

1896

Bowditch, Katharine

Susan Hale

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To Miss Katharine Matunuck R.I.
P. Bowditch May 20. 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
Mataucks and stretched over the
Salt Pond, and Mowings, and
"Hopewallow" which is now a
mass of apple blossoms, and Pine
Ledy, and came down behind
the Tumbledown, but not into the
ocean for it stretched over it so
you saw the water-tints through the
shaded columns of the Rainbow. And
all that landscape panned thus &
sparkling with the recent rain was
Exquisite. It lasted quite half an
hour I am sure, growing more and
more intense;—

The Robert Young is well. He came along during the Rainbow
(the light breeze) and in course about it - I said
"So, what's so," said he by returning. "And we haven't no weather
of these we have been," a Bow Precious to them. "I must be there & sorry."
All if we had weather.

You know just as much of having a Park in
a matter, & has written me nothing & then perhaps all these
books. My the information is thought and I don't see you
it to hope that you are in good circumstances. I hope you have become
rich. As I suppose you are in the best of health, but I cannot be sure
is no more. It is a delightful, & I hope you are all well. I
wonder if they are all well. He is a delightful, & I hope you are all well.
in a happy way, and had a very nice one. I hope you are all well.
I hope he has a very good one. I hope you are all well.

with the outer reflected, reversed,
now, distinct in every part though
fainter. It was a lovely sort
of fall it was a sign that
things were going to be better with us.
The porch shut it off partly, so
I got a Kitcher-Chair there ^{was}
in the best parlour and ^{a big time} table;
(with a Cape on) out in the drive
by, just in front of the house, to
watch it. Swallows were circling
round, and two soared up. I pattered
into the arch, and made me think
of Hawk's song. (isn't it?)

Och, böglein, du hast dich betrogen
Se wohnet nicht mehr in Thal
Schwing' auf dich zum Himmelsbogen
Grüss' sie oben zum letzten Mal.

Just then Louise came aley with
my copper on the table for tea table:-
"Where are you?" - "Oh! here!" I cried
and she put it down in front of me
table & all, - Dropped Guinea-hen Eggs
on toast and little new Radishes.

Spars raining, the steam, and these spots in the middle
of the road, all laughing and crying, and eating my copper.
The sun went higher and higher as the sun set and
setter, until it all melted into before clouds and
streaks - and I came in ^{to} ^{the} ^{place}.
That I had been thinking was that all our joy, or quiet,
(but the world as) at the sudden time of this engagement
was good and appropriate, even at the time. The sun is dead
in some belief, and in some to believe of the world's position,
that in thought on some really dead. - but when I speak for
distances some business, it was just that I made it to, and it
but now before in California. In the case of Malheur's
I write me about Henry the, dear California, if I had a compass
should mount of the star, fancy me applying in the
back of my shaking fly-steel, for the look of love
between and soon time the water