

delightful "Russia & the world" very well
worth reading. Of course the newspaper
takes much of our reading time, and
just now we are feeling unhappy over
our only nephew Conrad Audubon, who
is in Australia & who goes soon to the
front; both his father & he think him
right to go; but I don't know, as my nephew
& the Cole Audubon & Carry on the same,
but he is twenty eight and must do what
he thinks he should. I had a very nice
letter from H. Townsend after his return
from Labrador with a copy of his earliest tale
"A Labrador Story" which we both enjoyed.
And now I suppose the Brewster House
fund for the comfortable placed for
winter and are finding Samuel Prescott
& thing after you long for you at the
house; I wish you could warm yourself
at my barberry hedge, a long line of flaming
scarlet, glowing like fire when the wind comes.
There joins me in love for both &
regards to all friends in the family & out
Faithfully yours. M. H. Audubon

SALEM
WASHINGTON COUNTY
NEW YORK

Nov. 19th 1915

My dear friends

It seems long since we
heard from each other, though I am
pretty sure I am the one who should
have written, but dear me! how things
crowd these days; it seems to me I
never had less time, yet the conditions
are such it would seem I should have
time to spare, which is far from being
the case. Well our summer is past &
gone and today a sharp east wind
whistles round our warm and com-
fortable house, we don't often have an
east wind here, but when we do we all
know it. Our summer was quiet
yet somehow seemed full; our half sister

Butter spent June, July & a part of August with us; she is now seventy but, very quick and alert in her movements as she has been all her life, and still keeping up her music in her usual wonderful way: but very frail, rarely walking anywhere, her eyes not so good, slightly deaf and very much given to keeping in one place most of the day. Florence still had neuritis, but I am thankful to say less than last year and now it has largely gone, so she cannot use her hands much without returning twinges; her eyes are decidedly improved and she feels much less nervous & really looks like her darling again. For myself I am far more well now, and the fact that they of course did not treat me myself, and that through Aug. & Sep. I was very ill & many weeks in bed, may be passed over. Our garden was lovely: such a sun-

dance of thorn that I was far more than compensated if I lost some of my successes; we were really harassed, even if gratified by the automobilists who stopped & asked permission to see it. The vegetables too were all they should be; we had quantities of rain and very few days warm enough to sit out of doors, never in the evening: the hot spell in Aug. or Sep. - which was it? - was by killed me. I lay in my room most of the time so knew nothing about it, not even when they changed the ice-bags. Through the summer we read some novels not much else & found Locke's "Jaffrey" very entertaining though I wrote that kind of barren long-woman. Now the fall work in the garden & house is about over, & we are settling down to our history & hard books which we much enjoy; yes, in the summer we read Chaucer very



Audubon, Maria R. 1915. "Audubon, Maria R Nov. 19, 1915." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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