

1905

Gardiner, Dr. H. K.

Susan Hale

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GRAND HOTEL DES BAINS

de la Station Thermo-Minérale

D'HAMMAM-R'IRHA

PRÈS ALGER



New to the health. He is a nice man, very kind and attentive.

In case hee a week up, and stays & they
 had a week in Algiers; they joined us
 to spend a week in this place about 50
 miles from the town of Algiers. Polly has
 had a wonderful sore throat there, really
 "Mittens", but that was cured.
 heard it would have made a good
 in their Hotel. Dr. Thomson had
 in the Hotel and advised not to quit
 in this quiet place, and it just
 followed that we are going here to
 the same reason - we are having
 a joyful meeting, talking in the winter,
 Dr. Thomson is an old friend of mine, as
 he had the case of Mrs. Church (Stow's
 mother) in 1895, when he brought her on
 a visit to the Hotel.

Address Barings Brothers
 London, till
 April 20th. } March 27, 1900.
 I. D. H. K. Gardiner
 Dear Doctor.

Lots of love from you all. Stay (see you).

I have been very bad about
 writing all winter, and am punished
 by losing several of your good letters.
 On the 17th it was almost
 impossible to write, and the best I
 could do was to keep up my home
 letters. In Paris it was awfully
 cold. I slept ^{nearly} every night under my
 fur cape, and shivered all day
 except in the sun up on ^{the} deck
 of ~~our~~ Dahabieh. I was awfully
 scared about my throat & chest,
 and fully expected to be down with
 bronchitis at any moment; but
 I have pulled through wonderfully, and
 except for coughing a little, sneezing
 and blowing, bones aching &c., I have
 not suffered much. I must be a tough
 old lady.

I don't hear a word from Peter about Northwiches. What's she is then already.

Otherwise it was a delightful
experience. You know we eleven
weeks on our own dahabieh
(sails, no steam,) going up the river
to Luxor and Assouan and coming
down again. There were just four
of us, Mr and Mrs Elmet Longfellow,
my lady Mrs Perkins, and myself
we had 2 Captains 10 sailors, a
cook and 2 cook boys, two waiters
who also made the beds, and a
dragoman, all ^{brown} Arabs or ^{'black'} Nubians
wearing turbans and blue nightgowns
There was also Mrs Longfellow's maid
Kelly, an excellent person, I wish I
knew, who had the time of her life
flirting with Abbas the waiter in
Arabic. It is a lovely dawdling life
with nothing to do but to recline on
deck watching the men go by, the
palm trees, camels, donkeys, natives,
occasionally looking at Ruined temples
and Ceremonies, or visiting native towns.

Had a tiny cabin with no conveniences for sitting or writing
kitchen it was cold, cold, everywhere but in the tea or chocolate
I had an ice cold bath every morning at sunrise, washed and
in a deck as soon as possible - (it was slippery one
morning, not real ice but frosty by usual like frost) &
in the beautiful light on the river as the sun climbed
up with the sky. We met a good many people, had lots
of jokes and fun ^(I was very funny that day.) and my friend & our children
who are just like children, working hard. (My had & now
or track on the shore when there was no wind, i.e. west or
the river) always singing a waltz song, and in the evening
singing strange dances he led on their deck, round a little
fire of coals throwing their strange drums & instruments.
It is all very picturesque, unusual, wonderful - etc. You glad
I can not try it, and not of Egypt what is a necessary country
all sorts and parts of eggs - You know how these before 35 years ago,
when in fact started it.

To Dr. H. K. Gardiner.

d'Hamman-r'Irha, pres Alger
March 27, 1903.

Dear Doctor,

I have been very bad about writing all winter, and am punished by losing several of your good letters. On the Nile it was almost impossible to write, and the best I could do was to keep up my home letters. You know it was awfully cold. I slept nearly every night under my fur-cape, and shivered all day except in the sun up on the deck of our dahabieh. I was awfully scared about my throat & chest, and fully expected to be down with bronchitis at any moment; but I have pulled through wonderfully. I must be a tough old lady.

Otherwise it was a delightful experience. You know we were eleven weeks on our own dahabieh (sails, no steam,) going up the river to Luxor and Assouan and coming down again. There were just four of us, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Longfellow, my lady, Mrs. Perkins, and myself. We had 2 captains, 10 sailors, a cook and 2 cook boys, two waiters who also made the beds, and a dragoman, all brown Arabs or black Nubians wearing turbans and blue nightgowns. There was also Mrs. Longfellow's maid Nelly, an excellent person, Irish I guess, who had the time of her life flirting with Abbas the waiter in Arabic. It is a lovely dawdling life with nothing to do but to recline on deck watching the river go by, the palm trees, camels, donkeys, natives; occasionally looking at Ruined temples and carvings, or visiting native towns. I had a tiny cabin with no conveniences for writing in private, besides it was cold, cold, everywhere but in the sun on deck. I had an ice cold bath every morning at sunrise, dressed and got on deck as soon as possible--(it was slippery one morning, not real ice but something very much like frost) to see the beautiful lights on the river as the Sun climbed up into the sky. We met a good many people, had lots of jokes and fun together (I was very funny they say,) and got very fond of our sailors who are just like children, working hard, (they had to row or track on the shore when there was no wind, i.e. most of the time) always singing a wierd song, and in the evening doing strange dances for us on their deck, round a little fire of coals thumping their strange drums & instruments. It is all very picturesque, unusual, wonderful--still I am glad I am out of it, and out of Egypt which is an uncanny country all tombs and dust of ages. You know I was there before 35 years ago, when in fact I hated it. # # # #

This is a very pretty place high up among the hills, with pure air, fine scenery, far away from railroads, towns, noise, dirt. There are sulphur baths, and my Mrs. Perkins is trying them for her hands which are sort of rheumatic, with joints. She is perfectly well in every respect, with absolutely no other symptoms of gout or those things--I think it's rather silly to fuss over her joints, in fact the Doctor here says they will never be any better; but you know women love to be fussing about something. Mrs. Weeden also goes every morning and sits up to her neck in a warm tank of nasty smelling water. The two ladies chin together and have a beautiful time, and then lie an hour between blankets after it. I thought of having a swim in the tank with Polly;--but people with any heart troubles are warned off, and I thought it more prudent to keep out of it, especially as I hate warm baths, it would be foolish to have to be fished out in a limp condition. # # # #

I have enjoyed my trip much, but I guess Jamaica is a better place for Old Ladies, I have often longed for it when I was quaking with cold in the night,

Affectionately yours,

Susan.