1880

Weld, Caroline (Mrs. William G.)

Susan Hale

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To Mrs. William G. Weld

Nahant.
Sept. 10, 1880.

My dear Caroline:

It is indeed time for me to report, and you are angelic to be the first to dip the pen into the flood of eloquence. Your letter came to the dinner table last evening, and, forgive me, I read it to the assembled circle, who greatly approved your epistolary style. Bridget says she is not by the way of knowing loose cooks down here, as they are not cast up promiscuous from the Atlantic; but should she reach town alive she may cull you a windfall from some tardy tree. These are not her precise expressions, but the spirit of her remarks. Methinks she fervently longs for the brick and asphalt of the town. As for Michael, he has been drunk all the week, and the steward had to be dismissed, and a jury one rigged for these last few days, all of which would go for to show that the Nahant season is over, even if this northeaster had not answered the prayers of Bridget and helped pull out the last peg.

"Then why," you will ask, "do we stay?" To which the all-powerful, but in this house exceptional, answer comes the baby. The baby, it appears, is a fruit which don't bear transplanting till it has cut its teeth;—So Newport and North Carolina and Mr. Longfellow and my unworthy self are all hanging fire, as it were, upon this rotting bough (I beg you won't not think I am trying to stick to any one figure of speech, my idea is a combination). Ain't it a storm? Are your waves I wonder as good as ours? Yesterday we passed the morning running from Pulpit Rock to East Cliff. The surf was so much higher than the Pulpit as to really dwarf the size of the latter.

But to facts. It was bitter to keep hearing of you in Boston. Why didn't you stick to the oil cloth till I got there? I flitted in and out winning Golden Opinions from all sorts of Professors, and ended, as I dare say you heard, by making a jackass of myself to amuse them on the last evening. The Traveller says I had on a rich toilette of black satin and brocade with lace. Perhaps you would hardly recognize this as a description of my old and only long-tailed silk. But in that atmosphere of ulsters, it shone.

Well now, my little dear, I will tell you exactly what I want to do, for you are one of the few people who are willing, if possible, to further that form of desire, are you not? My summer has been amusing and fructuous,—in that here it is always delightful, and more so than ever this summer,—and that Magnolia was a regular harvest of pupils ready for the Sickle. Mr. Weld will be pleased to learn that on retiring from Magnolia, worn and haggard it is true, I placed $300. in the Bank. Wasn't that jolly, you know?

All very well, but I am fretting and pining because I have
done scarcely any sketching for myself all summer, and it chafes
me the bit to be showing a million girls how to do it and then
not "get a lick at it" myself. Here you know 'tis madness to
think of sketching, though yesterday I cracked in a bit of rocks
and foam in a manner not unpleasing to myself. But I think your
rocks at Newport must be good to "do", and I think you'll let me
do 'em when I come, won't you? The thing is, I promised to go
back to Mattapoisett of all things in the world, to sketch with
Charlotte Parsons,—and it would be a wise and prudent step, be-
cause there are many who so adore that flat and futile region,
that a few flat and futile sketches of it must be sure to please
the flat and futile eye. Now that brings us to the 1st of Oc­t-
ober, at least, and to the middle of my song, in which I ask you,
is that too late for me to come to you. Casino me no Casinos,
for I want them not, neither Julia Howes,—but a stern communion
with Nature in her most rock-ful mood. Grant me but this, with
your soothing presence and the improving conversation of your
spouse,—and—I am yours.

I didn't mean at all to stay here but a day or two now; but
they seemed to need me, and now Mr. and Mrs. Church have come with
a plan for a trip to the mountains of North Carolina, including me
as well as Mr. T. G. A. I can't guess whether he will decide to
go or not,—but if we do I imagine it will not be a very long ex­
cursion. Fun, wouldn't it?

We went to see Miss Field, daughter of Cyrus, at the Tudor
cottage, and I wot it was passing strange to hear that same old
door with the latch banging upstairs, and fell powerless to order
it shut. Miss Field has the room on the right of the front door
where we kept peaches and lamps, for her private settin'-room, or
rather lying room, for she can't sit up much, through having been
boned, as it were, like a turkey, by a well meaning but too impet­
uous dentist, in her youth. The house all had a boardacious as­
pect,—there was a parrot on the piazza where Mr. Amory used to
be, and a general air of perambulators and cabbage.

So I will now leave you, hoping that my Procrastination will
not breed contempt as the proverb says. Mr. Amory comes to see
me, but he gets chirped down by the other, and I think he doesn't
altogether like it.
To Mrs. William G. Weld

Matunuck, R. I.
Sept. 29, 1887.

Dear Caroline,

I mean to hold on here till Christmas! The young folks have a plan of spending Christmas week with me here, and I want to keep the house open and warm (!?) and I want a good fat (cheap) month to myself in December. However, I shall probably come to Boston (i.e. Edward E's) for Thanksgiving, and again for Christmas Day, which eke seems to be a Sunday, and then take train with my folly crew for the Holidays here. I am looking out for my Yule Log and Ewe Lamb, and turkey and cranberries already.

# # # # #
To Mrs. William G. Weld

Matunuck, R. I.
July 1, 1889.

Dear Carry:

The laurel has blazed itself out, and you will never know how splendid it was. I tried to send you a box as specimens, but it was so warm the day I gathered it, and the season so far on that it did not look fit for the journey.

You love my emotional life of the kitchen here. So listen to this tale:

On Saturday my excellent cook walked out of the kitchen after she had finished up the dinner things, and has not been seen since by the eye of the flesh. Sunday morning old Franklin came over the hills to us at dawn and made the kitchen fire. Robert made the hot breakfast cakes, delicious. Sweet little parlor-girl, Katy, fried the fish balls (which we found all laid out on the ice ready for it), Nelly the third girl flew round and set the table. I made the coffee. Dinner-time came, no cook. Roast duck, green peas, an elegant pudding, by ourselves, the entire corps dramatique assisting.

Supper-time came, no cook. Broiled chickens, light muffins, cake found in great quantities in occult crockery bowls left us as a legacy.

Just before midnight I was roused by the click of a latch, (my bedroom door is always open), and gliding, softly gliding, footsteps moving towards the garret stair. The faint gleam of a dim lamp revealed the sullen swarthy features of the recreant Emily creeping up to her room. (She is what I call rye and Indian, a mixture of Narragansett and nigger).

In the morning, she failed to come down. After breakfast, we went to her room. No one! Gone! the bed untouched. How did she come, how did she go, and why? If she came in at the kitchen window, did she go out at the front door? The spoons are intact. This is why I speak of the eye of the flesh. It is suspected that spirit was at the bottom of it. But where is she, anyhow?

Under these circumstances, I leave for the wedding tomorrow. Luc. and Anne Bursley remain here. Joe Browning is going to sleep in the kitchen.

Faithfully yours,
Susie.
To Mrs. William G. Weld

Iowa City, Iowa.
Feb. 8, 1895.

My Caroline,

We think nothing of your 40°, for here the thermometer never rises above zero, and I wish you could have seen me yesterday, at 16° below, mind you, honest fact, stepping out of this house at 7 1/2 a.m. to run to breakfast. It was 24° below at the breakfast place, and elsewhere in town 30°. But it's moderated today, and "one above zero" was the report. Strange to say it is not half so devilish as the Boston sharp winds make it,—still and clear, and the effects very beautiful in a country town with lots of neat white snow, unsullied by tracks of wheels. I am very happy, it is nice to be here with charming Edward, and he is mighty content to have me (or anybody, poor old thing) on whom to expend his overflowing agreeableness.

I had lots of fun in Chicago, they regard me there as a literary character, and we were hawking about from the North side to the South side continually for luncheons, teas, dinners, above all the Thomas concerts,—but I've had enough of that now, and it is too cozy for expression to settle down here, mend the seats of Edward's trousers, and read all his books, while he is away professing. He has all the extreme moderns, Maeterlinck, William Sharp, Oscar Wilde's "Salome", and lots of things. By the way, "Outlaw and Lawgiver" is a pretty good novel by Mrs. Campbell. Praed. Have you read it? That's not modern, only a thoroughgoing love tale with a plot and hairbreadth escapes. # # # #
To Mrs. William O. Weld

Surbiton,
Easter Sunday,
April 18, 1897.

I am looking out for an old gentleman for myself, in fact I laid hold of one in Cannes, and we had him round in Paris, but the minute he cast eyes on Nora Godwin it was all up with my chance. He is a gloomy old widower travelling round by himself without any Speech nor Language other than that of Boston; name Johnston. Nora and I took him to St. Cloud on a bateau mouche and back, then he dined with us later at my favorite Duval, and we took him to Cirque St. Honore, where there is real water, and where everybody in the Pantomime either fell or jumped into the water, so that garcons and brides and photographs and cooks and loaves of bread were all swimming and splashing round in it. The old gentleman thought it was fine, though he didn't clearly understand what it all was about, but as it wasn't about anything in particular that was just as well.

Dear Mrs. Greene was lovely. I saw her twice. She wants you to be sure and come and see her in Paris; you know her address is 50 Rue de Bassand, and she wants you to write her your arrival, that she may fix a time for you. She always receives in bed on Sundays and Wednesdays, so it is sure to be one of those days. I told her there was no telling when you would be there.

Well, Paris was glorious, but I got me thence on Wednesday, and after a rather fatiguing day, found myself in this dear place, in a featherbed, with great eiderdown over me. I caught in Paris such a cold as you had at Messina. I am still barking and sneezing, and the weather hasn't been amiable, so I've stayed right here resting, and talking up the history of the last twenty years with my kind hosts. The custom of the place is to breakfast in bed, and Lord knows at what time o' day. I've had my bath and am sitting on end in bed scribbling this. It's Good Friday and everything so that shops are shut and I haven't been near London, but just enjoying rest, and such a pretty long garden, full of fruit trees in blossom, tulips, wall-flowers, all manner of things, and a greenhouse besides. Tomorrow I break loose and do all sorts of things which Stevens is plotting. We are going to Winchester which I never did, and to all sorts of things in London that nobody knows about but him. He goes to Southampton to meet John Hay, the new-coming minister Wednesday. He (H. K. Stevens) is a delightful old Bear. He has arranged everything about my home-passage for my utter comfort, and will put me on board the Mobile, in the River, on Thursday, ten days hence at one p.m. We are expected to arrive New York May 9th, that's three weeks from today.

Did you see the death of Mrs. James Freeman Clarke? Aged 82. They sent me a Dail Adv. with a fizzle about Edward E's 75th birthday, and this was in the list of deaths.

I am longing now to get home, and start the machine at Matunuck. But I have had a splendid winter, and feel miles better for it. And didn't we have a good time in Sicily! I feel as if I
hadn't even yet had time to think it all over, but it will come back again and again--the pictures of those lovely places.

The money, my dear, held out finely, and thanks to you, I had more than I wanted to sling about in Paris. I didn't buy much. The shops were in a rather moulting condition previous to the Easter burst. Still I had a good wallow at the Bon Marche and another at Mag. Louvre. Write me here once again.

Your
Susie.
A blizzard, a blizzard, a blizzard, quoth I.

Dear Carry,

Oh Joy, oh joy, to lay hold last evening of your fat envelope when I came in out of the storm from Waverley. First I read the letter through, then I read it straight over again. Then I laid it down and took off my bonnet and shoes. Then I read it again. That is not all the times I have read it, but I won't go on, such lots else to say.

On the tenth page of today's Sunday Herald you can see the portrait of Krebs, the Digestress, as I may call her, in all her glory of marrying the ex-Mayor at an Embassy. I'm glad you were amused all of you with the Morganic methods of salvation.

Well, I went to see Rose yesterday, at last, and we had a fine time eululating over your absence, and the foolishness of my not being with you, sitting in your spick and span front-parlour, with the Delightful Vacuum in the middle room. Oh, the cook came to the door, and looked sternly at me through the crack; they keep even the Outer Door bolted and tarred with a shrapnel gun pointed to the opening for fear of Robbers. But I said, "I'm Miss Susan Hale. I want Rose, you are the cook I suppose," and she melted like butter in her own frying pan. Rose you know thinks that you are the loveliest woman ever was, and that I'm about perfect, so that makes conversation easy, even if monotonous.

I dined one night with Mrs. George Abbot James and him. Their new house is most attractive. You know they bought 52 Beacon St. and gutted it, and scraped it down to the ground, and left not one stone on another, and then conceived and executed an entirely new place on the most scientific principles. There's not a lump of coal in the place, and the servants all are out of the house except when you press a button. You turn a knob for heat, another for food, and lined with Absorbent Collon, and the closets are filled with Compressed Air, so the doors don't squeak. There are open fires all over the house, and Registers like any old furnace, but all you do to keep happy is to light a gas jet in the cellar, which, incidentally cooks the dinner and pervades the house with warmth. The house is 30 feet wide, and the rooms extend across the whole, front and back, with the stairs in the middle space lighted from above. A large L, (kitchen below) is above on each storey given over to the Bath-room, of immense size, where I might dance a Saraband along with my morning song. No elevator, for Mrs. Lily has never set foot in the things, and won't, but easy stairs with many landings. They were both very pleasant, and we had a charming talk over Old Nahant, and the days and people all gone by.

Then I dined with Mrs. George Hale one evening. She read the evening's Transcript most of the time, but was very pleasant even while so engaged. Mrs. Frank Fiske was there and nice Mary Dins-
Dear Carry,

I believe it's an age since I wrote you. No doubt this will cross a letter from you but that can't be helped, so here goes. It's colder than Greenland here (after some real hot days) and I am just paying for a couple of cords of wood burned up in April—but I've got little anemones and blue violets on my table. The Mayflower is just going,—my woods are simply a mat of it; I was prowling about after it yesterday morning, and now, when I shut my eyes I see stars of little blossoms sticking out of dead leaves. When I open my eyes I see large holes in my stockings, and feel corresponding rents in the shin (and skin) beneath, from scrambling through briars; and speaking of this I feel rather guilty walking round in your short skirts which you so carefully prepared for yourself last year in Santa B. Don't you miss them? I find them excellent, though I tore a barn-door in it yesterday through hanging myself up on a nail in the side of a fence I was climbing. I also knocked down about a rod of stone wall, but it's no matter, it's way up in the woods, and I came off on top.

These are my simple pleasures, but Francis and I went to The Town the other day, and had great larks. It was Monday, deliciously warm, the buds all coming out in the woods driving to Kingston, and Frogs bellowing amongst the skunk cabbages. Hot on the train and no Parlour seats, for all the cooks were coming to Newport and had engaged them all. I took up a great box of Mayflowers, which I arranged in my spittoon at "Dike," and dealt out afterwards in bunches to parched and thirsty girls at the Desk, and other officials there. We had a jovial dinner with George Clarke at the Union Club, amongst other things asparagus, and a salad! what rapture, for nothing green has come here yet, though I see today a chance for a mess o' dandelions on my lawn.

We suddenly met Carla Atkinson and Marian Richardson at the Club telephone, trying to find a Rehearsal they had lost somewhere, but we three wanted a cab, for a sudden shower was violently descending. This Cab brought us to the Columbia Theatre in some God-forbidden part of the town, (I believe it's the old S. Congregational Church or something) and there we saw Lady Slavey, and laughed and laughed till midnight at Marie Dressler and Dan Daly. She is about my build, and full of the old Nick, and danced a dance wherein she wiped up the floor with Dan and threw him into the fireplace.

Next day, Tuesday, I crowded with an immense quantity of disagreeable things; went to Hollander's and Sylvester's for revised editions of bonnets and gowns; bought a meat-dish at Jordan &
Marsh's, with a swimming bath in it for gravy, and a great big wrapper-gown for my cook Loisy, 44 inches at the bust, she looks splendid in it, it's some tight, but the biggest they was. Also minor articles, and saw cooks and maids, amongst them Nelly Ryan, pretty as a peach, returned from Ireland and feverish to come and work for me on the 15th of May. # # # # # #

It was now about 5 p.m. Open car, howling wind, I had been out all day, my bonnet got wobbly, and the end of my back-hair came down. I stopped at George Ellis's to get new potatoes, chives, cucumbers etc. to bring down here. A Lady approached and said in a languishing manner: "Excuse me,--but there's just a little lock of your hair coming down." I glared; "I know it;" says I, "and I am going straight home to fix it. I can't very well in the middle of the street, do you think so?" She vanished through a trap in the floor. # # # # # #

So next day I betook myself, my shirtwaists in a box, and Francis, to the Disgusting New Back Bay station, and we sate on a bench in a gusty tunnel till the express train had shot by, and then climbed into our own and came home. Mr. Browning met us at Kingston, and Loisy, when we got here, with a beaming smile and a broiled chicken. Thus ends our trip. Mr. Browning says the Subway is going to be laid rate in front of my house afore we are a year older, and he further says that Gerald Gray's jackass is the only animal he knows of that has the capacity to make a noise whether she's a drorin' in her breath or lettin' on it out.

There, dear, I've posted you on my past and present, the future will be like unto these till further notice. Lots of love,

Yours, Susie.
To Mrs. William G. Weld

Matunuck, R. I.
Apr. 26, 1901.

My dears,

I must write you about my departure from New York before I forget. You must know Saturday was an awful day there. I lunched with Minna Goddard, went there in a Hansom, came back in another hansom, to save my handsome bonnet. So I remembered at Manhattan in the afternoon that I had done nothing about my tickets nor about my basket of Provisions with which it is necessary to arrive here in the Spring, or starve. I was going to dine with Howard Hart and the theatre afterwards, so I dressed my Hair with all the combs I possess to make it stick out in the latest fashion, put on my best Velvet bodice, but a very old skirt and boots, thus, like the Mermaid, below the line. I tied my head down with my Spanish black lace, put on the Bear, pinned up my petticoats and set out with my new umbrella. They told me it wasn't raining. Wasn't Raining! When I stepped down into 42nd Street, sheets of rain were descending; a great wind from Madison Avenue took my legs and caused them to present this appearance, (picture), but it was no matter, for men were running after their hats or looking skyward for their umbrellas. My veil was immediately blown off my head, which presented this appearance (picture), and the Bear blew round in circles, while my umbrella remained close-reefed and utterly useless.

However, I gained the 42nd St. Station and secured my tickets. By the way the station was nearly deserted, you know, for all the trains from the West were stalled beyond Cleveland, and those that came in were sheeted with snow and ice. But now to provide for my starving family (consisting of myself only). Mrs. Goddard had recommended her butcher, 3rd Aven. and 33nd St. I got a car through the tunnel, conductor put me out at 32nd St. I sped along looking for 3rd Avenue, came upon Lexington Ave. which I hadn't accounted for.

The streets were absolutely deserted (though not dark, about six o'clock), such tempest and rivers. Only two stout ladies were sailing along. I cried out to them, "Is this 3rd Avenue?" They wrapped their Eton Jackets sternly about themselves and moved on, thinking me no better than I should be, which was no doubt was their own case. I reached 3rd Ave.--I was the only person on it--fled upwards in the teeth of the wind to the corner of 33rd. No butcher, only a Fish-shop. I burst open the closed door of the fish-shop and cried aloud for Mrs. F. N. Goddard; as this produced absolutely no effect I asked what had become of her butcher, Mr. Luce. The fish monger pointed me down half a block; I again braved the storm; and dishevelled, droggled, dripping, invaded the stronghold of Loos. Loos wasn't there (on the loose somewhere) but his head-man softened at the Name of God--ard (when he found I wasn't taking it in vain), and put me up a sweet basket full of steak, celery, chives, asparagus, and whatever else don't grow at Matunuck till 2 months hence. His grinning boy, who was
highly amused at me (the only dry thing about me was my umbrella), engaged to bring the stuff to meet me next morning (Sunday, you know) at the 10.2 train, Grand Central (and so he did).

All was well now. I boarded a Lexington Avenue Car and reached a place of whiskey and warmth. Later on after a good dinner at Howard's, we swam, waded down his doorsteps to a cab, and so reached the theatre alive. Captain Jinks was the play, very charming. Sunday was another storm, but I was well encased in cabs and Pullmans. Mailman coming, so I have to stop.

Yours,

Susie.
To Mrs. William G. Weld

Algiers
Feb. 13, 1902.

My dears,

It seems incredible that this should ever reach you, but I will put a stamp on it and cast it upon the Mediterranean waters and perhaps it will return to you after many days. If so, imagine me perfectly happy in my beloved Algiers. I think of you and long for you often. It is too bad Kumpf won’t let you come here. As for the voyage, it would not have hurt a fly. There were amusing persons on board:—also agreeable persons, endurable persons, and a mass of impossibles. The nicest (for us) were the Charles Henry party of 8 from Philadelphia. They gathered us in and took us with them in Funchal to a villa, drawn by Bullocks up a hill, where we had a delicious lunch. Madeira is lovely, with a mild luscious climate, but we shouldn’t want to stay there. It is all up a Hill which you have to come down every time you want to do anything, and there’s nothing to do but to go up again. Algiers is the place for me, or rather this Pension up at Mustapha with a lovely view of the Mediterranean and millions of enchanting drives. Everybody remembers me and is delighted to see me. The life is quite like Mintecito, English and American people in their beautiful Turkish villas running round and giving teas. My mirror is stuck full of cars, and we are going to one today. People send me great fat bunches of longlegged sweetest violets, and panniers of mandarins and oranges just off the vines. The climate too is quite like our beloved Ranch, only not so cold at night, and very warm in the middle of the day. What I like better than San Isidro is the strange sights of Arabes, donkeys, Zouaves, that beset the roads and streets, and then you know I like to waggle my languages. One maid is German, the other is French, the Garçon thinks he talks English. It was a circus at Grenade, where Spanish, German, Italian, French and English were all indespensable, but of that later on.

Our steamer stopped at Gibraltar long enough to go to the Alhambra, and a swarm of passengers was personally conducted by Cook and Son. I meant not to go, but as Ethel Damon was along, it seemed fiendish to deprive her of the trip. We were hauled up and down by seven Cooks with gilt bands round them saying COOK for fear they should be mistaken for gentlemen. Had but 2 nights and the day between at Grenada. Slept at Siete Suolos. It is all there, my dear, just as lovely as ever, but fearful cold, ice in the gutters, no roses, no nightingales, and 150 people cursing the weather, and railing at the trip. But spite of all, it was Rapturous to see it all again. I laid hold of an Italian guide who spoke Spanish, and escaping from the cooks, we dreamed about the halls of Lindejaja and . I kissed the head of one of the sweet Lions. The tank in the Court of Myrtles was frozen!
Not a flower on the terrace of the Algarres. But that panoramic view off from the Gipsy Quarter where you see all the ramparts, the Generalife and the Sierra Nevada, was glorious, for the mountains were covered with snow, and looked like Popo and Intax. Many of those funny old portraits at the Generalife are sold, the walls bare, but the jolly old Genealogic Tree beginning with Theodor the Goth is there. Altogether it was a dream to be there, a dream frappee you might call it, for no biscuit glacé could have been colder. We were hawled through the town toe the Cathedral and Cartuja. Do you remember the little San Bruno statue, tinted ivory, in the Sacristy behind the room that looks like caramel sauce in ice-cream? It was more exquisite than ever, as also the fine Madonna of Alonzo Cano in the large chapel of Cartuja.

"How do you spell Alonzo Cano?" squeaked an American female in the jam of fools surrounding the guide. He paused amazed. I murmured in her ear: "Alonzo", says I just like any other man's name, and the rest is Cano, like cane." (mentally but not obviously adding, "You fool."). The lady was silenced and the guide could continue.

We came down via Bobadilla to Malaga; that cut through the orange coloured rocks and chasms is grand. At Malaga the season was warm and laughing,--like coming into Italy by the Via Mala, apricots and almonds all in blossom, orange trees in profusion. The Alameda looked lovely, but we were thrust into one small boat for the ship and before sunset were pushing along towards Algiers. I thought of you, my dear, at Grenada, and especially at the Generalife, leaning from the woundow of one of those little terraced balconies, but ah! for the rose and the nightingale, they were not there. They will be though when they get ready. Contreras has done wonders with his reparations, all in such delicate taste and tint, you wouldn't suspect any modern touch, simply all is in good order with no cracks and gaps in the ornament. I saw nothing of the worthy Don, no doubt he was in hiding in some uttermost cellar from the frightful incursion of Cooks.

Yours,
Susan.
My dearest Caroline


Probably Postum Serious or something.

But you know, don't you, that I'm saved, saved. Put me on a boat, took out all my fits and things, washed them, but then back, just a darn thing the matter with any of them. In fact I see no object in the performance except to assure the Performer "Batchelor I make a Doctor's Holiday."
Dear [Name],

I am very sorry to hear about your situation. It's hard to imagine the pain and challenges you must be facing right now.

I know that sometimes, things can feel overwhelming and it's easy to feel lost. You're not alone, though. I'm here to support you in any way I can. If there's anything you need, please don't hesitate to reach out.

Sending you all my love and warmth.

[Your Name]
To Mrs. William G. Weld
Cannes, France
Dec. 24, 1909.

Oh! my dear, I'm so Happy! and here's Happy New Year for you.

Yesterday I saw the convoy of poor old Duke Michael Nicholaievitch of Russia. I've seen him year by year (since I was here with Churches), drawn about in a little cart. He was much beloved here. Russian Warships came to the Funeral, with long strings of Middies and Sailors, and Soldiers on a horse from Nice, and Bands playing the Funeral March with drums tied up in black auto-veils, and three priests walking in Gold Nightgowns, so that people took off their hats, and an immense mound of flowers, couronnes from Queens of different sorts with their names tied on great ribbons. My nice cocher put me in a place between two automobiles, side of the road, and I saw them all go by as near as you are, or would be if I were with you. And I sate up in my small carriage with my Hen on my head, and the Fox fur cape, and I dare say they thought I was some of the Queens, and empty carriages of swells that didn't go themselves with coachman and footman and black trappings, and Mayor of Cannes and everybody walking bare-headed in the middle of the street quite bald.

Mary Keating was at the station, amongst other things, and saw a great many that I didn't. She is naturally having the time of her life, but no French.

But isn't it wonderful that Cook has really spoiled the Broth, and the Fat is in the fire again. I understand they are still thinking of a Sanitarium at "Cook's Pole", on account of there being no longitude to speak of, for people suffering from longevity. It wouldn't do to use the Real One on account of the English. But who knows that Peary's is the right one! I believe it is not.

It rains here most of the time, but let me tell you it is lovely and warm, 68° in my open window, and when the sun lies here all day, over 70°. I have the same room I always have; that is there are two or three on the balcony overlooking the sea, in a row, and I always have one of them. There are many changes since I was here the first time twenty years ago. There is hitzung by which I mean a Hump of hot water Pipes, on which Mary and I dry the towels etc., so they have shut up all the little fireplaces that used to be in corners, and put Bureaux made to fit corners, with looking glass on the chimneys, which does away with the Sacred Clock that never ticked, which used to prevail. (There is still one in Algiers). Then of course there is electric light hanging down and bumping your head if you don't push it up; and the same old armoire with a looking-glass door that squeaks, which I call you know the lobster-pot, because all my gowns hook all their eyes into each other in there, so that when you try to take one the whole thing comes down. Another's my Bain (picture) and the stork (picture) which come in of a morning. I have to be
very careful about the tide rising when I sit down in it, and then
there's the fear that little Garcon may bring the dejeuner while
I'm in it. All these joys and fears are salutary.

The people in the little shops in Antibes St. know me, the
man at Crédit Lyonnais smiled all over, they expect me tous les
trois ans; and he laid all the money in Bank at my disposition;
but I can't find my Julian and his horse Rose; I'm afraid he is
dead, or else that elle est morte, and he taken to drink. But no
matter; better not to have everything just alike.

I mean to stay Right Here for 4 months at least, (knock wood)
what I love is to be in one place that I like. I got pretty
tired with the two voyages, and you know we had a terrific storm
crossing from Algiers. I was the only woman visible for 2 days.
Bless you, my Caroline, and Louisa, is she with you?

Yours,

Susan.
To Mrs. William G. Weld

Matunuck,
Friday evening.

Caroline dear:

Did you ever know such fascinating idiots? There was no Rehearsal this afternoon, and I banged my head against the door and fell up against it, all in vain. The enraged man within called out, "What do you want?" and we, for there were a number of fools, "The Concert". Whereupon he replied "They're on the road". I then sat down on the curbstone and read the ticket through from beginning to end, and found there was a gap or hiatus this week.

I left my stockings at your house. My anxious posterity will think I came home barefoot, but you will know what I mean.

# # # # # # # #

(Picture) There is a dreadful woman in this house I have to be civil to. She looks like this (really and truly), so it is very conspicuous. I hope she will go away by and by.

Yours,

Susan.