his "pow-ny," but off constantly to tend me, then came Manuel, about Maurice's size, with my Angel on his head, carrying my umbrella, then Downer on foot, leading Nelson, and then me on top of Nelson. It was very beautiful and wonderful,

very climby-climby going up steep precipices, except going down them. My hat was in a flat package slung over Downer's shoulder. It looks finely since.

When we came out at Coventry Water, a sort of respite where Windsor ends and Troy begins, merely a field full of bananas, no path,—Mr. Hill returned to his spouse and home. He, you know, never dreamed it would be so rough, for a man from Troy had assured them the bush was all cleared away (not much!). “Oh, my,” said J. Donald, “I didna dream there could be sic nairve (nerve) in a leedy of yore age.” And when I bade him tell Mrs. Hill I enjoyed it, he shook his head, “I shall na tell her the half on 't, it were too tarrible for her to hear” (but Downer will tell her fast enough, and more than J. Donald knows). For we rode into the town of Troy, in a pouring rain with thunder, and me and Nelson made this appearance from behind. This is my red Algerine haik pinned round me dripping, my hair down my back, dripping, my combs all lost (but one). But it was so lovely to be pacing along a level path, through the grass, that I didn't mind, and there were no inhabitants. When we came to the P. O. I asked if there was any letter for me, and they yelled out “Yes,” and that (the P. O.) was the lodging, and lo! round the corner in front of the P. O. sate David in my buggy, from Malvern, with the horses resting in the P. O. barn. This was four-thirty in the afternoon. My friend, Anne Moses, post-mistress of Ulster Springs, had written to Troy friends to look out for me. I was taken from Nelson more dead than alive, and led up the outside stairs



streaming at every pore. That was a funny lodgings. Guess I won't tell about it now. I had all my clothes put in a wash-tub; next morning, wrung out and put in our buggy, and as we rode along, dried in the sun at our back. Oh, but that bed was good! Amongst other things I was a mass of tick-bites. It stopped raining in the night, and David and I had a lovely morning to start; it had now become *Wednesday*, 7 A. M. How nice it was to be on a real road without precipices. I had been there before, through Trelawney to St. Elizabeths. We drove only fifteen miles that day, through Balaklava to Siloah, where we put up about noon at Mrs. Falder's lodging — that's a funny place; David *saw* my trunk sitting at Appleton R. R. Station forwarded from Ipswich, and we picked it up next day. When Mr. Falder came home from "grounds," i. e., hoeing yams in the field, his occupation, he proved to be a dark man, and what! but Uncle to Anne Moses! of Ulster Springs P. O. He used to live in Browns Town in the tumbledown house opposite my lodgings with his old sister, who was the one that used to send me little bunches of flowers every day, and looks just like her. I got nicely rested there, — discovered a terrific black-and-blue spot on my pommel leg. When I came away Mrs. Falder *gave* me a sweet little chair, mahogany, I am sitting in it. So that day, *Wednesday*, we came on through Y. S. Middle Quarters, Lacovia, Santa Cruz, got here at 4 P. M. End.

YOUR SUSIE.

P. S. So don't think of worrying about me, because in the first place I am feeling perfectly all right, and had a glorious rest last night on a hard but rapturous bed; when I climbed into it (it is high, four-post mahogany) I exclaimed, "O Rock of Dundas, cleft for me!" I saw my Scorpio and the Southern

Cross at about five this morning. In the second place, I promise not to do any more rash things; the rest of my excursions will be either by boat round to Kingston, or buggy, or rail (most precarious of all). I think the Chaney's will be up here by and by, — to look after me. It was a foolhardy trip, but I had no idea of it, should not have dreamed of such an undertaking, and the last thing I now or ever desire, is to be on a horse. Little Mrs. J. Donald is responsible; and she really meant well. She had every reason to suppose the bush had been cut, i. e., the path cleared and then besides, they had no idea of my great age. *He* knows now full well about my great weight, after boosting me up on the horse, and lifting me down. But everybody here says I am looking younger than ever, and I dare say the shaking-up was good for me. But I promise not to do it again. Besides, you know, it will be all over *long* before you get this, so don't worry.

TO MISS CAROLINE P. ATKINSON

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
September 25, 1906.

DEAR CARLA, — A perfect day! *Why* are you not here! Sun streaming in at every pore or door. There was a frost last night so it feels good, the sunshine. I have been writing mounds of letters, but there is ten minutes yet before Alvin time. You must, another year, stay long enough to drink this to the lees, it's the only *dregs* I like, the very bottom of the summer. There is skurce a cow stirring; even the "Otto's" are at rest. Just a lovely glittering sheen of solitary sunshine from here to Block Island. What a contrast to your stirring life! It's terrible to me to think of leaving here. . . . Good-bye. More anon.

LOVING SUSAN.

to dress her, and I have made tan stockings out of an old shoe-string, and bought a little tube of burnt sienna to black her shoes with. She can stand alone now, and I am making her underclothes.

These are my simple pleasures. The food is delicious, I eat lots, read wicked French novels till 9 P. M., and sleep like a top till 7 A.M. when Angèle comes in to fix my (ice-cold) bath. Sounds like the simple life, don't it? Good preparation for Matunuck. Lots of love from

SUSAN.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

HÔTEL DE LA PLAGE, *April 2, 1907.*
(*Pa's birthday; he's 85.*)

NOW CAROLINE DEAR, — I have wonderful things to relate. Dr. Mermod, a celebrated aurist, specialist catarrhist, etc., etc., of Lausanne was to come to Cannes for one day; and my doctor wrote him about me. So one day all of a sudden, while I was at *déjeuner*, I got word that the great man was coming, and lo! after waiting feverishly for him till four-thirty, he burst in like the Angel that troubled the waters when least expected. My doctor was here too. A nice, round, chubby, elderly Angel he was, talking volubly in Swiss French, so I was pretty smart, and not deaf, to keep up with him. He did all their usual little tricks, — with his watch, asking conundrums across the room, and coming nearer and nearer. I can do them pretty well now; only suddenly he asked something in English which astonished me so I could n't hear it. He said "twangtee-farve" and I shook my head; he meant twenty-five. Then he darted away to catch his five-o'clock train. But was a dear really; searched my symptoms, was truly encouraging, scabbled instructions for the next eight weeks, and left a recipe for some sour drops to take.

Now, my dear, the facts are these, which my doctor had explained to me, and this one corroborates. My ears are very good ears, and one especially better than usual for old ladies, — what is troubling me is roaring noises in my head. Seems this is a common malady to approaching old age, — the arteries leading to the head get stiffened, and it is more difficult for the blood to pass through to the head, so it don't like to do so. So the blood makes a noise going through, and the ears, being right there hear the noise, which is disagreeable for me. If you give your mind to it you will understand. It seems it is quite common to people growing old, and all aurists know about it, and I guess my other doctors have known, only they hated to tell me. It was kind and wise of my Doctor Bright to tell me. His plan was to build up my "general health" in order to make me able to endure it, and in fact I was (and am) getting ready to get used to the noise, as one may and does always accustom oneself to the inevitable; and we have, both of us, got used to worse things than having a perpetual steam-engine in the top of the head. But lo! now! comes the Man of Lausanne, and says it has in many cases been arrested and *may* be in my case, with his treatment, and my "remarkably fine physical condition," for a lady of seventy-three. It's exciting, is it not? They say, by the way, that I shall live twenty years, — anyhow — and so maybe I can go and open the Panama Canal. . . .

But I want you to know just "where I am at," for you are my only comforter in this pass that I have come to. . . .

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *July 16, 1907.*

MY DEAR CAROLINE, — I must give you a glowing account of my circumstances, they are so fascinating; but you know I'm a wreck, and it's impossible to combine time and wits to write, so I am rapidly ceasing to be a Lady of Letters. In the first place I'm deaf as a post, but that's no matter compared with my roaring ears, which makes my head giddy, and makes me wobble when I walk. But that's no matter either, compared with the fact that my cook is *dead*, my celebrated Loisy! Also, my ram is dead, the old hydraulic ram that used to throw water from the pond to my tank in the top of the house. I have a brand-new (and hideous) wind-mill instead, but it don't *wind* worth a cent. It comes between me and my lovely pond, spoiling the view utterly. I see it now from my window with its tongue hanging out, not doing a darned thing; while Mary, my housemaid, is hauling water in pails and tugging them up to the top-storey to the empty tank.

I have a new waitress, a foaming idiot; she started in to cook, but she can't cook, so I have another, but the new one took to her bed to-day, so Twoomey (that's the Idiot, her name is Minnie Twoomey) cooked the breakfast while I set the table. I've got the parents here, and Nelly, and Miss Clark, Pa's secretary, and Polly Smith (*née* Weeden) and her nice little baby that Pa christened on Saturday, and the baby's nurse, and its father, Nat. Smith, who is a dear, and carves the turkey on Sundays.

Well, you see, I came here on the 20th June with Mary Keating and the Foaming Idiot, and these others came a couple of days later. Owing to Loisy's decease (though her excellent husband, George, does the chores, comes and makes the kitchen fire, cuts the

hay, etc., etc., every morning, and goes away) everything was lost as you may imagine, and owing to the death of Pa Browning who (did formerly) all my errands, nobody but me knew where anything came from. After a day or two, I took to my bed,—an awful period when there was nothing to eat in the house, when the cook used to ask Mr. Weeden for salt pork and give orders to the mail-man to kill a lamb, etc. They had no carving-knives in those days, because Loisy had hid them last year under my brocade gown, locked up in the cedar clothes-chest, and it proved I was sleeping on the saw which was put between my mattresses for the winter, on account of rust. You can easily see that in this situation I *had* to get well, and I *am* well; and things are now going like a breeze, all except the wind-mill.

I rose up from my bed one day and telegraphed to Mrs. O'Brien, who provides me always with maids, thus: "Must send seven-dollar cook without fail Wednesday usual train meet Miss Nelly Back Bay station," for Nelly and her ma were coming that day, and they brought along the funniest little old lady you ever saw. The first thing she did here was to sit down in an ivy bush, and get poisoned all over; so her poor old face is like a volcano to look upon, but she cooks splendidly, even better than Louisa. Of course there was nothing in my pantry and larder for her to cook off, with, by, through or because; but by dint of sending to Wakefield (five miles) by every moving thing that was going that way, I have now got the house full of tin pans, skewers, salt pork, wooden pails, clothes-lines, pepper, spaghetti, corn-starch, rolling-pins, jam, rye meal, and there is a constant procession arriving of roasting beef, lamb, broilers, turkeys, fish, lard, butter, and eggs. Three cows are tethered in the cellar to be milked at any moment and there's a new box of one dozen salad

oil, and some sand soap. What makes it the more interesting is that (of course you know), I have no money on account of Homestake burning up, and also that I forget everything now, and go about with little lists in my hand which I put down in the wrong place all the time. There's one comfort; that I have some very good clothes, and that owing to losing twenty pounds and more, my figure is a dream of loveliness, my hips are a regular willow-pattern. Also, our native strawberries are just in perfection *now*, a month late, and we live on them at every meal, and my red roses that grow up in my little lot in the woods are late also, and Mamy Tucker brings me great masses of them every day or two.

Pa Hale is wonderful this year, very good about signing checks, very well and active, and, dear man, full of compassion for me. He talks all the time to cover the fact that I don't know what they are talking about, and is altogether a dear. He is closely guarded by his wife, his daughter, Nelly, and his faithful Abby, the secretary, who incidentally brings him his early morning coffee when the Idiot has forgotten to get up.

I also add, for I see I've omitted it, that my housemaid, Mary Keating, is perfection. She is what is called "A Superior Person," and what's more, she *is* superior. She takes the whole charge of the top-storey, and all the beds and bed-linen, the wash and all that in them is, and besides that, does all that I fail to do when I have temporarily lost my mind. Write me how you like this letter, and believe that I am as ever

YOUR JOYOUS SUSY.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *August 5, 1907.*

. . . I am pretty well now, and only rather deaf, compared with your dear mother, whom I look back upon as a model of cheerfulness and courage; and now you tell me she had my *noises*, still more so. How little we realise things till they come upon us personally. I believe I have been a perfect fiend of indifference, even intolerance, of deaf people, and now it's *me*. Well, I am determined to become the most Delightful Deaf Old Lady that ever existed and I am practising to that end, with such examples in mind as your mother's, but I don't hit it off yet very well. Takes time. Yesterday (there was a horde of people here in the afternoon to tea), I tried the plan of talking incessantly myself, so as to hide the fact I didn't hear anything they said, the result was nobody paid the slightest attention to my (doubtless brilliant) remarks, but turned their heads upon the millions of automobiles that now shoot by us on the newly torn-up-and-put-back road below the house, and said "m-m-m?" when I paused to take breath. One plan is to keep me reading aloud (out of the *Transcript*) but that palls in the long run. No matter, — I can write still. There are several things to be thankful for and one is not to have been in Boston for Home Week. . . .

YOUR LOVING SUSIE.

TO MISS CHARLOTTE A. HEDGE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
September 7, 1907.

DEAR SARLOTS, — I am enchanted with your letter, not that I am glad that you are also *etwas schwer hörig*; nor that I want you to be deaf, but I think

it is excellent for us to be alike, and able, as it were, to swap jack-knives with our impressions. Yours are exactly like mine, only I don't believe you were ever half so naughty as I have always been about deaf folks. Gran'ma Perkins, you know, was a pretty trying specimen with her "m-m-m-??" And then the Bursleys' Aunt (my age) Somebody that used to sit in a corner, unblinded by the flashes of our wit. I always wanted to kill them all.

You must know that I had been thinking of becoming an example of the Perfect Old Lady, for, like you, I love growing old, and have been in the habit of saying that each age I came to was the most interesting yet. But here comes roaring ears, and knocks me flat. Nobody ever told me about that (perhaps they did, and I paid absolutely no attention. In fact Carry Weld says her dear old mother, — she was a plucky example, — used to have awful noises in her ears all the time). But no matter. I am now determined to acquire the art of being a Perfectly Fascinating Old Deaf Person. This resolution of mine furnishes me with ample occupation, — often lacking to the aged, — watching out to see that I don't get cross or suspicious or inquisitive, or those things. I was thinking, you know, of becoming bed-ridden as soon as I got bald, but now there's no fun lying in bed with roaring ears.

We are having a rather funny time here now, with Bartlett Gray, who can't understand me and I can't hear him, and Carla and Polly and Nat., who mouth at me in the Jeanie language and bellow at him in Old Style, and forget and whisper to each other the most public remarks.

But to return to your much enjoyed letter; speaking of teeth, something happened to mine lately, and I had to send them to Piper in Boston. When they came back, by mail, I said, "Oh, that's my teeth."

Alvin, the mail carrier, promptly replied, "Mine have never travelled so far." The parcel was registered, and I had to sign for it. I also have many other afflictions (not altogether due to old age, that is, not all of them). I can't remember anything, and especially nouns and names, and think constantly of my dear mother's "Mrs. What's-his-name." Then, besides, you know, I haven't any money, for my chief investment has gone to Potty-wotty (for the moment; they say it will rise again); and as everything *will* happen in a bunch, they write me from Jordan and Marsh that my fur cape will cost twenty-one dollars to be re-lined!! My fur cape!—with which I have passed these ten years in the Tropics, giving out now just as I am planning a winter in Chicago. I feel like King Lear out in a thunderstorm.

I must stop, and begin to write my Series:

1. How to grow old Gracefully
2. " " " " Pluckily
3. " " " " though Deaf

with illustrations and examples from friends and contemporaries.

Mr. Weeden, by the way (who sends his cordial regards after hearing your letter), is a wonder. He is my age (seventy-three), has all his wits, teeth, etc., etc., and rides and swims daily.

YOUR TUZOSH.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

HOTEL THORNDIKE, *October 3, 1907.*

. . . Meanwhile I am here a prey to doctors, and, in spite of them am really much better. My head is not so wobbly, and I actually yesterday walked all the way from Mass. Ave. to the Garden, and to this

house, through the Park on Commonwealth Ave. It was lovely in the shade of those huge trees (*we* saw them planted) and fat pigeons were bouncing about, fed by small, pale boys with crutches. The autos rattle me, though, crossing streets and tracks. . . .

Dr. Leland (354 Commonwealth Ave.) is getting interested in my ears; and he really makes me hear better. He treats my head as a large pincushion, and drives spikes into it, from any old place, and then blows things through, that may come out anywhere. I'm not so very deaf, you know, I'm perfectly good for a *tête-à-tête* conversation, but I don't hear the talk at a table, and for that reason, I regard my career as a luncher and diner-out, at an end. But I've had a good deal of fun out of it, have n't I? So why pine;—like skating,—and the waltz,—glad of it. None of my doctors take the slightest interest in my roarings, which make me feel like living in a railway station,—or, I'll tell you—like that night we passed at a junction in California, with trains incessantly bumping in and out of our ears, don't you remember? When I'm alone, I am perfectly happy (always was) because my noises are like distant waves on a beach, but whenever anyone comes, the clatter begins. However, I'm learning not to mind, at any rate, not to mention the subject, and I dare say I shall become attached to my bellowings. You see, dear, I never by any accident lose grip of my excellent spirits, which don't go back on me. I think I inherit them from my mother, who died just a year younger than I am now, at an advanced age.

There are compensations. I have lost thirty pounds and my "shape" is a dream of rapture, "*un vrai mannequin*" the modiste in Cannes called it, and P. S. Glover (who is making over my black brocade gown I wore last in 1904) is enchanted with me. My eyes are perfectly good, the only reason I

don't read more is that these books bore me, they are printing now. Oh! but my teeth. Dr. Piper has them for the moment, for a little catch broke off that attached them to what I call the bed-post. So I spend a good deal of time with Piper, but that will be all right. I can't remember anything, but that is no matter, it's people's names that bother me, and (all summer) what there was for dinner. In fact running the house at Matunuck was rather too much for me, and that it was which brought me to my recent low estate, but I put it through bravely and all the people enjoyed themselves and me. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

CHICAGO, *December 31 (old 1907).*

DEAR CARRY,— You splendid Gal! Your letters are worth \$100,000,000 apiece and put me in the finest spirits, especially this one, which I will respond to at once, while the foam is at my mouth.

The strange part of all this is that I'm in the finest spirits all the time. It must be that the humourous side is so on top; this poor old wreck sitting off by herself, in a hole, enjoying herself. . . .

Yesterday was a fiendish day here. We have the vilest assortment of all different kinds of weather, and I am so scared of falling down and breaking my hip and having to stay in bed the rest of my life because it can't be pieced, like three old ladies (my contemporaries at eighty-five) I've lately heard of, let alone grippe which has arrived here from Boston, that I don't stir outdoors. But people come and play with me in auto-scrabbles, and take me to things. . . .

Meanwhile I had a lovely Christmas in my corner like Little Jack Horner. People sent me flowers and

cards and plants in pots and I went to two Christmas trees, and had my own dinner, a delicious turkey, with a little plum-pudding and holly stuck in it (and a pint of champagne). My "flat" is bedecked with holly. I have more books to read than I can stomach. By the way, I sent you Gelett Burgess *purely* for the pictures of old San Francisco he describes so well. I kept thinking of you as I was reading it,—so it was nothing to do with Christmas, dear. I don't make presents, but Salty sent me from the office ten crisp dollar-bills which I spread abroad to elevator boys and janitors and the like. I'm reading now, "Sheaves," which begins charmingly, but E. F. Benson is apt to peter out towards his end. Mrs. Delano has lent me a rapturous "Biography of Mrs. James H. Perkins" by Edith Cunningham, don't you know? Have you seen it? It's only for private consumption, full of old-time talk, and all manner of Forbes and Channings and Cabots and Higginsons and Lymans. Did you read the "Ordeal of Marcus Ordeyne"? Kind of rattle-pated, but amusing. . . .

Blue! Chicago the same. The *Tribune* (most amusing paper!) is full of ghastly accounts of the "Unemployed" and their sufferings, and ladies assure me that the "well-to-do" are giving up extra servants, and pinching themselves. . . .

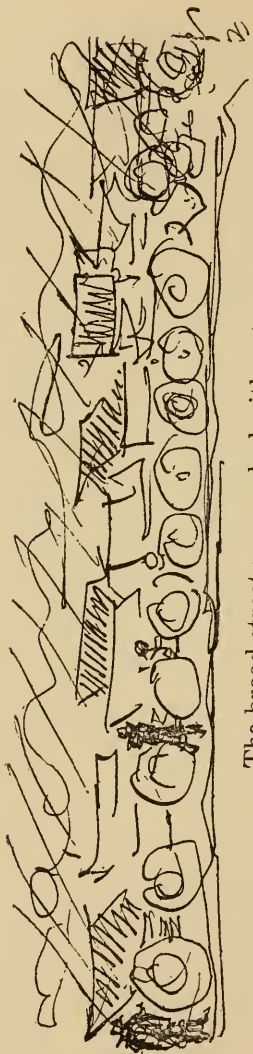
As to clothes, we are like mermaids, lovely to the waist, nothing farther except short black skirts. Their functions are chiefly at clubs listening to papers (I don't hear any of 'em, but that's no matter), so that our tops only are of any account. The filth is something fearful. Cleansing houses do a driving, thriving business. You should see my bath-tub,—could plant a garden in it, but this dirt is not off me, only more put on. . . . Lots of love, dear.

Yours,
Susy.

TO E. A. CHURCH

137 LINCOLN PARK BOULEVARD, CHICAGO,
February 4, 1908.

DEAR MR. CHURCH, — I am shockingly behind in *literary* correspondence and can't believe it is more than a month since the date of yours (December 19!). Last year! And now I am enclosing a small check-let, and acknowledging the arrival of the yellow bag. But I have the joyful news that Homestake Dividend is safe in Wakefield Trust Company, where they may as well be kept for the present. You see I am still in this "fearful" city — for it has deserved that adjective of late, in its very blizzardy manners and customs. I have not set foot outdoors since a week ago Thursday, preferring to watch the play of the tempest from my big window. A wonderful scene of sleet and snow and fog and blast; people staggering over slippery gulfs holding on their hats, avoiding their umbrellas, breaking their legs and necks. Midnight fires destroying theatres, — suicides, murders, divorces, in the daily paper, which forms the chief part of my breakfast, and mercury 8-zero. I went to a Thomas concert on that last outing in an automobile with Mrs. Delano, who is a charming lady who "holds me in the hollow of her hand" with thoughtful attentions and invitations to pleasant functions. It was cold even when we left here; and when we came out of the Symphony Orchestra Hall (you know it was planned by Theodore Thomas and built for him — but he died almost directly afterwards), the blizzard had begun! The broad street was packed with autos all waiting for their mistresses (scarcely a man to be seen — they prefer the Saturday evening concert). Impossible for these to get to the sidewalk. Wheels buzzing and whirring, chauffeurs



The broad street was packed with autos

stamping and steaming, snow flying, here and there an effete horse prancing, — dark, dark, at four-thirty o'clock, and electrics gleaming through the fog! A weird sight! Two chauffeurs clutched me and led me over the slippery side-walk, pushed aside two or three machines, and boosted me into ours, — snorting and whirring to get off. My big fur cape was inside and in a minute we were flying through the storm . . . I am now waiting for the arrival of spring before another enterprise like this one.

Truly yours,
SUSAN HALE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

PASS CHRISTIAN, MISSISSIPPI,
March 24, 1908.

MY DEARS, — Where are you? I must write you about this lovely funny little spot, and begin by telling you I'm better, not a *great deal* better, but so as to be about, in my lovely veranda in the sun in my wrapper with my hair down. You see we escaped from Chicago on the somethingth of March (viz., *Saturday*, February 29) and arrived here belated (of course these southern R. R.'s) long after dark *Sunday*, and I fell upstairs into a nice bed the next day (twenty-eight hours from Chicago). I thought volumes of you on the train, "in the dining-car," or wallowing in the trough of my section, but I did n't write you, did I? I think not. We crossed all the rivers in the Geography that rise in the Something Mountains and fall into their own mouths or the Mississippi; but chiefly by night, for our route, the "Louisville and Nashville," is so arranged as to pass through none of the interesting cities of the Middle West. Our object was to get here; — without improving our minds if necessary, but Get Here.

It's a quiet, sleepy, little place close on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, which is now placidly plashing right across the road. The road is the Shell-Road, which, as I conceive, button-holes the bottom of all the Southern States. The shells are oyster shells and the oysters are inside of us; for our food (sea-food) is mainly oysters, crabs, clams, shrimps, redfish, bluefish, any old or new fish, in fact I conceive the Gulf to be one vast chowder-pot. But the chief thing is it's *warm*, warm as summer but not hot. There is a "yard" in front of me full of bright green grass and great live-oak trees, with white roses in blossom, climbing round their trunks. When we arrived, these trees were all shining with dark-green leaves, their winter garment, but now these are all fallen, raked up and burnt up, and the whole town is aglow with light, bright, tender foliage, and blossoms falling through the air like green caterpillars. Oh, it's enchanting. I have not seen any springs I like so well, and mind it's *March*, of all disgusting months.

It's a quiet boarding-house kept by three genteel, decayed ladies, in the house of their ancestors, which is full of decayed genteel, mahogany furniture. Our room is ample and comfortable, with long windows opening on the "Gallery" up one flight. The little town is absolutely quiet, only one auto in it, and that a sort of elderly fire-machine. A few cows and horses stroll about the belt of grass between me and the Gulf. There are big hotels, but remote; and the village consists of three shops and the Post-office. Ain't it lovely? When I say we, of course I mean me and Mary Keating, who shares my room, in a corner-bed, because there wasn't another. The inmates are chiefly middlish-aged ladies with button-behinds and pompadours and only three husbands amongst them. I can't hear or remember their names, so I call them

Mrs. Omaha, Mrs. Minneapolis, Mrs. Louisville, for they come from these cities, — they change every few days, but the type remains. They are very kind, and bring me wonderful flowers out of the woods, Cherokee roses, violets, etc., etc. The drives are, or is, monotonous, along the Shell-Road, which is dotted with fine villas, later on, in summer, occupied by the magnates of New Orleans with their automobiles and sich.

So I rarely stir off the veranda, but eat fish-food, write, sew, and sleep. I'm not so very deaf, but the racket in the dining-room prevents my joining in "General Conversation," which I now regard as gabble-gabble. There are three nice ladies at my small table who think I am very funny, and so I am, you know.

But now the bottom is out, and my passage is engaged for April 4 in the *Creole*, steamer for New York from New Orleans, and we spend next week in New Orleans to see it, which I never did, did you? It's only five days to N. Y. and I expect to enjoy that. We shall arrive Manhattan *Thursday*, April 9, and I mean then to let Mary run home to her kind; and go myself to Olana to stay with Louis Church in their warm house till May or thereabouts.

Yours,
SUSY.

TO MISS CAROLINE P. ATKINSON

Always yours,
Susan.

MATUNUCK, August 5, 1908.

DEAREST CARLA, — I am bursting to tell you about our tempestuous night, but it's almost Alvin time and I must scabble so I have signed first (of course I can't spell in such a flurry).

Know: however, that at two-fifteen last night I was wakened by shakings and flashings and bang-bang-ings and whirlings as if all winds were loose. In fact a terrific thunderstorm, worse we all think than those that burned the barns. At first I thought I had stopped being deaf, such horrid noises filled my head, but no, they only triumphed over my usual drums. The room was black with darkness, but every minute or so the panes flashed with white light and zigzags of orange, and bang-bang-whang like cannons, and sheets of water. The house rocked and shook and recovered itself like a ship in a gale, and this kept up going on. We're thankful that Nat. was here to man us; he rose in his bed and pervaded the house shutting windows, reefing chairs (to be sure all the chairs are away being seated). He met Mary Keating in her rescue work. Little Mary wept, little Nat. only thought it was time to get up, so he sate up in his crib and said, "Gar-ga." A calm seemed to come, and we all turned over and plunged our noses into the sheet (it was hot you must know), when bang-bang began again, rattly-smash, zigzag, flash-flash, I should think an hour (should n't you, Polly? she is sitting right here). Sheets of water fell, chiefly into my cellar as the doors of it were open. Your house is all right. We looked for it in the morning.

Yours,
SUSAN.

TO MISS CHARLOTTE A. HEDGE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
August 25, 1908.

DEAR SARLOTS, — Your *splendid* letter is here and I will answer it now, on the spot (before I forget it, to tell the truth), for my mound of neglected letters is so terrible I don't dare to look at it, so



SUSAN HALE AT MATUNUCK, 1908

it gets worse and worse. All you say about our infirmities is most cheering; though it irritates me to have young people pretending that they also forget things (names, etc.) as if it were at all the same thing as never remembering anything! But you see, you and I *know*. No matter. There's good stuff in us yet, and we can comfort ourselves by reflecting that the things we have forgotten are worth more than all they can remember.

It came yesterday (your letter) in our noon-tide mail; and in the afternoon about five I was sitting by myself on the front piazz. (cooling off after a wild circus with the children and my work-basket, which resulted in their being taken off by the nurse, leaving the work-basket, and incidentally *me*, a *wreck*). Well, Mr. Weeden dropped up the hill just then and sate down for a good talk; and I read him your letter, which pleases him much. He is really quite wonderful (just a year younger than me). He's got all his wits and things about him, and has recently had achieved a performance in his mouth which secures all his own teeth to him for life. He rides on a horse he's got o' purpose, and he never misses his daily swim, has a fine appetite not in the least destroyed by Jeanie's more than ample table. He is perfectly fascinating with his G. children; all children love him. He knows just the right game about showing them his watch up in his lap. He departed after an hour's chat with an ardent message of remembrance for you. "The Madam," as she is called in general has had a houseful all summer. She is untiring. . . . Last Saturday I invited the whole colony to Bean Bags, but the Lord or Somebody willed otherwise, for it rained like mad, so nobody could come (literally) and I went to bed at eight o'clock.

YOUR LOVING TUZOSH.

TO MISS CAROLINE P. ATKINSON

ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS, *October 11, 1908.*

. . . I fancy you all off to-day hunting for the mouth of Charles River in Worden's Pond. In my day it was like looking for a needle in a haystack, — but oh! how lovely winding in and out that dark stream and getting stuck sideways in any narrow turning. It will be a fine finale to your season.

Yesterday Pa and I drove in their New Parks, which are very beautiful, though more conventional than the Kingston Road. They have planted such quantities of things with berries on them one would think it their sole idea; the result is rapturous just this minute for there are barberries, lots more kinds, can't think of the names of them, — lots of witch-hazel all in blossom now, and the foliage of everything just calculated for autumn effects. Our stable sent two fat horses *attelés* to a splendid open landau, and Pa and I sat up like King and Queen. Everybody knows him, and gazed with awe upon him. I tried to hold up my end of the stick by sitting up



very straight in my pompadour; but I regret to say it got wobbly, and my hat presented this rakish appearance on my return to my room. No matter. But I am doing my hair

pompadour every day, and it looks quite fine only the top is a regular rat's-nest. I hope to improve upon it later.

It is rather nice here, the family are all so kind and devoted, and I am really feeling finely. I think I'm getting used to all my ailments, and don't mind them so much. Fact is people don't notice whether you hear them or not. Jeanie has taught me a lot of good sense about this. . . .

LOVING SUSAN.

TO MISS CAROLINE P. ATKINSON

39 HIGHLAND STREET, *October 15, 1908.*

DEAR CARLA, — If I don't write this now you won't get it before Sunday, and I want it to be a greeting to Nat. and Polly as well, for I think they mean to be there with you. So here's to the Matunuck Crowd! and may it never be less.

The weather is rapturous, and I hope it will hold over for you. I was reading to the family last evening a fascinating article about the "Turn of the Leaf in Autumn." Seems it's iron in the sap that makes the bright colours, when the iron grows rusty, because the sap goes away from it, like any old nail. That's interesting, ain't it? Seems when it's time to dry up, there's a little gate shut across the leaf where it joins its stem, and when the sap comes up, the door being shut the sap turns round and goes back into the roots, which perhaps, like bulbs and potatoes, get fat upon it. But the poor old leaf, before it falls, gets brilliant tints from the residuum of iron. It's iron, seems, anyway that has to do with the colouring matter of leaves, — and those pale white leaves you see in swamps are because there is no iron in the marsh. I always supposed it was because the sun did n't get in there, as in fact it don't; but maybe the iron goes with the sun. Excuse my mentioning these things. I don't know as I feel any better about the autumn leaves whether they are full

of old junk or not—but one must keep up with Science. . . .

I am having a nice time here, everybody is good to me. I never saw such a family; always on the rampage after ordinations, weddings, funerals, any old lark,—this means Pa and Nelly, for Ma and I creep to our respective holes as soon as they leave the house, and only poke our noses out for meals. . . .

Yours,
SUSAN.

TO MISS CAROLINE P. ATKINSON

AND

MISS MARY E. WILLIAMS

WASHINGTON, D. C., *January 12, 1909.*

MY DEAR CARLA (AND MAMIE),— My head is spinning with looking over the apparently (undiminished) pile of my letters, but I am longing to write to you all this time, instead of sticking to working them down daily. How the time flies. It is three weeks to-day since I came here, that's just half the time, for I am already pulling wires for February 2, when I think to get me to New Orleans. . . . I have been looking over my list of answers to letters, and I can't see that I have ever written you since I came, but that can't be! I probably dropped you and my dear Mamie thanks for your lovely Christmas thoughts. I had a nice collection of things and they filled a window-seat I have here. What a rush upon red this year. It makes my corner very gay.

But, I want you to know about my doings. My hat with the hen on it, in connection with my Kakas fur, and my pompadour to pin things onto, have done a great work. Yesterday I "attended" Mrs. Garfield's tea, "a smash" as a lady in the dining-room

here called it. I sate by Mrs. Cowles and helped her make the tea, after a chat with Mrs. Newberry at the coffee end. Had no idea who these dames were, but read it in the newspaper this morning. . .

I have been to two or three other teas. I can't hear anything, and don't catch the name of anybody, but that's no matter. I am much more steady on my legs and can walk safely from here to Nelly's house. In fact the side-walks and paved, flat roads are glorious in W. except after a flurry of snow when no man (however dark) dreams of shovelling. Agnes Preston (my Jamaica friend) came here on purpose to play with me and see Washington, from Philadelphia, spend two nights and the day between, here at Grafton; and Nelly put us through the paces:—Senate (to see Pa), where we also watched Tillman and others below us, — the row just beginning to ferment — Cabot Lodge, Mr. Depew, and other Republicans. Saw Judge Holmes sitting up on his bench with the other Supremes. Saw Frances Willard in a marble gown standing up on a pedestal next to Romulus and Remus or Somebody. Were presented to V.-Pres. Fairbanks, who is a dear, and saw the Weather Man that makes the weather for everybody (whether or no). . . .

But what I like best is to stay right here, in my nice room, where I am safe, and my morning prayer in my bath is that Nelly will not come and rake me out to do things. My bathroom is a dream, it's all my own and has a window in it, so made that I can keep it open all the time and see things, while nobody can see me. The water is just cold enough not to be too cold, and I can sing my morning songs unmolested. It's still dark when I get up at seven and by seventhirty Mary has come and harnessed me into things, and then "Wilson" brings the breakfast on a tray, with fruit, and I even have an orange first. Mary

gets the *Washington Post* and goes to her breakfast, and thus I can dawdle until Patty with her carpet-scraper and broom pursues me round and round, like a large fly. If I can get nerve, while she is infesting



the place, to do my hair for the day, it's all very well, but perhaps she comes and sweeps under me, and then I have to give it up until later. I go down to luncheon which is really my dinner at one, and by the way, Mrs. George W. Goethals, whose husband is at Culebra, sits at my same little table. Her name was Effie Rodman, and her son, Freshman at Harvard, belongs to the Friday Dancing

Class; — but I should think a real Rodman would feel funny to be named Goethals, and how the dickens are they pronounced? She is very pleasant, quite handsome, and extremely dressed, and on the Go(ethals) incessantly. . . .

YOUR LOVING SUSAN.

TO MISS CHARLOTTE A. HEDGE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *June 8, 1909.*

Nice Sarlots to write her Tuzosh; and yes I did get yours at New Orleans, and was and am a pig not to have answered it; so I will now write at once, which is the only way to catch me; but it's discouraging to correspondents to get the boot on their leg again so soon. All you say (as always, my dear), is absorbingly interesting. I wish I could have been at the Williams' occasion, if it had been a week or so earlier I could have gone to it in my new Chopak suit, but just as well to hear about it; and about the christening. There is certainly a great deal of beauty in that family, and I love them all, beginning

with Moses (*père*). I heard of this tea through Weedens, who flew there in their buzz-buzz from Providence, starting after luncheon and getting back to dinner at the uzle time. Sorry also by absence my losing the sight of your mother's best black-silk gown.

I am now, by the way, sitting in a mauve-plush wrapper which I used to wear in the first scene of the "Elixir of Youth," as the Old Grandmother (the "front" I wore, now answers as pompadour beneath these same locks, now, grey, of my own front hair). Those gowns are again stylish, with tight sleeves and slinking hips, and my figger is precisely the same. And that reminds me of the enlarged daguerreotype you speak of. Is it not amusing? I sent one to Carry, as I should have done to Anne, if we had her here still; but in general, I think it's bad form to circulate one's own image.

As for *things*, how they do accumulate, how often I wish to exclaim, "Oh *don't* give me that!" Mrs. Evelyn Perkins, for instance (the one I travelled with), is constantly giving me things. Sometimes, to tell the truth, I like them, as a Japanese kimono or something which is a dream of grey crêpe with great blobs of pink on it. But don't for Heaven's sake have people give me books! By the way, I have an enchanting one just now, "The Magic Casement," all possible fairy poetry from Queen Mab down, selected by Noyes, himself no mean poet. Otherwise I am reading for the millionth time the "Correspondence of Samuel Richardson," edited by Mrs. Barbauld. Delicious. Those people of the eighteenth century (Queen Anne's) knew much better what they were about than we do. They had time for things, wrote drooling long letters, had some knowledge of each other's characters, and what books they had, they read. They had a thing called "Leisure" which

we don't possess, although, to be sure, they, even then, regarded themselves as being in a hurry, and spent much time and paper in explaining why they didn't write oftener; the facts being they had nothing to communicate, and as a general thing, wrote much too frequently for comfort either to themselves or their correspondents.

I've been here now since May 15, and, — barring the fiendish cold, rain, wind, fog, sleet, damp, — rapturously employed playing with my own things, which I have not seen all winter. I love my old elbow-chair up in my own room, and the long cheval-glass where I can for once see the whole of myself; and my breakfast in the porch, where "she ain't crazy but she eats outdoors." Mary Keating does the whole thing; makes the kitchen fire, makes the coffee, makes the toast, broils the chop, sets the table, everything except to digest my food, and, if she is unwilling, I don't even do that. But this is at an end, for to-morrow my other maid comes (new), and moreover the other inhabitants arrive, Carla, Matlacks, Polly and her tribe in their own house, which is done, not with me, Weedens soon, then Rose, and outlying provinces become peopled, like Roger Perkins, Sibley Smith, Larry and others. Of course I want to have them come, for we are a very congenial crowd, and everybody is good to Susan.

There ain't no ice, you know, because the pond, it didn't freeze, or if it did, casually, Elisha was n't round and didn't cut any. Such a thing has not happened ever since 1872 when the life here began. The ice-house is just newly shingled, so it's nice and dry inside, and we are using the old shingles for kindlings.

The land is a dream of early summer, *Kalmia* (laurel) full of fat buds; lilacs, yellow lilies, iris on

the wane, hawthorn, honeysuckle, "everything that pretty bin" in profusion. All my summer wood has just been dumped on my strawberry bed, full of blossoms, but that's no matter.

YOUR TUZOSH.

TO MISS ELLEN D. HALE

No letters since Friday; nervous as a witch.

MATUNUCK, 7:30 A. M., June 9, 1909.

BUT NELLY, — I want to tell you something fascinating. In the first place I've got a delightful book; have you read about it? It is all possible Fairy Poetry (Keats, etc.) selected and put together by Noyes called "The Magic Casement," and contains all manner of familiar things from "Hark, hark! the lark" down.

Well, I was sitting reading it in the west-long-window with the wistaria outside all smelling good, — this was yesterday afternoon, — and enwrapped with Tom Hood's "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," do you remember about it? It says

"there were many birds of many dyes
 . . . and all were tame
 And pecked at my hand where'er I came."

Well, just as I was all mixed up with this, a great fool robin, just hatched, very fuzzy, came *bounce!* and jammed himself into the wistaria vine, and sat staring behind a bunch of it at me, quite imprisoned, he could neither get in nor out. I had seen him before. Mary thinks he is just hatched out of a small oak tree on the hill. A person I conceive to be his father, stalked up and down the drive, buttoned up in his red waist-coat, and chirped in an indifferent manner, as if his wife had told him to go out and

look for offspring, who was lost. But offspring could see the parent, and Pa Robins went away. So we sate quite still, till I began to think it was time for him to go home, and he seemed a bit uneasy, so I softly put my hand into his ambush. He gave a great squawk and sprang away, and flew with the ease of a Wright's Machine back towards his hill. Wasn't it excellent? I felt as if Queen Mab and Puck would be there directly. . . .

Yours,
SUSAN.

TO MISS CHARLOTTE A. HEDGE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
September 5, 1909.

DEAR SARLOTS,—Isn't this a dreadful business about the North Pole being found, all the mystery, all the charm, gone out of the Geography? It's now just like any other old place, say Watchaalascatchkan, Iowa. And such a commonplace man discovering it, named Cook. He just made a hole in the ground and came away. Why didn't he see blue devils, salamanders, and shooting flames, and the shades of Hudson and John Franklin and Norgenscold and Swerdros hawking round and wringing their hands saying, "He done it"?

I'm forcing myself now to turn my thoughts to the Antarctic Pole—*there* remains mystery, romance, inaccessibility; and I can't get over my childish impression that it's warm there. I am hoping you will sympathise with me in this new aggression of the twentieth century. How flat the world seems! He, Cook, seems to have taken absolutely no comfort in the fact there was no longitude. Write your sympathy.

I noticed, last night, no perturbation in the Pole

Star. I was fearing it might refuse to go round a Cooked Pole.

Yours,
SUSY.

TO MISS CHARLOTTE A. HEDGE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND,
September 15, 1909.

DEAR SARLOTS, — To tell the truth, I never could endure the works of Philpots, and have never opened one of them. I am quite sure it is on account of his name; but I should hate to have any book of his in the house. You will, I'm sure, excuse and even enjoy this vigorous language. I once liked Hardy's things, but I don't think I could now, and there is also a man named Howlitts or something, I can't bear.

Young's "Night Thoughts" is good enough for me, especially where he says:

"Oh! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul
Who think it Solitude to be alone."

But I have also got a fat book of "Appreciations" I believe they are called, of George Meredith, and that is quite pleasing. And I've got Huneker's "Egoists," which tells all about a quantity of people, cranks, that it wouldn't be proper for us to read themselves.

But to return to the Pole. This mush is dreadful they have got us into, Cook and Peary reported daily, column by column in the same daily paper, Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Peary bridling and waggling their heads. Last night when I looked out I seemed to see Two Pole stars, — and I dare say they are getting forked. (To be sure, I also saw two lighthouses on Block Island. It's some form of superannuated vision, I believe.) But no matter.

Nelly invites me to stay with her at 29 Gorham Avenue, Brookline, and I may come to it later, but it is still enchanting here. Yesterday a dream of a day. Carla Atk. is my neighbour, you know, and "Polly" Weeden, now Smith, has two delightful children. We mean to hold on through this month at least. Mrs. Jeanie Weeden has a "motor" and lately hawked me in it up the Island of Newport and back in the twinkling of an eye.

Always yours,
TUZOSH.

TO MISS ELLEN D. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *October 19, 1909.*

OH! MY DEARS!

WHOEVER READS THESE LINES

as it says in the "Mysteries of Udolpho," or some one of my old novels ("Cherubina" in fact) — may know that I am all packed, all swept and garnished, although it is yet twenty-four hours

Before
The Fatal Knell
(Knock wood.)

It's all very nicely arranged. Carla and I are going with Willard to Kingston and from there together to New York and spend the night at Manhattan, and thence next by morning train to Hudson, where you know I mean to stay till to'rds the middle of November, when I return to New York, and Mary K. joins me, to sail in N. G. Lloyd, S. S. *Prinzess Irene*, November 20. Ain't it splendid? Rich, affluent, not lacking in the remains of personal charms, accompanied by an accomplished though educated maid, I wend my way to further conquests upon the Mediterranean shores. You see, that having sent all my

books I haven't read to the Robby Library, I am reduced to the perusal of Miss Burney's "*Cecilia*," and this is the way it proceeds; an excellent work and I am surprised to see how modern it is; the prattle of Miss Larolles might be easily transferred to any Boston reception, not to mention Washington.

I hate to go away, for it is still lovely here. . . .

LOVING SUSAN.

TO MRS. N. W. SMITH

OLANA, *November 14, 1909.*

DEAR POLLY,— . . . It's wonderful the things that go on in Boston. I had no idea there was a new Art Museum till I heard that Jake was exhibiting himself in the Old One. By the way, did you see Phil. anywhere round? Every body (of my age) writes me of the new Opera House, for we all recall the joyous days when *the new one* was the poor old Boston Theatre; and there we used to sit night after night and see Grisi and Mario and Rachel and Jenny Lind, and hear those dear old-fashioned operas like "Lucrezia Borgia" and "Trovatore" and the "Bohemian Girl," and "Norma," and I wore my hair just like the old photograph we have now (enlarged) and no hat, and nodded to everybody in the house as we scuttled down to our *own* seats before the footlights. My! those were stirring times, and our men came round and talked to us, and we had librettos with English words and long play-bills with the names of the performers. I felt exactly as if I owned the whole house, and that it was the finest in the world. Well, that's just about sixty years ago. But no matter; ain't I going to sail on the 20th to foreign parts! . . .

LOVING SUSAN.

TO MISS CAROLINE P. ATKINSON

PRINCESS IRENE, *November 27, 1909.*

CARLA DEAR, — *Es ist sehr dunkel* and only six-thirty by my clocks, but the *Bad-stewardess* hiked me out from my delicious salt bath and I'm back and had my coffee, and will write you till Mary comes and dresses me. We had a wonderful day with Azores, yesterday, passing slowly along under that one that has not got Pico on it. I never saw it so beautiful, in fact I have always regarded the Azores as tedious, but now! it lasted from one, just after early luncheon till two-thirty, all the time very beautiful, all swathed with rainbows of brightest hues like those fires on the stage that ladies dance in within their clothes. The high cliffs dotted, don't you know? With little villages such as come in a box, and immense great waterfalls with real water in them, — "Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn did go and great chasms casting shadows." (Mary K. was wild. It's the first "scenery" she ever saw except the R. R. Station at Concord, Mass.) We all stood pressed up against the rail, rather wobbly, with great lapis-lazuli waves plashing over the shore. Then I was so tired I went to bed at once, and had no dinner, and slept till just now, perfectly refreshed when I got my bath. . . .

YOUR SUSAN.

TO MISS ELLEN D. HALE

ALGER, *le 5th Decembre, 1909.*

OH! NELLY! — It's Sunday, and my birthday, and by these signs I should be writing to you, if joy alone didn't cause me to. Open window, sun shining, towels drying in my balcony, little rolls of butter, coffee (vile, of course) and honey. (I will tell you this each time I write.)

Well, you see I must look now at everything in the spirit of seventy-six. Would it not be funny if I should live another seventy-five years, and become one hundred and fifty; they are inventing things to prolong life. On the other hand M. Somebody I have always supposed to put faith in says the tail of Halley's comet may sprinkle us next May in a gas which will make us all die rapturously. Very well. . . .

YOUR SUSAN.

TO MISS ELLEN D. HALE

HÔTEL DE LA PLAGE, CANNES,
December 25, 1909.

Oh! Nelly, this is really Christmas, and I will celebrate by writing this to you instead of to-morrow. I am entirely cleaned out of nice little gold-pieces, by the reason of tips, and had to scrape together my last five francs for Mary's church. I am saving Papa Leopold II on a fat five-franc piece, and washed him yesterday with ammonia and my nail-brush to keep for a luck penny. We have also got a twenty-franc *note Algérienne* which don't pass here. But there is lots of money in the Crédit Lyonnais, and they placed it all at my disposal, they were so pleased to see me.

But we've been having a terrible time with the



Grand Duke Michael Somethingvitch. You know he is dead; and three war-ships came over from Bizerta and stood out here with little lights on them

in the night, and one took him away in his coffin through the Straits of Dardanelles (by permission of Turks) to be buried in Peter and Paul's church at St. Petersburg, and his nephew is now Grand Duke Michael, and I saw him on a horse at the head of the *convoi*, and behind him tramped millions of *matelots*, in *bérets* and dark-blue shirts, whom I conceive to be from the Russian ships, though more soldiers and sailors came from Nice. And there was a mound of flowers drawn by horses, — *couronnes* with broad ribbons with the names of the Queens who had sent them; and then priests in white and gold bearing a great cross and things, and everybody took off their hats; and then the old gentleman himself in a gilt hearse with four horses, and then the municipality of Cannes, with their hats off and quite bald, and then a quantity of private carriages with the people not in them. There were military bands, and one of them was playing Chopin's "Funeral March," which is the most solemn thing I know. I heard it in Constantine in a march *Funèbre* of soldiers, twenty years ago or more. It was all very impressive, and I was in a little carriage lined up between autos, by the side of the road in a little cross-street from Rue d'Antibes. When I got back here and looked for the war-ship, it was *gone*. How they got him into it I can't imagine, can you? Meantime Mary Keating had *put* for *la gare*, which was wise of her, for that was where everything culminated, and she saw the *couronnes* and the names on the ribbons; — and saw lots of the procession which went back to Nice by train.

You see Old Grand Duke has been a fetish here ever since I first came, and Louis and I used to see him in a little cart drawn by two ponies (I think), and his valet behind. He was about one hundred and sixty then, more now; and much beloved here,

though I believe his family didn't care much for him. But they came out strong with the *obsèques* certainly. . . .

LOVING SUSAN.

TO E. A. CHURCH

HÔTEL DE LA PLAGE, CANNES, FRANCE,
January 26, 1910.

DEAR MR. CHURCH, — While I was at my bank yesterday, waiting for my money, this delightful old lady came bustling in, pushed me away from the



window, and began to do business. They were all delighted to see her and smiled and shook hands, and she held out a great bunch of bank-notes she had: Cent francs, 100 cent francs, gold, heaven knows how

much. *She* didn't come to draw money, not a bit of it; but to deposit. I guess somebody had been paying rent up to January 1, don't you? You don't suppose she came in a carriage do you? She walked, had this umbrella, though no signs of rain were visible. She asked after all their children, shook hands all round and bustled out again. "That's a jolly old lady," said I. "Yes, she is," they said, and rubbed their hands. That's the way I look when I come to see you and deposit my rents, ain't it?

Your letter is *sous-main* of the 9th January. It sounds to me very well and prosperous, and for a man of business you manage to get a wonderful lot out of life, opera, sailors' home, and all that reading you manage to put in. I'm interested in what you say about Perabo. He was a new-fledged lion when I knew him (more by token of which he must be getting old by this time). I remember I was doing something funny at some charitable entertainment, when he was pianist. He won't remember anything about me. I remember (or think I do) that the entertainment was for the Homeopathic Hospital and that afterwards when I wanted to send somebody there I couldn't, because I was a Unitarian. But perhaps I've got it mixed up. Peace to its ashes. I can't read Mr. De Morgan's works. I got swamped in one of them and barely escaped with my life. I have in my possession here two copies of "Bella Donna," 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 reason for avoiding a book that stains all the picturesque effect of the scenery with evil imaginations. I'm sorry, for I think Mr. Hichens 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.

Truly yours,
SUSAN HALE.

TO E. A. CHURCH

HÔTEL DE LA PLAGE, CANNES, FRANCE,
February 13, 1910.

DEAR MR. CHURCH, —

Business! Business!
Wonderful sight!
Money coming in instead of going out!
Little and Brown doing business!

113 copies sold of "Last of the Peterkins"!
I am thinking of buying an automobile and shipping it home.

Jesting aside, I'm surprised, for I thought these things would go straight to you; but this was addressed to Matunuck; so perhaps you have not received the account of Houghton and Mifflin due about now. No matter; this will support me a good while, anyhow it puts me up to writing you a little letter. It is enchanting here this sunny morning I am writing in my open window with the sun shining in on me, and the lovely, lovely Mediterranean outside all veiled in soft light; the sea, the hills, the sky all blue and vague, and dreamy little sails dawdling about. Mary K. has gone to church and everybody else except me is in church, and there is not a sound below on the boulevards; unless a chance dog, or a green parasol goes by on the side-walk. Tell Mrs. Church that existence is impossible here without a green parasol. The shops are full of them, and everybody is wearing them (except me); I *won't*. I love to be

in all the sun there is; but here the people are afraid of it, and the men walk about with umbrellas. To be sure I might buy one with my \$14.12 just received, but likely that will go for books from London. It's so easy to get them here, no duty, and only one day. I subscribe to the *London Daily Telegraph*, and I am trying to understand their election and their New Parliaments. I don't want the Lords to be abolished, do you? It's so splendid to have them sitting up in their crowns and ermine. I would n't do away with them for anything.

But let me tell you the fields are all green, and great rivers babbling through them, and almond trees in blossom, and little dandelions like ours, and little poppies, and deep pink anemones, and masses of yellow mimosa on great trees. The hotel is full of tourists down from the North; it's the thing for the English to come here in Lent. In fact Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George were in town last week, recuperating. I didn't see them but I hope they saw me driving in my little carriage piled up with mimosa. Here's Mary K. to dress me, so good-bye for the moment.

Truly yours,
SUSAN HALE.

TO MISS ELLEN D. HALE

HÔTEL DE LA PLAGE, CANNES, FRANCE,
jeudi, February 24, 1910.

DEAR NELLY, — It's raining!! of all things, and the *Bataille de Fleurs* will have to be put off again, and their nice flags and awnings are all getting wet. "Pity not had him yesterday," as small *garçon* remarked when he brought my *plateau* just now.

But I can't trouble much about us on account of the poor old Parliament. Do you keep reading

about them? Ain't it terrible? They can't pass their budget, and they can't have any money to pay each other with, until they've fired all the nice Lords, to please Mr. Redmond; and nice Mr. Balfour has a cold, so he hates to have to speak and try and comfort them. I have pictures of all of them, cut out and pinned in a book I've got. It's in vain to use Fullum's aphorism and say, "'Tain't no consequence, they was Irish," because the trouble is they *be* Irish.

Well, I shall get my *London Telegraph* again this afternoon and then we'll see. . . .

YOUR SUSAN.

TO MISS ELLEN D. HALE

HÔTEL DE LA PLAGÉ, CANNES, FRANCE,
February 28 (last day of winter), 1910.

Why! Nelly! Poor old Willy¹ is gone at last. I guess he is glad. I read it yesterday in my *Sun*, and can think of nothing else since. No doubt you are writing me about it; but our mails are all *à tort et à travers*. The *Sun* has a pretty good article; and I send their additional comment. No doubt some of his schoolboys have become Sun-reporters or so. But he was six years younger than me. They say less. He had a splendid faith, and no doubt felt he was going straight to his father, I mean Uncle Edward. You see (I've often told you) he was six when they came back from living in England, and I was twelve. His home was pretty forlorn, and my mother took him right in; he adored her. He came often to 6 Hamilton Place and I was made to go to play with him in Summer Street (which I hated) — but we used to play bear, with me for the bear living under the great yellow-marble centre-table with gold legs.

¹ William Everett.

I've often told you how he used to walk with me round the Common in petticoats with a beaver hat and cane, shouting, "*Arma virumque cano.*" All last night I was thinking of these things and longing to jump up and tell you about it. . . .

YOUR SUSAN.

TO MISS MARY B. DINSMOOR

CANNES, FRANCE, *March 12, 1910.*

Oh! my dear Mary, "*Quelle joie!*" as Lucretia used to say, don't you remember? We did n't, but that was a part of our eccentricities. Well, as I was saying *quelle joie* to get a fat bunch of half-sheets yesterday about dark, unusual hour, so I spent the time till dinner reading and re-reading them, after Mary had got me dressed in my striped-grass gown, whereas I had done my hair earlier in the business. . . .

But you are so dear to write me about Willy Everett, for I am still feeling very sad and sort of grieved about it (different from some deaths). There is so much that was forlorn about it, and at any rate so much in him unappreciated. I'm glad you kept up your dealings with him. I tossed all night after I got the news (read it in my *N. Y. Sun*, February 17), thinking of the days when he was a little boy, and we played bear in the great, gloomy drawing-room of his family in Summer Street. I was the bear, I think, and lived on all fours under the great malachite or alabaster centre-table with gold legs, and I used to come out and growl, I believe, for him to run away. He was six and I was twelve. You know (probably don't) that (last spring, before Papa Edward died) I was staying with them in 39 Highland Street and by great strategy a dinner was arranged by Willy for us, just us two, to come to

Quincy, and we drove over in state; the dinner was *parfait*, the whole a perfect success. Edward was scared to death and on his best behaviour, Willy also had his Sunday muzzle on, and they were so polite to each other, it was painful. You know Willy loved Edward, but was always enraged with him, and Pa, aware of this, was sure to put his foot in it. The consequence was that every subject either man was interested in was carefully avoided, and even the weather, the crops, the possibility that Mars is inhabited were but lightly touched. I did n't open my mouth, but sate and stroked the cat. But it was a great success, and left a good taste in all our mouths, and gives me the image of his perfect, carnal comfort in his *ménage*, these latter days. He was surrounded by three females, all his abject slaves! a cook, a sort of marnsome housekeeper, who waited at table, and his typewriter amanuensis, who was subserviently tyrannical, as she should be. . . .

Yours,
SUSIE.

TO MISS ELLEN D. HALE

CANNES, *Pâques*, March 27, 1910.

Oh, Nelly, do you remember when we sate all in the dark in the Toledo Cathedral, with shadowy crowds veiled and kneeling, still, still, till midnight, when a burst of light came and somebody said "Christ is Risen," and every body jumped up and kissed each other? And then I am thinking of the Holy Week in Jerusalem, when the procession came down from the Mount of Olives with palms, that Sunday; and Easter we went down to what they call the Tomb, under church of Sepulchre. And then a Good Friday, in Mexico, little small place where Aztecs did a little play of the "Betrayal of Judas" and one performed Christ, to a vast crowd of Indios out in a great field.

And more things I have forgotten and partly invented which are described in my Archives, and came round in bed last night when I woke up at 2 A. M.

But now I have got an Easter egg which came up with my breakfast, all gaily coloured with a picture of a little sort of faun carrying a basket of Easter eggs, with hoofs to him. And close by me is a fat bunch of these violets picked for me by a lady, out of her own garden. I saw her do it, in exchange for a franc. It seems a rain that we had was what they needed, for the whole country is covered with them, wild; but these of mine are *cultivées*, up behind the "Californie." . . .

Yours,
SUSAN.

TO MISS ELLEN D. HALE

CANNES, *Monday, April 4, 1910.*

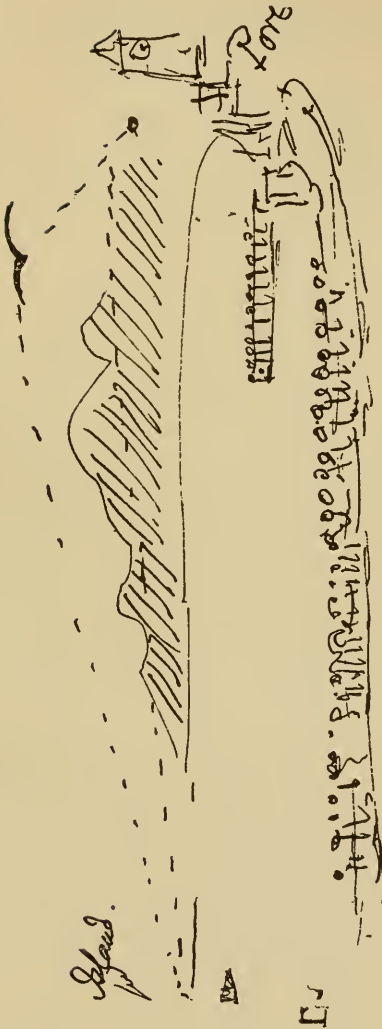
Sailing two weeks from to-day!

Might write to Manhattan, New York.

Oh, Nelly, I must forsake all and tell you these things. No matter if I don't write the right letters to everybody (or anybody); we shall get there all the same.

We had aviation yesterday, and I am *converted!!* It was lovely. Plage (me up-stairs and Mary K.). These are swarms of people looking on. It soared so beautifully and looked exactly like a bird, and not a big bird either; any old bird, — and took ten minutes, I believe, to go way across our horizon and back again. So we *may* come home in one; but my transportation is all engaged (and paid) for Early Victorian methods. . . .

But now, Nelly, to change the subject, I want you to read not only "*Merope*" by Matthew Arnold, but his own preface to it in his latest Complete Edition Poems which I got from London lately. I'm send-



These are swarms of people looking on

ing it to Edward; and do you make him let you have it. It is all in the line of that Greek man we were reading, you know, in Roxbury, last time I was there. . . .

And Homestake is paying again!! One hundred and four dollars on March 25. So I feel rather easy about not being cast into prison on my return, by Kidder and Peabody. . . . Lots of love from

SUSAN.

TO MISS ELLEN D. HALE

CANNES, HÔTEL DE LA PLAGE, *encore*
vendredi, April 8, 1910.

DEAR NELLY, — . . . My mail just walked in with Minna Goddard's letter to say they will arrive here to-morrow in their motor with Corinne, the maid, and their chauffeur, to spend one night with me. . . .

I may add here that this *motor* business has destroyed all the punctual habits, Early Victorian, introduced by steam-railways, and so incidentally, by my own father. "No hanging round: but start now or you'll lose your train." On the contrary, these unfortunate chauffeurs sit waiting for hours at the door and very likely in a pouring rain, until their marms come strolling out with a dozen more hat-boxes, — gigantic in size (also an innovation); I wish you could see the things they stuffed into one yesterday, — a baby, a nurse, a small dog, a bassinette on top full of dirty clothes; a man, his two wives, their hats (in boxes), the maid, the chauffeur, the courier, the man's own cane, everybody's umbrella, a green parasol, a purple ditto; besides their hand-baggage. The trunks had gone before (by rail, I presume). . . .

Yours,
SUSAN.

TO MISS CAROLINE P. ATKINSON
AND
MISS MARY E. WILLIAMS

CANNES, FRANCE, *April 14, 1910.*

Now, my dears, the bottom is out, and I am tearing up letters and sich, and exploring the depths of my trunk for places unknown to Mr. Loeb. We are leaving here next Monday as ever was, and doing everything by Fridays; arrive from Marseilles Friday, in Naples on the 20th and from Naples to New York on the 29th. Makes me nervous, it's so soon.



It's gone like a flash! though a lovely tranquil winter. I 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 to drive the other day. He is a dear. I should like to annex him; and he would like to be my kind of gentleman courier, so I wish I could have him instead of Mary. . . . He is English, named Robinson, and is the organist here in Cannes at St. George's Church (where the Duke of Albany is buried), and he took me in there; it's a little, very perfect (modern) Gothic chapel, with stained-glass windows, and holds the lovely marble tomb of the Duke, peacefully reposing, with crossed (very beautiful) hands. Then Robinson opened his organ and played (no doubt) lovely fugues and things. I had to pretend I heard them, but of course it was to my ears only skurling. His father is a rector in Oxford, and two brothers are curates. Ain't it just like an English novel? His voice is a lovely baritone; he is adored by the English colony.

I've got an old gentleman I call "the Cat-faced

man," for you see I can't hear any of their names. He says my French is beautiful; and there's a widower Mary and I call "the beautiful man," with two children and an awfully cross mother. Her maid has just gone away because she can't stand it. . . .

YOUR JOYOUS SUSAN.

TO MISS ELLEN D. HALE

N. G. Lloyd *Prinz Heinrich*. 7:30 A. M.
Thursday, April 21, 1910. Cabin 126.

Oh my! oh, Nelly! oh *reizend schön*, only Mary has got the ink. But never mind, perhaps you can read this and perhaps I'll mark it over (guess not).

You see I'm once more on the rapturous wave; and how I do love it! I feel just as if I was seventeen and had nothing the matter with me, except that I know more languages. I've just come out of a luscious cold salt *Bad* in a great tub, and stewardess has brought lovely N. G. Lloyd coffee and rolls. I bet there's no one else up yet on the ship.

But you must know we've had a funny time; for the wind was so bellowing (a *bise* or something) that ship couldn't start, so we went to bed tied up to a great warehouse and spent the night at Marseilles in perfect motionlessness. But at dawn just now I heard and felt the chug-chug and saw rocks out of the port-hole, presumably not Monte Christo's island. Mary's cabin is away at the end of the ship; she is very jolly, we feel like larks to be in our old haunts, and *Princess* will be still more so next week. . . .

YOUR SUSAN.

TO MISS ELLEN D. HALE

Dampfer "PRINZ HEINRICH,"

24 hours later, Friday, April 22, 11 A. M.

DEAR NELLY, — And here we are still wobbling in Mediterranean waters. All night long, the dreary fog-horn sounded, and at 6 A. M. was nothing to be seen, folded in with the same fog. Just now there is a visible horizon, but we were still, — half the night, — no matter; one place is as good as another, and I must say that Mary K. is splendid; she takes everything *en philosophe*. She is now getting rid of her French coppers for post-cards of the ship. . . . Fog, fog, everywhere and we may be another night on board!

YOUR SUSAN.

TO MISS MARY B. DINSMOOR

GRAND HOTEL, NAPOLI, 1910.

What month is this? Mebbe April 22.

DEAR MARY, — Rapturous! After a long and very wobbly voyage, my head still swimmy-swimmy, I sit here reading a fat bunch of home letters waiting for me, and yours takes the cake. Think of the "kind seer" turning up again. I envy you being *chez* once more even if you are debarred from your bureau-drawers. Well, "I shall soon be with you," as Harriet Byron said when she thought it was all up with Sir Charles on account of Clementina, I shall (knock wood) be soon jumping out on my piazza at Matunuck, say May 15, or perhaps 13. We sail from here next Friday, 29th, *Princesse Irene*, you know.

My dear, this voyage was fiendish; and I've got the taste of it still in my mouth. We left Marseilles in blithesome mood, — that was Wednesday, 3 P. M.

— with an angel “interpreter” we know there; saw the trunks; saw the “Angels” in our cabins. Very well. Everybody left us (and went away) tied to the wharf; and there we stayed till dawn the next morning in fog, the wind was so fierce. I heard the chunky-chunky begin of the engines, in bed about sunrise, so all that day, Thursday, we were wobbling in the fog, and all Friday, until six P. M., when we were rudely thrust out, without dinner (which nobody wanted) to the cold docks of Naples. All this time there was nothing under heaven to do, no good places to sit, a great upper dreary deck with nobody on it but me and Mary K. and only one steamer chair, and the ramparts, — I mean bulwarks — so high you could n’t see anything if you sate down, besides there was n’t anything to see, only fog. Only fourteen passengers at two sparse, round tables for luncheon, only two ladies, the rest in bed. I sate for the most part in the corner of my cabin, to the detriment of my spine, reading an Italian novel, to get up my languages. I got lost once going up to see Mary on her lonely deck, whence all but her had fled, and was only extricated by instruments from the bowels of the ship. Well, no matter, it’s over now, only I feel like a dog. We rattled in an old-fashioned omnibus (three horses) over the paving stones, for miles and miles you know to this hostelry, but here I have a charming room and everybody (although all dead) recognising me. That’s a gift of hotel men, they carry on the illusion or tradition. I generally expect to find the Charles Longfellows sitting at dinner. But they ain’t here now because they did n’t come. I don’t for the moment want to see, feel, hear, taste nor smell anything till I get over this wobble. There, did you ever hear me give a voyage such a black eye?

Yours,

SUSAN.

TO MISS ELLEN D. HALE

NEW YORK, *Friday, May 13, 1910.*

NOW NELLY DEAR, — Don't worry, but I have a paralysed arm since that storm I wrote you about, my left one, so it's not so very bad, and Mary is an angel. We go to Matunuck to-morrow, and Arthur and Edward are both here. Will write from there. I am not sick at all, only helpless.

YOUR SUSAN.

TO MISS ELLEN D. HALE

MATUNUCK, *May 15, 1910.*

OH NELLY! — It's rapturous, everything so nicey-nicey, Mary K. a wonder. I got here by "uzle train" all right, and Dr. Gardiner's horse, I mean his auto, was browsing on the lawn; for Arthur had warned him in a telegram that my wrist was paralyzed, you know. He was splendid and says that people usually are paralyzed when they come from abroad, and such things. I am not wobbly now on that account, but because Mary and me have not got over the voyage yet. So don't worry about me because I am so happy to be here. It never seemed so good before. Great robins on the lawn, and dandelions and things and May perfect. Everything was ready for us and Mame Tucker still on the ship after the finishing touches of house-cleaning. Lots of love from your happy Susan.

Arthur and Edward were angels. Nobody else here yet.

TO MISS ELLEN D. HALE

MATUNUCK, RHODE ISLAND, *June 22?*

DEAR NELLY, — For once it is warm at Matunuck, in fact broiling at 7:30 A. M. Breakfast on front piazz. Everything looks lovely, honeysuckle, wild-roses all about. Good for cripples as well as bipeds. My parlour is full of flowers everybody sends, for it is the heyday of the roses, and every bowl is filled. These are Ma Browning's ramblers. She is very proud of them. No news and we may have a N. E. storm before night.

YOUR SUSAN.

My doctor takes good care of me, but I am quite useless.

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