

6-22-1902

Letter from Louise Imogen Guiney, Oxford, to
Anne Whitney, Shelburne, New Hampshire, 1902
June 22

Louise Imogen Guiney

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of travel ago,

A very nice new book, which you would title for its briskness and substance, is Hilaire Belloc's *A Path to Rome*. Most of my own reading is not of the holiday order. Are not the recent *Atlantics* excellent? Mr. Perry never fails to send me copies when I have a paragraph or two in the *Contributor's Club*. (That is literally all my 'broken braines' are equal to.) Affectionate remembrances to dear Miss Manning, from

Yours devotedly,

L.P.G.

22^d June, 1902.

12 Walton St., Oxford.

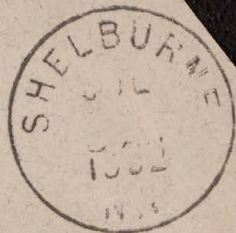
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My very dear A.W.,

As soon as ever I gathered that your wish was back of my own, in the matter of lumping together the decent verses out of my various small bookies, I wrote H.M. & Co. And this is what they said: a perfectly rational answer. You may, if you please, let me have it again at your leisure: it is so tonic a thing, in case I ever begin to believe that I have earned three readers in fifteen years! I suppose I could ask some English publisher, but I haven't much enterprise in that direction. Dear Dr. Parsons used to say: 'Have what you write privately printed, and give the copies only to people you like'. And I thought that an enchanting bit of practical advice until I discovered that there's a noble Fee in it. So the *Complete Quiney* won't go up to you for approval this year. Many thanks to you for the Philippine pamphlet: Dr. Park's sermon. The

interminable duration of this thing makes the heart sick. I, for one, can't seem to whip up hope, as Senator Hoar does, that the upshot will be, and must be, right, and that the national conscience will in the end awake and act, and let go. It was such a pleasure to get Mr. Stone's wedding notice. As I don't know his address, (outside the office one, which is not festal enough to grace the occasion), will you not sometime give him my thanks for remembering me, and proffer my very heartiest congratulations? How nice ^{in general} that they are to live in Plymouth, and how nice for you! I hope you and Miss Manning are 'living heavenly days' among your hills, and that you won't have any breakdown after to spoil the fun, as you had last year. I have been in Dublin lately, having gone over to read a paper on Raleigh before the Literary Society. Auntie was in first-rate condition, so I took her along, but alas, she collapsed before we started to return, and it was a

mortal month's delay. The President of the Society, Dr. Siegel, is an old friend of mine, and besides, a very able & judicious man, with a special understanding of new-division organizations of all sorts; and she was at least fortunate in falling into his kind hands. We have had a gloomy March and June in consequence. She has resumed all her little activities about the house, but her spirits are terribly low, and there has remained to her an impediment of speech which I can but hope is temporary. I can do but little work, as my eye and thought must needs be on her, like a policeman's lantern, as Thackeray says. But Qifon is the most calming place in the world. Summer has only set in within three days. It has been a heavy rain, dark and chilly; though ^{within} my mother reports 92° from our empty ranch at Auburnvale. I repent in no wise of being here.



Miss Anne Whitney,
Shelburne, New Hampshire,
U. S. A.

11/11/36

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