1873

Hale, Lucretia

Susan Hale

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To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Monday P. M. March 3, 1873.

Dear Lucretia,

I sit down exhausted to write you, after rather a day. It seems odd such should occur even in Weimar, but so it is. You can appreciate it a little perhaps, if I tell you that among other things, it came out today that yesterday was the Generallin's Geburtstag, and we had ganz and gar forgotten to gratuliren! We have just sent Gertrud with a bunch of violets and my card, and hope the Generallin will be appeased—but of course she has thought it was very odd.

The first of March here was real Spring! Lovely and warm, the birds singing, the water rushing along through grass, and that warm earth-smell. The grass comes out really green from the snow—for we have really had keinen winter. Carry and I took a long walk which was lovely, and felt exactly like those children that walked along till they came to a house all made of gingerbread with candy windows. It all looked about so. There are no fences; and it is all out-doors as it were—and you walk through sort of ploughed land over a cart-track; but every little while you come to a Mill which don't look at all like a Saw-Mill, but has Mill-stones leaning up against it like a Drawing-book and a dull rumbling is heard and behind is what they call a River, about as wide as a Trunk. (Excuse my taking for Similes the objects I see about me). I can't say it is pretty—but fresh and unexpected, is it. Weimar is in sort of a bowl with rolling low hills all round it, bare of trees, & ploughed or planted with grain;—in the folds of the hills trickle these rivulets, with elder-bushes along the banks interspersed with Mills. I hope it will be warm enough before I leave to sketch a few Mills.

Yesterday I went to Fraulein von Subach's to "afternoon tea" which she had instead of Coffee, in order to rather ape English customs, for the idea is very new in Weimar. I got to the house, and went up one Treppe hoich, and there found the porcelain Bell-pull with (picture) on it. I am so tired of these Door-bells. The Dienst madchen came to the door, and said, "Wer hab ich die Ehre zu Melden" and I said Fraulein Hale—and she seemed to think that was right, and let me come in. I must somewhere say, that these Weimar etage houses are all up in a huddle. They don't begin to compare with Charley's house in Alexandria, or any etage house we saw in Paris. They have no entries at all to speak of, and are simply a set of rooms jammed together and opening out of each other, and very small. Horribly inconvenient and uncomfortable, I must say,—when I think of the way anybody lives at home, it seems like a palace! But these rent for say $200 a year! (Picture). This is about how this one was, I guess—the my observation was of course superficial. I went up the stairs a: was received in little jammed-up entry b: shown into crowded parlour c: where I was introduced to Ms von Subach a sweet elderly lady, sort of a Mrs. Guild;—but like our dear Frau Mama (Mrs. Biber's mama I mean) & all the other old ladies in Weimar, dying of stupid Homeopathy. They are all kind of ailing, and this ridiculous Doctor won't let them take Wine, Beer of Coffee, noth-
ing but Milk. Fancy dear Mrs. Guild sitting down to a cup of cold milk at four in the afternoon, after a one o'clock dinner of probably sausage. Well, we didn't even sit down there, but went into, the Fraulein's own settin'-room, which was entirely occupied as you see by her Flugel or grand-piano, so that we could only sit round the edges. The Mama came in and sat awhile, but soon retired to a nap; the Fraulein brought out Albums of pictures and things and we chatted. She prefers to talk her English, which is rudimentary. Soon came her friend Fraulein von Stein, and I really had a real nice talk in English and German with the two; they were very polite and pleasant, and asked very intelligent questions about America, and the v. Stein is bustin' to go to America because we have Gymnasiums for Girls, by which she don't mean studying the Trapeze, but higher Mathematics;--which here she finds impossible. Pretty soon FrL v. S. boiled her little kettle and we had good tea, a thing I haven't experienced here before,--and ate little cakes. Fraulein v. Roth & her sister dropped in to call and we all chatted--and I left at six, because I was going to the opera at six and a half, (going out through her bedroom, f, not to disturb the Mama's nap). That isn't very interesting you see; but we have all been to a hundred such occasions, only with more or less guests and more or less to eat. But the von Subachs are of very distinguished blood. In fact you must know only Vons of great distinction can go to Hummels atelier at all to paint, & when it is said of me, in inferior circles, "she paints with Hummel" they say, "Ach So!!" with such a reverence! Ach du lieber Gott!! the smallness of this town, wait till I get home to hear about it. It makes Boston appear like a Large and liberal minded metropolis--and for me to think that shows that something is working!

But there's one thing, my dear, which will go to your Soul. A worthy female comes here every week for Frau Biber's mending, and she takes all my things and verbesserts them; puts new braid on my moreen petticoat, turns my Jordan and Marsh skirt, does all my sewing in fact, & things I should never think worth the trouble, for next to nothing. That is really reizend, nicht wahr? and so intelligently. And there's a man who looks in every week or two to see if you want your knife sharpened. That is well.
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Dresden, Thursday, Apr. 10
1873.

Dear Lucretia;

The first night, as I was dropping off to sleep, it seemed rather odd to be hearing Miss Sarah Homans brushing her teeth and fussing about her wash-stand as she got herself ready for Bed; but now I am used to it, it seems quite as if we always had lived together. I must explain it to you together with all my adventures which are thrilling since I left Weimar. Don't you remember two Cards we had, One was a Landscape, & the other an Interior;--they had little slits and animals and people came with to stick in the slits. Methinks my letters from Weimar were like those Cards, so lifeless and without Staffage; the minute I get away I begin to stick people in the slits.

I really must entirely skip over Leipzig and also the parting from Weimar, and give that on another occasion; for I want to tell about this Dresden business while it is fresh. There had been a correspondence with Homanss; but the final letters had crossed, and when I was nearing Dresden I really had not the wildest idea where I was going there, or what would be my fate. I only hoped Johnny Homans would be at the Station, but that was not sure,--and there stood Miss Sarah Homans, in a light blaze, with a carriage engaged, to bring me here to her apartment. My dear, the sweet thing has invited me to stay with her, and won't hear to my paying for anything, even treats down-town! and is only sorry I can't stay longer!!! Did you ever hear such hospitality? (See the advantage of being alone). You see Miss Clarke and the other Miss Homans are off on a little Lark, and Miss Sarah with Johnny are alone with lots of beds in a great apartment, & she is delighted to have a companion, especially me--But it is so odd!--Of course, it fell on me out of clear Heaven, for I contemplated Dresden with some gloom. I can't tell you the strange pleasure it was to be in a good home-y, exactly that Homans-Boston kind of atmosphere, after my German stove and bed and widow; all dear and doubly dear in absence--but to have Miss Sarah fussing over me and bringing hot water and asking what I liked for tea! Now this also is very odd--a Mr. White was immediately brought to bear, a young man who under-hires a room from the Homans, their apartment being too big. He instantly said, "Miss Hale, I have heard so much about you that it is an extreme pleasure to be actually talking to you." My Brain reeled. "A pleasure to be talking to me!" one don't hear that sort of talk in Weimar.--My dear he is William White's Son! nephew of Lois, Marie, Agnes, etc., etc. Que pensez-vous! Well, he is very pleasant, 27 years old,--just like Levi Thaxter, chatty and full of fun, and knowing all kinds of people we know--a very curious sensation.

But I soon fell into a bed as was a bed, and how I slept!--for in Leipzig there were two fleas that walked my back all night, and the bed was horrid.

These arrival events were Tuesday. Yesterday I went at once to the Bank and found there a sweet note from Mr. Bancroft;--but that belongs more to the future, and will come into the Berlin Geschichte. Then Harriet and I did the Gallery; in a frame of mind
with which you are familiar. It is so Awfully Big; and tells so on your legs. But I like the Madonna very well, and several other things. I'll tell all about that in some other letter. I bought swooning Embroidery for Lucy Lowell; you will want it I know—but we will see how to divide the things when I get home. I'm filled with joy that we didn't spend the winter in Dresden.

Friday morning. I resume after more experiences. Wednesday evening Miss Homans and I went to call on Mrs. Lehmann: of King-Loring-Benson persuasion. She was charming and very cordial, and Mr. Lehmann perfectly delightful. It was a bewildering sensation to be talking with an intelligent man—in my native tongue. Like the first Dive in Summer, a delightful surprise to find you can do it! He said I look 10 years younger than I did when he saw me last; as we then computed that to be 19 years ago, that is cheering.

Thursday, which was yesterday, I did a little shopping in the morning, & then we went by Rail 3 hours to Schandau where the other Homans are, with Miss Clarke who is ill; had dinner there and then climbed a precipice so to speak,—including a walk of 7 miles say, where is a view of "Saxon Switzerland" so called. It was a lovely thing to do, and far more interesting than poking round in the town going to see churches, "the Green Vault" etc.—all of which I have omitted in Dresden. I am so chuckly that we didn't dream of spending the winter here. We should have learned no German, for it is more American than Paris; a regular town, very much like Boston, and just about as big; and I should have lived so to speak just like Boston with a petty round of American acquaintances.

The Homans are perfectly staggered at my German, in fact even Harriet talks better than any American we have seen here; fact is, the Dresdeners are so used to foreigners that they understand rudimentary German, and are amazed at our doing anything like a coherent sentence. I have the greatest difficulty to avoid "putting in" when Miss Homans is struggling with waiters etc., of course it would be too rude. Once at Schandau when we were dining, there came a terrible muddle with the kellner who couldn't understand what they wanted; I looked up & said "Wir werden die Suppe spater haben". "Ach!" said he, and looked immensely relieved; but I know Miss Clarke didn't like it, for it's too upstart in me to know more than they who have lived two winters in Dresden taking lessons all the time!

But Miss Sarah is so kind and lovely and wants me to stay longer. I can't however, for the Consuls and Ministers all along the line stand with torches lighted waiting for me. I shall get no letters alas! till England. Now must I pack. I have just received a long & sweet German letter from Frau Biber. Good ubung!

Always yrs, Suse.
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Hamburg, Friday morning,
April 18, 1873.

Dear Luc,—

It is doubtful what headway I make with this letter for Robinson's agent is to come at 11, and that hour now strikes. But I have volumes to record.

Imagine my wild joy, last night! 1. to see the gleaming lights of the town reflected in Salt water! 2. to sniff the same. 3. to find in my room a regular four-poster bed! 4! when abend-essen came, it was not Wurst, but cold roast-beef rare! In the fullness of my heart I was tempted to develope the Axiom that the great advantage of coming to Germany, is the Rapture one feels at leaving it! How wicked! How really contrary to my feeling. But Good Lord, there's a carpet on this floor. It smells bad, it is true, in this room, but it's a different badness. This morning I had a Bath. Down stairs at the bottom of the house is the bath-room;—there was a great tank as big as a bed (excuse me if my mind seems to run on beds) and sunk below the level of the floor;—built out of white tiles like the stoves, and so deep, I could float! What a Bath! One hears the water from Socks running all over the house.

Well, it is absurd to be empfindlich about these things, and one of course thinks one don't mind them; but I tell you, you do, at my age;—and my opinion is that the German life (although they themselves have invented the word Gemuthlichkeit) is as Cold and Barren as the Peak of Teneriffe. They talk about the French having no word for "Home". Every little back-room behind a Shop in Paris is more homelike than the Schloss of Wilhelm I.—I haven't been there, but I don't doubt it. Of course, it would have been eng to judge merely from Weimar; but now I have seen (a little of) Berlin and Dresden, and Weimar shines in comparison. My place in Berlin was horrid, (Daisy's was a little better)—but Miss Fay was surprised at me for expecting anything different in Germany. She will see stars in Weimar; for there at least it is clean! It's a strong temptation to describe the place at Berlin, but it is all vorbei, and not worth while. Let me just say, that I was constantly reminded of Zazzazig, and the boy climbing the bedstead—that, and a house in Berkshire where Margy and I slept, where Edward & Nathan hated to leave us alone, were the only things to compare with it.

Still, it seemed worth while to stick it out, in order to see a little of Berlin; and Mr. Bancroft was very cordial, & Miss Fay quite nice and amusing,—and delighted with me. As for Daisy, she is the most enchanting piece of humanity! I could write volumes about her—and what fun she is having. I think I must write to Almira. I cannot longer restrain myself from telling that she took me to Koenigs the great Worsted Bazaar!!#!!! # # You see, (a piece of my luck!) the Fraulein in Daisy's Wohnung, works for Koenig—in fact begins all those pieces which we see later hanging in Whitney's window—for Koenig is the worsted work of Berlin, and therefore of the World. This Fraulein went with us; and the Koenigs laid themselves at my feet, and all their Work Mit. I assure you it was one of the Moments of my life. I never saw
such Ravishing things or so many. They just showed one after another. To decide was fearful. Now I must tell you what I have done. I bought SIX things, to order, for Lucy Lowell and Margy. You'll find either "Lucy Lowell" or "Margy" pinned on to each. I think you must send the 3 to Lucy that have her name on them; however much you want them yourself. If I could see you see them!!! I have kept one back for myself. Hope they won't go to the bottom.

I must go out and see Hamburg, & leave more narration for London. I go on board my steamer at 10 tonight, arrive in London Sunday P. M.

Lots of Love from your
Susie.
April 19, 1879

In Bond St., Saturday am.

DearLucinda, About that Market Place. I'm so afraid you won't get it nicely enough. I hope handkerchief in my little box of costumes. Have been painting all night. But I, Scari, and C. I don't want to pull the fun of having them myself.

We must have the Market stinking with onions and quantities of superannuated meat in the morning and in all the times. And found you have enough vegetables of a bright color: carrots, which I need for the shoe and go home with. Only one carrot at a time. Another one lugs one sprig of parsley and all these vegetables must have their baskets over their heads. Don't fail to have the Tracy held by the neck if possible. Just for all the markets have quantities of flowers in pots; and then, keep easy to get up,バラバラに, stuff bruises and brokes out of different flowers. So have a barrel with breakful cabbage in it, and cut off soft cheese helped it with a wooden spoon. But have it crowded enough. Makes cardboard things out, which are then things. I called "English" trash. Whatever I think. I felt into frightful cats, carpet, shoes, deck, fishing and the like. And incongruity shall be the prevailing characteristic, and then a battle of languages. This and everything else is knitting. Old ladies behind broth, stopping to keep one knitting: If you could have Real Ops getting into the way and stopping I would be like. I am afraid you must make it enough like some of them. Rice of Grandes on the
ground are very effective. There a Woman
lightly a sheet of pottery, jugs and pots and
trough of clay are hung - and great piles of
parsley, or any other green stuff. But also
troken grols, help by the sweet smell herself
very ugly, to jugs, and sheins of yarn hanging
in from each a booth as the picture.
Perhaps this ground plan
give an idea of the
row of streets, and
separate booths, their
row of tables here as
awnings, the little
van awnings. - Excerpt
writing, as if none
of you had been in a market. It is only a
form of speech & join my ideas clearly. von
her from 6 markets: Ersina, Eriemach, Lipia,
Ruhm, Berlin, Hamburg. - Capital idea to
row a Hynin. Hergard, - the & find any difference of
Czeches pretty, allowable - I will enclose this
picture I bought in Hamburg, good for the Czeches
here hold as it for me, czech gendar, if to
Kemody when I go home
In afraid now these letters will come to late for you.
for, so April has been 30 day - but the time is
not very important. This will old paper seem
be all the Czeches affords. The Czeche is eight
Sopis, a tow and todder are old, has English
that on the corns and don't German, and I
have to bargain for a little German (woman) in the
Kemody cabin. - But I don't count this a letter, be
so are nothing a good deal, and it is said to
not steady.
Dear Lucretia,

About that Market Place. I'm so afraid you won't get it lively enough. I really hanker to send you my little book of costumes I have been painting all winter; but 1. I can't, and 2. I don't want to spoil the fun of showing them myself.

You must have the Market reeking with colour, and quantities of supernumeraries must be moving to and fro all the time, and mind you have enough vegetables of a bright colour; carrots, which Dienstmädchens come and buy and go home with. Only one carrot at a time. Another one buys one sprig of parsley, and all these mädchens must have great baskets on their arms. Don't fail to have live Geese held by the neck if possible. Just now all the markets have quantities of flowers in pots; and then, very easy to get up, frightfully stiff wreaths and crosses out of paper flowers. Do have a barrel with dreadful cabbage in it, and sort of soft cheese helped to with a wooden spoon. But have it crowded enough. Make streets with (what are these things (picture) called in English?) dumb-waiters, I think,—piled with gingerbread cats, carpet-shoes, seeds for planting and the like. Wild incongruity should be the prevailing characteristic—and then a babble of languages. Oh; and everybody should be knitting. Old ladies behind booths, dropping asleep over knitting; if you could have Real Dogs getting into the way and yelping it would be well. I am afraid you won't make it enough like Rows of streets. (Picture). Piles of Oranges on the ground are very effective. Then a Woman sitting by a fleet of pottery, jugs and pots and tops of every description. Have great piles of parsley, or any other green stuff. But also woolen cloth, dyed by the sweet person herself, very ugly, in piles, and skeins of yarn hanging down from such a booth as the picture. Perhaps this ground plan gives an idea of the rows of streets, and separate booths; these rows of tables have no awnings, the booths have awnings. (Picture). Excuse my speaking as if none of you had ever seen a market. It is only a form of speech to give my ideas clearly. I am now fresh from 6 markets, Weimar, Eisenach, Leipzig, Dresden, Berlin, Hamburg. Capital idea to have it Nijni-Novgorod;—but I find any looseness of costume perfectly allowable. I will enclose this picture I bought in Hamburg, good for the costume, but hold on to it for me, I will geschenk it to Somebody when I get home.

I'm afraid now these views will come too late for your fair, as April has but 30 days,—but the views are not very important.
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Pension du Rivage,
La Tour, pres Vevey,
Suisse.

July 12, 1873.

Dear Creche,

You may now expect a perfectly placid letter, for I am still settled down here, with nothing new to record in the way of events; but this will serve to take up a few dropped stitches. The life is very tranquil and nice, with regular occupations something like York and Robbinston. I even ply the soothing worsted for a little while after dinner when digestion is going on. I am doing a little stripe I got in Dresden I believe I told you. It is very pretty—but after all the Rapture over these works, we must secretly concede to each other that it is better fun to do the Bazaar patterns, and see them come out?—Perfection would be, & I think it might pay, to write this to Koenig, in Berlin, "Send me enough worsteds of the right colours to work Pattern No.-- in No.-- of the Bazaar". Don't you suppose they'd do it? Of course they would, for I "laid in" with the Koenigs to send anything I wrote for. That's what we'll do, my dear, when I get settled down at home—and then we can tranquilly watch the Mildew settling down over Whitney's head, and his name becoming a Beacon of Warning.

Meta Holdernies,--I bought it in Brussels;--and now we have all read it. Charming of course, and so Cherbuliez. Of course he writes it to balance all the German books of which I complain, where the German heroes come to grief by marrying French women.--and he delights to make his German Becky Sharpe not even clever at her own places—a French heroine would never have done that stupid thing in the Boat, and this Meta fails at every turn—because, as he wants to show, a German can't be even a Good Villain. Don't you think all this? I can't make the Companions see it,—they consider Meta is poorly drawn, and "don't see why she upset the boat" and don't understand whether she was "in love with Tony," or not. Ach, du lieber Gott!

Bessie, you know, I bought in Leipsic, and sent back to Wei-mar with my other Tauschnitz, with express directions that this should be Brought along for me to read this summer. My dear, "it got changed" by accident, and out of Susan Bursley's trunk comes Old Kensington by Miss Thackeray, while Bessie reposes at Hamburg,—to be opened only with the Great Seal! Nevertheless, Old Kensington is sweet—have you read it? and perhaps was especially ordained for me to read at this time, for much of the scene is laid at Kingston-on-Thames, the very next town to Surbiton, and I walked and drove through it often and often with my Stevenses. The book is rather the best of Miss T's, methinks, or at least of her later ones. Although rather too picture-full, like her usual style, the plot is good, and well carried forward.

At Heidelberg, waiting in the Station we were tempted and bought "Heidelberg" by G. F. R. James! Scock not,—for as I never read one by him before, I didn't much mind the two riders in the first chapter; and the History and the description of the Castle as it was before it was destroyed came delightfully on top of seeing the lovely and wonderful ruin. Indeed, I've come to the
conclusion that G. P. R. was not a bad writer, and certainly he de-
serves the credit of working over his historical details with a la-
bour never dreamed of by Bradous and things who occupy his post
at present.

But my chief delight as I have I believe often mentioned in
these pages, is Taine's Angleterre; and if you want to know what I
think about the English, you have only to read that book, especially
my French, of course, copy with thumbnail marks,—for it tallies in
every particular with my observations. I wish he would come over
and scrutinize the Americans. I am sure he would sympathize more
with many of our ways.

I have just bought a new German book; for there is a ravishing
book-store in Vevey, a temptation and a snare, with its heaps of
French and German books, photographs, paints and music. If this
keeps good, this book, I shall review it for O. and N. It is by
zu Putlitz, and is called
and begins very nice, scene laid in Hombourg, which we know, you
know, and such Himmel easy German.

Then I've written to Thon, at Bremen, to send me here another
heir of German books;--but the German Mills grind more slowly than
those of the gods, though not so small. I expect the bundle to ar-
rive, just as we start off again, and I shall have to tote it
round without having sucked its sweets. But perhaps not. Perhaps
Thon will disgorge tonight. He is a love; cousin you know to the
Bursley's German family;--and I think I shall always have him send
books and magazines and things to America. Why not subscribe di-
rect for Bazar or Westerman through him!! Hadn't thought of that
before; I'll ask him the next time I write.

I believe these are all the literary items I have. I men-
tioned to Charley my pleasure in the Milton Fair Newspaper,—which
I read every word. It was very good,—only Mrs. Whitney's poem
rather twaddly. This reminds me, I don't believe I ever mentioned
the "Mayflower". It arrived one evening at Surbiton, and I read
Edward's story, and died over it. Mrs. Stevens read it, but I
know she did not see it was funny:—then that Mayflower got sub-
merged and I never beheld it more. You know my last days in Eng-
land were a great scrimmage. Oh, I did read, too, at the same
time, Lizzie Sherwood's piece about Old Keene, and thought it sweet
pretty. # #

This is a rainy day;—but Anne B. and I got a long walk this
morning, and a handful of poppies and harebells and odd flowers I
don't know. The old walls about the vineyards, horribly stupid to
walk through, are in themselves perfectly lovely by reason of hare-
bells and herb-robert, and little ferns, etc., growing out of
every crack and cranny, and lizards darting about between. # # #
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Howes-Cabots, Sept 7, '76.

Dear Luc:

The material of existence here is delicious. I have a great big room looking off on the sea with a sort of writing boudoir attached to it, now cluttered up with my sketches. A gigantic closet in that and another in the big room; and the assiduous maid (who also sweeps off a towel the minute you have even looked at it) strives to spread my slender wardrobe over all the hooks in all the closets. My own Private Bathroom is close at hand; next come my own stairs, and then a corridor with two doors,—after which I come upon the family. And I have a great deal of time to myself which is delightful to pick up the threads of my accounts and letters intentionally neglected at York in the hope of recovering my Balance of complete freedom from them.

Miss Lizzie bought a sketch the first minute. This morning I "did" a schooner with its reflection from my window. No sooner did she see it than she bought that. (They are small, I haven't cheek to ask but $10.00 apiece). Hadn't been in the house five hours when she put into my hands a whole piece of Cardinal Ribbon; shortly after brought a little neck hand'chief of red & white silk for my throat. It seems a much more profitable business to simply stay here and collect, than to give Water Colour lessons or take in washing.

In town I left my hat to be done over at Tilton's, and they put on a cardinal coloured veil & ribbons, which is very handsome and becoming, but of course voyant. John saw it in the cars & went home and told his family I was all covered with crimson; but Lizzie Howes of course is delighted with it, and it is most effective with my dark blue costume I bought to wear to York. You may have seen that the shops reek with Cardinal Red, it will soon get loathsome, but for the moment it is quite a hit for me, and makes my York complexion a thing of beauty even! How kind of Fashion to give me this one turn so late in life. I don't really mean that I look very well, you know, only decent. The House reeks with looking glasses. What a Contrast to Norwoods and oh! the Bed.

Let all of this go to Dinsmoor as well, and tell her I will not write specially to her while you are there, but kill you both with this stone, though I have lots to convey to her of the closing scenes at York.
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Providence, R. I.,
55 Waterman Street,
June 17, 1878.

My dear Luc,
#  #  #  #  So here I am on the old hunting-ground, but funny to relate: they have given me for the same price, $15. a week, a charming parlour and bedroom on the lower floor, just what you would like to live in! If I had known, I would have brought tablecloths etc. to adorn with, for the parlour had a ghastly boarding-house aspect and the carpet is hideous—but a few masterly touches, the few chance articles of bijouterie in my trunk, & my sketches, have made it charming. I didn't get it till today, as the former inmates hadn't moved out, so now it is just pranked out and I sit awaiting my first caller! It seems luxurious,—though to be sure 'tis neither so pretty or so large as 64 B. but 'tis a comfort not to be shut up in a small bedroom with no place for visitors. I am invited to dine at the Weedons tomorrow; they go to Matonoc Friday.

We had the first lesson this morning. It worked well, but I am pretty tired; for it was like going to Brookline at 8½ in the Horse-cars, then walking as far as the William Dwhits and then going all over those grounds to find a sketch; then making it myself and standing up to see all the others do it till ¾ of 12; then almost running in the blazing sun to catch the return Horse and getting home to move all my Muck down here before dinner at 2. This programme will repeat itself every day till July 1,—when we meet, ha! at Worcester.

----- ----- is very sweet and glad to have me. Bosses me too much as usual, and sees holes to be mended in my things—a microscopic ------ mind—but she means well. Her mother more grim than ever. My Mr. Payne came to see me a few minutes yesterday, and various other people.  #  #  #  #  #  #
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Asheville, N. C.
(2200 feet high)
Sept. 19, 1880.

Dear Luc,

I must now go on with my marvellous adventures. # # #

At 10 of the night we started on our southern tour. Drove over in our carriage (sitting in it on the ferry-boat) to the Jersey side and at once went to bed in our "Sleeper" with a whole section a piece. Mr. T. C. is not used to travelling at night, & I was afraid this would kill him, but Mr. Church is a stupendous traveller, and his idea was to get over the uninteresting part at one fell swoop. (36 hours). Mr. A. bears it very well, and is as jolly as a lark at the very most trying periods of travel. We had to get up early to breakfast at Washington, then rode rode rode all day long, only passing through Richmond with a very funny dinner at the station just beyond, then rode rode rode till 10 o'clock that night the last part very tedious, flat tame country, with endless stoppings and wastings apparently for gossip of the engine drivers with the inhabitants of the small villages. Plenty of sweet nigs and their houses. At one station squeaky voices called out apparently, "Gingerbread! gingerbread." I flew to get some, & found they said "Chincapins, chincapins," a little kind of chestnuts that grow on low bushes. At Salisbury N. C. we tumbled out to tumble in to a smaller train where we greatly feared to find no "sleepers" but lo! a sweet car with real little beds built into it, and curtains hung about them, and no one else with us, so we were brought back to great liveliness, and slept deliciously.

Dragged out too early of course the next morning, and after all didn't come to the breakfast place for an hour, a wild log-cabiny spot at the roots of immense mountains, and a rude repast at a clap-boardy house, served by a female negress about 8 feet high. Then we took an observation car and began to worm about up the mountain where you could look up endless heights and see where you were going to be by and by on trestles; (picture) with fearsome precipices on one side and sometimes on both. Views grand. The color of the soil here is made with dragon's blood and Indian yellow. So the great wounds in the mountain made by the engineers seem bleeding.

A carriage amat us at the End of this railroad, and drove us to the present house, which is a genteel boarding house kept by Mr. Hurlbut's half-sister's husband's nephew and his sister, and that is why we are here--instead of being at "Tenants" where we now all see the views are much finer. As we are to "move on" shortly it doesn't much signify--and it is a new pleasant house very nicely kept, our rooms are sunny and cheerful.

But oh! how tired we were when we arrived. It was noon by our watches--only 10½ here. We fell upon beds, and only crawled out to dinner, sleeping again all the p.m. That I suppose was Friday, though the days got rather mixed in the journey. So Saturday was our first real day here. Mr. Appleton & I settled to a sketch after breakfast and afterwards I read aloud to them "Lord Brackenbury" which we are absorbed in. In the p.m. took a
drive and saw these other finer places. You see the whole of Asheville is an immense plateau, encircled as it were by two rivers, on the other side of which rise directly mountains higher than any this the Rocky Mts. Mt. Pisgah is 6670 feet. Now the thing is to be on the edge of this soup-plate looking across the intervale to the peaks, but we are way-back in the middle of it, where the intervening ridges and things shut off all but the peaks. So it looks here thus:--(picture) while at "Tenants" and other places it looks thus:--(picture) in short the difference between Keene street, and the half-way house on Monadnock. We saw last evening the sun set & the moon rise at a wonderful place beset with mountain peaks,--and the moonlight here is wonderful, it floods the scene. Mrs. Carr lives next door with the relatives above mentioned; in fact the two houses are on the same estate, so we have exchanged calls and they are all most hospitable. These people have all made visits chez Fanny Hurlbut, & think Brookline a paradise.

I can't say North Carolina looks very different from New England. Only a few trees are new,--one or two are, and beautiful, & just changing to red. Sweet potatoes of course abound; it seems they like them all watery, as we don't & enhance that by cooking them with lots of sugar which becomes syrup in the bottom of the dish. The boys would like it, I think.

They talk with a beastly accent. # # # There was a murder in the town last night, but they say it is not a regular thing.

The Churches are very pleasant, & T. G. charming. Money flows freely in telegrams, carriages, and food, and altogether 'tis a most charming trip, though not yet much sketching except in your little book which is just the thing. I long to get home to tell you more things. # # # # #
Wanted me, but at one place, where I was sketching my legs, I picked up a great branch that had been lying broken off, till the things were really ripe. We took it into the carriage and gathered a dozen or more delicious peaches. They are green, tint of yellow plums, with four stones each.

This description of the road only makes it apply to the next day, but now I must tell you about Alexandria, my first, it was so singular, a house house of two stories, one piazzas about and floor, with the stairs in the foyer and the bed rooms opening upon it, like the hotel at Damascus. Gaits rough and squalid, and old with bare boards and no carpets, but neat and clean, and flowers sitting about on the ledge in square wooden boxes. Behind great wooded hills, and in front the Rocky river. The people most hospitable, like an old fashioned inn, which it is. We had a sumptuous supper in a long dark immense room.

Warm Springs, North Carolina.

Sept. 24, 1880.

Wordsworth Wills. Asheville there was the greatest hot ham. Nobody of Kerrs told us, in Atlanta, but a little of introduced a little of introductions with the Churches, and then I was an object of great interest to all these pillars of the city. I decided in as much about Miss Hale had Monday p.m. in great state.

In all went to dine in two. At all went to dine in two at the invitation of Carriages, at the invitation of Carriages, at the invitation of Carriages, at the invitation of Carriages, at the invitation of Carriages, at the invitation of Carriages, at the invitation of Carriages, at the invitation of Carriages, at the invitation of Carriages, at the invitation of Carriages.
without request. I call the kind people at Asheville, we got off on Tuesday at 2 p.m., and since then the real delight of our trip has begun, and we have been in bubbling over good spirits. The trouble of Asheville is that it is an effort to be like New England and successfully imitates that region in every particular; I scarce what in want is novelty. Well, we got it without a doubt.

Our carriage was engulfed, with a nice dackey drive, to take us through this place, and in truth all preceded, a pleasant road in a regular Basset was with a dirty white top drawn by horses, which I could see on the road line behind us from twice twice. We drove, a rattan jacket from 2 t 5 when we reached Alexander's where in due vs. in the night. The road runs close along the edge of the French Broad River, a good big mounting river.

about as wide as the whole width of Commonwealth's avenue, not of a pale turbid green color but much broken up with stone and foam - and such long banks, high pointed hills covered with trees like the wood Mol. with speck for where tobacco is cultivated. The growth is much like on our farm in the Autumn, - Great trees, with big holly, broad leaf, sour wood, very brilliant, in these are beginning to rise and cling the red vessel swart to plant, bright orange and Christine of the Church is as upright as I am in seeing every new leaf to plant. I have been shown in tropical countries, Knees much more truly fans and maidens hair in fact, the Madre Leukenmoar trees kept passing the drive kept telling us the brist
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Warm Spring,
North Carolina,
Friday, Sept. 24, 1880.

Dear Luc:

Now at Asheville, there was the greatest hob-nobbing of Kerrs and us, for Rurbut sent a letter of introduction with the Churches, and there I was an object of great interest to all these Pattens, etc., who kept saying "we have always heard So Much about Susie Hale." So Monday p.m. in great state, we all went to drive in two carriages, at the invitation of Mrs. Kerr, # # # This drive was to the top of Richmond Hill, where was a view of unsurpassed loveliness. (Picture). Perhaps you will not understand the picture—that is us in the carriage.

But in spite of the cordial and urgent requests of all the kind people at Asheville, we got off on Tuesday at 2 p.m., and since then the real delight of our trip has begun, and we have been in bubbling over good spirits. The trouble of Asheville is that it is an effort to be like New England, and successfully imitates West-Newton in every particular:—of course what we want is novelty. Well, we got it without a doubt.

Our carriage was engaged, with a nice darkey driver, to take us through to this place—and our trunks all preceded or followed us in a regular Baggage wagon with a dirty white top drawn by mules, which we could see on the road before or behind us from time to time. We drove, or rather jolted from 2 to 5 when we reached Alexander's, where we put up for the night. The road runs close along the edge of the French Broad river, a good big brawling river about as wide as the whole width of Commonwealth Avenue, sort of a pale turbid green color but much broken up with stones and foam—and such lovely banks, high pointed hills wooded to the top, and rocky passes like the Via Mala; with openings where tobacco is cultivated. The growth is much like our own but a sharp look-out reveals curious things,—gum-tree, with a lovely leaf, sour-wood, very brilliant, for these are beginning to turn for the Autumn,—great big holly-trees, and clinging vines we didn't know, and a wonderful kind of seed-vessel I want to paint, bright orange and crimson together. Mr. Church is as lynx-eyed as I am for seeing every new leaf or plant, & having been so much in tropical countries, knows much more. Lovely ferns and maiden-hair in fact, the roadside perfectly enchanting. We kept passing Persimmon trees, & the driver kept telling us the fruit wasn't ripe, but at one place where I was stretching my legs I picked up a great branch that had been lying broken off, till the things were really ripe. We took it into the carriage and gathered a dozen or more delicious persimmons. They are queer sort of yellow plums with four stones to each.

This description of the road, only more so, applies to the next day, but now I must tell you about Alexander's, only I can't, it was so singular,—a low house of two stories, all piazzas above and below, with the stairs in the piazza and the bed-rooms opening upon it, like the Hotel at Damascus,—quite rough and squalid and old with bare boards and no carpets, but neat and clean, and flowers sitting about on the ledges in square wooden boxes. Behind
great wooded hills, and in front the noisy river. The people most hospitable, like an old fashioned inn, which it is. We had a sumptuous supper in a low dark immense room with only boards for walls—a wonderful punker over the table was jerked all through the meal by a little nig, named Susan. We had buttermilk, and fried chicken, and griddle cakes and endless things all together, and slept like tops. My room gave on the upper piazza, and my door had no sort of hasp or lock or even handle, which you know is exactly how I like it, and indeed as the window opened on the piazza, & had to be open, there was no great object in shutting the door, so I didn't. We were pretty much the only people there, for "the season" is over. I wonder if I shall ever travel anywhere that "the season" isn't just over!

Well, next morning early, after a couple of sketches, we got all packed into our carriage again, & now we had 27 miles of the same only more humpy and jolting, paying toll for repairs at a gate of $1.75, which made us marvel to think of that road before it was made. We nooned at Marshall, a half-way house much like Alexander's only more squalid, and not so picturesque. But at dusk the scene changed, as we clattered over a ramshackle bridge, and found ourselves here before an immense hotel. It seems even larger than the Saratoga hotels, but I suppose it is only by contrast with these other little inns. A long Doric corridor with pillars to the top of the 2nd story, and endless out-buildings and ells and galleries—all tumbling into decay as fast as they can go. "Warm Springs" has been a fashionable Southern watering place for 200 years. It reminds me of Stafford Springs for its dilapidation—but it is still kept on a grand scale, numberless darkeys & servants,—huge dining-room, gong, bill of fare, etc. About 50 people in the house now, which seems a mere circumstance it is so big;—but they say 900 have just left.

We were perfectly enchanted with the spot, and continue so,—for it is on a sort of flat island with the divided river on all sides, & looking across at wooded peaks, high enough to catch flecks of cloud and hold them, everything picturesque, and the sound of the river close by.

Our great big rooms open on a pretentious gallery with a grand view; alas the flooring of it is so cracked that we see through to the piazza below, and step with fear and trembling. There is a long deserted corridor of empty rooms and a magnificently mirrored parlour with a piano where no one ever comes. It is damp today, and we have a wood fire in the great big chimney of Mr. & Mrs. Church's room, where we congregate, as it is the largest.

Yesterday we saw a 'possum just caught, and today I believe we are to have him for dinner. He has a prehensile tail, think of that (tohaid didn't).

The Southerners all have pointed goatee sort of beards, and look like Americans on the stage, in all plays. They either have a high squeaky voice, or talk from very low down in their boots. The young ladies look very limpy, with pale pasty complexions, and much bandolined bangs on their brows.

Now about the Bath. There's a little Braman's bath of warm Spring water, bubbling up from a pebbly bottom, about as warm as you naturally make a warm bath. It is so singular to be floating, diving, and swimming in such hot water. I have it all alone,
so need no bathing dress. When the coloured lady who presides thinks I've had enough (about 5 minutes) she wraps me, at the water's edge in a sheet & blankets and then rubs me down like a horse calling me "honey" etc. It is very agreeable and the effect delicious, not enervating so far. We hope it will do wonders for Mr. Church's rheumatism. Mr. Appleton is very jolly, and so are we all. We are reading Low Brackenburg and it is intensely interesting.

Always yrs,
Suse.
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Warm Springs, N. C.
September 27, 1880.

Dear Luc,

Still here! for we all like it so much, and it suits the various complaints of the party so well that nobody thinks of stirring. Our lives are very tranquil, and there is not so much to write about as when we were knocking about on the road. The other people who were here when we came are thinning out daily. This morning a party went off, who had just "scrapped acquaintance" with us,—a most gushing young woman from New Orleans names Miss ----, who wished to cast herself at the feet of the Artist who painted the Heart of the Andes, and her very petite little friend Miss Monogable or something like that.

But in general we see very little of the other guests, for our delightful piazza and our rooms are at the end of the house quite remote from the centre of things.

This is the way we live. A portentous Gong drives us from our couches,—which are wide and easy, by the way,—and by and by we assemble at our table in the immense, now nearly deserted dining-room. When "Tom" has been long enough in the kitchen, he brings in our breakfast for which we have now waited long enough to be thankful to get. After breakfast we loiter on the lower piazza behind the immense Doric columns, or perhaps stroll across the river, on our ramschakle but picturesque bridge. (They are now mending a precarious hole in it). But now I seize my materials and charge upon the landscape returning at eleven, with something in the way of a sketch. Then we hasten to our delicious bath, and conversation with the Neg woman who presides. This leaves time for milk-punch, reading of Dailys, and chat till dinner. In the p.m. if strong-minded, I go to sketch again, and Mr. Church also starts off on an exploring expedition, returning with accounts of views, and new plants and things. Mr. Appleton delights in the bath, and it puts him up to great walking. He has long conversations with a sort of Hunter who is one of the gentlemanly proprietors of the Hotel, who recounts tales of possum hunting, raccoons & deer. The afternoons are very short, we are so shut in by mountains, and soon after dark comes the gong again for tea. In the evening we collect in the Churches room, and read aloud. We have finished Lord Brackenbury and now begun on Troublesome Daughters. To bed early, and always pretty tired, from being so much out and in the open air. The climate is lovely here, not that prickly cool kind of the White Mountains, but decidedly warm, most of the time. Yesterday it rained and we had a wood-fire in our open fireplace, and there are great fires all about the house.

Today, a coloured nurse spoke to me as I was walking on a long piazza far away from our rooms, and asked me to come in and see a lady who heard that I sketch. This lady is Mrs. Pemberton who was pitched out of a wagon last week and broke her collarbone. You mustn't think this is anything unusual, for in every house we have been in there is someone who has broken something. The roads are very bad, and the harnesses unreliable, evidently. Mrs. P. was very eager to describe the prettiest sketching places. We tried a drive to Paint Rocks, but got so jounced by the bad
road that we had no eyes to see them with and have since forsworn excursions in wagons.

Paper and light give out, so goodbye,

Yr,

Suse.
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Sunday p.m.
October 3, 1880.
Warm Springs, N. C.

Still here! my dear Luc, and many a letter from you and others (I hope) rotting at Baltimore—but I shall get them at last. It is so lovely here, and Mr. Church likes it so well that we are staying on and now it seems almost as if we lived here—but still there's no mad exciting news to tell you, for my last gave you a full account of our life.

Only the sketching gets more fast and furious—the weather is perfect for out-doors, and you can sketch all round everything. There is a gentle saddle-horse that Mrs. Church can ride which delights her very much. So I will tell you of a singular expedition we made one day, directly after dinner. You must know the first gong for dinner sounds anywhere about one, and we are always foolish enough to get all roused up and ready and waiting then for the second, which never comes,—or about that, for Dawdling is the Punctuality of the South it appears, indeed, they all here must think we are Cannibals on account of the ferocious promptness with which we present ourselves at the dinner-table,—after waiting and wondering for an hour or more. Perhaps you think this means dinner, but no:—we sit and contemplate the napkins and Halford Sauce for another 10 minutes, and then Isaac comes with an easy affection of alertness and asks "what we will have." Isaac is but one of a long delightful Succession of darkeys who have served us, and left, in turn, the "Season" being over.

All this makes dinner linger till 3 or more—and the afternoons are short here, the hills are so long.

"Immediately after dinner" likewise meant half an hour after that, before our wagon drew up against a small portion of the immense piazza, and even then the saddle-horse hung fire. But Mr. Church and I climbed into the vehicle a high, jouncing 3 seated express wagon, which seemed Elysium because it wasn't so hard as the one we had before. Mr. Appleton stayed at home on this occasion, preferring his book & cigar to this post-prandial jolt.

We jogged along the lovely French Broad, which we are growing every day more fond of, for every step reveals some picturesque charm. Mrs. Church came ambling up to us presently, and when we got to the place, Mr. Church and I applied ourselves to the scene i. e.: the brawling river tumbling over big stones, and the sunny mountain behind.

Now I got tired and chilly first and started to walk home, at a rattling pace, for it was cold and sharp that day. So I came clamping over the bridge on foot, and shortly after Mrs. Church came trot-trot on her horse, & last of all the big red waggon rumble-rumble, containing Mr. Church and the sketching materials who thus had all the carriage and all the jolting to themselves and the genial nig. who drives.

The next day we had an early lunch instead of dinner, and all spent a long afternoon in the valley. We get nice and tired by evening and gather round our woodfire with reading aloud. We are disgusted with the latter part of Troublesome Daughters. Dark, I must stop.

Always yours,
Suse.
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

64 Boylston St.,

Dear Luc,

So it was decided we should leave our dear Warm Springs on Wednesday. By this time we had got quite intimate with all the people in the house, which considering they had all left before we did was a good many. The gentlemanly proprietor Dr. Hovertown was a nice sort of man, and his wife was very friendly. Mrs. Pemberton, who broke her collar bone, got well enough to walk on piazzas. There was a lively little youth named Boylen, from Raleigh, who sate alone at the remote end of our table, and eyed us wistfully all along—by the last day he got so tame that he would feed out of our hands as you might say, and confided to me as we went together for a last sentimental look at the view from the Bridge, that he had never in his life seen a party he would so much have liked to belong to.

Then Colonel Rumbough, the magnate of the place, who owns the whole of the Warm Springs and all that in them is, had called on us, and Mr. Appleton & I returned the call, and found Mrs. R a very charming little woman living in a for those parts elegant house. Her daughter is the widow of a son of Andrew Johnson and the house reeks with salvers and medals and portraits of that departed dignitary. So this last day Mrs. Rumbough sent us a parting cadeau of an immense piece of wedding cake, apples and pears, and a long tied-up sort of wreath of bright garden flowers, very pretty—which Boylen suspended to our saddle-bow, as it were, i.e. the corner of the Coach, outside, when I clambered to the top to sit by the driver. So altogether it was quite a go-off, and we trundled away with wavings and smiles from a crowd of nigs and whites. This departure was what they call in the South immediately after breakfast—that is about ten o'clock, with an interval of an hour and a half for dawdling round—the trunks having been hurried from our rooms before eight.

It was a lovely road to look at to Wolf Creek,—but as usual very jolty, and we were tossed about a good deal. Dined at a queer place like Alexander’s only more dirty and not so quaint—but there was a lovely garden all overgrown with roses and tall box-trees that the woman said she wished she could cut into patterns, and Mr. Appleton urged her to make one into a possum immediately. There was no sight nor sound of railway here, but by and by we went over a foot-bridge through the woods to the Station, where a meek little rudimentary Steam Road begins. It is all to connect through to Asheville when it is done, but of course the Country is far more picturesque without it.

The only place to sit was a baggage car with old cane bottomed chairs scattered round in it. The views were fine, but as it grew dark and cold, and the Car got more and more full of people of every colour and sex chewing and spitting, we were not sorry when we reached Morristown, after 7 o’clock, having been in the car since 4. Here was a big town and a regular Hotel, and a pretentious supper, all pretty squalid. We went to bed, but clothed, for at 1½ after midnight we were held out with the news of "train in 23 minutes." This proved to be over an hour which interval we spent in the ghastliest of public parlours the sole furni-
ture of which was a Piano, 2 sofas and a large picture of the pro-
prietor. Mr. Appleton's good spirits kept us awake and merry how-
ever. It is this part of travelling that he seems to enjoy the most.

About three it was therefore, before we were in bed in our
Sleeper and though Mr. Church had telegraphed for sections to At-
tlanta our quarters were literally narrow. Mrs. Church & I had that
little Saloon there is in every Sleeping-car--one side Single,
which I of course took. It was very comfortable but required mind
to turn over. The gentlemen had sections in another car.

We were all dragged out early to breakfast at Lynchburg, and
then rode and rode and rode all day, with beautiful Scenery, and
Gorgeous Autumn Colouring at first, but fast leaving the log-huts
and tobacco and even nigg behind us,--rode and rode and rode till
we got to Washington about 9½ p.m. Here we had a lurid time. It
appeared the through tickets Mr. Church had got, connected with
the R. R. on the other side of the City, with a "transfer omnibus"
between. He and Mrs. Church rushed ahead with a porter who carried
our immense hand-luggage, leaving me to tote Mr. Appleton along.
It was like that night in the Turin station, still more like a
night-mare--a tremendous crowd, part of which was a clotted mass
of Savoyards, cripples and old blind women, who moved with great
slowness. I couldn't get Mr. Appleton to rush ahead of these, and
whenever I got on a little way, we would fall hopelessly behind
them. The station was endlessly long, and my leaders wholly lost
sight of. Finally we got by a miracle to the right place, where
the Churches were clinging like barnacles to seats they were try-
ing to save in the Omnibus into which the whole crowd was pouring,
clopped mass and all. Every one was in a Rage and howling to the
conductor that we should miss the train but he kept encouraging
more to enter.

Finally we got off, and were heiked at a rattling pace over
the bad pavement. When we reached our End, we were all out in a
trice, having stuck to the back end of the 'bus, a fortuitous por-
ter grasped every thing. Mr. T. G. A. ran for once in his life,
we threw ourselves on to the tail of our train, it started in an
instant, and we were the only ones in that bus who caught it.
The clotted mass, the bride and groom, the giggling girl
and the loquacious man, were all far back in the dim end of the station!
Now was the time for laughter and congratulations mingled with
sympathy for the left ones. Mr. A. called it the "survival of
the fittest."

We now rode and rode and rode to Baltimore--which we reached
at eleven, and repaired at once to the Mr. Vernon Hotel, luxuri-
ous and princely after the bareness throughout our Southern Ho-
tels. How we slept, and what a breakfast we ordered and ate the
next day! which was Friday, you see. We had been travelling
solid since Wednesday morning.

We stopped in Baltimore for Mrs. Church to visit an old
school friend--whom alas, she now missed seeing by some blunder.
Mr. T. C. and I went out & saw the town. It is very pretty. Our
Hotel was close by the tall Monument, and also the Peabody Insti-
tute. Mr. Morison was out, but I left my card for him.

Then we had a most amusing call on Mrs. Bonaparte, the
mother of Garry Newbold Appleton's present husband, you know, a
very original woman, and her house has a room full of busts, pic-
tures etc. all of different Napoleons, including the Great one--very interesting, to people so deeply dipped in Napoleon literature as Mr. A. and I are now. And afterwards I shopped a little alone, just to see the shopping-street. The whole town was in a state of preparation & decoration for their celebration of this week. At 3 p.m. we came on to New York, rode and rode and rode till midnight again, & found ourselves at the dear Brevoort once more. Saturday morning Mrs. C. and I took a carriage, and she showed me her favourite milliners,—as she herself was to buy a bonnet. I got one which all approve and I hope you will.

Meanwhile Mr. C. and Mr. A. were having a wonderful time with the Obelisk man Lieut. Corringe, who showed them the crab and all the things. The Masonic procession was that afternoon blocking all the streets, but we escaped getting mixed up in it, and took the Hudson River R.R. at 2½, rode and rode and rode till 7, when we stopped at Hudson and entered the Churches big open wagon to drive to their house. So this was the real end of our journey—but we stayed till Tuesday morning at "Olana" as Mr. Church calls his wonderful Persian Villa which he has been building for several years. It is a splendidly furnished and decorated abode, really, and the views are grand, looking across the river to the Catskills, the house reeks with rugs and brass things and stuffs like Damascus broke loose. There are 3 pleasant children & the Mother Mrs. Cairnes. # # #. I had a ride on a white Syrian Donkey named Sara.

Their life is so luxurious at home that it's hard to understand their tolerating the discomforts of travel, especially as their own view beats all North Carolina easily—but Mr. Church has the mania for travel. They are very charming companions. So Tuesday Mr. A. & I sadly left them. I got here that p.m. End.
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

1881
Nahant, Aug. 21.

Dear Luc,

First, and foremost, the book is done!! That is, I have read the last proof and set my seal as it were on the words "The End."

Next, and before-most, we are really going to Maine!! and start by night-train to Bangor next Thursday, to be gone a month. Is it not amazing? # # # # # # #

When my printers found I really and truly was going off they braced up and sent me proofs continually, and all the book pretty much, passed through my hands either in 1st or 2nd proof; so I was reading all the time, and had frequent interviews with my foreman. I think it is splendid, partly on account of the pictures.

Stevens was lovely about it; he is a gloomy, English, foreman who does the drudgery of getting the books together. He said he never enjoyed getting up a book so much; and because the MS was so clear and orderly, and always prompt, etc., etc.,--wasn't that quite great praise. He thinks it will be very popular, but I suppose only 2 copies will be sold.

Had a scrimmage day yesterday packing and winding-up; getting off suddenly 2 pictures to the Mechanics Fair, for which I had to get back the ones at your room, for frames. Katy went after them with a note from me. # # # # # #

Came here in the middle-day Boat, and as soon as I arrived we started off in the Yacht, for the sun had come out, 1st time in a week. It was lovely on the water, and Mr. Appleton seems very nice; and glad to see me. Anne Longfellow & the Poet are here as well as Danas and two children, and "Stanfield." The late breakfasts and comfortable beds and piles of all imaginable books as well as cordial agreeable people, are almost too pleasant to leave, even for camping out. But I dare say we shall have a splendid time.

Must leave off. Mr. Amory has just gone. P. Brooks preached and I went to church!

Yr
Suse.
Continued from our last. Same date. (Tues., Aug. 30, '81)

The West Branch gets too rough for canoe parties, so we entered upon the Millinocket and the change was wonderful, to a smooth and placid broad stream with water-lilies and pickerel weed, and here they could paddle. It was cool and the shadows were growing longer, and all very charming. You see we made this detour to avoid the rough water. Fowler's is a big farm where we could get milk and eggs. I had a bath in the river first thing and while I was dressing along came a great ox-team that had "hauled" the rest of our stuff that really wouldn't go in the canoes, up to this point from Medway, "Hallo, Colonel, can I get across?"

"Well, how does it seem?"

"Well I guess it will wet the dunnage some."

"What have you got on the bottom anyhow?"

"It's the beans."

"Oh come along then." So the team plunged into the river and came across, with the water far above the hubs of the wheels. Now my dunnage was on this cart and was not beans, but chiefly sketching things; so I watched the arrival with interest; and soon saw my little valise high and dry on the very top.

That first night in camp was rather uncomfortable to tell the truth. It was hot as fury, and millions of black-flies; the men didn't know where any thing was and darkness came down upon us:--and the ground, pure and simple, really is hard, all night through. There were two little (picture) which T. G. A. and Mrs. Church had.--(and here I have one, I will hasten to add).

But the frizzled pork was delicious handed by the men to us in a stupendous frying-pan with a handle a mile long. (Picture). Our cook is names "Charley Hale"!--and it was he who poled our big canoe. He is a very nice fellow, & full of yarns;--but Mrs. Church thinks her guide, his brother John Hale is better. We get very fond of them all, they are so helpful all the time, and it's very convenient to have nine men to fetch and carry.

That was Friday night. Saturday morning, all must walk across the carry, back to the West Branch, and Mr. T. G., Nathan and I started first with Royal to help us over the mud holes; for it was one of those wood roads you know all full of stones and mud and old corduroy that flies up in yr face; and everything is dripping wet this year--but lovely flowers and berries and toad-stools and mosses, regular White Mountains, and the air all smell-full of sweet things.

It was several hours before all the people and things got across; Mrs. Church slung in a chair between the shoulders of two men, for you must remember she is very delicate and not strong, but full of pluck; and now we had another day up to the Dam of the Log rolling Company, made 40 years ago. At one place our big canoe had to wait while a guide went back, (they kept forgetting frying pans and kerosene and so on, & are in fact rather a scatter witted set, I think, but worthy) and then Charley rowed me round a corner and I had a delicious swim for I never allow myself to be parted from my bathing-dress & towel. It is rather scattered always, for the canoes string along, and perhaps don't meet for hours, but that night we all drooled up to the dam in the course of the afternoon, over the worst piece of "hard water" there is.

That was a lovely place, an old house is there with nobody in it on a high cliff over the dam. (Picture). Above the dam broad
lakes, and mountains now showing themselves, only the air was very smoky, and Katahdin was hid till the next morning.

Another chance to send, so I send this along. May not again for a week!

Always

Susie.
Katahdin, in all his splendor, with attendant mountains, a gushing stream, is now gone, and lighting wonderful gold and lilac cloud almost his old self. The Caesars lie in the beach and ready to take us. Many here, and when the men go off in one boat and the others, it is exciting to see them return away off in the distance; for it is a great big big mile lake.

In Church, two years ago, had a lot of stuff, and he or the man bent off twice to find it. In the first time they teach it. When they came back it was to like the birds family. Returning from the farm, they had 4 boxes containing bedstead, tea, biscuits, carpets, a lamp, all kept in order except the family pike which had turned to piece long ago and run down on the cotton clute. It has been in buttery, hot, and smoky, with no crew, and the

Addup still Medway, September 1, 1887.

Camp Katahdin, Maine.

To Mr. Deuson. If our first mail from the first mail, must tell you in due time. – Must tell me. The first mail, it arrived, to one all has it arrived. In one all has it arrived. The Cook House looking at the Bear Hole which Charles had just got ready, – a hole in the ground pile of husking corn, which are now roofed over, and the corn put in, covered up with the best coal, and left safe in the night.

A shout from Camp said Mail! and we packed back to Medway, 25 miles today, hearing them Early. He will go back to mom and take this. He has a Baupne paper. 7 days' letter, the Daily of Monday. 8 days' letter of Monday. So an label from the President of last Tuesday is cheating.
Nice to hear from you all, and
comfort that one letter
covers the whole family, as
so many are farther. Must
send 'Birthday Greetings' by
this; perhaps I can catch
a little moose or a caribou
and send some to you and Paddy.

This volume was my narrator
if I can remember where we
left off. I awoke at the base
in Sleet's cabin one morning
after a chain of lakes, called
the Thoreau face, Pramehunkok
and Ambegegies; and landed
at the Ambegegies House. But
this is not a first-class hotel
as you might suppose, but a
tumble-down hut for loggers, and
a tent on the ground and ate
Wiellest pole made by the guides.
There were lakes, and a small
carry of 5 minutes walk, which
had been on the river's back,
carries and all (we walked,
but the downpour,) after which
in line on an arm lake, and
made camp at their camp. In
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Sept 1, 1881.
Camp Katahdin.

Dear Luc. Our first mail for days! I must tell you how it arrived. We were all up in the woods behind the Cook House looking at the Bean Hole which Charles had just got ready,—a hole in the ground full of blazing wood embers, which were now shoveled out, the iron pot of beans (boiled together with pork) put in, covered up with the hot coals, and left for the night. A shout from camp said "Mail!" and we hurried back to greet Hall, who walked up from Medway, 25 miles, today, leaving there early. He will go back tomorrow and take this. He brings a Bangor paper of Tuesday, the Daily of Monday, & your letter of Monday. So our latest from the President of last Tuesday is cheering. Nice to hear from you all, and convenient that one letter covers the whole family, as so many are together. I must send birthday greetings by this; perhaps I can catch a little Moose or a Caribou and send down to you and Robby. I will resume now my narrative if I can remember where we left off. I think at the Dam. We started off that morning upon a chain of lakes, called the Thoroughfare, Pamedumcook and Ambegegis; and lunched at "the Ambegegis House", but this is not a first-class Hotel as you might suppose, but a tumble-down hut for loggers, and we sat on the ground and ate frizzled pork made by the guides. Then more lakes, and a small carry of 5 minutes walk, which had to be on the men's backs, canoes and all (we walked, but the dunnage), after which we were in our own Lake, and rowed across to this Camp. You see we are on Lake Millinohet and we had been on river of same name, but the falls etc. are so rapid that we crossed at Fowler's back to the West Branch, and then by this little carry (picture) returned to the Lake. As if it was thus: leaving that rough piece of the Millinohet. We reached here about sunset; and our rapture was great, for the Churches & guides had kept very quiet about what we should find here. It is all exactly like Robinson Crusoe. A log hut, but built picturesque, with a long sloping roof, and an open settin' room between the male & female bedrooms; from this a grove slopes down to a soft sand beach all yellow, then the lake, and across it Katahdin, in all his extent with attendant mountains; a gorgeous sunset is now going on, and lighting wonderful gold and lilac clouds about his old top. The canoes lie on the beach all ready to take us off anywhere; and when the men go off in one to get fish or shoot ducks, it is exciting to see them return away off in the distance; for it is a great big six mile lake. Mr. Church, two years ago, hid a lot of stuff, and he & the men went off twice to find it, for the first time they searched in vain. When they came back it was like Swiss Family returning from the Pinnacle! they had 4 boxes containing bedsteads, tea, biscuits, carpets, a lamp, all in good order except the Guava jelly which had turned to juice long ago and ran down over the cotton cloth. It has been insufferably hot, and smoky, with no view, and the black flies, mosquitoes, and hornets rage—but I have had two or three baths a day in the lake, and now it is cool and clear.

Tea comes.

Yr
Suse.

Thanks for nice letter.
To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

64 E.

Dear Luc,

Nice letter from you on Saturday. I can't write much for dogs of war will be unloosed as it is Monday morning.

Had a very nice time at the Lizzt dinner Friday Evening, being placed in a seat of great honour next T. G. A. and close to the head of the Board. Most of the speeches after dinner were music on the piano or singing, rendering of Lizzt's pieces, so it was kind of a chamber concert, with friendly talk the while. Dr. Gersedorff just fresh from Weimar came and talked to me; and escorted me home, for T. G. ran away through fear of a speech.

Then Saturday the Hendschel Concert was delightful. It seemed like the old old days when Music Hall was crowded for those first orchestra concerts. Every Lee or Higginson ever born, a human being who ever married a Jackson, swarmed in the audience, & these went far to fill the hall; but besides were the washed and unwashed till no seat was left. I call them the "Cheap-and-Higginson" Concerts. They will be a great addition to the winter. I guess you can have my 2nd ticket pretty often.

My sketches will be there this week & no longer, perhaps not after the 27th.

Give lots of love to Chamberlins.

My dear!! Was it after you left? Emily has decided to invite Mrs. Merritt to spend the winter there! I mean 39 Highland St.!!!

Yrs
Suse.