

1853

Hale, Mrs. Nathan (mother)

Susan Hale

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dressed with evergreen. Little pine trees walking
down the steps of the stage - and in front 3
busts of musical celebrities crowned with laurel
alias ground-pine - with great bouquets and
festoons between - The Germanians played most
gloriously just as they used to do, and the house
was quite full with an enthusiastic audience.
Mr Hulbut was discovered in the distance with
Mr and Mrs Sax Dwight; we had a little chat with
them after the concert; - and between the parts, Mr
George Bradford came and discoursed while Mountain
Hullum was waiting and brought us home safely &
then went with Isabella up to Mrs Charles P's.
where was the family weekly gathering. ^{Isabella says he}
^{was very agreeable}
When we got home we found Papa had received a
letter from Charley to say he should be at home
about 9 $\frac{1}{2}$. However I went to bed before he came
and he arrived about midnight, his train having
been delayed. He seems to have had a jolly time
which he has recounted to Lucetta - but I have
hardly seen him as these papers shall show.

This morning Papa started the bath, and we
got started in good season - and at 9 o'clock
Lucetta rushed off to Sunday School which
began to-day. She found only a few straggling boys
Mrs Lothrop & Molly & Mr Dale. It was supposed

people didn't take in, as it wasn't announced till
the end of the P. M. Service last Sunday. So Mr
Lothrop to-day proclaimed it with great emphasis
and they are going to set him agin next Sunday.
Meantime I washed up breakfast things in a
whitany manner, and got ready for meeting at
the right time. Charley came down to breakfast
just as I was going but I stopped a minute to
see him. Mr Lothrop preached very well, Papa,
Luc & I representing the Hale family. Lucetta
saw Mrs Lothrop, who stated that she and Lizzie
are going to Helen Adams' wedding which is to be
a full-dress affair - Lizzie going in a low-necked silk
I am going, under these circumstances, to wear ^{my}
^{pink} poplin. We had a pathetic little lunch of three folks
with some of Almira's chestnuts boiled. After
lunch raps, and as the second bell was ringing
Charley came up from the office for his lunch, at
which Lucetta presided. - But I must tell you
that as we came home from church in the A. M.
Trill Everett was found in the court, very jolly, because
Charlotte has sent him a Library book in a letter,
a nice little original ^{she had written} story, which he deamed to Luc.
and me as we took off our things. He was very
balmy, - and has apparently stayed away only
because he knew we were in Worcester -
After tea - I went to the Chapel this P. M. and wanted

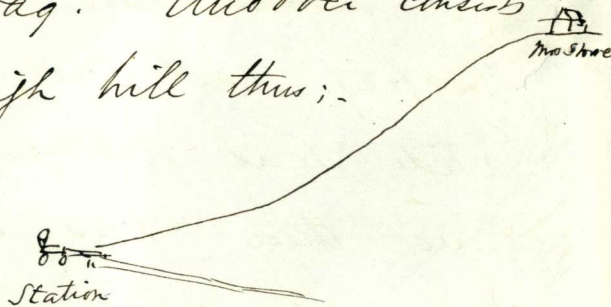
I was quite alarmed; but they all seemed harmless - and allowed me to eat my tea - He spent the evening in cheerful chat. Hatty & Eliza are full of talk, and very pleasant. The great excitement is a little white hound, very lean, graceful and pink-nosed which the three girls have just bought - Geofy is a very nice fil, I should think prettier than the twins. Went to bed at ten. I have a pleasant room on the ground-floor - warmed by a drum - so it was nice & comfortable in the morning - To-day Eliza (perhaps it was Hatty) and I walked down-town to the shops,

space at the Phelps's will doubtless be ^{amusing} - ^{Goodbye} ^{to} ^{all} ^{from} ^{you} ^{affectionate} ^{daughters} ^{shared}

Audover, Friday morning,
October 15. 1858.

Dear Mama - You will be pleased to know that I arrived here in great safety last evening. The ride was not unpleasant as there was a gopow sunset going on behind Autumnal woods, most of the way. It was pretty dark when we got to Audover - but a benign conductor warned me of our arrival and escorted me to a big stage-coach before he rode off again on the train

So I jolted up the high hill in the rattling thing with no companions but a conversational female and my carpet-bag. And over comes of a high hill thus:-



Station

of which the chief objects seem to be the R. R. at the bottom and the Theological ^{Seminary} ~~Building~~ at the top. To be sure I have not an extended acquaintance with the place. I arrived at the unknown house and was warmly welcomed by Eliza (perhaps it was Hatty)

Stone, who came to the door. The family had just gone to tea, she said, so after I had taken off my things in her room we went down-stairs and joined that meal. Such a pretty house, with unexpected stair-ways every where. It is on a slope so you go down stairs to the dining-room without getting into the cellar. There were a large assembly of friends & relations. Who'd a thought the family was so large! - Aunt Harriet, Grandma (Stowe?) Fred Stowe, - Georgiana Stone, Pa Stowe Charley Stowe and Aunt Katy (Mrs William Beecher, here on a visit.)


and I bought a booth - bush - having
been goose enough to leave mine
at home packed in the little
bag I bought from the Edwards -
He saw various Theological
Students, - and admired the view
and the few lingering leaves - for
the trees here are almost bare!
After we got home Aunt Harriet
and I had a conference about
our business, - and got at each
others' views very pleasantly in
her room where there is a crackling
wood - fire. She is very sweet. Mrs
Phelps, one of the Theological mag-
nates called and invited us to a
small spree of Theologs: at her
house this evening. She is a young

woman, recently married to Mr
Phelps - and was a Miss Johnson
of Pemberton Square - I've seen her
face often in Boston streets.

Anna took place in the midst
of this, and now I am again sitting
in Aunt Harriet's room, ^{probably} from the
very inkstand, Mrs Stearns would
be pleased to know, - that fur-
nished the ink-idents for "Uncle
Tom's Cabin!" -

I found here a letter from Mary
Curson, rejoicing in my coming to
the Mills, and telling how to get
there. So I shall go over to Haven-
hill tomorrow noon.

It is funny to be in a new place,
everybody is very pleasant - and the
house filled with curiosities of vertu.
So I'm having a very good time - The

but I'm sure I was stupid -
fact is my energy and spirits
are not yet up to Conquest
pitch. He however is very plea-
sant and agreeable - The chief
likeness to his Portraits lies
in the cut of the Pantaloon
which he still wears 
with straps, avoiding the Peg-top
style - Perhaps rather with remem-
ber that the full-length Pictures of
him gave the above advancing
curve to the Leg. I recognised it
at once.

We drove all the morning; - Charles
& Fanny on their own hook (or crook)
in a buggy. - In the afternoon
X. P. P. departed, - but at evening
Mary Moly. arrived, much to the

increased hilarity of the family -
I like her extra. - Mrs Pierce
still holds on you observe - she
is quite sweet. - invalidish
& rather hard of hearing. - So
we shout to her, but Mop &
now to Uncle George - That
evening Mary & I favoured the
company with many songs &
duets. we were all quite gay
and sat up late. The time
was diversified by a call from
Mrs Aaron Lawrence one of
the Amherst ladies, whom we found
ever jeered at a little - now, ^{mind that} you
remember her name, - ~~fed~~ by and
by you will hear more about her.
Saturday - being yesterday, - Charley,

It was all splendid but frightful
Poor little fire-engine had no water
to speak of, so but little could
be done, and we saw the hump
flames steadily creep up to the
house and burn, burn, till all
was gone. All the men in town
were on hand, — a respectable
handful — Charles was energetic,
and rescued — bureau-drawers &c.
Nobody was hurt, & everything was
saved. Property well insured — yet
it seems sad that Mr & Mrs Law-
rence eventually went to bed at
the tavern, because they have no more
house. —

We were all much excited watching
the flames, — but it was all fired cold
and when the clock struck five, &
the dawn grew bright and the flames
grew dim, — cocks crowed and moonlight
shined, — we went to bed again till breakfast.
time

Nothing of note occurred before
we went to bed, - but at about
3 in the night fire-bells woke
me, & then Mary came to my
door and announced that the
fire was near enough to be
interesting - So indeed it was
and we all assembled on the
front-door step to see it. It
began in a barn just across
the common from here - soon spread
and consumed the dwelling house
of Mrs Aaron Lawrence - True!
Didn't I tell you I should men-
tion her again? - I can't but
think it odd that the fire should
happen to the only being I've seen
out of the family. - It added for me,
& the human interest of the occasion -

though, half so good as last winter -
My play came first, and then I
went round to the audience and
saw "Mischief Making" - ~~which was~~
~~pretty flat (I thought)~~ - after which
Billy told invited all the actors
to "Discois", where he lives, to a spread.
You may perhaps wonder that I went,
but the Steam was then on. I didn't
dare to eat anything - but I had
a glass of wine, and many compli-
ments, and fooled much with Hen-
ry Wheelock, (who is very handsome
but married, unluckily) and James
Colman - Everybody was real kind
and cordial as well as complimentary.
The George Ellis, - the Aphrodis, Laura
Rufus, - Old Briggs (Miss of Roxbury) the
Eastburns, Lells, &c - all dwell there &
were present - J. Colman brought me
home, & thus ends the dramatic por-
tion of this narrative.
To my great surprise I got up next
morning quite well, & have had no

Sunday P.M. Rye Beach
August 24th, 1862

Dear Mamma. The first thing
to be stated is that I've about
recovered from my ailments, &
am afraid I wrote too tragically
of them in my last, but
I then felt most miserable. In
a minute I will return to this
subject, but first, wish you to
thank Nath: for his sweet note
with the Express bundle, which was
only found to-day. - I searched
the bundle through for a letter
when it arrived - but saw nothing
& only to-day, Maria, the gentle
maid who cleans up the room,
unearthed it from the waste pa-
per and produced it to our surprised
eyes - It was just as good to get
it now & perhaps better because I didn't

expect it.

Well, Friday afternoon I could scarcely finish you letter before I had to return to the bed in great wear. I really began to think I couldn't act - but I took two doses of opium, and lots of brandy, - and didn't go down to tea, but kept as still as I could till it was time to sleep. - In the midst, came by express, a sweet note with a great box of fruit, peaches, pears, and plums, from Follen, ^{for me & Fanny,} as a kind of tribute before the play, in which he was deeply interested because he would have acted if he could have stayed. Kind of a monkey in the condition of my inwards - and I haven't eaten any of it but one plum today (in fear and trembling) - but good for Fanny and the Bursleys. I dined for Nan

at home here, wig and all - and under cover of the night put on hat and shawl and walked, ~~or rather tottered~~ up to the Hall, as curious figure to meet in the street but then all Rye was already waiting before the curtain for the play. After I got agoing I felt all night ~~the excitement of acting counteracted~~ all the doses, and "Nan" produced a great effect. Mr. Alman was admirable - Little Robbins passable in Follen Cabot's part. - and Henry Shellock delightful, as Charley, my love you know. Stackpole performed "young Mr. Simpson" - He is Mrs. Stackpole's second son, willy - gentlemanly little fellow - The Hall was faint full, and there was much rapture the stage besieged with bouquets - dahlias and such, and they all thought Ann was terrible funny - The result

special recurrence of my disease -
The people here were outraged at
my bathing yesterday - but in
spite of their hopes to the contra-
ry I survived. Then I say Yester-
day I mean Saturday you know
which was the day after the play.
Mrs Paine thinks "Nan" was the
most ladylike as well as the finest
piece of acting she ever saw -
What is more to the point is that
50 dollars was cleared, which has
been made up to 100 by two munifi-
cent gentlemen - so that's pretty
well.

Yesterday P.M. your friend Devery took
us out in the Beach wagon for
the first time - He invited Mr Hale
to go with us, which worked well. Mr
Hale has relations in Greenland, and
runs all the lovely road - He di-
rected us by a most enchanting way

along the Bay-side - a winding
road between Pines and Grand
trees, near the water in the Bay
a narrow Arm of the sea which
runs up many miles by Greenland.
Moreover we left the carriage &
climbed Stratham Hill, a moder-
ate ascent, but commanding a
grand view, - Gunsbeck Range by
Winnepiscogus, - Ocean, Monadnock,
&c. - I took Drury to the Hop in
the evening, but it was as stupid
as all the rest. -

I wish you'd tell Edward that I don't
write to him, because I keep thinking
he'll be at home before he gets it. - I
then look how little pronouns there
still at Beverly. - Ann affravating; but
truly must enjoy her surroundings, -
even though she is confined to the house.
This is an last week, which I hope to
enjoy undisturbed by internal or external
commotions. In some respects I begin to
long for home - as you can well suppose. - Mrs
Bridson, Love & all from your affectionate Sister

To Mrs. *Nathan Hale*

Sunday P.M. Rye Beach
Aug. 24th, 1862.

Dear Mama: The first thing to be stated is that I've about recovered from my ailments, and am afraid I wrote too tragically of them in my last, but I then felt most miserabils. # # # # # # # #

I dressed for Nan at home here, wig and all, and under cover of the night put on hat and shawl and walked up to the Hall, a curious figure to meet in the street, but then all Rye was already waiting before the curtain for the Play.

After I got agoing I felt all right. "Nan" produced a great effect. Mr. Colman was admirable. Little Robbins passable in Follin Cabot's part, and Henry Wheelock delightful, as Charley, my lover you know. Stackpole performed "Young Mr. Simpson". He is Mrs. Stackpole's second son, Willy--gentlemanly little fellow. The Hall was jamb full, and there was much rapture, the stage besieged with bouquets, dahlias and sich, and they all thought Nan was terrible funny. She wasn't though, half so good as last winter. My play came first, and then I went round to the Audience and saw "Mischief Making", after which Billy Weld invited all the actors to "Discoe's", where he lives, to a spread. # # # # #
Everybody was real kind and cordial as well as complimentary. The George Ellises,--the Apthorps, Laura Ropes,--Old Briggs (Miss of Roxbury), the Eastburns, Welds, etc.--all dwell there and were present. J. Colman brought me home, and thus ends the Dramatic portion of this narrative. # # # # #
Mrs. Paine thinks Nan "was the most ladylike as well as the finest piece of acting she ever saw". What is more to the point is that 80 dollars was cleared, which has been made up to 100 by two munificent gentlemen. So that's pretty well.

Yesterday P.M. your friend Denny took us out in the Beach-wagon for the first time. He invited Mr. Hale to go with us, which worked well, for Hale has relations in Greenland, and knows all the lovely roads. He directed us by a most enchanting way along the Bay-side, a winding road between Pines and grand trees, near the water in the Bay, a narrow Arm of the sea which runs up many miles by Greenland. Moreover we left the carriage and climbed Stratham Hill, a moderate ascent, but commanding a grand view--Gunstock Range by Winne~~see~~ocean, Monadnock, etc. I took Denny to the Hop in the evening, but it was as stupid as all the rest. # # # # In some respects I begin to long for home, as you can well suppose. Now goodbye, love to all from your affectionate,

Susie.

To Mrs. Hale.

Waumbek.
Thursday morning
July 16, 1863.

Dear Mama:

I got Creche's nice letter this morning dated Tuesday, which was very refreshing for my last home date was Friday last;--not so very long to be sure--but time passes so serenely here it seems like an age. We devour the Daily when it comes. The Drafting is so exciting, and then now the horrid, mortifying Riot, but they seem to have quelled it pretty well in Boston. Carrie Edge writes me the Brookline draft was Tuesday. I'm in a fever to hear the result of that. # # # #

I don't think it's worth while to journalize, for our days are much alike, namely going out to sketch and either being driven in by rain or sticking it out under umbrellas,--wetting three pairs of stockings daily,--and perpetually sending petticoats to the kitchen fire. But I hope this don't sound gloomy, for we truly are having a splendid time and are as jolly as Larks. The boarders stare at us, and wonder what we can be made of, for they are all very much down in the mouth on account of the weather. Monday I walked eight miles in the rain, got lots of flowers and "saw life", but not a hill-top. We botanize, darn stockings and read Warrington when in the house. When other amusement fails I pay the children some slight attention, who are all wistfully on the look-out for me all the time. Our artist Griffs, and the melancholy but interesting Loring are gone,--a sad void, but Judge Allen is very lovely. I have lots of letters all the time from everybody, and answer about a quarter of 'em. # # # # #

Your affectionate daughter,
Susie.