

1901

## Emily ?

Susan Hale

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### Recommended Citation

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Cuernavaca, Jan 23. 1901

I shall soon give over writing  
 to my family, but I  
 may still be a little  
 worried about me, so I will keep  
 on my daily bulletin. I feel fine  
 this morning, and have just had  
 a piece of broiled beef, called by  
 the Mexicans beef-steak. It was  
 very good and tender, the first meat  
 I have had, for the <sup>kind</sup> doctor does not want  
 to heat my blood. Last night he  
 did me all up for the last time  
 in the Brown glass, and this morn'g  
 I have had a delicious warm bath  
 "washed" my stain away, and bathed  
 my hair soles with lead-water. I've  
 found out what it is they look like  
 my back & shoulders are exactly like  
 President Eliot's cheek. But really  
 they are slipping away, & my face is  
 already quite as usual. Yesterday

I have seen people who had been announced in walking  
 themselves & make themselves in that they are very kind  
 and they think my sun-face was had a good "Moral  
 shot on both. They are quite awed by my Patience and  
 adversity, in fact seem astonished that a person can  
 behave like a lady even in bed. Oh dear! I say that  
 I can't think of any thing else to do than to make the  
 best of it. <sup>My example</sup> Anyway people have slight inflection in their  
 habit of thinking they have knowledge & are of the matter  
 into their continually. Now then they are most kind and  
 appreciate, bringing me things I don't want & eat like  
 lemon pie, but also great splendid sandwiches of Propanololais  
 and the like. I am feeling quite badly about the poor old man  
 now & the same & leave her death away from me, almost the very hour  
 of it.

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 of it.

I surprised the companions by walking in to their rooms, next to mine, neatly clad in my black silk wrapper with scarlet ribbons. It was an hour for me, for in my anguish when we were shown our rooms I scarcely saw what theirs <sup>were</sup> like, two very pleasant adjoining ones, with glass windows opening like double doors on little balconies.

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

that keeps the glass down & the windows, makes the light lace curtains float in, and thus admits the companions.

These glass doors, as in every place seen here, are circular, hung with great bells at top, and bottom that beat like in a sort of ding out places in the firm and stable, made in the companion's corner cope with them.

To receive them. The companions cannot cope with them at all; but on the floor, in front of these windows are nice shoes, chunks of lace, about like paving stones that can be kicked or rolled by the barefoot boy, and against the firm & hard part, his perfectly free it was Louis Cheval who would carry these shoes and might them here, for when he is down, and his

companions have the Charles's rooms, the best in the house I laugh when I see these <sup>stair</sup> thinking of Louis. The companions are naturally

important to have me get well, and in front but I should rather see, which is fact they have both managed to be themselves, so they monkey with my doors continually opening and shutting and embarrassing what they are not like to communicate to come,

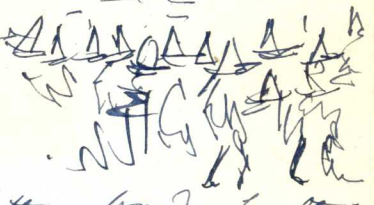
Jan 28. 1901. 8 a.m. 66°

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

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

Dear Emily, I am feeling fine this morning and will give you the benefit of it, for I shall get tired by and by. I sat up imagining you abandoned by your family and alone with Phil at Roxbury, that is by the time this reaches you - This morning I sprang up at 6½ while Chevch-bills all round were "wraungly - wraungly - wraungly" a great fire of twisted chimneys; dressed in my wrapper gown with black lace mantilla on my head, bare hands because they are so sore still gloves are impossible, took my sponge bag and trotted alone through the narrow streets, crossing the Jocolo, to Baños Morelos, where I went through the gateway into a pretty garden surrounded by small bath rooms. Birds were flying about and singing in a sort of aviary Bougainvilleas, violets in a border of their own leaves, white Aralias great fat roses. I ordered my bath in my good Spanish; a Russian who was blacking a boot, put it down and got the tray containing a hair brush, a red celluloid comb, 2 small flasks of oil to scent me, a wisp of Maguey-fibre and a piece of soap, these I in a little brass bowl. Also a great sheet to wrap me in and two towels - Had a lucious cold bath this time; here, Dr has thought tepid more prudent but my blotches are growing quite pale, and even the great Crater of vaccination is subsiding, - all along. Gnomes were watering the sheets with pipes pumped up from just below the surface - there is running sparkling water every where, and the sheets are as clean as possible but very hard with cobble stones that nunsden my poor feet - I bought 3 hot rolls at a baker's on the way, for the Companians just like the Sanitarium bread. Coming back through our pet's street Santa in a blue Reboso, and ordered my Coffee Arriba which means upstairs, and now I have had it. Rosalio has brought letters, but none for me, and the Companians have gone down to breakfast. - Last evening, instead of going to bed at sunset, I started out with Carry about 8 (Rosalio in tow) and we went to the Jocolo to hear the Sunday evening music by the Bared

All Cuernavaca was out and it was  
 boy pretty. The moon is getting  
 big now, but besides there are  
 electric lights, lanterns and  
 I think torches. Up in  
 this sort of summer house  
 was a very good band  
 playing waltzes, and some  
 Mexican music, and in the road paths  
 below round and round stroked this mass  
 of folks, all the men in pointed hats &  
 wrapped in serapes, the women in rebosos -  
 all quiet and chatting away, beer -  
 and bit of half attending to the music -  
 round and round the small enclosure.  
 These hats are of straw, pointed to an  
 immense height, & every man being  
 of the male sex has one - Even Rev. Eliphaz  
 Potter, whom we now proceeded to see, for  
 after we were tired of walking round the  
 Plaza, we crossed the street to the Bella Vista  
 Hotel, fronting upon it, and in the piazza  
 there found Rev. Eliphaz, his nephew John Brown  
 Potter, husband of the ren-away actress,  
 (The Foster has gone away to California)



The ~~Chapel~~ Reverend brother and his dance, who all live there. Proctor  
 all gathered us in, at a round table, (in the open air, no wind)  
 and with their bleeding shot he would be talking to the music  
 around, in stroked around the Plaza once was, no a Reverend  
 also, carry with Mr. Brown, they went with John Brown P. (can say)  
 Rev. Mr. is very nice old man, fond of labor, he knows already  
 everything in Cuernavaca. Strange, they talked about the "Moses" in  
 Belloc's, who gives the P.R. by there, an old pensionnaire  
 of the shorts, & his cabinet was greater & than of the same  
 "y" for "said" Mr. P.: "In Naples washed by the girls"  
 "Belloc's" daughter you go, please all about it" = "Just how you do  
 at a luncheon in the park things you him, me, and Bishop Potter. He  
 pretend he remembered it. Sales, Reverend next James Brown Potter at  
 his sister's musical evening, see in New York. He is really a nice old  
 man, Elphaz, very conversational and liberalistic, and thinks  
 Mexico, especially Cuernavaca, the most picturesque place he ever struck  
 He said he never saw a strawberry, but is equally attached to straw Wing Atman  
= see other sheet (4)

Matamuck Pt.  
Oct 3. 1903.

the house is in exquisite order, household all put away, shoes washed in all the rooms, Mrs's dress, child that is Top story. I have even "sorted" all my piece of paper, and know what awaits in every one of them. The morning has been "sort o' sorts" for some days, it manufactures very that he was in Coaling cross, and escaped by narrow with the least possible result in the way of headings and the hands. I expect it his "Pouter" that's from him, or hair pin. Now he says that the morning, his wife, is horridly, like's Confession, and kinder nervous, "and the news Miss Queen, then that's nervous is almost gone sick - said I, "and that makes it bad for the other folks - so, - said he, it bad for the other folks and its bad for the folks themselves. *See how nice news was* Mrs. Abbott. *Has nothing mail had ~~the~~ school is quite. Much for the Miss*

Matamuck Pt.  
Oct 3. 1903.  
Dear Family. I fear I have nothing since yours of 22<sup>nd</sup> but I have Edward's, most interesting, all about Lizzie Thomas. My peaceful solitude has no events and if I write, it is to work off old files of letters that have collected by neglect all summer. This rapturous here news, and I am having a most Sybaritic time with Lizzie still here and Louisa cooking gloriously. My only mental effort is trying to keep things out of the house to eat which have got the habit all summer of working in Lizzie can't resist buying things out of carts, - and now that Boarders have left, carts seem to expect to unload all their "refuge" on me - this 'Abby

Shaker has got peaches off her own farm, they're them and very good -

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Seamie and I have just shut  
down on the Lamb. It was too  
difficult to eat up <sup>the last piece</sup> an eleven pound  
leg, with only the two meals and  
me, and Friday coming in for fasting  
he Liddy.

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

Yesterday I swam in the Pond at sunrise  
It was very warm all day, in the  
afternoon it rained gently, but  
stopped in time for Mrs Matlack's  
tea at 4½, Seamie and I met  
at it and came home together.

Elizabeth Stevens is there, the nicest  
of all the Stevens - sisters. She is on

her way back to Hartford in the winter, after a successful  
summer in Maine (Brookport & Beloit). Because she has  
just sold her summer work, her clothes, for \$200 -  
she is the only Rich person I have seen for a long time,  
she even Seamie's needles is purchased and jewelry this year -  
her new Cotton Mills are down, and Charles & Elbert have failed,  
and kindred seem looking all round. However the little  
green hen brought three Bibles and 22 cows, and they  
have set to work already, for there is a small calf in  
the Barn, and more expected. It seems in the line of  
Mrs Steady's motto [If you want a good show, you must keep a leg.]  
If you want to get rich you must raise a calf. How but true,  
Liddy is taking the last Fond Map of the First Lady How. She  
was Monday -