1903

Weeden, Jeannie (Mrs. William B.)

Susan Hale

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How far away we are from the excitement of the Inauguration of William McKinley.

Our home on the edge of the forest is one of the holiest places in the world. My double window on my little balcony is wide open for the breeze & swallows fly in & out it is a bit hot.[74°] The air is quite after the删除s & takes an unusual trip in a tram-car through the streets. Père with a splendid view of Jalapa, the volcano, 17,000 coming, just & hot, cloud & water, just right. Just & hot and water just right.

At the American Embassy, Jalapa, Vera Cruz, City of Mexico, Mo.

March 4, 1901

Dear [Name],

How far away we are from the excitement of the Inauguration of William McKinley.

Our home on the edge of the forest is one of the holiest places in the world. My double window on my little balcony is wide open for the breeze & swallows fly in & out it is a bit hot.[74°] The air is quite after the删除s & takes an unusual trip in a tram-car through the streets. Père with a splendid view of Jalapa, the volcano, 17,000 coming, just & hot, cloud & water just right. Just & hot and water just right.
To Mrs. William B. Weeden

State of
Jalapa, Vera Cruz,
Mar. 4, 1901.

Dear Jeannie,

How far away we are from the excitements of the Inauguration of William McKinley, down here on the edge of the Tropics in one of the loveliest places in the world. My double window on my little balcony is wide open for the sun to come in, although it is a bit hot (74°). We are going after luncheon to take an entrancing trip in a tram-car through tropical forests with a glorious view of Orizaba, the volcano, 17000 something feet high. Just to sit and watch people going by our windows in the street below is most amusing, fashionable dames in pink gowns, much starched behind, with mantillas of black lace; splendid cavaliers on horses with wonderful saddles, their mozo behind on a plain horse; fathers leading little children with toys in their hands, just bought in the market, etc.

There is so much writing to be done and so little time for any, that I haven't sent you a line, dear Jeannie, but I have thought often of it, and planned splendid letters to you never put in execution. We have done lots of travelling by this time, and I really think my companions will have a fairly good impression of Mexico. They were fearfully prejudiced at first and could see nothing but dirt and bad smells (?), but they are beginning to catch on a wee little bit, and recognize that Mexicans are really "folks" as much as ourselves, only living in their own way, (often quite as refined as ours) without the slightest reference to our ways or what we desire. The companions know a market now when they see it, and even begin to look for the variety in every new one, for every town, you know, has a market-place where, weekly, all possible produce is exhibited. Such sights! Women sitting on the ground nursing their babies, and selling meanwhile great slices of squash ready cut for the customer, alongside of a heap of pineapples, bananas, coconuts just off the trees, oranges, lemons, limes and a quantity of fruits you never heard of. Each place has its own pottery, different from others. Connoisseurs collect specimens from all the different towns. The Guadalajara is the most celebrated, but Oaxaca has lovely green ware in all sorts of shapes. I am taking home a small green tub in my bonnet-box to serve at Matunuck for a soap-dish.

The journeys are very sociable here, for almost every trip we meet tourists like ourselves, or cultivated people with special objects, or Rail Road men, or mining men from the States, and everybody is chummy and wants to exchange information. At the stations the men jump out and buy fruits or flowers of the clamouring picturesque crowd, and at a place on the way Oaxaca, a man we never saw before saved our lives by bringing in lots of Ginger-ale which we all shared out of a little tumbler in Somebody's hand-bag.

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In some of these places we receive attentions from friends of
Mr. Church (he was well known and dearly loved in Mexico) or other chance friends, so we have to put on good clothes and go to tea. We are glad of the tea which is not to be had in hotels, but the good clothes bore us. My fine ones lie untouched (I fear much mashed) in my trunk, for we live entirely in shirt-waists, no wraps, except going over high altitudes when we need furs, or at night on trains. It is an entrancing climate, no doubt. We have seen Rain perhaps three days since we left home. # # # # # # #

Lots of love to you all from
Susan.

Picture. Me falling over this chair into the bedquilt when somebody knocked after I was in bed.
Oaxaca, Feb. 20, 1901.
Addres:
United Fruit Co
Port Antonio
Jamaica

Dec 28, 1902
8 a.m. 74°.

Dear Jennie: I'm at what Sou-

Making. Referred your letter by every

Mail last night) 11 bed. Swam down

with my thickest right leg, with a

Slate sheet on my lower legs. Two

Window with open, bow, ventilator, open

enough only the Slat. For algebra and hooked

my electric was hitched on the bed just

and pocket on pillow. I opened my

Mail which was no Christmas mail

with your Calendar, 3 the secret hitto

and letter from home and three N.Y.

Past a week old. As percalenex the

letters are so slow, letter was only

5 days coming myself, but they are

forwarded jiis - the letters from Kings to

and another there or Slors as the H.K.

The addres also give wish to do a little letter

Her addition now fore, will do a little letter

She adores your wags, What is a New Year

to the House? Your age Old things are
We are still decorating the estate. Only
and his spouse must be too busy
building their own palace to come up
and visit them. Mary Robinson off
again! She is a regular female cousin.
I wasn't lucky; the minute my
back was turned it began to snow and
snow and blizzard and things. We
cought an awful gale on the way down
here, but it was warm. Speaking of
clothes, I wear the thickest lining six
legt
24, and long in that shelf full of
my morning waister at Matanzas -
Linings to waist are an abomination.
we help in dinner at this hotel, and
my cape de chine new white arche.
Algerian waist are just unbearable. The
pretty one Miss Mills brought me from
being made. This is just the thing, not too broken
ally. On the long drives which are
too long, I wear a white shirt waist
that Lora Carolyn pleased with. Methinks
now my Stepby will just the thing.
no gloves, so without...
My dear Jeanie,

This positively wicked to reflect so long waiting you. Fact in Jan. swarmed with caribbean chiefly family, and when New going about. I can no time to write. But do know I'll tell you of the delights of Jamaica last today. I got a letter from them, and one from Mrs Joe Browning, and there they are. I take the pens, I tell you, but that I think of you very often, and of Malvern constantly. I think that full of wailing good shirts and am as well and strong, and getting ready for a fine summer with us all together. This place might be called the Browning's Jamaican for its an immense farm. Conducted somewhat on the Port Browning plan, that is Rancho and the last Lopez. It's an old decayed coffee plantation, or 'Pan' as they are called, with a huge barbecue 10 feet square.
The great House and Lodging, is a beautiful place, offices in order, and the floor above the only one occupied, with a huge Salon and dining-room adjoining Mahogany pillars and floors, Mahogany frames, Mahogany beds in the (former) bedrooms of your in town. These (all extend ups to the Roof). These and all showing, in this case, not worked, and thoroughly clean. There is as dusk in Jamaica, as flies, the Atwork, Gridle, Dutch, Dutch ladies, all, and all. It is always scrubbing the floors. Oranges cut up in water, and with half coconuts, bushes scattered about the great house, are cut down. (like Browning's barrows). Only of stone foundations, and Matched, that is thingew. So old and shaky, that it resembles that of the Kitchen that it resembles that of the Kitchen. It is one of those houses, as far as the brick house — no, — but here, as far as the dog house, from Kaffir, doing now — the Kitchen. There is no chimney, and ale, and the smoke comes out of the bow, there's always a pig in the god way. He don't go out
I can't say much for African Tobacco; they are generally from Slaves, Mass., and say "we was" and "them mangoes." Put Dr. and Mrs. Davis of New Jersey are charming people. They run acros...

The Nat. Postcard are wandering about the island inquiring after one in the wrong places. I hear of them ten times a day. They could always find my address at Bank of Nova Scotia and also at Hotel St. Paul. But Austria, but Austria, she is not in good health. She will not come & see me. They that don't know it know it & not Austria. I wish she was not in such health.

Than left Admiral in very good health. I chiefly doctors or nurses and I consoled with them as to the island. Ask the Blacks, they are all in love with me, and all the Blacks desire to return with me & America. Than a letter was for a Black boy named Stanley asking me to take him, and keep his promise now.
The Joe Browning probably have taken Wright to Holland.
Holland on horse (on the Rite way, is it?) painted it
added flowers, pretty in black and white, engaged. Ann and Ethel
added flowers! Aint they crazy. Well perhaps not.
The 25 boarders! Aint they crazy. Well perhaps not.

"Says the library is going on with: 45 books taken at yesterday"
says the library is going on with: 45 books taken at yesterday

"Alvin Cassador the mail lines, they
They have Rural Free delivery, Alvin Cassador the mail lines, they
They have Rural Free delivery, Alvin Cassador the mail lines, they

"viar's just exactly my idea of
moving about 10-45. Alvin just exactly my idea of
moving about 10-45. Alvin just exactly my idea of
moving about 10-45. Alvin just exactly my idea of"

"That all my descendants have whooping cough. Por
Mean that all my descendants have whooping cough. Por
Mean that all my descendants have whooping cough. Por

"I'm afraid it will be hot with him. I will
with little Nathan. I'm afraid it will be hot with him. I will
with little Nathan. I'm afraid it will be hot with him. I will

"He shed him once. It should like I see him. Nearly about, he
He shed him once. It should like I see him. Nearly about, he
He shed him once. It should like I see him. Nearly about, he

"The Fort Merritt at Monterey Bay
Gaily and joyous face. The Fort Merritt at Monterey Bay
Gaily and joyous face. The Fort Merritt at Monterey Bay
Gaily and joyous face. The Fort Merritt at Monterey Bay

"When she was a girl. She might often see a cheerful face.
When she was a girl. She might often see a cheerful face.
When she was a girl. She might often see a cheerful face.

"I wonder that for Nining Seven! Be joyous and with Jane Susan.
I wonder that for Nining Seven! Be joyous and with Jane Susan.
I wonder that for Nining Seven! Be joyous and with Jane Susan.

I wonder that for Nining Seven! Be joyous and with Jane Susan."
April 15, 1904

OLANA
Hudson-on-Hudson

Dear Mamie,

You must have this letter or if a pile of others, (unanswerable ones) waits,

I do long to be here, and I am sure you will rejoice

I know I am feeling fine and very much better in every way. Sudden and Saltp are

dear, and devoted to my dears, and devoted to my

comfort. Though its winter

and raw outside, the House

is warm. (just warm enough

See you soon:"

May 1st
with a mild steam heat, and lovely fire of crackling logs in the library where we sit, with the big window and its glories, view of River and mountains. So I saw Mary come in, and my heart was happy with my "things" all spread about. My maid Mary has gone home and sold all her adventures and souvenirs from Chicago and New Orleans and Hanging-Moss from Southern Florida, and Sand from the Gulf of Mexico.

She has had the time of her life; she will join me in May when it gets warm. May we go to the House at Mountmelock? I cannot be without her! Meanwhile it is lovely to be without her! How is the Quire well enough now to take care of me? There is a nice old Kate here who comes and sets me up behind, and looks after me just enough and not too much.”

So happy in San Francisco, and I hope to have a glorious summer.
I was nobody in New York but Bertie, Peta, and his children; except that Louis and Sally, who are staying with his brother way up beyond the Parks somewhere, bright an' inimitable, stuck. Mrs. 'Win' came and fetched me in their car, and me in the auto, and in it 8 manhattan. They drive bright me back. I live in a very attractive house, and she (Mrs. 'Win') is an attractive woman born in New Orleans. She and I don't get on nicely together.
and Chris and his brother are great chemists.

Theodore Withrop Church is his

name, he commonly is called "Dad" in the family.

I didn't even let the Frays know I was in town. I wanted to be

alone and just rest at the hotel.

It was great having dinner with Sally

at her; it was great having dinner. I

protested we had a luxurious windshield

protection; we had a luxurious windshield.

She comes, she says, "I

on the train."

She wishes you would come up here for a

night. At least when you are in New York.
To Mrs. William B. Weeden

Olana
Hudson-on-Hudson
Apr. 15, 1908.

Dear Jeannie:

You must have this letter even if a Pile of others, (unanswerable ones) waits! It's so lovely to be here, and I'm sure you will rejoice to know I am feeling FINE and very much better in every way. Louis and Sally are dears, and devoted to my comfort. Though it's wintry and raw outside, the House is warm (just warm enough) with a mild steam-heat, and lovely firs of crackling Logs in the Library where we sit, with the Big window and its glorious view of River and mountains. So I am very happy with my "things" all spread about me in my pretty room.

There is a nice old Kate here who comes and buttons me up behind, and looks after me just enough and not too much. So let us be joyful Jeannie dear, we will have a glorious summer.

Have you heard that Herbert and Dudley came to New Orleans while I was there, and that we all came home together in the same ship? a Rapturous Voyage of five days! It was delightful to be on a Voyage again, in a First Class new Turbine steamer, clean, well planned, well ordered, lovely little Alsacienne stewardess, perfect weather. I used to prowl round the Deck at 3 a.m. in wrapper and bed-shoes, hunting for Stars—too late (in the season) for the Southern Cross, our Captain says, but other Southern constellations brilliant. Even off Hatteras we were as steady as possible (while a gale was blowing in New York). I heard later that one Big Wave came aboard and wet an Englishman, but nothing else happened alarming.
November 1st, 1909
OLANA,
HUDSON-ON-HUDSON.

Dear Jeannie,

I am longing all this time to write you, to tell you how lovely it is here, and that I am doing.

I really think I am a little better, and everybody is very good here.

I don’t hear all that is said, but as I said at first, "Why dear?"

[Over]
It is very beautiful here, even more so than in the old days of the Parent Churches. In the trees have grown, the place has developed, and Louis shows a great deal of taste in cutting down and trimming out the woods and underbrush. They are for dear young people, and I love the little shrine. Five dogs surround us constantly coming in and going out barking and snarling and wallowing about above them; but I don't mind. There are lots of books, two for Mr. Nwogor. Which you knew about. H.R.H. Duke of Abruzzi climbed, and saw perhaps fascinated into Central Africa.
our steamer with all our pots and pans
Arthur is very kind asking me to stay
from his Flat; but he can't be in
New York at that time, and it is far
where porters and cars and every
convenience swarmed. Besides I
must care not mixed up with Camilla
in case she should be there! So I
shall peacefully here until Wednesday 17
and then go down to Manhattan where
that Friday, I
Mary K will join me on that day. I
have nothing to do there, and mean to be
quiet and only see Francis, Jackals
and Poll or. I have Pots of Money, and
a fat letter of Credit, and am longing
the trip. You know Carla and Veanne will
be at the Bee Matrimonial, and the 20th (Oct)
I must stop, and this will be goodbye. I have just come from the other side, but my address will be here. Write, please, and let me know when you get settled in. I will be just as happy. Credit Lyonnais Bank, Cannes, France. I will write later.
To Mrs. William B. Weeden

Nov. 1, 1909
Olana
Hudson-on-Hudson

Dear Jeannie:

I am longing all this time to write you, to tell you how lovely it is here, and that I am doing finely. I really think I am a little better (in my head), and everybody is very good to me. I don't hear all that is said, but as I said at first, "Why hear?" It is very beautiful here, even more so than in the old days of the Parent Churches, for the trees have grown, the place has developed, and Louis shows a great deal of taste in cutting down and trimming out the woods and underbrush. They are very dear young people, and I love to be with them. Five Dogs surround us, constantly coming in and going out, barking and jumping and wallowing. I don't adore them, but I don't mind them. There are lots of books,—two about Mt. Ruwenzori, which you know H. R. H. Duke of Abruzzi climbed,—and I am perfectly fascinated with Central Africa. I have started some knitting and Sally feeds me with lovely yarn of different pretty colours. They let me go to bed at eight o'clock, and I sleep like a top.

You know Carla and I came away together from Matunuck on the 20th (Oct.). Did you know that I left the front door open, thinking Elisha would be there directly,—and it stayed open till the next day? when Mr. Woodmansee saw it as he went to Willard's, and told somebody and somebody told Elisha.