



[William Crosfield Letters](#)

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Charleston S.C.
 (My little sister's birthday)

My dear Bertha,

Last night I was sleeping in the same room as a friend; this morning he awoke me with "now then get up" - before I had opened my eyes I think I to myself this is Bertha's birthday, I then cried "Albright!" and in an instant I was wishing your likeness "many happy returns of the day" did you hear me? It was just after you had had dinner; for you know as I am many thousand miles further west than you are the sun does not rise to us till you have been looking at it for about six hours you get all the light and heat out of it that you want and then pass it on to us and still we have enough and to spare. What do you think they have turned me into? When the officer of the Havana Custom house was examining my trunk, he

found some very nice
pictures that he would
like to have had, and he praised
them so much that I thought
he would ask me for them, at
last the man ^{who} was helping me
through told him that the gentleman
was an artist "Ah si si"
artist to "cried the man and showed
the trunk. now my friends call
me "the artist." When we came away
from Cuba we should have got
a permit to leave the island
but we forgot till it was too late
the night before, and so we went
on board before sunrise and
smuggled ourselves off. The harbor
of Havana is closed at night, the
is to say the soldiers do not allow
vessels to go in or out between
dawn and sunrise and they fire
a gun on each occasion just
as the first rays of the sun appear.
That morning bang went the
gun - a man behind me cried
out - "They hit old sunrise pretty
hard that time didn't they!"

129
This is a curious country
for a man to get along in
England you know a man can't
go on the railway without money
but a gentleman has just
started from this house on a
journey of 1500 miles and he
has not enough money to pay
for 50 miles, till he gets to the
other end; isn't it queer? I have
made some very nice friends in the
last few weeks and have been in
company since I left Cairo so that
time has passed very pleasantly
to me, tomorrow I shall start
again alone and do not expect
that I shall like it but it must
be done. You would be surprised
to find that I did not go to Jamaica
as I had intended but you ^{will} know
how it was by a letter that I sent
off today. The steamer that I came
in from Cuba was a delightful
one and (as there were only eight
of us to occupy all the staterooms
all the saloons and eat all
the dinners we had a very

good time. One day we
saw several turtle swimming
past the ship - we used to lie
in the front part of the ship and
look at the water and watch the
fish - there were jellyfish of various
colours red - purple and blue; and
another kind of sea animal that
we did not know the name of
but we fancy it is the vegetable
-fish like a very large mushroom
with roots many inches long of
various colours. Oh I did so love
to stop and pick some of these
up to bring away it seemed
a pity to pass them by and let them
waste their beauty as it seems
us though we must remember
that God did not make anything
to be wasted and no doubt has
use for these sea beauties that
we know nothing about. I am
very very anxious to see you all
once more I spend a good deal
of time with you mentally and
hope that you will make both
Mama and Papa quite well before
I come home on Sunday. You will
writ you Bethadear? and please your
brother
Willie