

Minnesota Historical Society

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<Lamb House,>
<Rye,>
<Sussex.>
Sept. 8, 1906

My dear Emily,

I am afraid I have shown you before that I may be disgracefully slow as a correspondent, & yet shown you also, I believe, that I am in the long run sure[?]. I won't remind you of how long ago it was that I had your last so interesting letter (you may have forgotten a little) nor will I attempt to extenuate my too belated acknowledgment. I live belated in these ways, & I fear that if I had

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always to explain why I should give up my correspondence altogether! I had received the visit of Mrs. Potter[?]& her companion when I heard from you (in fact she had had time to write back to you and I rejoice to know that she did so with such amiable appreciation) but it's late indeed in the day to speak of that fleeting hour & impression. Not that the impression wasn't very pleasant and interesting: I liked the earnest, eager, intelligent little Pady[?] very much, & found her most conversable & sympathetic. Interesting also is

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what you tell me of her history. But she didn't impose on me her infelicitous (or whatever it is) novel. She was too discreet & too subtle for that & vanished gracefully & promptly, in her subtlety, having no responsibility in her trade[?]. Altogether a model visitor, "admirer" and introducee [sic]. I have lately had much more intimate links with you, however, in the persons of Olivia & Louise, who paid me a short but welcome visit a couple of weeks ago, & with whom it gave me great pleasure to find myself again in relation. The Saturday-to-Monday

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that they spent here was a lovely moment. We have had the most wondrous of all summers & if they have written you they have probably reported kindly of little old Lamb House & its little old garden & its (not so <u>very</u> little—in girth) old master. They appear to me full of youth and agility & curiosity, & had evidently been greatly enjoying (as you will have heard from them) their adventures in England & Scotland. I envied them their power to <u>go</u> & to enjoy—though they have gone now in a direction that won't be, I fear, a very enlivening impression.

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Poor little Henrietta Rodgers (the "Nettie" of our, or at least of my youth,) died ten days ago at Lausanne, where she had been living these several years with Katie (both very invalideial[?]) & poor Katie is, to my belief, left alone as to be obliged to return to America (though I think she must have lately have had her brother with her—or actually have[?] him.) Olivia & Louise, at any rate, have taken their way to Ouchy (on the Lake of Geneva,) where they will be near her & see her & report to me of

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[written sideways in margin in separate hand:]Return this mother

her & her situation—for which I shall be indebted to them. (At any sign of <u>need</u> from poor Katherine I should have gone to her myself.) But these are direc[t?] relationships that you have probably forgotten. Your sisters have told me very good & interesting things about your children & wild & romantic ones about your lodge in the wilderness (of which your own letter gives me a thrilling impression.) I give up the lodge as lost to me, but I should like much to see the children. Therefore send them out to us by letter, bring them out or best let them bring you & their father. I give them my poor but honest blessing & renew my very

[conclusion to letter continues on the left and top margins of page 1] kind regards to your husband, & am, my dear Emily, your affectionate old cousin Henry James.

P.S. We have had in "Europe" a marvelous summer, more than 3 months of unbroken radiance of weather. I'm so glad your sisters have come in for it. But you're <u>always</u> fine weather on the Mississippi I believe?