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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.

Cornwall, July 24th 99

B. M. Enggner
Bismarckstr.,
Leipzig.

Dear Ben:-

I expect you think me rather a poor correspondent still you ought to have found this out long ago, when I expected to write to you & met with an accident to my ^{right} finger on my left hand as was obliged to post you writing. Still I am now writing tho' do not forget me that finger - tho' it does not so often give me the other the same as before. I noticed in a late paper that Prof. Bannwell would take the place of Dr. Muir at the University, the latter having died very suddenly just before commencement and very suddenly.

Yesterday I received a letter from mother, then being little news of importance from that quarter, she said the boys are giving the Gibson girls the most believe Lewis has been forcing some of his spare time down them.

Now Ben expects to meet Fred in New Jersey in the fourth and together they expect to take in the country around some. I have expected that she and Fred would make a trade for next year.

Lewis has not as yet heard from his son - much more although it is now
for

can not tell me I don't suppose you will smell
fish or anything or boiled - being chicken on the fall when they
will have obtained their full growth and be able to furnish
more than enough for one - I have not tried chicken or be
now water here in the one boarding house they managed to
get a good bait when I went down in the "stick" to a picnic.
While in I have not been concerned about Payne and also Poor P. R.
one of my close mates on having the most outrageous idea and for
pay in the dock - he organized a company during the Spanish War
and of course was dismissed as all others to but how he comes to
get the appointments as kind of cadets at University I don't see
except through some powerful influence - Johnson in doing some
good things in this state of late and he might have had a hand.
I am going to keep trying to get in with the Poor P. R. at Rome or P. R.
For a while I had a good notion of going to the Philippines as a deser-
tain that capacity you are paid more and are more at liberty and
have a better chance to see something of the country and
besides are not exposed to the fire.

I have begun to like to move about from place to place almost like
a bird - the only trouble in going is I think one will be compelled
to stay there years and might be brought back at any time to
this country and sent into Alaska, or any other place that may
please the Washington authorities.

There are no redeeming features one sees the country and life of
the natives and is also able to come over a thousand miles in their
strength of time - still one would be nearly unfit for anything
else.

JULY 2, '99

The Robinson Mining Co. here for the last two weeks had trouble with the striking miners at Jackkooda only a few have been working and others trying to persuade them to stop unless their wages will increase - or all the coal miners have settled their differences and are at work. I think the ore miners will be forced to resume work at the same old scale as usual.

I have thought of an article that can be made cheaply and should sell well on the market if I can get some outside to furnish the capital for half interest.

I hope to profit by past experience. The article is, or rather small affair intended to be placed against the door at bottom - the top of the foot or heel plate with a quarter by an iron side and a an angle or point downwards and away so that the place on the gaff (whether not whether the capital or not) is on the turtle and on a nice go through to the floor and the turtle piece into the floor being careful to fix it across the distance from door by the foot the turtle being stuck in the hole in board and the heel block between the boards between door and door frame and with the shoulder also against and not the wedge shape of heel block will keep door from being pushed open from outside for the turtle prevent slipping. The latch like piece can be made to be adjusted on either side to fit any door to be able to go between.

You can see that all can be made of soft thin steel and can be
stamped out and put together readily at a little cost - even if
it does not fill the bell entirely just so that scum folk will
buy it will be all the same - I think the scum folk
of this country could be induced to buy if no other.
As it is nearly ten times I must close - please excuse
this note as my leg is lame

Your brother
W. J. G. G. G. G.

Sunday 5th 1899.

My dear Son

This is my usual day for writing so that my letter may reach W 9 for the mail steamer, & make as quick a trip as possible. I have been turning about at a rapid rate this morning, straightening up after a bath day dinner, replacing reserve chains, gloves, silver &c is no small job but I am pretty well through now; with my poor help & dining is quite an effort, helped by Uncle Wm to pull back & keep everything afloat, in spite of all that, every thing passed off nicely & my dinner was very much complimented by able judges, Miss Low & Mrs. Bance, at any rate there was none of the German formality about it, it certainly is funny the way they do, there seemed was about as peculiar as their other ways. I was so glad you wrote me all about it, & the torch light procession. I read that part of your letter to Miss Mary McDonald she seemed to be pleased, said "I declare that is a splendid description & that letter is interesting & good enough to be published, better than Lillian

Well candles, we think the same of all your
letters but of course would not think of put-
ting them there tho I sometimes let Uncle Hanks
& aunt Harbelle read them because I know they
appreciate & enjoy them, but I must go back to
our dinner. Uncle Waver said he only wanted to
ask Dr & Mrs Forester but as I had to prepare
a nice dinner I concluded to invite some more
of his friends. Dr A. Adams, from Decatur, Miss
Stewart & Miss Mary, Miss Lou & Miss Powell,
Reuben & Mrs Gholson, with home folks 13 in all,
I fixed 12 seats, the Foresters had sick children
& could sit none, neither could Dr A. Mrs Adams
was taken sick, & Reuben sent no excuse. Mrs
Waver had been with us a day or so, went home
the night before to return early next morning, 12
o'clock came & he was not here so Wm Barron
was here to do his bidding by his order so we
sent him up in his (Wm's) buggy to see what
was the matter, at 1 the dinner hour, he
was not in sight, after a while he came &
in his slow way unpacked ingredients for a
chariot punch which he must make himself,
then he had a table & placed it at the

end of the front porch, right in the sun,
in front of the vines would have been so
much nicer but he must have his own way,
all this time dinner was done waiting to be
served, then I heard he had invited Charles
& "Fred" up, & they had to be waited for, at
last they came. Omelette & tomato soup was served,
then while dinner was being put on, the guests
amused themselves with raw tomatoes, barbecued
pig, chicken pie, corn pudding, baked tomatoes
& white potatoes & was the 3rd course. Peach
ice cream "delicious" "Charley" said, layer cake
& sponge cake the 4th course, coffee was handed
in the parlor because it was late & I thought
my troupe of dukes (a) were needing their
dinner. Uncle Waver furnished Claret, Sauternes
wine, & Champagne.

Well! I stopped to give Lewis his dinner
breakfast & hear about the dinner he attended in
Hammond last night, the night was cool &
dinnering not crowded so the times passed very
pleasantly, he brought one of the Stout girls
back, went alone as he did not know he could
be spared from home & had considerable conversation.

He has been helping your Father with Ben Hatcher
who I believe I wrote had a relapse, the relapse
has run into typhoid fever & he has been very
ill, they had a trained nurse, your Father stayed
several nights & Lewis could be there during the
day to take care of him while the nurse slept,
quieted by another nurse came so that Knocks
Lewis out of his job, your Father now goes down
twice a day, each nurse is to be paid \$15.00 a
week, & your Father charges \$3.00 a visit, more for
attention as Mrs H's bills will be heavy, then
Lewis comes in for a share, all from giving up to
Ben whom he was up from Highland fever.

Dark clouds have been hanging around all the
morning but we have had only a sprinkle, so much
we could have a good rain, need it as much
the few things we have in the garden will be
entirely dried up unless we have a good rain
soon. Lewis learned last night that Reuben went
to Montgomery to meet Fred & had not returned.
They were to look at the country to see if B- could
do any better there than here. Fred wrote to Lewis
from Huntsville but it was all about the Pros &
their chances, he thought if Lewis would move

JULY 3, 1899

up at once he might get into some practice
but Lewis says he must make something to
start on as he is still waiting on those lumber
men.

The last card from Waver said he heard "a
fellow" could get a trip to the Philippines, \$30.00
a month, clothes & rations & not be exposed or in a
fight, & that he thought he had better go, I wrote
begging him not to think of such a thing, have
not heard from him since, he may have been
faking & I hope he was, for I would be unwilling
to have him go, he is in my corner, does not say
whether he has constant employment or jobs.

I believe I have told you everything there is to tell
as I will close, with much love from us all

Yours devoted

Mother.

Dear Ben, - As I do not know
where your Mother left off -
I must commence at the
beginning of "my tale". -
and in doing so - will say
that several of us are feeling

rather dull & slow - after a scattered conversation between Mrs Cholmon, Charley House - Fred McRae & Miss Mary McDonnell; not forgetting our brilliant young neighbor Miss Lou Browder. Mrs Cholmon took the lead however, but a head of her, still, was her own imagination. She advanced - retreated, tacked about & skirmished for gun & time - but when the Champagne came on in due form & foam - she opened with rapid firing gun & we only listened with silent admiration. With her, just now, are four of her nieces, - they have already stayed 4 good weeks, which we all think is, as to time - 3 weeks more than we expected - They are about four of, as our bright girls, from 25 - downwards, as you might expect to see from

the suburbs of any Louisiana town. She says they are very timid & reserved; - we think they reserve a good deal, & I have never heard a good joke from any one of them, or any sparks of brightness, tho Mrs C is constantly thence something about them. A sudden notion has seized upon her that there is too much sickness in the Country, & she must away to some la springs, hence - we judge, she has decided that the girls are a nuisance to her.

Your Uncle Waver tried to be lively & witty yesterday to all, but I am persuaded, not even 'punch' - & Champagne - could make him forget his bad feelings -. He is not - at all well or at himself - I had to look at him with curiosity on the third, as he appeared quite dazed. The dinner, however, went off well & we missed you & think you'd enjoyed our baked pig &okra soup & chicken

= pie, more than you did gr
Judson Vernon Professor's
lunch - tho you sipped original
Vernon beer. We wish we could
transfer to you some of our nice
fried chickens &c -

Today, on this morning's visit to
Benny Hatch, makes me think he will
get well. We have had a hard time
with him (Typhoid fever) - have with
him, two trained nurses, blonde
& brunette - one from Selma & one
from Tuscaloosa. Luwellyn has been
helping me with him. Ruben took an
excursion trip to Montgomery to meet Mr
Bro Med, on his place, near by to the City
of Montgomery. We are nearly dried up
as to our crops - the early corn & the garden
are almost ruined. The north wind,
is so drying to vegetation & to the ground,
The roads too are full of dust. The outlook
for a corn crop is bad - but cotton expects in hot
sunshine. 'Tis well there is only one 4th of July
in a year, if gr Mother had to drive a lot every time.
With love from us all. Gr Father. *W. S. Simmons*

The Professor
Lends his
Central
He has 34 students
working in his laboratory
this summer - and he could take a trip
to the West
Fall Creek Cottage
Cornell Campus, Ithaca N.Y.
July Sixteenth
P.M. 1899

Am I not 'extremely good'
or else - 'extremely bad'? - Your
letter - was brought - to me from
the post office only a few
moments since - - and although
the professor - pronounced this
"a d—ably muggy morning"
and I can actually feel my
brain gently simmering I
am going to answer your
letter - "just - now". -

The letter is - delightful - and
even if I do not answer it -
in kind, I can show my
appreciation - by most unbecomely
late; - Then there is another
element comes in - - whole heap

of nice letters from nice people - he is very devoted
- getting involved - from very excess of being unanxious.
(new species of mold - called - *Reciproca neglecta* -) and Fadden
I enjoy the idea of leaving them there and answering you at once.
All of which confession shows - that - although I
have attained the heights of - Sumner Professor -
I retain the usual - wintery disregard of consistency
for which my sex is justly noted.

It seems to me a great many things have
happened since Dante. The wedding went off
with great success. - The knot was tied very quickly
by the Rev. C. M. Tyler - but it is a good - fast knot -
(like the one in your shoe string - at night - when you are tired)
The bride looked as greenly - as a bride should
look. She was dressed in white made up over yellow
and carried - long stemmed lilies (Lemon lilies) - in her
hand - and resting back over her arm - like the front

B 2 7/12/99

page-figure - on a June number
of the Art Magazine. -

I would like to add right
here - that - after associating with
the twin-made-one - now for -
a month more or less. I am

ready to say that the ceremony
wrought great improvement.

Many can converse - at least ten
minutes now - on - exciting topics
without - dragging into the conversation
the name "Wilhelm" (the way
she used to ruthlessly seize him
by his golden locks - and
drag him into the - far-from-his
conversations - was simply
a miracle - to behold).

I am taking solid comfort
with them now - a day. - since
they - are radiating a little light.
instead of focusing it - all
on each other.

Glenn Henrich is with us - and
he looks joyful though he
does not say much. - He left -

a 4 or 5 hours old son in Marshville N.C. when he
came North. . . and later news says that his
son and his wife are alike hilarious and in good health.
I at once evolved a pun. . . for which almost
made him regret that he was a father. I said.
"I suppose now you think there is nothing like this
Sonny, South" . . . was not that a diabolical inspiration?
Glen has had his salary raised to \$80.00 -
and is very fond of his work. He likes
Pres. Stone very much. . . and says he is going
to be very successful in business.

Two nights ago we had a supper picnic - over
across the gorge - on the knoll - where the lichen grows.
The trail of the serpent was around us in the shape
of the new trolley tracks - and houses like mushrooms
were sprinkled about in various stages of completion.

but - we forgot all these
baneful improvements - sel-
just - had a glorious time.
Heaven tried to help us and
gave us the most glorious
gold sunset that the waters
of Cayuga - ever reflected - and
we - gathered around our camp
fire - and watched - the sky
and the lake - and at least one
of the party realized in a plain
way that life had its com-
pensations - occasionally. -

Our party - consisted of -
Mrs & Mr Wilhelm - Gen -
Miss Schallerborg - Florence Slater -
Mary Nichols - Prof Burr and
the Comstockes. (I wish that
you had been there too; I sent
a thought - winging its way to
Germany over - that invited
you to come.)

- Well - you ought to see us
struggling with our natural
study class. - We stopped

registration before the middle of May. - and limited the number to 100. - We have - though - 109. - and when they all start - afield armed with bug-nets they constitute a sight - that - would make the Gods turn pale. - It is really a very intelligent class.

pale.. It is really a very intelligent class -
and the eager way they each hold up their
pitchforks under the ^{flaming} fanlights of Professorial wisdom
is gratifying to behold.. Many of them are
the prettiest and gayest little school-maams in
the world... Oh-my! - what a grand chance
for fun and for "cutting a wide swath-" you
are having by being on the other side the Atlantic
this summer! However-I feel serene about the matter.

I am almost out of cement warranted to mend broken hearts -- and trust that the Providence which keeps you all happy will keep my shortmaiden hearts intact.

Talk about style - etc & - your
 Professor Altman later this summer
 students for collecting trips on a
 four horse drag. - they go bag-
 with flying colors and testing lessons.
 and dazzle our eyes with their grandeur.

It is for a counter-irritant applied
 to public attention - that we turn
 our 109. Nature-studyers local -
 with their wildly waving nets.

On the whole - Cornell Campus is
 not especially monotonous this summer -
 and you know that Howell's says
 that taking torment for torment
 infernal variety is not quite so -
 infernal ^{as} infernal monotony -
 This is our thesis - for happiness ;

x x x x x

Twice already have I read
 your letter - - and time wandered
 with you - alles wo. - - I'm so
 glad you like my Resenthal -
 The next time you go there
 give it my love. - - I am
 interested in the Berlin visit -
 and your experience at the
 botanische Kneipe - - and in
 all things of which you tell me.

I always expected you would get all there was to be gotten
out of this European experience. - Although far from aggressive
you go always armed with a deadly gentleness that
will force open all sorts of doors & experience that
will give you real insight ~~into~~ into your new environment.

Oh but weren't you unartistic to the Fran Hauptmann
Barron about the love making on the German stage. Poor
German - lovers! It is all theory for them. - They
experience minor throes - but the aller höchste ist ferst.
Even after they are wedded - they are never left alone
except on the promenade. which is scarcely a place
for more than tentative exchange of emotions. - Then after
marriage - there is no use of wiping up the floor with one's
self with passionate abandonment. - So the German
stage lover. has nothing but theory to guide his love
making. - It isn't fair for you - dear Unartiger
to make fun of him - because you happen to know

7/12/99

(through a long series of fair
 tutors - and diligent laboratory
 work - I just knew the thing
 might be done. Instead, you
 might go to him as a friend
 and tell him that wild gymnastic
 and long drawn howls - are not
 fair vocal and physical exponents
 of the divine madness.. Just
 show him what a pair of
 eloquent dark eyes can do - in
 the way of conjugating the verb
 amo - - and he will forsake
 his erring ways - and do something
 really artistic.

Apoorpos of lovers - we hear of
 the engagement of Mr Durand
 and Miss Perry.. The wisdom
 of the Dove - must have presided
 over that match - for I never saw
 two - so exactly made for each
 other as are that two. They are
 both such good people - and so
 bright and earnest - and so
 entirely lacking in humor - that
 they cannot help being utterly
 congenial and happy. - I think

always noticed that - people who lack sense of humor are
the happiest. - The compensation comes - that - to those who
have it - it is always a spiritual & mental column - and
enables them to bear unhappiness - with more enjoyment
than the merely happy person ever experiences at any time.

- x x x x x x -

The constellations of chestnut blossoms - lighten
the dark green - of the forests - on the hillside - and
the Cicada's song - in the elms - porcelain's mid summer.
Soon after this reaches you - you will begin your vacation
wanderings - which I hope will be most happy. I find
I miss you more than the outside facts of the case could
warrant - and I confess - to - wanting you - home again
even if I see you so seldom. - If you will write + write
soon again - maybe I won't be so treacherously prompt in answering.
Don't feel you must write long letters - just a few words
will tell me - of yourself - and show that - you have not forgotten me.
Oh - please - do not forget me - I wouldn't like it at all - Remember
me often and remember - that I am ever so much - yours - Anne Canastota -

City Hospital
Mobile Ala
July 30/90

My dear Mother,

I guess will excuse
the use of the pencil, while I have
a little leisure this morning, will
write a brief letter. Since my last
I have really made but little pro-
gress in the line of examinations,
stood only one of Dr. Hutchinson's班次
as during the past week. I would
as soon have had a half dozen for
the suspense and expectation was
about as trying. There have been
one remaining now and the
chances are that we can finish
Tuesday or Thursday night.

Yesterday we were in the house
most ^{the} day with some interesting
cases, and also late last night

I have had some dyeing
done very satisfactorily
at J. J. Fredk. Metropoles
dye Works. Dauphin Street -
Coat & vest. cleaned dyed &
pressed - \$2.00

Also

J. J. Fredrick

308 Dauphin St.

He also does good work,
don't know his rate.

L

JULY 30, '99

so I am sleepy today.

Friday night I attended a
german or German Relief and
had a very pleasant evening
with some of the young set.
Wednesday evening I am billed
to take a young lady to the
"Cotillion Prochaine" given by the
young ladies of the "older set".
A few days ago Mrs. D. G. Lyon
met me on the street and
asked me to call upon her
guest, Miss Fannie Baubert,
and make an engagement to take
her to a german Monday
evening next, given by the
Matrons' Cotillion Club, so I
had to brush up my hat and
call yesterday evening. While

JULY 29 '99

she is now from Kansas City, she
has spent a good deal of time
in Leavenworth. I am quite
sure that will be the last
social affair for me in motion
for the present, for I want to
get away before World's Fair.
I have heard nothing definite
yet from Mr. Kinley. Mr. Chop-
man will return to the city
in a few days.

Dinner is now ready and
I must close.

With love to all,

Your devoted son,

Leamy.

P.S. Look of Page 1.

July 30, '99
Tuesday Evening

Dear Ben:-

This is the first day of the season (fall) that we have had any premonition of cool weather and actually we had an East wind with a little rain; the trees - in the tingling of their leaves & the grass also is drying out in spots, so we may now put ourselves in order for an Early Winter. 'Tis said that Providence - so forethoughted - usually prepares for the beasts of the fields & the birds of the air - by furnishing an abundance of tree-fruit & bush-fruit - berries & acorns, - when a hard winter is expected; here however for this winter are no nuts - pecans or hickories - persimmons - hock berries or other such provisions, even the grain crops are short. Cotton is nearly all open & no second crop of

top: "I was all bottom-crop & the very hot
scorching middays have opened it
wide & gaping - ready for the pickers
and they are scarcer than ever before.
Hay has done well, many will save
3 cuttings and the deerwood is good.

I was afraid you would exert
yourself too much in preparation for
the winter - by this time I am sure
"your girls" are with you & so you will
be more comfortable.

Your Mother & I, and the old
hens about the yard are doing a
little light house-keeping & amusing
each other with promises for the future.
There isn't an available Cook or house
servant known to us, for the farmers
are offering all sorts & sizes of induce-
ments for cotton picking. I had hoped to be
with you this month but see no prospects now.
With Kindest & best love. Mr. Father.

See Maria Louisa that I have saved a whole bunch of pictures, better than the whole

PM. FRAMINGHAM, MASS
AUG 5, 1899

Dearling Marie ; -

No doubt you think
of me with contempt as a
faith less friend. No, not
that but as an idle
wretch. That's just what I
am. Diabla! what are
you doing with your self and
friends? Pardon me, I faith
I need it, and write to me
a "George". What associations
bring to that name!

Marie I have many
yarns to spin to you when
I see you. I have grown

many years since this summer.
Consequently I have ample opportunity
to cuss my foolish actions
in the past. Peste! I am a
child of trouble. I come to
Framingham - I go to church
I meet two "very nice girls"
I walk home with them.

Mordieus! I sound them
carefully - for all their niceness
they are silly - silly! Maime!

How gosh damned silly
girls are! Did you ever
have the idea?

well! I tell more of these
two girls - they introduce
me to my two young
men neighbors - to two young
men - not neighbors

all of which is magnificent - adorable
two here - but - two young men come
to get me to play tennis - I yield -
I play all one afternoon - I play that
evening - I play next day - next evening -
I go to party next evening - come home
with some tea and one more -
Pardine! my aunt never - I snivel
her lowered name - young man can't name
any more - and Bob! here I am
But thanks the Lord to no more

Oh Maie my love! I know when I left it
was one hot bed of intrigue. I learn more
thank I have in all my life before. And
thank heavens I am out of it! Have you
never felt a weariness and a lasting
one - towards all this eternal flirtation.
Maie fine! That's all it is - I hereby forewarn
two young men - neighbors and all -

My aunt is something fierce. she told
me the day after I arrived. "Never to
let her hear anything more of my awful story"

Result :-

AUG 5, 1899

I slang no more.

Think maine how I am
squandering my valuable
time. Dress making -
Pisble - Potlers old things
I hate the whole mess
of 'em.

Wish my friend that
I had a little of your
ability to do my duty -
a little of your ability in
seeing it. (Forrest) maine
don't laugh at me

I am serious all the times
too much so I fear.

The Lord knows what is
going to be come of me

Give my most affectionate
assurances to your
dear mother and if you
please my regards to
your father. My love for
you.

Blanch Fors

Framingham
Mass

August 17th -

eighteen hundred and
twenty two -

Pardonnez-moi et
écrivez à moi - vous
savez que j'ai adoré
votre père ?
R.

70 BMD in Germany PM 7 IX 1899

September Second -

Dear Unartiger:

It is in Otto - 2
am - this beautiful afternoon -
when September has on her muslin
and lace - and is as yet a
"Summer girl" - . Some day -
when you are on one of your
quests for Celery plants - and
fungi and maidens - you must
come over into Colterauque County
and see these Otto hills and
valleys - . Not great, rugged
rattled, rough hills - - but hills
that are softened and beautified
by long life - and are wooded -
and wooded - and meadowed -
to the far - far ones that melt
into the blue grey clouds on
the horizon - . They are the
kind of hills that the drifting

cloud-shadows come to caress - - Above all (things) they
are mine over hills - that I have - lived with - and
dreamed with - and lived - Since I was - old enough to
see - that some of earth's places were more beautiful than
others - - And while I am - here with - my
hills - you are seeing - grand old shores - of Norway -
that have stood the pounding of the ocean - so many
centuries and still stand unafraid.

Had I even suspected you were going up the coast -
of Norway I should have asked you to do me a favor -
- Allied to my penchant for tuschgangs - I have always
had a wild desire to know what was - in the central
hole - of the Maelstrom - It is useless for modern authorities
to declare - there is no maelstrom - It was - on the map -
of the first geography I studied - and there was a picture
of it - too - My longing to know - where the hole in the
middle led to - whether or not - it ends in some wonderful cave

The modern home of all the abolished
Sea gods - of ancient belief - or whether
it is a truly spigot - through which
water is sprinkled on the fires
of the infernal regions - - quenching them
and at the same time our orthodoxy
- or whether etc etc - ad infinitum.

Am sure you would gladly
have investigated this watery
Durchgang for me - if you had
known wouldnt you? -

Next to this mystery - I desire
next to know - 1st - The dimensions
of the depot - at Frankfurt -

2^d - What is really going on -
at the other side of the moon.
(not - honey-moon - I know that already) -

From all the above introduction
you will probably infer that - your
last delightful letter is on my table
and that I was mighty glad
to get it - and that it put me
in the mood for writing again.

Let's be such good friends now
that we won't have to - say excuses
to each other for writing often - and
much or seldom - or not at all -
will you? ... With truly friends

everything goes" - and I have long wanted to be
truly friends with you. - Because I write often - I like
to feel that it puts no obligation upon you to do likewise
when you are busy and your mind filled with other things -
- Do unto your friends as you want to - and unto your enemies
as you would be done by - is my 2^d rule - of conduct -
Maybe - you will think my friendship at such cost is too dear -
My goodness! - That last line reads perfectly scandalous -
- but - it has reference to worldly considerations - rather than
sentimental - when taken in context doesn't it? -

x x x ^ ^ x x x
The most important thing that has happened to me of
late is that I was 45 years old - Sept. 1st - I can never
be induced to regard birthdays with any but complacency.
Life always seemed like a hurdle race - each birthday
a hurdle - and so the more jumped the nearer the winning
post - - I always square up accounts with Fate on my
birthday and I always find that during the year I have

been obliged to learn some entirely
new and wholly undesirable lessons -
and then I am always so astonished
that - I invariably put myself on the
brink and say - "Bravo! Now you have
learned all that - there is for you to
learn! Finis! - Hoop-la!" - and
then I go ahead for another year -
and learn some ^{more} things that
I wish I didn't ^{know} -

x x x x x x

I began this letter two nights ago -
and now - I have made several -
polite calls upon you in it - daily
and nightly - I always like to keep
a letter partly written on my desk for
some time - it gives me such a
sense of - friendly challenge -

I wish you could hear the cricket -
chorus & night - Do you know the
orchestra of the Snowy-tue-cricket?
It is a steady, soothing beat - all
through the night - "The Cricket heart
of September" - It is a delicious
easy - comfy sound - and an
awfully nice obligato for a confidential
low-toned conversation - between two
people - Try it sometimes and I

think you will find it more dangerous - than the band, the lake - and the Michigan girl -

Tell me of the music you hear this fall - All praise for German music! - I hear so little good music of late - that I am afraid my musical senses will atrophy -

You would be surprised to see what a very sensible wedded pair Mr & Mrs Wilhelm Miller make. They have had a cottage down the lake - and they are the most delightful host & hostess imaginable - we were all so delighted with their this new capacity. - Florence Slater is to go back to

Raleigh in St Mary's school next year - at an advanced salary etc. - She is a brick - and a mighty sweet girl in spite of the fact that she is a cynic to the backbone. I am powerful fond of her - and somehow the motherlessness of her always accounts in my mind for her flinty hardness of attitude.

I know you and she were very good friends in a way - but I doubt if you knew much of the real woman; - few do. for she is protected by a Chinese wall of nonsense, and periphrase. Your Southern women attract me - warthy - those I have known best - were clean grit - and yet full of delightful guile -

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I only wonder that you have ever
had any desire to devote yourself to
our Northern women - - I suppose
you secretly sing - as usual -

"She is not - the dearest love -
But O she is the nearest love -"

Somebody to "prosperous" with - is
pretty tolerably necessary - for a youth
whose eyes have eloquence & waste
on - old ladies - and even men nicht wahr?

But the crickets are singing -
good night - good - night - - I
have been thinking about them some -
and I think I'll learn the lesson - of their
singing - While the cricket song is
primarily a love song - that is not all
there is to it - With these singing
men, the time of love is long over -
all of the interests and absorption of
youth are past - They are now
simply waiting for the end - and
meanwhile they give themselves
over to singing - from sheer love of it -
The first heavy frost will - blight
them as it does their leafy houses -
nevertheless they sing -

I'll be a cricket! - and if when you
come back you find me chirping persistently
you will know why - My song may be a hind
thing for you learns to endure - but this surely
you will - chirp - See if I don't -
I'll be so glad if you'll write me again!
Tell me about the work you are doing - I'm
The place is so small - I can't tell you how I'm
dedicated to you - N.B. Cornwall

Country, England

Aug. 27, 1899.

Dear Father, It seems rather
strange to be again in a land
where everything said within your
hearing can be well understood,
and where you are never in
doubt about the correctness of your
own discourse.

When I mailed my last pos-
tut, I think I was about to sail
from Bergen to Newcastle-on-
Tyne. We were in Bergen some
what more than a day; and when
this place is flooded with
English tourists, the old town

and its parents were very interesting. The one great industry of Norway, the fishing trade, gives to every coast town a very unique appearance. Tucked in between barren hills of rock at the head of a fiord, its position alone gives to the town sufficient picturesque-ness.

In this region you may well imagine I enjoyed my fish appetite to the fullest. Fish is a rather expensive luxury in Leipzig. That may seem queer when Germany is so close to the great fish market of the world, another evidence, I think, that Germany is very far behind the times in commercial facilities.

I am getting away from details of the present trip, and

to this I must resort. If I had a pleasant trip across the North Sea, the time being about thirty hours. It was rather stormy during the last half day, and there was seasickness all around among the ladies and those men who were afraid of it.

Newcastle is an almost uninteresting manufacturing city and we hurried quickly away on our wheels to Durham and other towns south. Durham is interesting on account of an enormous Norman-que cathedral, and a few other aged buildings. At the end of the first day we were in York. Here there is somewhat more of interest, both

historically and architecturally.
The walls of the old city are
still well preserved. Recollections
of the 'Wars of the Roses' and other
historic matters make it a
point well worth seeing. Some
of the little villages between York
and New-Castle are interesting;
but in general, besides gaining
an idea of what "manor houses"
and such terms signify, it seems
to me without special interest.
Through the miserably hot and
smoky manufacturing region in
which are located Sheffield, Bir-
mingham, and other industrial
emporia, we took the train, reach-
ing this place in time to
get a long rest last night.
The ride down to York was
rather a hard one owing to

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the heat and to the fact that we had not ridden in so long. Country is a good place to spend Sunday, for it is a quaint old town, and we can rest quietly, while observing at the same time the ways and means of the people.

I must confess that I have not by any means fallen in love with England or the English at several of the smaller inns where we have satified our hunger with poor bread, none too excellent meat, and good milk, we have indeed met some good old Dickens characters, — another evidence that nature resembles art!

I am glad of this stay in
Country, for since I am lo-
cated at a small but pop-
ular inn, I get an idea of
the people more or less impos-
sible from a hurried trip
along.

From here tomorrow morn-
ing, the route as planned
is by wheel all the way to
London; but not all in one
day of course. In fact, we
hope to spend four days
enroute, stopping, perhaps,
at Warwick, Kenilworth Cas-
tle, Stratford-on-Avon,
Oxford, Windsor, and some
other places of less impor-
tance than these enumer-

ated.

The weather has been ex-
tremely hot in England for
some time, and the country
is badly in need of rain. In
spite of the dust, however, which
has come as a natural conse-
quence, the roads are good
and wheeling will not be bad
unless wet weather should
greet us immediately.

The Scandinavian trip was
a great brace to my constitu-
tion, and I think that I must
have gained ten pounds in
weight. This is a great benefit
even though I may not gain
anything in this way by the
English trip. I have been

for some time intending to
write Fred and Uncle Har,
but you can imagine how
well my time is occupied
and how difficult it is al-
ways to find proper accom-
modations for this purpose.

When I reach London I
hope to find much home
nerves, all of which will
be most welcome. There may
be great countries, but there
is no place like 'home'.

With much love to all
and kind regards to my
nigginny friends, I am.

Yours aff. son,

P. B.

Mr. W. H. Cuygar
Gallien, Alabama, U.S.A.

Brüderstrasse 7^m, Leipzig.
Sept. 10, 1899.

My dear Mother, I hardly expect
my letter before Tuesday,
for although your last reached me
a week ago Saturday, mail to
London is quicker than to
Leipzig. The holidays are over, and
with tomorrow I hope to have
thrown off the holiday spirit suf-
ficiently to begin work again
in earnest. So far, I have certain-
ly not felt too strongly inclined
to begin anew. Nevertheless, I have
attended to many little details
at the laboratory, and this week

I hope to get considerable experimental work accomplished. It is rather lonesome at the botanical institute with only one assistant and one other student there at present.

At the pension the rattle of Frau Ted's voice rolls on with accustomed regularity. Saw one room the house was full of Americans when I arrived. Rather than seek a new place for the relatively short time remaining for me here, I took the large and more expensive room remaining, and so conditions are much as before. All of the old rooms except one have been scattered to their several homes, but there are still many familiar faces at the midday meal amongst the varied nationalities

there represented. Among the new comers are two Michigan girls, two whom nature forced, apparently, to embellish personally.

I can hardly realize that I passed a month on my trip; but when I glance at my bank account I am well satisfied that it was so long, and that there is a considerable distance between Mayence on the south and Bergen on the North, Birmingham on the west and Stockholm on the east.

I am particularly glad to have made it, for many Americans neglect the Scandinavian countries, and with these peoples we have certainly much in common. I think I shall look back upon the Copenhagen visit with as much

pleasure and reward as that
made to any other city. Whatever
else I might subsequently see of Alpine
mountain would not efface recol-
lections of the Norwegian coast.

My friend Gerbo, visits friends
in northern France, ^{while} en route to
Paris; and then he returns home
by an early steamer.

In the unexpected ending
of the Dreyfus case, much interest
is manifested throughout Germany.
I certainly hope that it will cause
no general disturbance in France.

Since returning, there is
little news to report. I was at the
theater Wednesday in order ^{to hear} the
opera Tannhäuser. It was given beau-
tifully. The opera repertoires are very
good for the next two weeks; but I think
that I will go only once, as I wish to
be at work again. I will welcome my
next home letter, which will probably contain
both home news and news from the other
boys. With much love to all,
Your aff. son, J. H.

Gallien Ala. Sept 11th 1899

Dear Ben -

I shall address this to Leipzig as we think over this reaches its destination. You will have arrived at the University. Your letters have afforded us a great deal of pleasure - next to our being present your description of events makes us feel like we almost participated in the viewing of the places.

When either of us wrote before, we were much disturbed over the sickness of your uncle Harris, fortunately now it is our pleasure to say that he is on the way to recovery - but really his condition was at one time so critical, that I telegraphed to Fush^a to his Bros Mr John Harris, & his twin sister Mrs Little. They came by next morning on the train via York, & when we left, on our last visit, (Miss Amanda) Mrs Little was still with him. It is seldom they win for time to see a person so low, & it is a great goodness that he was able to withstand such an attack: Really tho he has not been himself for a long time.

Yesterday we heard from your Uncle W.W.D. - who made a visit (via St Louis to Marshall Mo.)

to the Montagues. Leardell's &c. I had hoped
it would be a vast help - as it might, in
some manner wear him from his
work at Van Buren. And now if he
comes back whilst the Sun is so hot,
— for I believe this September was hotter
than August — he is likely to have a
renewal of ill-health. His attacks are
worrying him more & more each one.
I am sure he is weaker this summer
than I have seen him. He wrote that
an attempt was made to have his ticket
extended. I fear he was too late for
that. Unless the communications
were conducted by telegraph.

Our last letter from Levey was
very encouraging & I hope it may
be as he expected. He also was pleased
with his success. His first month
has paid him well, a good part
being Cash. But Levey has popular
manners & has found helping friends
already. If he but keeps his health he
will achieve all his expectations; his
range will be about 30 miles — a
great deal of it in Winter & Spring is
swampy often swamp.

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He was delighted with the performance of his horse on the trip - by land - to Calcutta. he held out well & travelled satisfactorily all the way.

But seldom do we hear from Wase, he says, "that, we don't hear from him, & that he is well," & writes that he is as robust as ever - perhaps weighs more. Gordon Robinson was down for a few days, but I was so occupied & it rained both times we expected to call on him & his wife.

Some days ago, we saw that the Yellow fever was bad at "Key West" - this is where Willie Browder is stationed; on inspection duty - was removed from Mobile several months ago. Last accounts from Father Friend - the Priest - gave us the worst despatch that he was well over the worst of his attack. He was amongst the first taken sick.

There have been no special changes in affairs at Auburn. Fred writes cheerfully. Reuben has been complaining some of rheumatism. The cotton crop will not be as large as anticipated & the greater number of planters will be buying corn before another summer.

Politics in Ala is about at a stand still, have had no letter (4
or tidings of any kind from Benton - suppose you get a
communication sometimes. Mr Harris has been trying to get
a teacher for his son & daughter. Fred has recommended
a Miss Hale of Auburn. Willie Taylor - (Judge Z.) is building for
himself a handsome house in Union town, has taken pos-
session of the Shivers property adjoining the Station here,
& Mrs Shivers will build a house in Montevallo, as it
may be convenient to the industrial school for girls,
she has quite a family. Judge Taylor's house is opposite to
Burke Johnson's. Walter is succeeding at the station & we
hear no complaints. No immediate change in condition
of affairs about home. - Pleasant nights & hot days.
Whenever you think of returning home; bring me a good
rag - nothing extra fine but fairly good. I can hear
the blinds rattling tonight, & the flying pains in my
right arm (rheumatism) remind me that winter is
approaching - however I have 4 tons of coal now already in
my yard, & 15 good sized China trees I shall be compelled to cut
back & some cut down, for many are dead. Gr Mother will add
to this in the morning. Gr Affection Father W. D. Suggs

Monday
Mother's letter
has just been
received 13.

Leipzig, Brüdnerstr. 7th
Sunday, Sept. 16, 1899

Dear Father,

I suppose you soon discovered that Mother's letter of Aug. 28 to Harv was sent to me in your letter of the next day, and I hope Harv was not thereby deprived of his weekly letter.

I was sorry to hear that Uncle Harris had had such a dangerous attack. I am glad to know that his improvement seemed permanent when you wrote. Aunt Melville will rejoice that he was where your attention could be constantly devoted to him.

Owing to the great expense and difficulty of purchasing photograph of the various places

mitted, I often take advantage of the German idea of 'view postal cards', and get in this way a few remembrances which can be sent through the post without the untoward difficulties. Of course I shall bring with me some photographs, so that you must pardon the appearance of the few views I now send, and do not show them to friends as representative of my art tastes. I send them in separate packages, and the inclosed sheet makes a somewhat further mention of some than is given on each card.

During the past week I have divided my time between the laboratory and the library. I would like to devote my time unreservedly to the laboratory; but this I can-

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not do while there is so much
daily appearing in the way of new
botanical literature; and soon I
would be irrevocably lost when
I should attempt to catch up.

As recreations during the week,
I have twice attended the opera, hear-
ing Bozzetti's opera "Carmen" and
Wagner's great "Siegfried." In the
former, the principal part was
taken by a singer from Weimar,
who represented the flirty gipsy
girl to great perfection. Siegfried
is a very heavy opera, and con-
sidered one of Wagner's very best.
At the same time it is, very long
one, and the four and one-
half hours required for its presen-
tation are by no means short. I
am especially glad to hear some
of the classic operas before go-
ing to Halle, for at the latter

place neither music nor theater
is so well developed as in Leip-
zig. I have just received an invitation
to the marriage of Mr. Dourand
the other instructor in botany at Ill-
aca. This makes the sixth in-
structor who has quitted the bach-
elor's club this year.

Criticisms of the Dreyfus matter
are quieting down, and after all
I suspect, there will be no mate-
rial disturbance anywhere.

I am sorry I did not send you
English papers from London. It is ex-
tremely difficult to get foreign news-
papers in Leipzig, - the dealers are
too ~~f~~ much afraid that a single
copy will be left upon their hands.
I tried to secure for you the London
times with the opening address of British
assoc for Adv. of Sci. by Sir Michael Fas-
ter, but could not get it.
With much love to all,
your aff. son, Pers.

Brauerstr. 1^m, Leipzig.

Sept 2^d, 1899.

My dear Mother,

Your very welcome letter of last week reached me just as I was taking mine to the letter box, and hence it is yet unanswered. I was glad to hear that Uncle Harris continues to improve, or perhaps I should say, was continuing to improve; for by this time he should be long ago out and about, I suspect.

After nearly a week of chil-

by rains and winds, almost a Leipzig winter, the sun came out bright and pretty yesterday, and I hope it means the ushering in of the pretty autumn days.

Saturday was also the big day of the autumn races in this city, and as the prominent features of the day were hurdle and long distance races ridden by cavalry officers, there were many uniforms about. This officers' race is, I believe, a very general feature of the German race track.

Today there occurs the annual exhibit of dachshunds at the

"Palmengarten". If the weather continues so pretty, I shall go out to see them for the sake of my friend Mr. Miller, at Cornell, a specialist in this line.

Last Wednesday I heard, or rather saw, at the theater Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm". I enjoy these classical plays not only for their intrinsic merit, but also because of the better knowledge of German literature to which it leads. Think of hearing the best plays from highly desirable parquet seats, and paying only twenty or twenty-five cents for it! These classical plays are given ^{at least} once every week during autumn and winter, and on these occasions seats

are reduced one-half, so that the public may get the benefit of them. Students, however, never pay more than thirty-five cents for similar seats.

Between a half day at the laboratory and some time spent in reading, the time goes fast, so than I can realize. Professor Pfeffer has returned from his vacation, and although it is yet vacation time, I suppose he will be busy about the laboratory this week.

From the present outlook there will be an unusual number of Americans in Leipzig this winter. One can scarcely go out

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on the streets anywhere without hearing a bit of the language or seeing American clothes. One can judge from the latter almost as quickly as from the former. I received yesterday a letter from a friend in Ithaca, Mr. Ram-melkamp, who writes that Benton has gone up to the Adirondacks for a short vacation, and probably also to help Professor Atkinson collect some fungi. Occasional news from Mrs. Comstock gives me the happenings about Ithaca so far as important university changes are

concerned, and in general
my friends have been so kind
about writing that my Sundays
are often much occupied with
the replies.

I am glad that Lewie
~~this~~ the prospect good for
some outside practice. From
what you write I suppose Fairfield
is his postoffice address.

I received from Fred a few days
ago a long letter which I will
endeavor to answer at some time
during the week. You will receive
this at about the time when you
might celebrate the thirty-fifth anni-
versary of your marriage, and should
receive our congratulations. With much
love to all, Yours off soon, P. B.

September 9th, 1899
Attachment of Mrs. Comstock Cloth



PM 1079

Fall Creek Cottage
Cornell Campus, Ithaca N.Y.

September Twenty-nine.

Just a moment - before
I say good night - Dear
Answerer - in which I
tell you that your very
interesting letter came today,
telling me of the Summer tour.
O I'd like to have been met!
Sometimes I will surely take
the trip - and see all these
wonderful things. Meanwhile
I am glad you are seeing them
and it was nice in you to
be the specially-invited
Forärlin - and to darken your
door against the diurnal or
rather nocturnal imbibitor - and
so gain the honor to share your
glorious trip with me.

I take it you had not
received my letter from Otto

613 Freshmen. this year; This Cornell - is getting to be so overgrown and corpulent that she is like the fat lady in the Circus Field show. -- I love humanity in the abstract - especially young and ambitious humanity; but too much humanity in the concrete always gives me a sense of nausea. Like a plate-heaped high with food - put before me. -- To think of going to a Christian Association reception and meeting 613-people tempts me to become Pagan. -- It would be easy now ^{anytime} I have a new Alabaster Buddha of my very own - to worship if I feel like it. (I guess I told you about him in my last letter)

I'll be here at this Christian Association reception since I'll have no Freshman of my very own to introduce to my astonished friends. Waaait that a funny experience?

Monday Night -

I am just home from the said C. U. C. A. reception --- I fear I was not a brilliant success in entertaining the stranger within our gates. My wife seemed to be in apogee. -- I attributed all my boredom and boringness to the fact that you weren't there. I send you my label card - to prove that this statement is true.

I have done one day's work. -- It is somewhat embarrassing because. Two of my pupils who walk with me are ladies of ripe age and generous width. -- So we are three of a kind

when you wrote this letter - else
you would have told me about
the mailstrom - You probably got
the letter from me the next day -
I thought it would reach there
about the 15th and so be there
to welcome you on your return -
Bad Mails! - To be so slow when
one wants 'em to hurry up.

Well - we are back - and quite
unexpectedly I am confronted with
a hard term's work in teaching

I am to take certain courses in
Science in the University - and
am to allow them to fill through
my brain - and my brain is
supposed to be constructed so that
only subjects fit for Nature Study
(food for babes) shall pass through
and with this harmless lotion -
I am to irrigate the "intellects"
of various & sundry Nature
Study Students - in Seminars
twice per week. Meanwhile
if I write not or write stupid
remember - the residue that
remains in my brain shall
be charitable! -

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Fall Creek Cottage
Cornell Campus, Ithaca N.Y.

and when we walk we take
up all the room - on the
pavement - and hang helplessly
over the edges - and the
disgusted freshmen have
to make detours in order
to pass us. I've got to do
something - to extract myself
from their society on the campus
or else we will all be
figured in the Cornellian -

I saw Mr Durand today
and thought he seemed
flamboyantly happy.
(That doesn't look as if I
had spelled it rightly - but
it is the way he looked
anyhow) - .. Q - I knew

receptions has reacted upon me - and made me
take all of my similes from draw poker -)

Oh - we are going far - far away this
winter - for we are going to the Stanford
University - we are to take mother with us - so
we shall leave none of the family behind.

I am glad we are to go - The Otto home is
too lonely - to spend a winter in at present.

The only drawback to our going that I can
think of - is that we shall be another week
away from Germany over - - But a letter
will be all the vice - Like old wine - when
it finally reaches its destination - To tell
the truth we looked longingly to Germany - for
this winter - but we did not dare to take mother
across the ocean - she is seventy six years old and
not so very well - Of course I must not go
away from her - ever any more - for she has no one
but us now.

I'll try not to forget to send you some
papers - pretty soon -

I'll write a nice letter ~~some~~ next time -
has been tired and stupid - but happy while
writing this - - - I somehow like to write to you
and writing to you is so easy that it is a great
temptation to bore you - with unending letters - -

I feel such good friends with you - and am so little
afraid of you - at this distance - - that you are likely
this minute to "become" a kiss - unless you dodge - F.B.C.

he would be happy - and
I told you so!

And wherefore are you
going to Halle? - Are you
going to wear - a cocked
hat and belong to the
Halleoren? - I never
realized how handsome our
George Washington must
have looked until I went
to Halle - and saw his
uniform - at a funeral.

I wish when you get to Halle
you would go to that church
that has two spires - (if spires)
and see what sort of a bluff
the Herr Prediger makes.

I always wanted to know
but I was never there over Sunday.
(I guess going to Christian Association)

LATE SUMMER -
FALL 1899?

Wednesday

Dear Ben -

I was out this morning looking over my prospects for a pecan crop; and find but few - only or chiefly on the South-side of the tree - Some weeks ago they all had a hard time of it contending against the ravages of the Cotton-tail ~~the~~ striped fellows - they stripped the trees in some places entirely of leaves & buds. I jarred the trees & dusted them with katashes as they fell, & threw salt water on their killing crowds -

In a short while many were
despoiled down on the body of
the trees in bunches - like swarms
of bees - there I watched care-
fully, - no chicken would come
near them & those that happened
to pick up a stray fellow dashed
it down in quick time as a
bitter pill. I saw ants (the red
ants) busy going back & forth up
the trees & they were eating them,
then again I noticed one big
"C" contending with one of
our common wasps - out to the
end of a big leaf half eaten - The
wasp would bend himself around
& sting the C & after a contest of 10
minutes or so - the wasp attempted
to drag the C up on top the leaf -

but finally gave up the job - dropped off
& then came back & deliberately cut the
"C" to pieces & rolling about a third of
the worm in a bundle to the top of the leaf,
Reign'd him with his fore legs & flew off.
I am sure I was watching the affair
over a quarter of an hour - The
trees that were so denuded of their leaves
have budled out again & making
leaves on the Terminal buds. These buds
looked like just opened for the next
season - We were glad to reach
your letter this morning with its good

tidings of all. M^L writes the
neighborhood particulars.
&c - Your Father affectionately

Wm Lloyd Garrison