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About the Institute

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

This is my first
 letter written by since I was
 as my hands have been free
 making & cooking good things
 for the best out around me,
 & I am happy to say we have
 reason to be very thankful for
 all the blessings & mercies we
 have received. My dear friends
 that enjoyed the festivities & we
 have all been well & our child
 then you & all have been

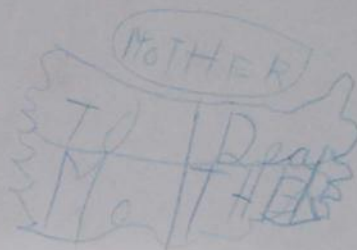
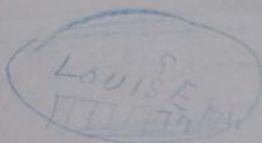
& I Love a Kiss for the
cute & pretty little Pen wiper
Agnes & Jack have gone out
walking. Sarah & Lucia
Send you much love. I do
wish you should all about
your papers & notes of Wash-
ington & Raydon's & how Lee
is looking & our dear Chuck
how he is getting on in
business. Love of Ben & all
friends especially to my Mother
I am glad you won't have
I thank you for some reason.
& I trust that God's hand is
leading you both. I long to hear
you with me my darling
Long until he & Mary are

JAN. 2, 1912

FUNNY KISSES



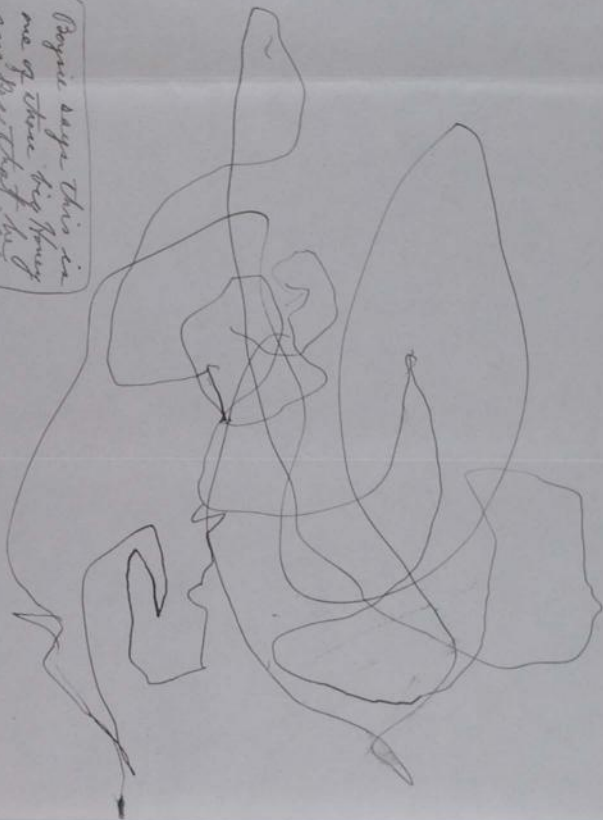
From Louise
to Mother.



JAN 2, 1912

B O X 21 E

Copy page. This is
one of those big heavy
ones that they
use every night
for supplies.



605. W. 141st St. New York.

January ten - 1912.

Dear Dr. Duggler,

Thanks for the
check received two days
ago - I was quite shocked
to find the amount un-
reduced as I had prepared
myself for a deficit.

Thank you both for the
Christmas good wishes.
The weather was kind
to us, and the young
folks did much going
and enjoyed themselves

With best wishes for the
family I am

Very cordially yours
Elizabeth Lee Atkinson.

mean a never before
small, although
she has quite a little
merriment, but I do
not, the house is so
open. With a heart for
I desire you and
Dear Ben. Well about
business for the children
Ever your loving
father
P.S. Ben's eagle feather
I found one of
much. Tell him
he is a "Go"
I will take to
myself your name and
from here. He will
and 20 of course.
PM.
1712

My own Sweet-Sister:

you will never
believe it when I tell you
the ground and everything
is white with snow. First real
snow storm they have ever had
down here. Yesterday it snowed
all day, and today it is ^{quite} cold. I almost froze to the bone

the chamber under it was frozen
and every bit of water in the room
even the medicines in the bottles were
frozen in my room this morning.
This house is so open and not
to keep it warm at night. I am
as close to the fire as I can get. Both
the children been cold. And I had to
have them vaccinated Friday for
there is a case of small-pox here.
Tell my darling, if you are cold
in Idaho you better come down to
this warm southern climate. Jack
wrote that it was 16° below zero
this morning he got home. The paper
said it was the coldest winter in
16 years in Chicago. People down here
say that this cold weather won't last
long here. But this is an unusual
winter everywhere. All the time Jack
was here, this week, it rained all the
time. wasn't that mean, for no
place looks good in wet weather especially
this little place. All fall up to June
has been such nice warm weather.
Jack took us by surprise, for did

not know he could come
until the telegram came.
He got a round trip ticket
for one fare. On account of that
he thinks we had better stay
until milder weather. I was
going to anyway. But - dear
you don't know how hard it
is to live with old people with
children. Gramma picks at Dot
all the time. And she says
she has to keep Papa, Aunt
Lucia and Miss Sarah in
their places. I wish you could
see how she scolds them.
It is too bad Gramma is so
self willed. She is worse since
her illness. It is all I can

do to give in to her all ^{JAN 14 1912} the
time. He got along O. K. because
I don't mind her, but I let
no one else could. Alice Hyman
is Dranna's theme for conversation
we have her served in all
styles every day. And while I
am on this subject: let me
tell you that the fence Daddy
put around our lots, (I did not
know he put it around mine
until I walked across the
cor and saw it: I will the men
of the town had it taken down
said it was on the street.
Now we will have to go to Law
for Daddy says not to give in

to them, and Mamma is ready to fight.
I would rather give in than have any
fight with these people. But Daddy
has a fit when I say that. So give
in I have to, but the Lolo will soon
eat up themselves in Sawmills. I have
no money to fight with. The people
here do not like Papa and they do every-
thing to annoy him. Now Missie Dear,
please do not mention what I have
written to you, for I don't want Daddy
to quarrel with me. And he will have
to smile you himself and if he doesn't
you must have to bother your head. I
was as mad with him the other
day. I told him to take his old Lolo-
back. I will write you how the fight
comes out, if we win the Lolo has to
pay and put the fence up. Mr Colcock
the Lawyer says we are in the right for
the Lolo cut the sheet through our property
without notice or paying for it. I tell
you these things for I think you ought
to know, and you and I are one and
we have nothing from each other.

Now Honey Dear, I want to thank you
and dear Ben, for the lovely "Comac" gifts
to me all. You could not have sent
me anything I want more than

"Lamden and Old Laci" by
"Myrtle Reed." I am reading the
book now, and the dainty hand-
chiefs are lovely, and I was so
in need of pretty, fine handkerchiefs.
Bubie thanks you for the lovely
tie and Dot for the small box of
paper. I use it on small occasions.
I had so little to do with Miss
Gomas, and you could not buy
even a card in this place. I
only sent to you and Alice, and
had to send to Savannah for
those few. We were so glad to
get your interesting letter.
You certainly had some gay
life in Washington. Wish I
had been there too. Alice writes

Donna's List

JAN 14, 1912

Jack gave me 5⁰⁰

Father's watch in his mind 5⁰⁰ gold piece

Mother's ... 5⁰⁰

Alice & Charles sent me a lovely silk
petticoat and stockings

Anna a lovely shirt waist pattern

Sonora a little vanity case

Doug a pretty handkerchief & jabot

Alice and Doug. a linen slipper bag.

Elizabeth & Will a silk petticoat.

Lee and Chuck sent me a lovely
white kid belt, jabot for side of
suit coat and lovely pink scarf.

Then Lee sent me a pretty dress me
of hers and two lovely shirt waists.

I am so glad for them but they
will have to be fixed me for Lee
is much larger than I.

Mama gave me a handkerchief
she made and pair of gloves.

Mrs Johnson a friend sent me
a lovely pair of black silk stockings.
how cozy I am over silk stockings.
Mrs Boyd sent me a lovely cap, she
made me, to wear when my hair would
fly.

Edith Benson a lovely handkerchief.
Mother Parsons sent me a pretty hand-
kerchief and inside the handkerchief
a \$5 gold piece. Wasn't that sweet
of her. And it was such a
surprise.

All my friends remembered
me either with letters, pretty cards
or gifts. Dr Wheeler, ^{of South Haven} even sent me
a lovely card with Pansies.

The children received so many
lovely gifts. Dot will have to write
and tell you herself the ^{made} ~~made~~
that just for you herself. Dot has
always been grateful for the happy

JAN 11 1871
But they will go to Washington
in March and board until
June when go back to Durham
for the summer. What
did "Lee" and "Chuck" give you
for "Tomat"? They sent me a
dandy "Tomat". I will send
you a Lib. of my "Tomat" parents.
I would like to visit "Lee" and
"Chuck" for a week and leave
the children here. Gee, I am dying
to do a "Sketch". If you come down
here in March you will see for
yourself what a dull place it is.
I bet Elizabeth won't like it. We
are sorry she is coming. Well
Deanie, I must close as dinner
is ready. We are all well. Aunt
Lucia stays in bed this weather.

P. M. South Framingham,
MASS.
JAN. 24, 1912

Conrad Seneca

South Framingham,

Dear Marie-Louise,

The ypon is the
dearest, fattest little thing
and it brought the sweetest
message from you at the
dear Christmas season that
seems to bring us all together
again. The bay berries are
delicious and for two fresh
and dainty to mix up against
a flat iron. havers! to keep
it for a sachet, do you
mind? No so back to the
ypoon. it was dear of you

to make my baby such a lovely
gift. I love it, so squatty and
delicately suggesting by its ample
bowe that after all every
little baby really has to be a
little piggy pig. I am glad you
didn't have it marked because
we've changed her name - father
only six people in all the world
liked her first name, although
it was logical and reasonable
and marked truly not like
two and two. But people roved
about it, notably Allie and
as young William is an
aspirant for her hand we
felt we ought to consider
carefully. It is Roseanne
Nash now. Tell me you like

it. It is for me, I have
been called that by every body
in Church or nation of it for
years and so I did it.

Fances has come out into the
open, as you say, après vingt
ans - First when of her existence
in years but I was glad to
know she still lived us. Maybe
you have heard from her sister
and I hadn't. She is a
happy old man and I am happy
to hear her happy.

I hear you have been shipwrecked
with Henry Burrows and he
finds you just the same as
ever. What praise could he
bring? Wasn't it a shame

we couldn't have disappointed ourselves
this last summer!

I have been in Durham twice
lately to be with Gestrade. You
may have heard that we have
lost dear old jolly Andrew. and
it is a sad loss. As you
say Durham will have changed
for us when we meet there
again.

What about your works? do
tell me about them. I asked you
before and you ignored my
question. I am so interested.

I am deep in the life of
Benvenuto Cellini by himself and
I am lost to the world when
I am reading it - you probably
know a whole lot about

JAN 25/1912

him but I am really a
professional ignoramus.
I am waiting with perpetual
eagerness for a chance to
set William de Morgan's
last. He is wonderful to me
but so many queer - do you
like them? The affair of
Discombe is queer but it
seems marvellously close
to me.

How is my dear little
Marie Louise? She is a
child I could love as my
own and little son I
have never seen.

Write me a letter with

some of your advice, I give
it much thought - especially
~~those~~ about treatment of
husbands.

A nice letter not still must
little sanitary kiss & have
Louise ^{and baby} and my regards to
Mr. Duggan also Ben
and my love to you as ever,
Blanche

24 January, 1912.

P.S. What is your address?
B.

sec 31 - I - 1912

The Modern & Medieval Ballad
of Mary Jane G
F
circa 1907

It was the maiden beauties
Her name was Mary Jane
to teach the District School she walked
Early morning dawn the lane -
II

well skilled was she in needlework
Egyptian she could speak
could manufacture girdle cakes
and jest in ancient Greek -
III

It was the stalwart Benjamin
who loved his father's corn
He saw this lovely maiden pass
at breaking of the dawn -

—II—

Deep sighed that bold admiring dame
The maid vouchsafed no look,
She munched a spring of mother's seed
And read her spelling book—

—V—

A low whisper made he then
"Right brachy did he speak
"There is no rose so fair" he said,
"As that upon thy cheek."

—II—

Full many a brooch & silken gown
Will I bestow on thee
If thou wilt leave thy father's house
And come and marry me—

—II—

and then did Mary Jane reply
Try some patch there mayst till
A castle to teach the infant mind
In yonder lofty Cill—

—III—

No never golden brooch have I
No silken gown I lack
I will not wed an husband-man
So take thine offer back—

—IX—

Ah firmly blew the icy blasts
When winter's storms begin
But fierce was the rage that filled
The heart of Benjamin—

~~IX~~

He tore in shreds his raven locks
And wailed loud - lone no more
Smile on, he cried, thou haughty
Thou shalt repent thee soon -

~~VI~~

The maiden turned she did not speak
Her tear drops fell like rain
Those plaintive words at last did pierce
The heart of Mary Jane

(contin.)

Alas blithely sang the sowing task
The morning sunlit again
up rose the sun in the golden beams
and up rose Mary Jane.

XIII

She got her to her daily task
as on the former morn
Alas she spied not Benjamin
a leasing of the corn.

XIV

No longer as she trips along
Her merry song she sings
The tears drop down her pretty eyes
Her lily hands she wrings.

XV

And at that gone fair Benjamin
Alas whether Court than field
My spelling book hath charms no more
I would that I were dead.

XVI

But ere the maiden far had gone
 She viewed her doughty knight
 Delayed not many leagues ^{thence} far
 And in most quiv'ring flight -

XVII

For as he to his husbandry
 That day would faine have passed
 A monster cow his path beset
 And sorely him harassed -

XVIII

Upon the summit of a wall
 He sits and dare not flee
 The awful beast its sprangling horns
 Dute brandisheth frightfully -

XIX

"Oh relay Jane," he said "if you
 But love me do not stay to weep
 But lend a friendly hand
 And drive the cow away -

XX

Her spon then she quickly takes
 And wipes her streaming eyes
 That quicker melt the morning dew
 Than to her love she flies

XXI

Her parol that ventures maid
 Exalted o'er her head
 Thine waved it in the air and lo!
 Straightway the monster fled -

XXII

After the bovid cow had gone
 He jumped down from the wall
 And made all haste to join his dear
 And then began to bawl -

XXIII

Ugh Mary Jane has rescued me
 And I to her love fled
 Let's live us to your father
 That we may yet be wed - (Certain

So to her father they did lie
with all the cattle they could
and soon they found him all alone
a' sitting on a block of wood -

~~XXV~~

Then up spoke grateful Benjamin
"For sooth I had been dead
had Mary Jane not rescued me
and ere I fair would need"

~~XXVI~~

up spoke her aged sire then
Full gratefully spoke he
How dearest thou, thou paper-jay
to ask such thing of me -

~~XXVII~~

To meet thou but a millionaire
Then would I not demur
But thou art but an husbandman
and she a school teacher -

Oh surely surely did they grieve
 The cruel parents' heart
 Imflexible as stone remained
 and they were torn apart -
 certain -

XXVIII

and now has come Lord Mortimer
 a - rising for his hand
 a richer nobleman than he
 is met in all the land -

XXIX

Upon his lordly knees he sank
 One bended knee he fell
 "And wilt thou not fair May Jane
 within my castle dwell?"

From waist now with weary feet
But then, halt side the state
and dine and sup like any queen
off my ancestral plate -

~~XXXII~~

Right scornfully the dainty maid
Her lovely nose upturned
She waved her lily hand and thus
His tempting offer spurned

~~XXXIII~~

"Get hence, unwelcome from thy gold
Like mine thy pedigree
I pledged truth with Benjamin
Who sails the winged sea -
Certain

~~XXXIV~~

May verily, her father said
Braided up thy golden hair
Prepare to die if thou wilt not
For nuptials prepare -

~~XXXV~~

She braided up her golden hair
With jewels bright & soon
She clad her in her thiriel dyed gown
And eke her thiriel patched shoon -

~~XXXVI~~

Also for Mary Jane, the knife
Hangs glittering on her head
Upon the altar Mortimer
Waits his fair bride to wed -

~~XXXVII~~

Alas Benjamin Alas Benjamin
Was all that she could say
She wist not but that he was dead
Or thousand leagues away

~~XXXXVII~~
"The winds I hear the one bell
all father quickly lies!
"Tis but a pesky book-agent
we have no time to buy.
~~XXXXIX~~

The fatal knife descends, descends,
like shields no mercy in
when to! a shout! the door gives way
the rushes Benjamin -

~~XXXX~~
~~XXXX~~
Full many a year a pirate held
the sailed the Spanish Main
I shall return a trilionaire
to claim the Mary Jane!

~~XXXXII~~
up spoke her happy sire there
Can I my eyes believe
upon your knees my children dear
the blessing to receive -

Garfield, Utah
Jan 31, 1912

Maie dear! -

Here is the wonderful
Mary Jane - or rather all
I can remember of it - The
original copy has long been
lost, but I've given it so
many times that I think
my memory is fairly accurate -
you need not return it - I
only hope you can decipher
my writing and that you
remember how we asked it -
The last seen and now are the

about Chuck - I have always felt he was
sort of a brother of mine -

I wish you could run out here and let us
throw you out. We are having such a lovely
warm winter - The children play out of doors
without any wraps at all and we have slept
on the porch all winter - We had a little
snow at times but hardly enough to
fully enjoy the new sleds that Santa Claus brought
- My hyacinths and other bulbs are blossoming
in the house so with all the sunshine we
feel that spring is here -

I don't know any really good reason for
my delay in thanking you for those lovely
sea moss cards - I do enjoy looking at
them so much that I don't know whether
I can bear to part with them or not - I
have promised to give the Bridge Club a
luncheon where I will lay a dozen of the
dories which are given for prizes - There
were already so perhaps I'll have a very
good chance to use the place cards - My
friends all seem to hope I will for they
have been much admired - Many
thanks to you for them and for your
thought of me -
With very love to you all
Ellie -

taking features and you will
have no trouble in making
them I am sure - I hope
Squire may have as much
fun with it as we used to
have - It makes me feel
ancient to be sending it to her -

You must have had a fine
time in Worthington & Bathurst.
Or Mary Walker must be a
very old lady - I remember seeing
her in Hanover, when I was a
child and I thought she was
old then - I supposed she was
dead long ago -
I was so glad to hear a word

Alas for Cupidless Titania
of loveless Cupidless sleep
He gave up all his little deeds
and joined a circus troupe

But recently the bells did ring
Tand was the cannon's din
Upon the day when Mary Jane
was wed to Benjamin.
