

11/11/33

3501 Neward St.
Washington D.C.

HIGHOVER
NORTH BEVERLY, MASS.

Sunday July 9th

Dearest Mildred

We both send our thanks and
blessings to the kindly guardians of
the Terrestrial Paradise who have so often
put down the flaming sword & let
us in. You must be tired of having
people tell you what a work of art
& genius you have created, & every
genius knows his work, that it is
good. To touch & life that skeleton

of an old place, with so fine a skill
 that everything which has been
 transported so miles & placed there,
 looks as though it had grown there
 from seed, & remained through long
 years of history & tradition. The charm
 you have evoked is neither of France
 nor Italy, of America or Europe, but
 a blend of all their beauties and
 something distinct & of itself alone.

I have found three little extracts
 from Dante's 'Earthly Paradise' at the
 end of the 'Purgatorio', which I think

fit into your garden. There might
some day be a store or a block of
wood to carve them on, if you want
some words of the Divine poet in your
woods.

A thousand thanks & love to Uncle
love from your affectionate

Caroline Phelps

P.S. We decided it was much wiser
& leave you & Bob & ourselves today in
your "Paradise"! I hope you had your cottage
cheer by the stream in your field.

I

literal translation

They also in older time sang of the
golden age
and its happy state, perchance
dreamed in
Parnassus of this place
Parg. XXVIII-139

2. But, singing, with full gladness they
welcomed

the first breezes within the leaves
which were murmuring the burden of
their song
Parg. XXVIII-16

3.

And as the leafy breeze, herald of the dawn,
this,
and breathes forth sweetness, all
imregnate
with grass and with flowers
Parg. XXIV. 145

For all green birds
Dads.

1

Quelli, che anticamente poetaro
L'età dell'oro e suo stato felice,
Forse in Parnaso esto loco sognaro.

Purg. XXVIII - 139

2

Thin green birds
at dawn

Ma con piena letizia l'ore prime,
Cantando, ricevieno intra le foglie,
Che tenevan bordone alle sue rime;

Purg. XXVIII - 16

3

For a flower
garden

E quale, annunziatrice degli alberi
L'aura di maggio rinnovella
Tutta impregnata dall'erba e da' fiori;

Purg. XXIV. 145