

8-4-1876

## Letter from James Frothingham Whitney, New York, New York, to Sarah Whitney, 1876 August 4

James Frothingham Whitney

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[1876]

Broadway

Aug. 4 - Dog days.

New South,

we are being washed to  
sleep by continual heavy rains;  
and though I have six fields  
(acres) of what I can do down-  
age by the floods, my small  
vegetable patch is getting more  
of a dooming than is good  
for it. - It is well to have green-  
ness in summer time, but this  
everlasting soaking is far from  
being agreeable or healthy. -  
The inside of our house is as damp  
as a vault or an icehouse. To  
touch a piece of furniture with  
the hands is like walking on

the grass to the feet; the water  
sticks to you, and permeates  
every pore. Old shoes grow  
mouldy under the bed, and  
old clothes imbibe the same  
miasma hanging up in the  
Closet. And the rains don't stop!  
What are we to do? Unless the  
clouds soon dry up, and we  
find a way of drying up our  
habitations, we shall all perish  
by the great excess of water -  
Better be at the sea shore and  
live in it, when we can get it  
salted - It must be healthier  
than this everlasting froakness,  
& stickiness, & mustiness.

Collars put on fresh & clean in  
the morning, are sticky and  
dirty, hanging down, & nowhere,  
before night. It is altogether dis-  
agreeable!

I hope you are not so badly  
off for water at Belmont. Emma & the family, with her  
Mother & Carrie, went to Deer-  
field a week ago - they give  
a favorable report of the place,  
and I have sent Jamie after  
them this morning. We must  
have an entire change of air  
for some weeks or months to  
get this Malaria fever out of  
him - I wish he were going  
to a mountain region like  
N. H. or N. C. as I think it would  
be better for him - but as I don't  
know where to send him, will  
hope for some good at Deerfield.  
Emma will stay there until  
into Sept. & Jamie as long, perhaps,  
if he finds it beneficial. With  
3 off, we are reduced to a small

family, Comparatively: Small  
for us, I mean. What is left  
of us keep very well, but as  
I observed before, this overflow  
of the heavens is not likely to  
continue us in the best of temper  
or health. What we most  
need now is, dryness, and  
fresh vegetables, well ripened.  
I pray we may soon have both!

I recd from you yesterday  
the Centennial poem for Carrie,  
which she shall have when she  
returns.

Maggie, I hear, goes to Bel-  
mont, next week, to visit Mary  
Worn, & afterwards to Isle of  
Shoals, on invitation of her friend  
Mrs. Mason of Orange - She  
will take you all news of family,  
what news of the travelers, and  
what of the Semina Models?

Is it not time for some public  
talk about them?

I am hard pressed as you  
see for material to make  
a letter - It is an old say  
that "there is no news in  
Cucumber times," and this  
is Cucumber times with  
me. It is hard to get up  
a perspiration or an inspi-  
ration that does not par-  
take of stickiness, and I am  
sticky while I perspire.

Give a great deal of love  
to mother & all the folks,  
& believe me ever yours

Affectionately

James.