1899

Smith, Polly (Miss Ellen B. Weeden)

Susan Hale

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Matureth, Oct 27. 1897 —

Dear Polly, where do you think I just took dinner? I had my little table out on the back lawn, at the head of the stone steps, under the vines. It is a lovely evening today. I couldn't bear to be away from it. Not a breath of wind, and the sun shines by a fringe, and the thin winkle of a fog seems to wave and wash it from the edge of the leaves. Alas! the maples have lost their misty veil. The bare boughs, but there came back an ethereal tinge, and reflected in the glassy, smooth surface, do you remember an old tree just at the entrance of Reeves's, River? that holds its leaves, and painted the colour of shoes, and exactly repeated in the water, while all which is hushed gray 00.

But I've not heard from you, dear, what have you been doing? I wish I was sitting beside you, and you and I would be writing a letter together.
The nearly clear sky all so beautiful and not one of you have to copy it. Lady juggles and says it's just lovely but she wasn't by just the cause of my old shoes.

I’ll wriggle till tomorrow comes but then went to town.

I'll tell you about my very best shot of a horse.

I was lying in the morning when the horse lay down and took a dip in the pond and took the trouble I drawing water from the trouble I drawing water.

In my tub then I made the

I sat down with the milk so I swatted him to the milk so I swatted him to make the kitchen fire. He was most refreshing in fact he put on so much coal and filled the

Kettle to full of cold water that
To Miss Ellen B. Weeden

Matunuck, R. I.
Oct. 27, 1899.

Dear Polly,

Where do you think I just took dinner? I had my little table out on the back lawn, at the head of the stone steps, under the willows looking across the Pond. It is so lovely there today I couldn't bear to be away from it. Not a breath of wind, and the sun veiled by a vague mist. All the maples are bare, but those oaks back of them are glorious, and reflected in the glass smooth surface. Do you remember an oak tree just at the entrance of Runx's River? That still holds its leaves, russet, just the colour of shoes, and exactly repeated in the water (picture), while all behind is purple gray boughs all bare. I'm nearly crazy it's all so beautiful, and not one of you here to enjoy it. Loisy gurgles and says it's just lovely, but she would say just the same of my old shoes.

I will scribble till Mailman comes, but I'm afraid there won't be time to tell you about my being left all alone one night while Loisy went to see her sister at Tower Hill who was dying. In the morning she hadn't come back, so I got up and took a dip in the Pond to save the trouble of drawing water for my tub,—then I made the fire in the red-room, Mr. Browning he come along just then with the milk, so I 'suaded him to make the kitchen fire. He was most obliging, in fact he put on so much coal, and filled the kettle so full of cold water that I gave up the idea of making coffee, though I had got it all ground. So I had a cold breakfast of milk, turkey-poulty-breast, bread and butter, when just as I had finished, and was carrying the things out, Loisy appeared, and made me some luscious coffee and buttered toast. So as a matter of fact I had two breakfasts.

Poor thing! she looked really Pale, her sister had died about two o'clock that night; and she started back with George who had old Charley B's team waiting, about dawn, so they got here at seven. The next day was the funeral and the whole Gang went over to Tower Hill for the "the Sermon" i. e. "ceremony". At one o'clock they all passed along below here on their way up to Alick's, don't you know where the graves of the Little Niggers are? Seven teams, and a very remarkable hearse like a black Maria. They went over Jerry's Cart-track, fancy bumping over those stones, and round the way we do on walks up towards Spectacle Pond. Albert dug the grave and stayed to fill it.

The only hat Loisy has is a Tyrolean one (picture) of Brown straw from some swell London shop, that Mrs. Wells left her. I re- trimmed it with my neck boa of crepe ruching, black, which made it look quite suitable. I gave Lily my only black silk shirt-waist, and lent her that wrap that hangs in the front entry. So altogether they looked fine. Children and all did the whole thing, and Jane Perry she come to look after the old Aunty Vi, and she come up here and borrered a pail of water and begged for a handful of tea, to make her favorite tipple. I had a kinder lonesome day, but got myself the rest of the turkey for early lunch, and when it was all over, Loisy made me a late dinner of excellent steak.

He comes!

Yours, Susan.
Dr. E. C. Codman
Mount Vernon Street, corner West Cedar
Boston

Dear Polly.

November 5, 1907

Poor Judy.

The sun was just coming out of a fog bank, the thermometer was 32.

When I began to eat out door this morning. The white handkerchief was white with a white spots. Everybody wrote, looked like a birthday cake, and I thought it was everything before breakfast.

When the sun touched it, and it faded.

Coffee and breakfast smoked in the sharp air, and so did my breath, but I had on my little fur, and my Beat on my knees — and a girl washing the windows in the hat room fell back on the table and fainted. Another car, which I heard, and fainted too.
April 26, 1907

Dear Polly,

I have been sitting up in the story, and looking down on what Great Court yard of the A.C. Chats.,

This yard. It looks like a Roman

Coliseum, and the minstrels and

Vittorina look like 18th cent

Eggy them on. To be sure the

Eggs Christians are Chiefly American

Christians & there Christians

as well is doing next Thursday.

in Friednicks large.

I want to see you sincerely quite just now.

Wonderful. What is that Harriet

I saw Carlye Arbuthnot most morning. I

fell out of copy for him, and she

They suddenly turned up, and they walked slowly

out of stoned up & they walked slowly

Careful! don't throw this in the world

Not like them anybody doesn't anywhere

I am a fool to look this up. I always

Anita
She spent a long time here last by these past times, but isn't she in America at this time of year? What will she do in the summer? She don't want to come home, so where should she be? America, and she is now rather upset about it.

There is the devil and the pig together with strikes, and her friends (that is acquaintances) have warned her against it. She would not want to be there alone, you know.

She has not many real friends. Even in Canada, she is to seek out. There, she can't make friends. Can't bear her. I can't bear her, you know, she says twice in one sentence. She dislikes her by interrupting to talk when I am by. Edward, Mr. You know, but when I knew a letter from him, she had an attention—things like that.
To Mrs. N. W. Smith

Geneva,
Apr. 26, 1907.

Dear Polly,

Here I am sitting up in the fifth story, and looking down on that great Court-yard of the R.R. Station. It is grand. It looks like a Roman Colisseum, and the omnibuses and little voitures look like Bears and Lions eating up Early Christians. There's a great statue of somebody egging them on. To be sure the Early Christians are chiefly American tourists scrabbling to their steamers, as I shall be doing next Thursday in Friedrich der Grosse.

Everybody is clearing out of Cannes-like rats from smoking ships and everybody.
Clara, Sunday November 14 1909
45 5th Ave, Manhattan, N.Y.

Dear Polly,

I must write a few words to let you know that I am in New York. Beautiful weather here. I am in the hotel and have just left the train. Mary Smith is here and she is staying with us for a while. She is lovely and we are all enjoying ourselves. We are leaving today and will be back in the train tomorrow. I hope you are well and enjoying yourself.

I will write you soon and let you know about my trip to New York. I have been enjoying the city and the sights. I am looking forward to seeing you again soon.

Love,

[Signature]

P.S. I hope you are well and enjoying yourself. I am looking forward to seeing you soon.
It's wonderful the things that
Joan in Boston said us.
Like there was a New Art Museum
and I heard that Jake was
exhibiting himself in the Old One.
By the way, did you see Phil anywhere around?
Every body of my age.) What one of
the New Arta House, for we all recollected
the days when the New One
was the Poor Old Boston Theatre;
and then we went out at night
and then we went out at night
and see Gigi and Molly
and Rachel and Emily Klieg, and
and hear those old fashioned Operas
like Cecilia Borgia and Torvaldo
and the Bohemian Girl, and Norma,
and some of her finest like the
old photograph in here now.
"Chars" had recovered the horses,—Farm horses,—into a big wagon
I haul the Machine back, and
He’s the tea to pick up Sally,
who arrived about 9, but the
Rest of the outfit, including Louis,
not till after 9 when I was in bed.
Poor Old Son! He is rather grumpy.

Contraction have their feet!—

Isn’t it splendid for you, then Carla.

And it splendid for you, then Carla.

Isn’t it splendid for you, then Carla.

Isn’t it splendid for you, then Carla.

And it splendid for you, then Carla.

And it splendid for you, then Carla.

And it splendid for you, then Carla.

And it splendid for you, then Carla.

And it splendid for you, then Carla.

And it splendid for you, then Carla.
if it were at the end of a string, but I suppose they
know their own business. Half my thoughts run
on May 15, 1910 [Knock wood] when I shall be
in Algiers, wont it? 
Meanwhile it will be kind of nice to be sailing in it
the Curving bay at Algiers. wont it? 
(Phone) Am
Doctor will be on the Wharf! Guess not. I am
anyway rational when such wonderful things are about
sational. Give lots of love to Seanie, and also tell her
Whapen. 

Love, 

Very Sincerely,