1851

The Hale Family

Susan Hale

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Mr. Phillips came up, - he is not well having a bad cold, but, and did not go down today till a later than usual train. Also came Dr. & Mrs. Carse & last night. Mrs. was nice pleasant. She asked tenderly after Mr. Lucinda.

I think, Lucie, that the A.O.T. of the F. Pro. Len. succeeds as well as the A.O.T. of the F. Prophet, and think it re-ignoring my letter to you hands. Edward immediately recognized his "dog." I think the one of the foot is too flattering. My par. Does Augusta like the dog? I did not tell of our nice ride yesterday. A. M. Edward, Mary, Lizzie, I in the carriage. We got out and picked lots of huckleberries. While Edward read in the vehicle. The garden looks beautifully. He made lovely wreaths for the children. Mrs. nice to have Papa at home. I want to see him much and the peaches! Edward liked "The Legend of Mrs. Shiner." much and wishes George may want to be told.

Thursday Evening Aug 21st.

Dear Family. We have got your nice packet and letters, and Mary is superintending a large party in the other room of "The Solitude," while answering it. Lucinda! to think of this! yours shall be sent by an ear. tomorrow. Papa! the load is very silent and beautiful, and it has charming you should think to do it for me. Mama! to think of "cat in strange jacket!" told Little didn't sit in cribs in attix - had a very nice note from Augusta this morning, written Wednesday evening. It came direct from Salem. I hope she is at the house now, and if she is thank her for her nice writing to me, and for her "Sing from P. U. D."

I am rather tired after a multifarious. It was a very pleasant day. After breakfast the company is in the Young Branch - started
in the garden, and played at "Patsy-thina," under the apple tree. This name is so called because Sarah's name is Patsy-thina Polly-pod. I am Mrs. Polly-pod. Johnny Nn 1 2 and Mary is Mrs. Hecksapod. Lizzie her daughter angelina, and Sophie is her other daughter. We have houses but a little distance from each other, and visit constantly. This changed into a game of hide and seek, and then Mary and I investigate our old leaks in the rose bushes where we sat reading till dinner. The former tree was harder than ever. clinch, so the long ladder which used to be under it is broken. But we continued a short ladder with the chair, and a great deal of scrambling and holding on with eye lashes, helped to get us up to the old leaks where we sat out initials two years ago. Another, the tree is perfectly sheltered from the road, and we are entirely concealed from the public gaze. In fact, also the private gaze. The children fired a express up into the tree to our seat, with things and a hat, and dad constantly climbing up to us. I received Augustus note in that way. This afternoon we got into the apple tree I with Nn and Mary with Plutarch, but he had not read more than a few pages of those interesting works when little Emily appeared, and her small brother Joe was descended to amuse them. Imagine the number of small people of it all.

In the middle Edward came to take Mary by the off to walk. We went up to the natural acres and spent some time there, getting home just in time for T? Yesterday was pretty much the same as today, but I read 60 pages of "Home." In the evening yesterday...
To the Hale family.

Thursday Evening Aug. 21, '51.

Dear Family. We have got your nice packet and letters, and Mary is superintending a large party in the other room of "Grab Solitaire" while I answer it. Lucretia! to think of the books—yours shall be sent by an early express tomorrow. Papa! the bead bag is very brilliant and beautiful, and it was charming you should think to get it for me. Mama! to think of "cat in strange garret"! Told Littles didn't sit in cribs in attæx. I had a very nice note from Augusta this morning, written Tuesday evening—it came direct from Salem. I hope she is at our house now, and if she is thank her for writing to me, and give her "Ling from G.U.D."

I am rather tired after a multifarious but very pleasant day. After breakfast the company—i.e. the young branch—retired to the garden, and played at "Betsy-thina," under the apple-tree. This game is so called because Sarah's name is Betysthina Pollipod. I am Mrs. Pollipod, Johnny Mr. F. and Mary is Mrs. Heckspod, Lizzie her daughter Angelina, and Lettie is her other daughter. We have houses at a little distance from each other, and visit constantly. This changed into a game of Hide and Seek, and then Mary and I investigated our old seats in the Horse Chesnuts where we sat reading till dinner. We found the tree was harder than ever to climb, as the long ladder which used to be under it is broken. But we combined a short ladder with an old chair, and a great deal of scrambling and holding-on-with-eye-lashes, helped to get us up to our old seats where we cut our initials two years ago. Mother! the tree is perfectly sheltered from the road, and we are entirely concealed from the public gaze, & indeed also the private gaze. The children fixed an express up into the tree to our seats with string and a hat, and sent constantly things up to us. (picture)

I received Augusta's note in that way. This afternoon we got into the apple-tree, I with Hume and Mary with Plutarch, but we had not read more than a few pages of these enlivening works when little Emily Sargent and her small brother Joe appeared. So we descended to amuse them. Imagine the numbers of small people. (picture)

In the middle of it all Edward came to take Mary & me off to walk. We went up to the Paternal Acres and spent some time there, getting home just in time for T. Yesterday was pretty much the same as today, but I read 60 pages of Hume. In the evening yesterday Mr. Phillips came up,—he is not well, having a bad sore throat, and did not go down to-day till a later-than-usual train. Also came Dr. & Mrs. Sargent last night who were pleasant. She asked tenderly after you Lucretia.

I didn't tell of our nice ride yesterday a.m. Edward, Mary, Lizzie, I in a carryall. We got out and picked lots of huckleberries, while Edward read in the vehicle. The garden looks beautifully. We made lovely wreaths for the children. How nice to have Papa at home. I want to see him much, and the peaches! Edward liked "The Legend of Mrs. Hines" much and wishes George Hayward to be told, who, he says, is fond of the bullet story.

Love to Papa, Mama, Nathan, Lucretia, Augusta, Cat. etc. from Susie.