

University of Rhode Island

DigitalCommons@URI

Susan Hale Collection 1842-1934

Special Collections

1899

Smith, Polly (Miss Ellen B. Weeden)

Susan Hale

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.uri.edu/susan_hale_collection

Recommended Citation

Hale, Susan, "Smith, Polly (Miss Ellen B. Weeden)" (1899). *Susan Hale Collection 1842-1934*. Paper 7. https://digitalcommons.uri.edu/susan_hale_collection/7

This Correspondence is brought to you by the University of Rhode Island. It has been accepted for inclusion in Susan Hale Collection 1842-1934 by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@URI. For more information, please contact digitalcommons-group@uri.edu. For permission to reuse copyrighted content, contact the author directly.

Matamoras Pt.
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. This is
lonely there today I couldnt bear
to be away from it. Not a breath
of wind, and the sun veiled by a
bague mist - All the maples
are bare, but those oaks back
of them are glorious, and reflected
in the glassy smooth surface -
Do you remember an oak tree
just at the entrance of Rouse's
River, that ^{still} holds its leaves, russet
just the colour of shoes, and
exactly repeated in the water,
white all behind is purple grey
boughs all bare

They went on by ^{out track}, fancy bumping on loose
stones, and perched the way on so on wacker up toward
Shetland Pass. About why the grass & weeds & tall
= The only hat they had is a tyrolean one
of brown straw from some small London shop.
That Mrs. Weller left her. I presumed it with my neck
boa of crepe making, black, which made it look quite suitable
You say my old black silk shirt-waist, (its not necessary
within the class of what you want it of) and left
her that wrap that hangs in the parlour entry - I had written
they looked fine. Children and all did the whole thing -
and Jane Perry she came & took after the old County W.
and she came up here and borrowed a pair of water cool
baggies for a handful of tea - I made her favourite little
shad a ~~pudding~~ buttermilk day, but got myself the rest of the
Pudding for last week, and when it was all over, being made
me a little dinner, presentment. Thank. - He seems! You'll see

I'm nearly crazy its all so beautiful, and not one of you here to enjoy it. Lory jurgles and says its just lory, but she would say just the same of my old shoes, I will scribble till Marlowan comes, but ^{I'm afraid} then wont be time to tell you about my being left all alone one night while Lory went to see her sister at Tom Hill who was dying - In the morning she hadnt come back, so I got up and took a dip in the Pond & saw the trouble of drawing water in my tub. - then I made the fire in the red. now, Mr Browning he come along just then with the milk, so I persuaded him to make the Kitcher fire. He was most obliging, in fact he put on so much coal, and filled the Kettle so full of cold water that

I spun up the idea of making coffee, though I had got it all ground - & I had a cold breakfast of milk, turkey-bout - meat, bread and butter. When I was finished, I was enjoying the thing one thing appeared, and made me some delicious coffee and butter toast. I was master of fact I had two breakfasts. For this! she looked really pale, her dinner had about two o'clock that night; and she started back with Lory who had Mr Phay, Dr's team waiting, about seven, & they got her at seven - The next day was the funeral and the whole day went on & then with "the sermon" - At one o'clock they all passed along before her in their way up to Black's but the news where the grave of the little Misses are? seven hours, and a very remarkable house like a black man's

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 'sued 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-poult-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 borrowed a pail of water and begged for a handful of tea, to make her favorite tipple. I had a kinder lonsome 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 and Mrs E. A. Codman
Mount Vernon Street corner West-Cedar
Boston

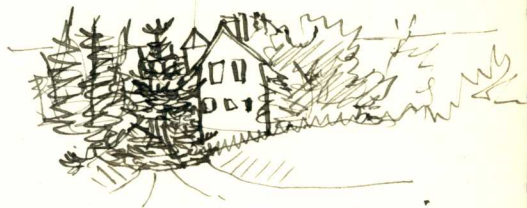
Dear Polly,
Matawuk Pt. Red Room
Nov. 5. 1901 7 1/2 am

The sun was just coming out
of a fog-bank, the thermometer was 32.
when I began to eat out - done this
morning. The whole land was covered
with a white frost. Weeden's Milk
looked like a buttermilk-cake, and I
wanted to see everything before I awoke.
When the sun touched it, and I did
Coffee and beefsteak smoked in the
sharp air, and so did my breath, but
I had on my little fur, and my Bear
on my knees, - and a good snapping
fire in the Red Room to fall back on.
I had fallen back on it now. It's 58°
in here. You can't imagine anything
more lovely than the weather all these
weeks. Sir got jolly chrysanthemums in my
Yellow Pot on the table, and nasturtiums
'picked yesterday' from your walk

Hub
your
Polly
is very ill with
Francis
Polly that
you

Robert Perry's junior junior is gone, & the great big of his late employers,
and Godwonder, the new year, hasn't come yet. Night's morning
but think how wonderful is quite the folks & remember that the matter
the matter is on the 13th - I hope after these Sunday. They had
a Turkey Pot and the schoolmaster for the winter, and are
not pleasant and awful.
I mean today till the 20th, I hope beyond with some new plans -
but as for you, you are certainly the better of others, - as I mean
I mean you should be smiling you would be. I am having a
Maudie you made in Boston, it is back speaks, will be
I've got on strict for the first, and a hole kind of conversation
see on my ~~work-time~~ - his going & "Maudie" Boston, for a long
then & I mean that, the whole for a week at Harlow's (my blood,
and his grip & school children's standards into the others. They
has a have outside of the house, and a whole containing others here
Coville's money and of his hair of honor. I hope for I mean, I wish
I mean has you and address the case!

Saw your Rabbits, these fat
black ones sitting on all their feet
and gnawing a red path through
a huge beet there was for tea & eat.
I must tell you about the Goodchild
addition. It's the biggest thing you
ever saw. It pervades the whole of
space, and incidentally wholly shuts
out my view to the West-wards; -
I mean whatever



there was except
trees in that
direction. There

might have been a glimpse of horizon
but for the Wanton Card pepper-pot,
which with doubtless has this flag on it
like they get through - down below
the dear old ^{Goodchild} house looks like an ^{an} ^{land}



beside an elephant
something thus: →

But no matter. I
went on your lawn on purpose to see
the effect, but in fact it don't show much
from your place on account of trees.

John Goodchild, who's looked & dealt with it. They've got
at water and a bathing-room on the lower floor, and are
dearest six-foot. And this Gray wash cleaning but they must
bring them as open fires 'cause it would n't so hard for her
A wicket in, away to the end of the house - the whole thing
is my thing not mysterious selectivity, the frame up, ab
shuffled, best work from within frames in. You see Richard
he looks himself and looks in up sit. Wanton Card, he
brings a rail; besides, he sets at home, the other seven show traces.
The old lady, she's done better, and shouldn't wonder, than shouldn't
if she put her through the water, she has so often.
As for Mallocks, they are digging a strange hole up on their islands
A catel more cats, as I understand. It seems as if they are digging
up the very Bards, or seniors of the cats; I mean Albert and Joe, who
have on pickaxes and dig out great Boulders, leaving Great Slabs there
like the foundations of the world

Post Address
Hotel Makattan^{N.Y.} April 26, 1907. - Genova
or Matunuck R.I.

Dear Polly, Here I am sitting up in
the story, and looking down on that
great Court Yard of the R.R. Station,
this Quad. It looks like a Roman
Coliseum, and the omnibuses and
little porties 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
Catholic scrabbles & their steamers,
as I shall be doing next Thursday
in Friedrich da Grosse.

I want to tell you something quite just now
wonderful, which is not spartet
from Cary Robinson most lovingly. I
feel sort of sorry for her, and she
bit of owned up to being rather badly
[Careful: don't spread this for she would
not like to have anybody suspect any such
thing & she is blucky, and usually perfectly

about General Samvelon Net, I am so proud of him, only
he must not take the medal, but take long holidays in Matunuck
I am coming home & get the house all ready for us by the
end of June, but can't you come down? My wife said
Mary Netting is coming back, and another Mary has she
wants to come, she also wants to do Newark work, but I
hope she will be wailer. I mean I have been down only
to that street at the hotel, they're got to New Louis and
the store shop. But you very about the job. Let her yell
anytime she wants to. I'm always awake
early in the dawn you know. I want it wonderful about the
and Columbus going away. Kind of nice. Write it
why? I should about Wiley Smiths.
He hasn't written me, but send congratulations
his letter. I shall be in New York
May 19th and run Matunuck at
week's left letters at Matunuck that by the
I must stop and put some clothes on for
Hansen's work at Newark

GRAND HOTEL SAVOIA

DI FRONTE ALLA STAZIONE CENTRALE

Telefono Internazionale 109

Hôtel de Londres, stesso propr. (S)

Per Telegrammi: SAVOY - GENOVA.

She spent a long time chattering
my last day there; fact is she is
at this time of year adrift, having
decided what to do for the summer, -
she don't want to come home, for
where should she be in America, and
she is now rather upset about Paris,
for there is the Civil war all going
on there with strikes, and her
friends (that is, acquaintances) here
warn her against it. I should not
want ^{now} to be there alone, of all places.
She has not many real friends
even in Cannes, - she is so self-
centered she don't make friends -
I can't bear her, you know; every
time we are together, she irritates
me by interrupting & talking when
I am talking. She used to be fond of
Edward, or you know, - but when I
told her about a letter from him,
she paid no attention; - things like that.

Edgar says is starting out 1 Cannes, like that now
during shops, and very soft beds sold in where she
is going, and she don't know - "But you know

Mathewson." She said [and so show, thank the heavens]

she now in a great hurry to be there, and you
feeling perfectly fine, it's the the day yesterday evening
how Cannes perfectly well, didn't get rather, or do
anything particular, see anything. (Looking my wife, and enjoyed
the lovely sea. She says wants - when I was with her
in the bathroom, every now and then I was sure and well;
and she that you great deal better, nobody was in fact -
don't it otherwise. My own room, but I'm not deaf, - and
I can get what their making - articles ^{from that} is better. You
A grateful very sea garden, and hate to part with him.
I mean you fine letter I dated 20 - you ought not to send
I received no more letters. I should have done much
of a pleasure

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 Coliseum, 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~~

Utana, Sunday November 14. 1909

Two address Manhattan N.Y.
this week.

Dear Polly,
Shouldn't wonder if this is
the last Real letter I write, there

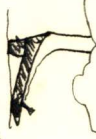
will be so much packing and
scrabbling must get off from
here on the 17th (Where IS is ^{my} Wash!)
and go down to Manhattan, where
May K. will turn up on Friday. It
has been lovely Not ~~to~~ ^{her}
see her, and went she has the time
of her life! Besides, she will know
when we put certain things which
I can't imagine. Mrs. C. came to
cheer us here Friday

The ~~last~~ ^{all this time} ~~heard~~ ^{about} the court in the Auto

where Louis Andrews himself; when Co. 1 yesterday, seems
^{to} have broken! and they were stuck at the bottom of what
they call first outlets of the sun. Looking "Must Andrew"

what is it, and we and little Pis the yellow dog

were worrying what had because of them, the just about 6
weeks, fully telephone the noon, ^{maid} Mr Whitman clean ability

He must know was making calls in Andrews, in the very
best year, has that and does like this,  (new)

Patent leather, in which she had to walk up hills
long the side, the first telephone the had, while John stays
by the machine, and on Sunday noon what was inside of it. So

It's wonderful the things that
go on in Praha. That was
idea there was a New Art Museum
like I heard that Jake was
exhibiting himself in the old one
By the way did you see Phil anywhere round?
Every body (of my age) writes me of
the New Opera House, for we all recall
the prison days when the New One
was the Poor Old Praha Theatre;
and there we used sit night
after night and see Gisi and Malis
and Rachel and Jenny Lind, and
hear those dear old fashioned Operas
like Ciceria Borgia and Trovatore
and the Bohemian Girl, and Norma
and I love my hair just like the
old Photograph or have now, (on a large)

and us hats and no hats & everything in the house
as we scattered down & on ^{our} ~~the~~ before the post-lights.
My. Those were other striking times, and ^{our} then came round
and talked to us, and we had ~~brothers~~ ^{our} with English words
and long plays. Like with the names of the performers.
felt exactly as if I owned the whole House, and had
it was the finest in the world. Now that's just about
60 years ago. = But no matter; - Quite young I sail on the Lake
in Foreign Parts! - Oh, it is awfully nice & the two, and
fully and show me the ~~darkest~~ ^{darkest} ~~what's~~ ^{what's} ~~was~~ ^{was} born
They are saying & how you and that too, and I want to
to some in him & see how ~~finishes~~ ^{finishes} the trial is, if he
nothing else -

"Charles" has decorated the Horses, -
Farm Horses, - into a big wagon
& haul the Machine back, and
the ~~the~~ team to pick up Sally,
who arrived about 7; but the
Rest of the Outfit, including Louis,
not till after 9 when I was in Bed. -
Poor Old Lou! he is rather grouchy
this morning, and I am wondering what
will happen next. These 20th Century
contraptions have their ills! -

I am so excited for you I have Carla
taken to in Boston when you stop.
Nice little Mary I went her Aunt
Susan's weakness for Hausmusik. I shall
wallow in them in Cannes, shall I.
I miss those children whenever I think
of them "Goodbye! Goodbye and Adieu!"
Calling you the hill-top. - I don't understand
about the Hospital letting out Linn, as

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
going in to my house by the front door at Matineuse.
Meanwhile it will be kind of nice to be sailing in to
the curving bay at Algiers, won't it. Perhaps you
Doctor ^{Thomson} will be on the wharf! Guess not. - I am
brooding, you see, but it seems impossible to write
anything rational when such wonderful things are about
to happen. Give lots of love to Jeanine, and also tell her
I have these addresses, so have Good Luck to us all here
Lovingly
Susan

Tell Nat to
take good
care of you.