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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.

about you & was much interested
in looking at the picture posted
you had sent & hearing of your
travels. I wish them to divert
you from your for a little while
from house. The night
entirely cool & days hot, heavy
rains New Orleans had a chilly,
good still weather. There is
this beautiful letter, my eye is
going out (you is another
than the other) is good
night, with much love
Yours devotedly
Mother.

2nd 1899

I should have written to you this
morning but had no idea it had been six days
since my last letter, time passes so awfully I can't
keep up with it.

It is now after eight o'clock & I don't know
that my eyes will hold out to finish this by
lamp light but I hope so, want to mail it
tomorrow. We have planned a trip to Memphis
tomorrow will have to get off as early as possible
as shipping & visiting are before us, after being invited
to the card party at Anna's we must call, &
Mrs. Poore must have a visit too, my dear
with her, the dust is awful but I am afraid
to wait for rain, think when it begins there
will be a long spell of bad weather, I must come
winter clothes. We were sitting here before supper

some one knocked, it was Uncle John, he
stopped by on his way from Denzopolis, took
supper with us, eat some time afterwards, I
could not persuade him to spend the night.
He is looking much better & says he feels quite
well, says he works hard every day, the guiney
& oil mills besides his other matters keep him
at work all the time, he is also fixing up his
dairy at Altwood, has a white man & his
daughters to attend to it, runs the separator
with a little engine, milks 26 cows. The oil mill
is not running yet, has a large quantity of seed
on hand. Cotton has been selling at $6\frac{3}{4}$, they
think it will still go up higher, maybe 8c.
We had a letter from Lavin last night he
keeps busy too, can't slip off to Mobile to get
some things for his room, this is the sickly
season, he mentions the recovery of two typhoid
fever patients, one had a severe relapse.
I think I have written to you since Waver took
charge of the commissary store at Spaulding.
Nothing new from Fred. Willie Barwick arrived

this morning had to spend some time at Atlanta
before coming into this state, his coming put a
stop to a trip Miss Low & I had in anticipation,
she had invited me to go to Denzopolis with
her today. One day last week she asked me to
ride to Hammonds with her, I accepted & spent
the time with Lucy, she has so many boarders
she hardly knows where to find enough to furnish
her tables. Janet Hanny & Mary Adams there, also
Lavin Wetters. Uncle Ben happened to be at home
too. Mr John Daines died at the insane asylum
a short time ago. Mr Hickory has resigned as
St Michaels is closed, Johnny was asking if there
was any change of visiting with St Andrews &
calling a minute, I don't know how they could
ask Mr Colbs out. The baptists will soon have
an association here, as Mrs Hatch says "a picnic
every day", meaning all day preaching, & dinner on
the grounds, it is to be hoped they will erect
some shelter as there are no trees.
Oh! Ben we received the package of potato
tubers last night & are so much obliged to you

for them they are very pretty, also the views in
the little pamphlet. I believe I like those of the
church (Strofford-on-Avon) best of any the three
are handsomer buildings. I like to look at them
& think of you having been there.

Tuesday your Father surprised me by going to
Oxonotown with me. I went only to see our old
friends, found them all looking badly, Mrs. Ware
particularly so, no wonder, Miss Ann is quite
an invalid & a heavy tax on her sister, she has
nothing & Willie has to support them all. Miss
Ann's eyes are so bad she can't even read, work
of course out of the question as her means of
making a living is cut off. Mrs. White came on
the train that evening, was on crutches seemed to
get on poorly, he has "creeping paralysis", looks
well & she is as fat as can be. Judge Taylor's
house makes quite a show also Mrs. Hollenbach's
out in the field near the house Mrs. Holcomb
owned. A ginney, oil mill & take up nearly
all the space between freight & passenger depot.
The Hones & Mrs. Ware talked a great deal

The general meaning of this letter is
that - I got your last one - and have
enjoyed it - very much more than I
Fall Creek Cottage
Cornell Campus, Ithaca N.Y. know how to
October Ninth -

TH 1099

Here I have been - porning
myself all day - that if I were
only a good girl I should
receive the reward - of merit
of writing to you this evening.
And I have been perfectly
lovely all day -- and here
it is eleven o'clock - - bed
time - and no chance to
write to you yet !!!!! -

So - I sit down - for just
a moment to whisper to you
that - virtue is always its
own and only reward; - and
that - from my present stand-
point - I don't see the slightest
encouragement to perfect loveliness.
However - I have the time to
say - that I feel so very charming

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with- you and so very close-
to- you as if you were- in
the parlor sofa- chatting with-
me- - all because of these
recent frequent letters- - and
I like the sensation immensely.

Sunday- Several of us- took
a ride- to Slaterville via Dryden-
and as- I looked upon our
Illino hills- gorgeous in color
that- would make- an Oriental
woman pale with- envy- - my
thoughts turned you-ward-
and I gazed the- magnificent-
old hills- a long and lingering
look- for you-. Early frosts
here- made the leaves- glow
with- red and yellow- flames-.

That is the way I am going
to die- just- blaze away- until
I burn- out and fall off- I
mean to say that is the way I
wish to pass off- - I'll probably
shovel up- and be dull- in Fate!

Next Night.

As my renewal of merit turned out to be such a fleeting experience last evening - I awoke this morning with a well defined idea of being very naughty - if I wanted to - and then - wrote to you anyhow - and here I am - with no hindrance to writing except - thought of your comfort - and whether you will reach a letter if it is too long.

It is always this way with me and that is why I am not good - I have never received any real encouragement to be good - because being good and having a good time have seldom been synonyms in my experience.

I have long realized that - if my sins gave me as poignant pain as do my virtues - I should find it easy to be an exemplary member of society - - Funny isn't it - the way of the unregenerate! - Life is a problem in higher physics - "Want to" pulls one way - and "Ought to" pulls another way - and the resultant force is

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"Have to" ^{while} "is" neither of the first-
two - but "something between" and
between - while neither God
nor man desires -.

But - dear me! - I never started
out to write you such - extremely
naughty Philosophies - as these -

I really wanted to tell you that
this has been a glorious - warm
Sunny, Autumn day - As it
was my "day at home" I could
not - go out and explore - all
the intricate beauties - of such a day.

But - from the strictly window
seat I could enjoy the scarlet-
of the maples - and the "coined
sunshine" of the hickories set
in the russet and olive of the
steadfast - old oaks - - As I
looked at it - all - such a
lovely world. I said to myself -
"It's a great pity that - protoplasm
split itself - back - geologic ^{times}
and concluded to climb down
the ages with - a bifurcated de-
velopment - on two feet as it
were - - If it had only put

all its energies - its plant-
development - and had not-
"monkeyed" with - vertebral
and souls - and things - this
world would have been a
mighty - pretty world - and a
credit to its Inventor ."

I do not - know what you will
think at all this pessimism -
but I'll tell you the key to it .
The stout - old party - - whom I
am to teach and of whom I told
you has laid me low - . Sometimes
I will tell you - how I found in
her my Waterloo - - and then
you will not - wonder at -
my pessimistic outlook upon
life - - - But I truly do
not - feel pessimistic this minute -
I feel very serene - and comfy -
and just had a nice time writing
after my naughty day - - -
and if I have been very -
confidential - and made you ex -

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father confessor. b- all my
wicked conclusion - I know the
reason why. You are
men-ergenen Unastiges -
and that's why I always
liked you such a lot.

The Stars are shining so
gloriously as I bid you
good night - - that I send
b- that star over in the
east my - good night -
message to you - Tell me
if Her Serene Brightness
delivers it - rightly - for
it is a very - sweet message
indeed - but one which a
Star could not - possibly
understand - - -

Your - quite - reprehensible but
truly fond
A.B.C.

Rüderst. ^{III} Leipzig.
Oct. 15, 1899.

My dear Mother,

Thus far to-
day I have not been outside
of the house, and Mr. Sparpe
and I have enjoyed a bit of
fire in our tombstone of a
stove; more than the latter,
however, we have enjoyed the
warm sunshine which poured
through our windows. Perhaps
I have already mentioned that the
Germans abhor sunshine in
their rooms. I think the cause
lies in the fact that they

fear it will injure furniture,
carpet, curtains, or the like;
and about such matters they
are extremely puerile. We
persuaded the servant that
the furniture in our room
had long since passed the
days when sunshine might
harm it, and now we are
permitted to keep the shutters
open. After a few days of rainy
weather these clear and cool days
are a great relief. Such days
have enabled me to get rid of
a cold, and now I am busy
only with odds and ends
of reading, etc., pending the
change to Halle.

Mr. Cooper and I expect to

leave Leipzig next Thursday
for our new abode. He will
go early in the day so as to get
located before evening. If three more
are equal to a fire, I think I
may count on being burnt out sev-
eral times before I reach America
again. Unlike the Jew, however,
I will not become a rich man
thereby.

Last Wednesday morning I
went to a symphony concert at
the Gewandhaus. The sympho-
ny season has just begun, one
morning concert and one evening
concert being given each week
during the winter. The Leipzig
orchestra is one of the best in Ger-

rope, so it will be quite a treat
to hear two of these before go-
ing to Halle. The celebrated
piano master, d'Albert, now
of Berlin, was the soloist last
time; and his work was quite
wonderful.

I wish I could send you
readable papers to show up the
German idea of the war in
Transvaal. The Germans are
not very much excited about it;
but their sympathies are all
unreservedly for the Boers.
In fact, they seem to be against
the English as the first principle
of their existence, both people and
newspapers. They predict that
England will lose in the Trans-
vaal, and if by any fluke she

OCT 15 '99

(England) should win, they hope that Russia will take a hand. It is very interesting to see what they think about us. They cannot realize the extent and worth of the country; and it hurts them considerably that most of their "new" ideas concerning machines and apparatus must come from America. The newspapers are generally anti-american, perhaps with the idea of stemming the continual tide of immigration towards the U. S.; but personally the people have much more sympathy for the English-speaking people across the than for any other

Monday

I have been many times interrupted in this letter, and now I hope I may conclude it. Your welcome letter reached me this morning. I am glad that you have had an opportunity of paying some visits in Remontown and Demopolis while the good weather lasts. But with this remark I must be thinking about Athaca, for surely October and November are your pleasantest months very often.

There was some music and an assembly of the English speaking people at the minister's (Mr. Maxwell's) last evening. I suppose in Halle

I shall have no such advantages, but I mean to run over to Leipzig for Thanksgiving, if I can get away.

Mrs. Maxwell has promised to send me over a real American pumpkin pie for this evening. I guess it will taste "out of sight" in this land of pudding and compot (stewed preserved fruit?).

Hoping that you are both very well, and with much love, I am,

Yours aff. son,
P. M.

Dr. B. M. Duggan
Halle, Germany.

15th
Gallion Ala. Oct 14th 1899.

Dear Ben:-

Your letter rec^d yesterday - Saturday -
I about the same time we heard some
bad news from Uniontown as to an old
friend of yours. A Mr Royall who
was in business with one of the Dodd
son boys, was waylaid & shot on his
way home at dark. A load of slugs
was fired into him & he died without
being able to give any statement I
believe. Such occurrences around
Uniontown have become too numerous
It was only a few years ago that the town
Marshal was shot pretty much in the
same way. No clue yet as to the perpe-
trator of the crime.

I will, according to your instructions
in last letter, address this to Halle.
Dr. Cobbs was with me a little while this
morning & talked of the great musical
talent for which Leipzig is famous -
years ago when he was in Europe, he
spent - with a party of friends - several

days in that City & ⁽²⁾ mentioned a custom
then prevalent - that every day at twelve
o'clock a band played at a ground street
near the market house in Leipzig -
& he had some young friends there,
studying music. Dr C looked better
than I have seen him for some months.

Your Uncle Wase came in
this evening on his way to Greensboro,
as William Brown will call for him
early in the morning in his buggy
with a pair of mules - He has some
business to attend to for Jm at Court.

Mr Young - who married Belle
Duggar & have been living in or
near Birmingham for some time,
is quite out of business now, and
the whole family is miserable
on such an account. Event-
ually I suppose Belle & her little
ones will return to Greensboro & live
at her Mothers.

The whole District Baptist Assoc-
iation met here the past week &

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had a great time - three services daily. - They shut up business houses & had dinner each day in their Church yard. The Cambroke has been dull with that exception, the delegates came from 3 or four Counties.

You called attention to the fact that you were losing your hair - it is either that you are wearing a tight hat or Cap too much, or that you have some scalp disease from Barber's fingers - the latter cause is so prevalent that for many years I have refrained altogether from visiting barbershops. Now a tight hat - especially a "Daisy" will compress the veins & vessels supplying the chief nourishment to the rootlets of the hair - & when such happens the hair naturally dies. I have always worn a hat a little too large & adapted it to my comfort by placing a little piece of felt or such material in the lining, & as you know my hair is really thick & not yet gray, & barbers are not allowed to rub their "diseased" fingers over my head.

The scalp is supplied by the frontal, tempo-
ral & occipital arteries, which are so placed
 that a tight hat would readily compress
 them, thereby cutting off the blood supply.
 This must be prevented - stopped at once,
 a heavy uncutlotted hat will artificially do
 harm. For remedies - don't go to a bar-
 ber & buy his nostrums, but obtain
 some good rum (Jamaica), Quinine, &
 good Kerosene oil, (& for giving it odor
 use oil of Eucalyptus.) I take two tablespoons
 of rum - one heaping teaspoon of Quinine &
 one teaspoon of Kerosene. - Dissolve the
 Quinine in the Rum then add the H., & finally
 give odor to suit yourself 30 to 40 drops of
 the oil Eucalyptus. - Apply this every other
 night rubbing in well each time, so as
 to get the scalp supple. This is the best
 hair tonic I know. But avoid these close,
 tight-fitting hats. The treatment is to get the
 blood supply of the hair in a perfectly healthy
 condition.

Everything in the house is asleep now
 & I expect your Mother will wish to add some-

OCT 15, '99

thing to this letter⁵⁻. From cold or a peculiar intercostal rheumatism which she often has - a fever every evening has come upon her for three or four days. Last Wednesday she & I took a jaunt to Drunopolee that she might get herself a hat, & when she returned home, she found she had a fever which has ~~come on~~ every day till today. I hope that it is thoroly broken now & will not return. We had a nice home dinner today but no one come to enjoy it with us. Reuben is some one from Fairdale newly happen in on Sunday. Gr uncle John is going ahead with his "oil mill", (Cotton seed) with very many draw backs, somehow his boys don't seem to help him much. I did not mention the fact that if you suspect some disease of the scalp - a few drops (10) of Carbolic (C.P.) acid added to the hair tonic will be beneficial - altho the K will aid in that direction. — A letter is rec^d here past Marked Boston. From Athletic Assoc of Harvard Graduates. Oct 11-99. Shall I mail it to you? We had one cold spell lasting a few days. For two weeks and summer weather has prevailed: requiring an umbrella. A few clouds this morning. Wane waxes about once a month. Fred reports all well with him. Clemmeyer seems to be perfectly satisfied with his unexpected success, much more so than anticipated. We have a little "Dutchman" over in the office once occupied by Dr. Will Brimmer (merchant). We hope you may take a liking to the new place & be as well satisfied as at Lifford. Your friends ask kindly after you. Very affectionately Gr Foster.

Oct 15, 1899

My dear Son

Monday morning

When a letter goes to you I always feel like putting in a few lines if no more, your Father has given you the news I suppose but I don't think he mentioned our visit to Samuels last Monday afternoon, we went to call on the teacher & to see the family too. Mr. H. was in bed but hoped to be up in a day or so, had made two attempts to be up but each time had a chill & returned to bed, he cant do as I do, have fevers & keep going, but my fevers are not high, come on late in the evening & I sleep them off, feeling weak in the morning but able to get up & attend to my duties in a lazy kind of way. William Barum knocked at the window this morning at three o'clock, ready to take New Wave to Greenboro. I got up made a fire in our grate, boiled water & made tea, gave him some cold bread & butter & he was off before day break, then I lay down & took a nap before it was time to call Jane, that I have to do every morning. We did not hear from Lewis last week but I expect there is a letter at the office now, we have had no mail since Saturday, you are the most prompt of all the boys, I can count on your letters & am so glad I can, Lewis used to be very regular but he complains of so many interruptions now, he is social & no doubt people often drop in who have nothing to do & wish to be entertained. We had a letter from Fred, all were well there, he likes his assistant in live stock very much, he does not mind work as I know that suits Fred. We are having cloudy weather today, I hope will have some rain to fill the pools, a great many need their pools & wells replenished, the crop is nearly gathered & good rains would only be a benefit. The Smiths Bros are offering their place for rent, Mr. Cluff wants to leave the country, Mrs. Du Bois & Charley imagine they are going, Bob, talks grandly about taking "The Town" & I have heard it is possible. Mr. Hatels will leave, if all these go our neighborhood will be quite broken up, episcopal congregation too, but I don't reckon all will get off. I must stop now & fix for dinner, with much love

Your devoted
Father

Th 1099

Fall Creek Cottage
Cornell Campus, Ithaca N.Y.

October Incubated -

Sometimes dear Auswanderer
when - you return to us
who miss you - - You and
I will go - to some of
these - organ recitals in
our really beautiful
chapel - and there
in the dim light - we
will dream - of -
Leipzig and - the
glorious German music.
The - recital last

evening was very
good - and during
it all - I found
my thoughts were
dreams - of - greater
music - and of you -

I found you - an ideal
companion - and I thought
I'd tell you - so you would
know - how calmly I
took possession of you -
without your knowledge
or consent -

with a whole symphony
of happy thoughts - of you -
your friend
A.B.C.

OCT 29 19

—CORNELL UNIVERSITY—
SAGE CHAPEL ORGAN RECITALS

G. M. CHADWICK, ORGANIST.

FALL TERM, 1899.

THIRD RECITAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER NINETEENTH.

8:15 P. M.

SOLDIER: MR. J. D. BEALL

MENDELSSOHN	Chorale:
	"Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling," from the Oratorio, "St. Paul."
BACH	Prelude and Fugue, in B flat. (PETERS' EDITION, VOL. VIII, NO. 8.)
THEO. DUBOIS	Offertory, E flat.
FR. LACHNER	March, from the First Orchestral Suite.
VERDI	Romanza: "Oh tu che in seno agli angeli," from the opera "La Forza del Destino." (VOCAL).
BEETHOVEN	Larghetto, from the Second Symphony.

NOTE.—The Recital this week begins at 5:15 instead of 5:05. This change is for this week only.

Dr. H. C. Coggeshall
Halle, Germany.
U. S. A.

Oct. 20, 1899.

Breitestrasse 35^{II}, Halle a/S.

My dear Father,

The thread of Leipzig events has been broken off, and a fragment of the Halle strand is now to be followed. With a few changes absolutely essential to the tolerance of life, my room is still of the echt German student type, with a little more room and of fresher than the average. I say my room, but indeed Mrs. Cooper and I have decided on a partnership, and in future we will use one room as a study and the other as a bed room. Although it is

now a bit cool, I could not stand the feather-bed covering, and so immediately exchanged it for the regulation "stepp decker", a very heavy quilt lined in a pair of sheets. I find my steamer bag an invaluable article in Germany, for it is the one blanket I have seen outside of store windows. The average German could never indulge in such an aristocratic luxury as that of blankets.

I have been in Halle since last Thursday, but I did not get satisfactorily located until yesterday. The street and ^{numbers} above will probably be my address until the next move; for I certainly hope that

no change will be necessary until I leave Halle. Thus far we have been taking dinner and supper at restaurants, ^{but} we will begin to take our dinners regularly at a pension in the vicinity to-morrow. If it were not for the absence of German conversation and sociability, the Halle restaurant would not be an undesirable place for meals. Today, for instance, we had soup, an unusually hearty segment of roast gander, baked potatoes, stewed pears, a cream tart, and coffee at the wholesome price of twenty-one cents. This, however, is subscription price.

To add to the light breakfast of coffee and rolls I have

commissioned our landlady to prepare some oatmeal for me. She does not know of it except from hearsay, so it remains to be seen what she will do with it, whether I will have soup, gum, pellets, or whole-cornie much to eat.

My trunk has not yet arrived, but I suppose it will come O.K. with Frau Tod behind it.

When I left the pension the Frau gave me a very cordial invitation to come there whenever I should care to return to Leipzig for a day or two, and I shall very likely find occasion to utilize her invitation.

Work does not begin until the middle of the week; but meanwhile there is plenty to do in looking up university matters and in learning the ropes.

dependent practice, and I hope
that his collections will prove
as satisfactory as his calls.

Mr. Cooper and I went out
to German church this morning;
but in spite of the fact that we
kept our overcoats on, it was
about the coldest worship that I
ever attended. The next time I
shall seek one with a warmer
heart.

It is a very sleepy after-
noon, but I must try to write Fred.
I hope that you and Mother will
be able to attend the Birming-
ham Fair.

Next time I will try to tell
you more about Halle and its
university. With love to all,

Your aff. son,

B. M. D.

October 30th 1899.

What is the matter
with me.
Hope you are
completely fixed
in your new home.
You devoted
Mother.

It is now eleven o'clock, a beautiful day, bright but cool, unlike the Germans I have my shutters open & the sun is warming my back while I sit by the fire to write. Friday we had a good snow & since, a cool change in the weather, much to our regret no water ran into the pools, the dry earth absorbed it all. We have to draw water for every thing, even the chickens. We were very glad to hear your letter on Saturday & to know you had recovered from the cold before going into your lodgings, as your process in household or kitchen furniture moves are not as disastrous to you as to some others. By this time of course you are fixed in Halle, I am so glad you have an acquaintance with you, tho' I know you will soon make friends, you seem to have a peculiar talent that way. I often wish I were like you in that respect, if I mixed more with people generally, I might be different perhaps, this life I lead has one tendency to improve me. I am sorry you will miss the good music but one consolation is you have already enjoyed a great deal of it.

Yesterday we were all alone, don't know where bro

Waver was, in Danvers I reckon, in the afternoon we drove down to Gallin to mail some letters, stopped to see Mrs Hatch, Mrs Wooly (her cousin) & Miss Lou. Mrs Coan, the latter was out. I think I wrote you she is teaching Ben Hatch while he is recovering his health, that boy is about 17 or 18, & they make a perfect baby of him.

We heard something last night which I hope is not true, that is, that ^{at Hannabush} Manges warehouse, burned down with 800 bales of cotton in it, no insurance on the house, I don't know about the cotton. I think the house belonged to ~~But~~ John Henry, not to your uncle John. I hope Benbow had not any cotton there, hardly think he had, he does no business with John & Uncle if he can help it. I expect the Hannabush people had a good scare, such a fire in their town.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Nell Jeffries, (Margaret Melrose) to Mr Samuel Humphrey Doty Wednesday Nov 8th at St Michael's church, 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I hope the weather will be good & we can go. I have no idea where the gentleman is from. The mention of a marriage reminds me that Lewis is to wait on a couple at Mount Vernon tonight, did not give any names only wrote a card asking me to send his dress suit, he left it with me

thinking he would have no use for it "as the girls" but he will be running down to Norfolk I know, they say he has a girl there, that is all I know about it except that a great many letters passed between them last summer, he said he had no strings on him" if you understand that -

Well, we did not go to the Montgomery street Fair or to see Fred either as we will hardly go this winter, but for my brother making this would be the best time for me to go because at 4 o'clock (the cook) leaves & it would take another one some time to get the sum of every thing, on some accounts I am sorry to give Jane up tho' there are many objections to her.

My brother is in great demand I can't begin to supply all who want it, have only about 12 or 13 lbs a week to sell, very few people seem to be making much butter the pastimes have been so dry & water so scarce I suppose is the reason. Saturday morning Mr Hatch drove 60 head of cattle to Brimontown the largest number I ever saw at one time, 25 were fine fat oxen, I watched them from the front porch as they went up the Brimontown road.

We will have no chrysanthemums this fall, they are trying to make some flowers but you never saw such

things, as fall roses either, occasionally one little
dried up rose makes its appearance. This weather
makes us think of ready buck hunts but I have
heard of none yet. We will have a good many peaches
from the garden tree, a lively breeze has sprung up
which I should think would make them fall.

One Jones from Demopolis was here last week to
look at our Jerseys but I don't think she is a buyer.
She thought ours were not pure *J. Jerseys* because they
are not all fawn colored, she bragged a great deal
on her fine cows. The Smiths have rented out their
place & will go to Philadelphia, "Miss Georgie" takes
boarders, & Mrs Smith takes a clerkship.

Our Father is out of the house & does not know of
my writing, might have some messages. I have finished
dinner & while eating some very nice "brusch game"
wondered if you have them in Germany, now is the
time for one to fatten up, potatoes & after awhile
sauerkraut. We have no hogs this year but I am glad
to be rid of the trouble of putting them up & we
can always buy a fresh ham or shoulder to make
sauerkraut. Thanksgiving is a great day in Germany is it
it? does it come the same day as ours? I think
Thanksgiving this year will be late in November. I
do hope you will excuse all these mistakes, don't know

supper at our rooms! The landlady gives us hot milk, ea-
 coo, tea, etc., with
 bread and butter, and
 we visit the grocery
 to supply our con-
 ed. (I looked for)
 marketable of
 such things
 to taste, and
 a little fruit
 as a part-
 ing stroke.
 Hoping that
 god will let
 entirely well,
 I am,
 your affec-
 Ben.

35th,
 Halle B. Nov. 4, 1899.

dear Mother,
 I do not remember
 what I have told you of Halle, so
 please overlook any repetitions. The
 old town has the same narrow
 streets that one finds in any
 of the old feudal towns. The
 streets always run in curves
 for protection reasons, and the
 walls of two old castles border
 the city. Much of the old town,
 however, has been rebuilt, and
 beyond its limits there is a
 fashionable quarter. Halle is
 within the limits of Prussia, so

in spite of the greater size of
Leipzig there is considerable jal-
ousy between these neighbors. To
the Leipziger Halle is a poor place
to go, and the inhabitants speak
a very poor German. To the Hof-
tennischen the reverse is true.

For my part I find Halle quite
pleasant, but it of course lacks many
of the attractions which Leipzig
affords. The theater is good,
but musical advantages are
rather few. There for, indeed,
I have had very little time for
such amusements; but we did
go to the theater once last week
to see a Viennese actress of
considerable tragic reputation,
a Fraulein Sandrock.

We have at last determined to
leave our present pension where
we take dinner, and there today
we ate a farewell meal of rabbit,
by way of Sunday change.

Last night, or rather late
yesterday afternoon we attended
a meeting of the American Club.
There were about thirty persons
present. It is wise occasionally to
meet together with the Americans,
but I cannot say that I enjoy
their style of entertainment. Last
night of the sociability and
the *cacat*, both pleasant ele-
ments they held a rather for-
mal colloquium on our present
relations towards Germany. Every-
thing from Alaska to Argentina,

from Samoa to South Africa
was hauled forth and left as
it were. I would much rather
have spent the hour in a so-
cial way finding out what others
were seeing of interest in this land
and place, and what there is
further within reach.

Your usual letter has not
yet come, but it is more likely
to come tomorrow. I started out
after dinner for a short walk
with Mr. Cooper and our Ger-
man acquaintance, but I re-
turned to write, leaving them
to spend the afternoon. This even-
ing Mr. Cooper and I are invited
to tea with Mrs. White and her
daughter, whom I have previously
mentioned as Cornell friends.
We have continued taking our

F. B. McDuffar Wallion Ala. Nov 5/99
Sunday

Dear Ben: -

Yesterday a week ago we had a letter from you & today is your Mother's regular letter day, but this morning - a real frosty east wind day - she had a chill, so I take the letter for myself.

She has no fever at this time & back - it was rather severe some rigor & I hope she may have no more. She thought she would surely have Company, and I am afraid she exposed herself too much in the drafts of cold & raw wind. Since her attack of several weeks back she has improved very much, was getting to herself again.

We've had a little rain & 3 frosts following it - so we may expect now a good rain which will help us & many others.

2

For water is getting very scarce, my
pools are quite dried up - but each of
the three cisterns have some water yet.
The gutters for two of them are OK and
only waiting a regular downpour. The seed
(Turnip & Mustard) ~~some~~ ~~some~~ weeks are
barely commencing to sprout - There will
be consequently no winter crop hereabouts -
The Hairy Vetch (*Villosa*) planted long ago
has not yet had moisture sufficient
to sprout it, & the poor shrivelled up
Chrysanthemums are trying to bloom.

Bob Wood Collins' son "Wallace" who
is in Birmingham I believe studying law
with Truly Allen, wrote word - that he
had seen yr "Bro Ware" lately, and he was
patter than he had ever seen him. We
think therefore Ware must be faring
quite well.

Llewellyn wrote us that he wished
his "dress suit" Expressed him as he was
to wait on a wedding Couple at Mt
Vernon Ala - Has not heard from him since.

3

Mrs Louisa Barber & Lou
Brooder escaped the winter
here & expect to take it in
New York, Philadelphia
& other colder regions. The
finery & fixtures they took
with them I hope may show
them off to advantage.

Alice Duncan married
in New York lately, a Mr Pier-
pont. Hope she may do well.
Mr C. A. Smith & wife went
on to Philadelphia a short time
this summer & it seems he
has found some business
there, which, may suit him
better than farming - so he
leaves this winter (Xmas) and
rents out his farm to a Mr
Smart, who has been renting
land near Lawrenceville. They say
Clif made more debts than cotton.

Nov 5, '99

Your Mother & I went down
to see the Young Ladies about
Uniontown - her old friends -
and poor Miss Ann was
a sight - a mere object of
Charity. I felt very sorry
for them - wish I had plenty
to give away & could help
them along in a manner.
Nothing has occurred amongst
our old Uniontown folks lately, you
heard that Miss Stella Pickering
(the prettiest girl of the Village) married
Harwood. Yesterday, about
10 o'clock at night John Minge's Iron
Warehouse in Fairdale was
burnt with about 1000 bales of
Cotton. Much that had no
insurance. Mrs Jack Bethea
lost 30. Mr Harris I believe, had
about 40 but insured. He is now
in Tuscaloosa for his health.

You have been written to that Judge Mr. H. Taylor has built a beautiful house in Uniontown - just across the St on the corner opposite Burke Johnson's. Low down on the street leading from Uniontown almost to the big Booker House, Mr Gaston Stallworth has built a very commodious & great residence, much admired by many. He will very soon occupy it, leaving the plantation.

In all the Political appointments & assignments - no mention is made of our friend Minus Walker. Gov. Johnston has new men everywhere he can stick them. Such Agriculturists as May Culver & the old-timers we knew are entirely left out.

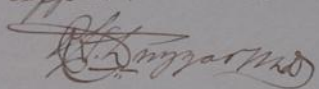
Ruben has resented the plantation for another year. He doesn't tell us how his business affairs turned out this year.

The Alabama University has 208- & the A. O. S. - 360 - each more than for any previous year.

I wish particularly That you remember

Mr John Campbell of Phila.
Can't you forward to him some
little mementos of your trip—
thus showing that you have
in remembrance his kindness
to you. I know he will appre-
ciate such notice— even a
nice letter, as you can do easily,
can give him.

Bro Waverly has come in,
& says he still feels good from
his Summer trip to visit the "Mon-
tagnes in Mo."— Sends his love, to
dads & Mother, who would be glad
to add a few lines— but is lying down.
A new Oil Mill in Danapolis, one already
at Muintown & Gr. uncle John putting up one
at Tennestale.

Nothing furthermore at this
time. Gr. Affection Father


Hyland Ave. Blowing Rock, North Carolina NOV. 1, 1917
 August twenty eight another fine
 day. Mr. Gayle. I do hope your anxiety
 about Louise's hearing is allayed by this
 time. Summer weather is a great cure
 for troubles of such a kind. I had a
 similar period of alarm on Lou's account
 when he was a little fellow but he
 came out all right. I am sure Louise's
 big eyes looked their softest, and her cheeks
 their pinkest and that she quite re-
 minded of a bride and bridesmaids.
 Clara and I are finishing our third
 season on this special mountain
 top. Lots of people I know have cottages
 here and it is more like home to
 me than any other place. We came
 here from my little girlhood, and
 there are many things to tell
 me of "Faour" "my" "ma", and that
 she was "one of fine women" -
 which I know without telling.
 The old "Grandfather" does his best
 to console me for the days that
 long in state against our boy line.

with a robe of different texture and
color for every day of every month
and all the blue ridge is all around.
It is hard to tell whether the time
is just or soon is most becoming.
Her artist friend Aunt Sammie's
two little Madonnas, and the ^{little} ~~little~~
girl sitting in the library are
people of (his) has his summer
studied here, and it is a delight
to see the wonderful landscapes
with our own eyes fixed and his
taste. He really is a genius in
color. He has decided not to let
Anna return to Dorset Vassar - she
makes a determined effort to follow
herself wherever she goes and I
have had a daily conflict with
her even here, to keep her from
constant work. She will probably
take her frivolous fit when she
is thirty or so - every one has it
some time, and it would be
more becoming now. We are

still uncertain whether Ben will
join us here for part of September.
It seems a long, expensive journey
for a short time but he may come
if he thinks best, since he is
making his own arrangements and
of course we are desperately ^{convinced} to see
him. Clara can not remove her-
self to the diverging of paths in-
scriptible for brother and sister
in a workaday world. I am
glad you are fond of my home
- it is a real comfort to me, for
I could it myself, and like to
think it is not quite orphaned. I am
sorry you do not feel justified in
buying it, but it may be better for
me to have it as it is, and I
am thankful for such tenants.
It needs painting badly, and we
must try and get it done next
summer. I hear the summer school
was not as large as in past years.
Probably the closing of Yale last

summer, and the consequent discomfort
has reacted this year. I wonder how
Edwin has fared, and where he
will be next year. Thank you
for forwarding Tommie (Mr. Davis)
papers. My movements are uncertain
so he has depended on the
Lithuan address. I suppose Mr. Helms
is to return. Mrs. Bailey writes and
that Sarah is going to Los Angeles
to teach. I wonder where Mr. Bates
will take his sabbatical - and I
hope things are going comfortably
in the College. I am so sorry Mr.
Dwyer is troubled with Hay Fever
- a detestable nagging ailment,
which seems to be prevailing
about half the population and
the medicals find no relief
which can be depended on.
We will be here until mid
September, and I will send the
long delayed "Lease" by Kerr if
he comes - Almond by mail.
The humiliating fact is I don't know

Bazar arranged by the Universal Church, and after this there
will be an American dance.

I will stay with my friend
Mr. Sharp, and I hope attend the
symphony concert
next morning.

Subscription -
King to Halle.

With much
love to all,

Your aff.
son,

B. W. M.

Brickstrasse

35th Halle St.

Nov. 11, 1899.

My dear Father,

When I wrote

last Sunday I had mentioned
that Mr. Cooper and I were in-
vited out to tea - chafing-dish
tea - with Mrs. White and
daughter for the following morn-
ing. We enjoyed a cozy little
supper with them in the
old American style. When there
I went into the kitchen to grind
the coffee for Mrs. White. Such
a kitchen I have never seen
before, as clean and bright as

a parlor. I think perhaps it is more Dutch than Germany. All of the vessels were of stone ware or crock-
ery, with the blue ornamentation; and even the
stove is largely lined with the same. Indeed the
room is storeroom and kitchen combined in a way, and
the orderly rows of jars, each with its gaven label,
and the trimmed oilcloth on the shelves, and a
few conspicuous brass knobs all gave it an air
of dignity showing that it is the workshop of the
Frau herself. Well, I guess some of them know very
little outside of their kitchen and it should be
well arranged.

The landlady here can boast no such
kitchen, but she certainly keeps the rooms for
us spotless clean. Let me diverge a minute, how-
ever and say that she does not know how to make
cacao. I think she uses cornstarch instead of milk;
for such cacao as she makes needs to be dinked out
with a spoon and swallowed like a mucilaginous
pill. For supper tonight she gave us the black bread
and butter, as we ordered; and we supplied some
corn beef, and ^{corn} honey and oatmeal crackers.

I have been very busy at the laboratories this
week. I spend my forenoons in botany. At present
I am getting Professor Schleib's methods of cultivating
artificially the alga (pond scums, etc), such plants

being very fine for the study
of physiological phenomena. About
four afternoon a week I spend
the time at the chemical insti-
tute in order to do a little work
with organic compounds. This
part of my education was more
or less neglected in Mississippi, and
now I find great need for it
in my physiological studies.

I have not attended the-
ater or anything of the kind
for some days; but Friday even-
ing I went to a meeting of a
little scientific club. As usual,
of course, we sat around tables
and were supposed to sip beer
as the papers were read. Now
that the warm and thirsty

NOV 11, '99

season is over, I find difficulty in getting through with my glass during the evening.

During most of the past ten days we have needed neither fire nor overcoat by night, but today they are both comfortable in their respective places.

Mother's welcome letter reached me a few days ago. Mr. Cooper, my friend, is a graduate of the Univ. of Michigan, and a Logansport High School Professor.

I am glad that Leuben is located for another year at his old stand, for understanding the conditions of the place, he will have advantages.

I am going to Leipzig Tuesday evening to attend a church

Sunday Nov 12th 1899

My dear Son

This looks fair to be a quiet Sunday. I have read the evening & will now begin an answer to your very acceptable letter handed me this morning, some colored friend, Joe Scott perhaps, had our mail brought up. I am always glad of such consideration especially on Sundays, for your letters usually reach us on that day. I was sorry you had a little sick turn but glad it was over so quickly, ^{over} I know the Roming's big carriage is such a perhaps highly esteemed. I suppose you thought the fat ganders would be too, what a strange notion not to eat the queer article young & not so rich, I remember you said they waited for them to be fully grown. The Germans must be queer people some enough, or more properly speaking their ways, the idea of a restaurant in the middle of a woods! they always seem prepared for eating & drinking in every place. We will be glad to hear from "Fischer's chaff" what you think of it. That reminds me, the letter from Boston was about the athletic club as I will not send, nothing to write on. When your Father wrote last Sunday I was having

an old fashioned chills, after a shake of 2 1/2 hours
I had not much fever but felt pretty badly, espe-
cially Tuesday, after taking quinine enough to keep off
the chills, have had no return. Tuesday your Father
took cold & that night had fever but was up by
12 o'clock Wednesday & said he felt well enough to
drive down to Fausseville to Miss Jeffries wedding,
was returned after dark but neither felt the worse
for the ride. It was the least attractive wedding
I ever attended, the church was decorated with
chrysanthemums but was not pretty they looked as
dried up, the bridal party was numerous & as much
lacking in good looks as the flowers. Mary Kings &
Mrs Bennett were the only good looking ones in the
crowd, they came one by one, all walking
slow enough to have been looking for pins on the
carpet, there were two sections of hoses, Minnie
Wether (Mrs McKee) the other I did not know.
Mrs Doty is a first cousin of Miss's & resides in
Maine, they took the train for that place. I saw
many acquaintances but no time to talk, every one was
hurryng either to get to the train or home. Miss
Marion Peabody will be married in the Methodist
church at Fausseville to Mr Johnson of that place

we were not honored with cards.
I saw by the "Post" that Prof Duggar entertained
his S S class very pleasantly from 6 to 8, last Tuesday.
Mrs Duggar entertained the Auburn chapter of the
Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs Wills
read "Paul Revere's Ride" & Mrs Duggar as proper on
the life & labors of Samuel Adams, at its close the
ladies were invited to inspect a large collection of
historical & family relics, among others the old family
Bible & articles of exquisite needle work, elaborate &
beautiful refreshments were served. I wonder if
pork chops, & fried calumns figured in the menu?
Fred has not written to us for some time. Had a
letter from Lavin yesterday he was well, said he had
not been very busy lately. Thomasville, the dining
place on the M & W road was nearly consumed by
fire a short time ago, out of 20 business houses
only two escaped the flames, the residences seemed
to have escaped, the fire was in the business part
of the town. Ware is still at Springfield, I hoped
to go to the Fair & have a chance to see him but
your Father seemed out of the notion as soon as
expressed a wish to go. I don't think he likes to be
bothered with me. Reuben was here a little while

last night on his way from Danopolis, saw
gentle men just from there & they said the Fair
was nothing, the crowd very great, almost impossible
to get a place to stay. The papers have been drawing
up a crowd. Reuben had been to an auction sale of
young stock brought from Texas I think he said,
brought a young mare, Denmark I believe; he is by
degrees getting onto stock raising, has in all over a day
brand, including three milk cows, one he sent out
& one he allows to run with his calf, for the good of
the calf, the other furnishes him milk & butter,
excess the mistakes, He attempted to double plow some
times ago but the ground was so hard he had to
give it up, I don't think there ever was such a year
as this has been, so bitter rain. Yesterday we thought a
rainy spell would certainly begin, today the sun is as
bright as ever, every one has had a good time to
prepare for winter. We have plenty of hay, corn, wood,
& coal, also a good many fowl, but the rogues are
taking off our turkeys, out of a flock of 19, only 9 are
left but we have others not belonging to that set.
I think the murder of Mrs Royal remains unexplained,
perhaps like the Darby Willis murder they may find
out some thing 14 years hence. Many negroes have been

Nov 12 1909

arrested lately & it is thought the Willis murder mystery will be solved. Not long ago an old man, Bob Lawson, was dying he said to those around, "well, I can't keep it any longer, I helped to kill Darby Willis," he then gave the names of others who took part in it, among others Darby's son Williams, Nick & Parker Jackson. Wednesday the preliminary trial will be held in Sacramento, your Father is summoned. I will be left alone, hoped to get Uncle Waver to stay here that night but he says he is going to Bering ~~frame~~, he has come in since I began this page & we have had dinner, he & your Father are going out for a ride. Uncle Waver was in London last week, can't say enough for Mrs Cleveland & her good table, she had a house full of boarders. I think I must bring my letter to a close & try to get it off this evening, Uncle Waver does not know of my writing or would I think know some message, they are hitching up the buggy. I forgot to say Mrs Harris has returned from Truckee, improved by the trip, with much love

Your devoted

Mother.

PUFFALO, NY
P.M. NOV 13, 1899



My dear Marie,

It pains me most
grievously that I must rebuke
you - a Senior - for disloyalty
to your Alma Mater. Is it
not enough even to think such
thoughts? No, you must give
them utterance, breathe them
into the very ear - or eye - of
the Enemy. Marie, Marah!

And you think so little of the
worth of your dear mother
college that you deem it disgrace
to go down - even to the hero's
death - before her? Is she then
so weak and so unworthy!

Not so, my dear, not so! No, worthy,
full worthy, may she be of the
victory, the glorious and honor-
able victory, that is hers! And
may she never know that in
her fold is one who would
her fame decry and call her
weak and worthless. —

"There, little girl, don't cry" —
just cheer, just cheer, and like
the cup of tea, cheer but do not
inebriate — even through a
straw. How wicked of the
deacon to have the cider in
his cellar — I suppose if it
was right for the deacon to put
the cider down in his cellar, it
was no worse for you and his
Sedateness to put the cider down
in the deacon's cellar, too. You

knew the good Lord helps those
who help themselves. — Wicked
deacon, foolish Junior, naughty
Marie! Had I but the same
conditions, cellar, cider, saucy
sister, straw to show the way the
wind blows, such excuse for cele-
bration, I, perchance, might be
persuaded to provide the needed
suction that should lure the quiv-
ering liquid from within the
deacon's cellar to a safe and
sure haven hid within this
guileless man-child — in short,
I might draw, too.

Jay to Marie and the best of
all that is; may she never know
defeat, and may we, "the little
ones" of Vermont, accept right
gracefully whatever befalls,
winning victory in defeat.

Very sincerely — Edward D. D.

S. Weymouth, Nov. 7, '90.

Dear Brother:-

I find upon investigation that the principal of the amt due you is \$393.20 mostly dating from 1st 5, '88. to 1st 25, '89. and of course int. on the same would amt. to considerable over \$400.

Now in regard to Miss Mary E. Wilkins all I can say from personal observation is that she is of a very retiring disposition, so much so that unless a person were intimately acquainted with her or the people in the house they would be unable to gather much of interest ~~to~~ to those seeking it.

As to her personal appearance she is of the amburnhair type, rather short and not of the class called beautiful.

Living in a neighborhood mostly populated with single unmarried etc ladies & gentlemen, on South Main St in the most elevated part of Randolph from which one can procure the best view of the Blue Hills to be had from any point, they being about 2 or 3 miles distant across a valley.

Miss Wilkins occupies 3 rooms in the old fashioned 2 story house of John Wales whose family consists of wife and two children (Mary & Johnny familiarly called by his friends)

These rooms are called a parlor, chamber and back parlor or study as the case may be, well filled with nice a brace in very good taste. ~~Prefer to the Critic~~ page 462 for more matter in regard to

her character

She came from Brattleboro, Vt. a good many years ago. It must have been over 15 as it was about that time I lived there. I recollect hearing her play the piano occasionally in those days, which must have been part of her studying times, and there was a good field too.

The Wales with whom she lives are of the old stock, who are well to do farmers also the neighbors are mostly of the same origin.

If there was any such place this part of Randolph would be called Walesville. Being above and overlooking the rest of the town in more ways than one too as the town you know is populated by

a great many Irish.

1 schoolhouse sits opposite the
Wales house called " " to this date.

You made a note of the Atlantic
mitten article of last winter & before.

I think I recollect Miss W participating
in a hay ride at one time as she
must have come out of her shell and
in a while.

The financial result of the success
of stories written ~~must~~ have made
a change in the furnishings of the
house since my time there.

I wish I could write more but
don't seem to recall much and Diggs
could serve you better in this respect.

Let us know if you can come home
Thanksgiving day.

Yours very truly
Wilton H. Haver

glad to know some thing of the town. I am glad
you find it a pleasant place, hope the climate
this winter will not be too cold for your comfort.
This being the 8th Sunday in the month there were
services at St Andrews, I went on, Mrs Cobbs gave
us a good sermon as usual, I was a very tired even we
went to hear it, as Mrs Collins is in Birmingham
Lorain asked Miss Mills the teacher of the township
school, to play, that she might sing, being not familiar
with our music the chants were not sung but the
hymns were good & I think it would be a good idea
to get her to play every time & Lorain sing with her
Mother for Mrs C's voice is not what it once was.
I did not stop to speak to Mrs Cobbs but sent to ask
him to stop as he passed, we wanted to give him a
tuckey for Thanksgiving; dinner was ready as he was
asked to take "pot luck" with us & accepted, he hurried
off as soon as dinner was over saying the evenings are
so short he would hardly reach home before night. He
asked particularly about you. We had several Temperance
people at church today but Uncle Waver did not come
tho' he told me he would certainly be here, we counting
on him tho'. It has been cloudy all day & I do hope

we will have rain, it is getting so dusty again
& our some places water so scarce, we still have a
good supply in the wells.

Tuesday your Father was sent for to see Lucy Kibbille,
I went with him, we found her with elevated nose
throat & fever, he nipped her throat twice & left
medicine for sister Sally to use, we have not heard
from her since as I suppose she is over it by this
time. Dick had a similar attack the week before &
Colman was suffering the same way at that time. I don't
know whether I told you she is teaching the township
school in a cabin in the yard, Mrs Smith occupying
the school house in the grove.

Thursday I was quite surprised when your aunt
Beccie drove up to spend the day, only Lorain with
her, Mary in Birmingham & the twins with Rose.
She was looking better than for some time past & more
cheerful. Chad, which tried boiling at the journey one
month, retired in disgust, is now in Lowell at the
"Lytle School," hopes to be able to "boil" a manufacturing
room, but I have not much faith in his doing any
thing. I had a letter from Lavin yesterday he was
quite well but not very busy, says it is remarkably

hunting at present, now accident cases there
any other. He has given up the contract at the
two small Carleman mills, they are so far away,
getting to them would be annoying & dangerous in bad
weather, having to travel on a flooded river, be out at
night & wait for belated freight trains. I am so glad
he has given them up. He has the exclusive right to
practices at the large mill near Fairfield & the Seaboard
Co give him a great deal of their practices, they have
2 mills & will soon put up 2 more. Those distant
mills had given me a good many anxious thoughts
but I had said nothing to Lavinia. Ned seems to have
forgotten us all, so long since he has written. Mr
beard Waver is looking well, Mr Doan saw him at
the Fair, he has not favored us with a letter in some
time. I hoped Reuben would come down today but he
did not. Miss Hannah's Peabody wedding was quite a
pretty affair as I hear, Amy had charge of the Methodist
church decorations & that was enough to say, she
always succeeds in what she undertakes.
Miss Willie's Clarks & Dr Dick's Sons (dentist) are
soon to be married. Ned lives in Danvers. Mrs Potter
says I must hurry as I suppose I must, we are quite

Fall Creek Cottage
Cornell Campus, Ithaca N.Y.

November - 27 - 1899.

Why No! - I never did hear
of - Cacao musli -! - But I
would gladly have some if
I might have it with you.
- There is a suspicious looking
black bottle on our side-board
labeled - "Coca Muscatelle" -
and every time I get
cross - The Professor - makes
me take a dose. It is the
foolishest tasting stuff I
ever sampled - but its results
upon my temper are magical.
Maybe - your Cacao - is related
to my Coca - and that is
what made you write such a
jolly letter - Ah so - lets

always - drink - each others health - (or eat it) -
in those cheerful - Coca - and Cacao - phenomena.
- Then we will always be - such jolly - friends!

Since I writ you last - I've been to New York
Not on a spree - alas! - Nor for art nor music
ah me! - But to meet my Committee
of - August Magnates - "with pleasures and palaces"
and - make my report - on progress in Natural Studies
to them (in marble halls!) Imagine yours
Mrs Cricket - speaking aloud before a committee
that represented \$600,000,000 - Cash and Capital!
And these same representatives of millions - of the
sort - that - mean to - do their duty by their fellow men.
But it - was ever so easy - to talk to them for them

were such - nice, quiet, simple
folk. - just - like most of
us who represent a capital
of \$,06. - They even
went as far as to invite me
to dinner. - - but my chief
impression I find - of all
the magnificence was - the
special constellations - of
buttons - on - the coats of
the lackeys. - The butler
had the big dipper and
Orion - on his coat tails -
and that - is as far as I got -
in my - broadcloth astronomy.
When I get to - own a palace
I'll clothe my missions
in the Milky Way - and be
done with it -
- But I truly had a brooful

times in New York. - even without music - and art.
- The special bit of wisdom I brought home - is
"Millionaires are - quite - as - nice - as - other folk -"

- All this is very encouraging - - and I do not
see - why - we should any of us - hesitate any
longer - about becoming millionaires at once.

Sunday Evening - Nov - 26th

Dear Anastasia - I've brought my writing down
to the parlor - to finish this letter - by the
inspiration - of - a snapping - - enthusiastic - wood
fire - - The callers have all gone - - but there
is some nice new cider left - in the pitcher - enough
for us each a glass - you - and - for you two glasses.
- - I think I will - turn out - two glasses full - and

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I'll sit me - and put the
other me over in the chair there
- for you - - so you can sit
your - - while you are watching
the - wild dance of the flames.
- It is just the sort of a day -
and evening - that makes me
really want you here. - If you
had been here - - I should have
had you for a companion for
my afternoon walk - - over a
new - and mysterious road - that
leads - northward from Cornell
heights. - It was such a glorious
November ~~evening~~ we had 5-
day - landing - shafts of light -
into every - woodsy - nook. - and
making - the horizon - all gold
and glory - for the bare branched
trees - to stand out against. There
was a tenderness in the light.
everywhere - that - suffused - and
made beautiful - everything it
illumined - - O - I wish you
had been here! - - and yet

if you had - - you would have walked with me
nowhere - - On the whole - I think - it is nicer
to have you in Europe - - so that I can - think -
"If he were here - we would walk together!" - Yes -
please stay in Europe - always - for now - I
can - call on you - whenever - I have time - to write -
- and it - is so easy to have you - so often a guest -
at my hearth! - By the way - where will you
be I to address you - during your wanderings this
winter and when I am three weeks away from you?

+ + + + +
These + + + means - a long and silent visit with
you - when we both looked into the fire - = not had a
trouful time - - And now the fire is in embers - and
my glass is empty - - - Ah - must you go - now? - I am
so sorry! - Good night! - Good night! -
4-0-6 d. H. I. G. H. T -

This little
is a little
song - that
the firelight
sings - to night
- as it must
be your song
I send it to
you - and hold
you equally for
guiltless - for
a faithful thought.
and thought.

Oh. magical glow - 11/24/99

Oh. red-ember light!
You bring me to night.
Some one I knew.

Nay, Some one whose heart
I never shall know!

And yet in this glow,
I know that I know -
We are near, not apart.

Wh. Why. are friends - friends?

Tell the secret aright!

'Tis the magic of light.

That flickers and sends

A flash that reveals.

A shade that conceals.

Until feeling transcends

And all knowledge ends.

In the pulses. warm glow -

And - we know that we know

DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

Professor Geo. F. Atkinson, - Botanist.
 Professor W. W. Rowles, - Plant Histologist.
 R. M. Duggan, Ph.D., Cryptogamic Botanist.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION.

Priestessense 35th Hall S. Nov. 26, 1899.
 Ithaca, N. Y., 189

Dear Father,

During the week I have received two
 very welcome home letters; yours of Nov. 5th, somewhat
 delayed, and Mother's of the following week reach-
 ed me yesterday. I hope that neither of you have felt
 any further ill-consequences from chills and fever.
 The drought must be one almost unprecedented at
 this season, though I remember that while at the Station
 I had much difficulty with fall-planted grain. I wish
 that we might have shared with you, for it has been
 rainy and cloudy quite continuously in Halle, and
 only one day have we had a glimpse of the sun for
 some time. It is cold enough to relish a fire in
 our studio, but I am not sure that we have yet
 had much frost in this region. Perhaps we have,
 but it has not been manifest in the city.

Today brighter prospects greeted us, and Mrs.
 Cooper and I determined that we must have a
 little fresh air and exercise, so trusting to the pos-
 sibility of the bicycle sidepath, we rode down
 to the town of Muesburg, about ten miles south.

slightly anticipated. I am sorry for the long the George Westhouse, but especially
 glad that Uncle Harris suffered no harm thereby. Do you know Mr. Campbell's address?

The road was truly none too good, but rideable; and we found Merseburg an interesting old town with two castles, one a summer residence of the Crown Prince, the "ground-slating back" to Romans and Kings.

The principal "Decoration-Day" of the Germans occurred last Wednesday, but all of the remainder of the week seems to have been more or less of a holiday with them. Since the University work was suspended we were in anticipation of a quiet time at home. At ten o'clock, however, Mr. Sharpe came in. He had come over from Leipzig accompanied by two of our personal friends, and by Mr. Landfield and Miss Cavarlay, two Cornellians whom I knew in Ithaca last year. We guided them to such sights as the city affords, dined with them at the hotel, and sent them back saying that they had had a fine day.

When I closed my letter last week I think that I was on the road to dine with Professor Kiebs and a small company. As anticipated, I did not find the formality as at Professor Pfeffer. I think, in fact, that the principal mistake I made was in not wearing my gloves as Ger-

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Ithaca, N. Y.,

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tered the parlor. We had a good course dinner characteristic of any land, the remarkable features of it for Germany being the presence of nice fish and onion.

One evening last week we heard one of the celebrated French prima donnas, Mme Arnoldson, in the very pretty Italian opera Mignon. She sang in French while the other parts were taken in German. This gave us an excellent opportunity for a comparison between the languages in song. You can hardly imagine how much more musical and beautiful the French is. Mme Arnoldson sings tomorrow in German, but I cannot afford the time to see her.

We have now found a very nice little vegetarian restaurant at which to take our supper, getting just what we want, and very moderate as to price. They have no meat diets, but all sorts of egg dishes, vegetables, fruits, cereals, and the like. There are very few such restaurants in Germany, but they are beginning to find a place under the patronage of those who are opposing the omnipotence of the boar custom.

I suppose that the developments in the Darby Mills case are not surprising, for if I remember correctly some of the men who were mentioned were at one time

December 8th 1899.

My dear Son

Early this morning we had the promise of a lovely day & I was in hopes Aunt Nettie would be down, but suddenly the weather has changed, clouds seem to be gathering for a bad spell, the wind is damp & very disagreeable, it is a great disappoint to me for I had planned a trip to Home Lake on the early train, then to take the freight for Brimontown, thereby attending to some little matters in both places tomorrow. Uncle Father is invited to a Medical meeting in Dayton on Tuesday so if we should not have much rain he will go to Johnsons to spend tomorrow night & to Dayton next day so if I can't go to Brimontown I will go with him as far as Johnsons. I want to see him anyhow about Father's cotton claims. Some people are running wild about an article that appeared in the papers not long ago to the effect that the Government had so many millions of dollars waiting to pay the cotton claims, & all persons had to do was to present them. I trust it may be so. I am afraid the Johnny put the claim some years ago into Mr. Dick Lusk's hands to collect for half, then there was a possibility of getting something the lawyers said if

claims were turned over to them, we are also well
arranged it as they said. I think Father had 100
bales taken from him, then cotton was worth 30^{cts} a
pound. It may be like the Kentucky money we hoped
to get some years ago, we must not count on it.

Well, how did you spend Thanksgiving? did Mrs.
Maywell remember the pumpkin pie? I thought of
you & wished you could have enjoyed our fat Turkey,
we have it finished it yet. I expected sister Callie's
family, Reuben & his Wives, only the last two married
cousins, & another in time for church. Reuben had been
to a dance the night before & slept until 10 o'clock,
we telling what Brother was doing. I fixed the house
& table up just as nicely as I could, had as nice
dinner & was as disappointed that the Baris family
did not come, we four looked home at a long
table.

Today we had a cold ride in to Decatur, tried to
go the Asheville road & the wind had a full sweep at
us, right in our faces. Mrs. Father had some business
to look after & I went to call on Mrs. Godfrey an old
friend from Gainesville, she was Maria Woodson,
lived on Judge Remis' family when I visited there.
As usual. We both enjoyed the meeting I am sure, she

has changed much in appearance but is the same
sweet person she was years ago. I wondered if she
thought I had changed as very much.

My kind friend has brought us the mail today as I
have not your letter to answer, I am sure it is at
Hall's, the chance way of getting the mail & sending
our letters down does it do, I sent a letter to the store
yesterday to be sent off & would you believe it, a little
dunkie stole it off the counter, & could not be made to
say what he did with it, all happened in about 5 minutes,
Mrs. Barclay right there.

I don't know whether you ever hear from Probals & if
the following will be some news - Lewis wrote that
Harry Sprague is now Dr. P. studying to be a trained
nurse, another of Alice's wild goose schemes I reckon.
Harry has not the strength for such work, if she has
other acquisitions. To think of her nursing a fever patient any
day after day, & only 7 hours out of each 24 for sleep &
recreation, that is the rule with the trained nurses.
We also heard from Beatie that Alice & her long John
will be married soon. I don't hear anything more of
Beatie's Dr. but she thought she caught her summer.
Reuben is looking very well but I can't find out how he
is getting on financially, he is as ever committed. I don't

see how he can be with us who are so interested in his
success. He is certainly like the Duggars in that respect
as well as some of the others. I seldom hear from Wave,
had a postal some time ago. After a three weeks stay
in Birmingham Mrs Collins (J T) has returned very much
in the notion of going there to live, don't know how she
would ever get Mr Collins away from his interests here.
The Smiths leave us about two weeks, & the Arnolds move
on, Miss Mary Mrs Donnell says Mr Smith is the
Sons of the, to get out of this country. I believe everyone
around here would be glad to leave but the Collins
tribe. Miss Mary is with Mrs Barinder, I was to see
her yesterday evening. Miss Ann & Anne have been enjoying
their northern trip to the fullest extent, been dined, &
dinnered, & taken out to everything, it will be pretty dull
for them here when they return. Uncle Wave has not
showed us the light of his countenance today. It is
late in the evening I have written by matches, and
afraid I will see no chance to the office tonight & my
letter will be behind again, with much love

Your devoted

Mother.

DEC 6, 1899 (yr?)

KENT PLACE
SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY.

Mein lieber Freund:

Ich Lasse nicht

beabsichtigt Sie so lange warten zu
lassen, denn Ihre schöner Brief verdient
eine baldige Antwort. Nun ich werde
mich beeilen.

Ihre Karte deutet auf ein neues
Auge. Seit wann sind Sie in
München, und wohin geht es von
dannen? nach Italien? Von da aus
müssen Sie mir oft schreiben,
denn ich habe Italien besonders
lieb, mirs geht auch sehr
viel über das Alte Römische
Reich hin, für meine Classen
nämlich.

Wovon erzählen? Erstens möchte
ich mich einige Bücher entsagen,

die ich an Sie zu bestellen habe. Da Sie doch nicht
wären konnten aus dieser Gräberherkunft, ^{wo} werden
ich ihnen sogleich sagen; vom Fräulein Manning,
Manny, Owen und (Eva) Capron. Sie werden sich wohl
ein Stück darauf einbilden.

Diese Damen traf ich alle in New York und
später wieder auf dem Cornell Luncheon, welches
(in welchem Geschlecht ist das Wort Luncheon?) am 27sten
Januar statt fand. Unsere Gäste waren Pres. Schuman,
Prof. Burr, Mrs. Brownell, Mrs. Hendricks, der besonders
geistreich war, und Dr. Polk - Dean of the med. Faculty.
Die Rede des Letzten niefiel mir und den
anderen Damen sehr. Er sagte dass in Med.
Instituten der Umgang mit Damen, den Männern
wohl vortheilhaft sein könne, aber seiner Meinung
nach sei es ihnen auch schädlich, da der Verkehr
mit "gentle natures" von dem "Buck force" der
Männer abnehme, und es sei gerade diesen
"Buck force" der zu Erfolg (success) nötig sei,
und das wir - die Damen nämlich, uns schliesslich
doch in Zeiten der Gefahr auf den starken Arm
des Mannes verlassen müssen. Nun was
sagen Sie davon. Wie steht es mit unserer
vielgesprochenen Civilisation?

Fräulein Manny traf ich schon einige Male. Die

ist eben so komisch wie im früheren Jahre.

Fraulein Green erzählte mir den komischen Hergang ihrer (D. f. Carl's) Verlobung, die schon längst wieder gelöst ist.

Fraulein Green kam dem 10ten Februar in New York an. Carl Maury und ich wollten sie bei der Landung treffen aber da ihr Schiff sieben Stunden spät war konnten wir nicht auf sie warten. Ich brachte sie später und holte ein angerechnetes Plauderstündchen mit ihr. Sie war fort ausgepflegt. Sie selbst litt auf dem Wasser an Seekrankheit und ihre Mutter war die ganze Zeit unentlich krank, so dass sie einige Tage

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KENT PLACE
SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY.

in New York gewartet haben, bis
die Frau Mutter sich ein
wenig erholt hatte. Beile sagte
sie würde nie wieder über den
Ocean gehen. Sonst gefällt ihr
die Reise, Paris besonders.

Fräulein Capron hat jetzt
eine Stelle in einem der Hoch-
schulen Bessoplyns, sie sieht
recht wohl aus. Dessen hat sie
mich eingeladen sie zu be-
suchen. Fräulein Perry wird
nächsten Monat Hochzeit
machen. Mein Herrmann
hat ich noch nicht getroffen
aber er kommt mir stets
in die Quere. Jedemal wenn

wenn ich Fräulein Perry einladen nicht zu besuchen
muss sie absagen da er da sein wird. Begrüße
nicht warum sie ihm nicht mal absagen könnte.

Von Fräulein Maury sage ich das Herr
Schwand und Emma die "radiantly happy" sind.
Der ehrwürdige Herr Northrup heisst jetzt papa.
Herr Andrews - English lebt mit Fräulein
Jewell verlobt, und die Verlobung Herr Pillsbury
mit Fräulein Nichols ist aufgeführt.

Von Kent Place ist leider wenig zu erzählen,
es geht hier so eintönig fort wie es nur möglich
ist. Aber vor einer Woche gaben wir den Mädchen
einen Ball, auf denen sie sich amüsieren trotz
des mangels an Männern. Ich wollte nicht
hinunter gehen, meine Wirtin würde wohl
nicht vernichtet worden sein, aber die Schülerinnen
sollten ja als "Jugend-Laternen" dienen.

Zwei haben einen sehr gelinden Winter gehabt,
und daher nur wenig Eis. Dieser Woche, jedoch
hatten wir drei Tage starke Kälte und gutes
Eis. nur zu wünschen als ich zu Hause
war, was so die ganze Zeit so kalt das
wir nicht ausgehen konnten. Meine
Schwester schreibt soeben das sie auf
einige Tage nach Hause geht, da die Folgen
einer starken Erkältung ziemlich ernstlich sind.

Sie hofft bald wieder völlig hergestellt zu sein.

Sie haben vielleicht noch nicht gehört das Fräulein Bowen von vier Wochen plötzlich starb - heart disease, von ihrer Mutter habe ich noch keine Antwort bekommen.

Kann gedanken Sie zurück zu kommen? nicht von dem Herbst: Sie wollen natürlich erst die Universität besuchen und vielleicht auch das Passionspiel zu den Annenagen, nicht wahr?

Ich habe eine Bitte an Sie zu stellen Herr Doktor. Da Sie sich so folgsam unter den Händen des Hainschneiders bewegen, lassen Sie doch auch dem Photographisten

DEC 6, 1899

KENT PLACE
SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY.

sein Besten mit Ihnen thun
Ich möchte gar zu gerne
eine Photographie Ihres Schritels
haben.

Let's für Lucke gewinnen?
Und Sie werden großmüthig
sein, wie Sie so immer sind,
- quarter place - und mir
bald schreiben, nicht wahr.
Und ich werde Sie ganz
gewiss nicht wieder so
unmuthlänigen.

Es grüsst in alter
Freundschaft -

Anton L. Wagner

Ihre alte Mary.

Olto - New York -

December. 23rd. 1849.

Merry Christmas - and Happy
New Year - to you - - Sir Knight
of - German Frolics! - -

- Oh! I could see you spinning
around and around - like a blessed
top at that German Ball. - Luckily
for me, when I was in the
Vaterland, - I had learned to
dance - at such an early date
in America - that - I knew how
to go round - and round, - were
you - only venerable - and had
learned to dance in the Sixties it
would be of use to you now - - unless
you were too venerable - to dance
at all. (The which am I.) - -

- Well - you were mighty nice to -

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share the ball with me - and let
 keep my little business - for
 always. -

I did send you a something
 to show you that the students
 of dear Cornell - had not forgotten
 him to be idiotic. - - And I did
 send you a picture of myself.

I am sure it is the second
 or third one - of the same picture
 that I have sent you. - But
 my memory is failing - and
 I hope you will be - dear and
 gallant - and thank me for
 this - as if you had never
 received any before. - You are
 likely to keep right on being
 bombarded - until you send
 me - one of yourself. - - -

But truly - Dear Answerer.
 This isn't a letter - - It is just
 a greeting - to tell you that and

12/23/99

time already started on our
westward journey. - - We fare
on, stopping - at various places -
and finally - reach - Stanford
about Jan. 6th. - - My address
there will be. - just - -

Stanford University,
California.

But I'll be two whole weeks
away from you! -!- There are
many things in your last letter
which I will answer. Sometime
- soon as ever I can. - -

O. but - I'll never say good-bye
to you again! - - That was meant
to be - nice, and sentimental and
not - funny. - - I hope you got
longevity - from laughing. - Sir
Naughtily -!- - - It's my fate! -
my best jokes are always made
inadvertently. - -

Well - let's make up. - and - you
shall "become" a person of forgiveness.
With a happy - happy - New Year -
from - yours - really - ^{Al} Cricket -
+ lovingly -

Dec 28th 1899

My dear Son

Wintering time has come around again but this is not a day to inspire me, I hope the spirit of my letter will not correspond with our sick appearance, but such things will have their effect upon us some times. The sweet wind is cold, every thing is dropping wither & it is dark, & gloomy. Day before yesterday was a lovely day & even yesterday we had the sun occasionally. We have had an unusual number of these dark days lately, as soon as you have had - We enjoyed your last letter very much, I have delivered you & some greetings to all I have seen, very few - Aunt Melville mentioned having had a card from you, requested me to send her love & many thanks for the remembrance, Reuben also, & Uncle Dave was pleased at being remembered. Many thanks for the pretty doily you sent me, the work is beautiful & if I had young eyes would take some lessons from it, as every different stitch. The calendar for your Father came yesterday, it is very pretty & quite a novelty to us, a regular picture gallery, is much appreciated by both of us. Well, I hope you enjoyed the games time, the year again seemed to come ahead of time, so many revolutions

out, as you are getting into the spirit of the Commem-
orably are you! I wonder if you went to Berlin—
We had the most quiet time I ever have had I think,
only two invitations out, neither of which we could accept,
one to dine at Aunt Phillet's, the other to meet some
young folks there last night. Christ was very good Father
said the roads were too heavy, & he had no patient to
visit, that concerned the greater part of the day. I
dined alone. I was so anxious to go last night that
day before yesterday I sent over & engaged Ed Scott to
take me up in his stage. (John Father said he could not
leave home at night but would go up for me today) the
morning was so unpromising I sent Ed word I would
not go, for I feared just such weather as we are having
today, it is well I did not go but it was a great
disappointment not to go. Aunt Phillet's I know
was much disappointed, only neighborhood young people
John's girls, Lucy, Mary & someone was expected. The
Hings girls were not going, had Mrs Doty with them, the
Garber girls were down here & did not go up as girls
were lacking. I fear sister Sally will feel really elated.
Reuben rode up yesterday about eleven o'clock, your
Father was off & we had the day to ourselves, he was
complaining of rheumatism but will ride in the

sight for both business & pleasure. Has no money hands
as he wants for the coming year unless they serve him as
they did last year, pick up & quit in the night. Hannah
remains as cook, & house maid for his large house, one
room.

We have had no letter from Fred since we came, he sent us
each a volume of Hephthys works. Bulwarks, Stories, & plain
Tales from the Bible, I am reading that, can't say I
admire his prose, have not read much of his poetry.
his prose writings it seems to me would not have brought
him into notoriety. Shiras sent us "When Knight hood was
in flower", I have only glanced at that & admired the
pictures, it will come in well these long nights. I am
hoping for a letter from Shiras have not heard from him
since he left us for Bristol. Waver could not get off to
make us a visit. I sent him a boy, it reminded me of
the boys college days when I used to send them boys.

I cannot and the colored wedding at Lewis John's (Katharine's)
was arranged in style by the girls, the colored company accom-
ed in the sitting room, the white folks in the parlor,
the ceremony took place in the hall, the bride entering at
the back door, & the groom at the front. The reception
was held in the double room house in the yard, the cloths
on each side of chimney removed, in one of the corners

the band eat, one room was dancing hall & the other
for refreshments. Refreshments for the white ^{family} guests, were
served in the sitting room. I am sorry I missed the stylish
affair but the weather was too bad for me to turn out.

My Brunswick friends remembered me sending several little
presents of knitted lace &c. My cousin boy went to them,
always containing a young cake. Miss Horn's heart trouble
is worse again, she does not leave her room.

Bentley went to a dance in Brimtown, spent the night
with Mr. Bentons. I reckon he is glad to be home again.
I have not heard what Walter will do.

I went to see Miss Low a few days ago, she was delighted
with her trip, met Mrs. Barber & the girls there, & the old
Captain was making his 98th call, now in his 98
years, not looking as well, but driving himself, enjoyed a
glass of wine with them, they are the only neighborhood
people I have seen, thought I would have some callers
yesterday evening but they passed me by I slipped into
a nice dress & had a fine meal for nothing. As you are
receiving company in dress coats & high hats you will have to
prepare your room Saturday night, it makes the calls seem
rather formal does it not? Dinner will soon be ready as I
will close, with much love

I have been troubled about the poor devoted
snuffer, how it did not cost you anything
Mr. Postage said he often sent things by Postage.
said to his daughters & there was his trouble.

time. With I could not
of that more Hughes. For
must be written. What say
you to that. I hope you
enjoy the same ~~time~~ on this
year night. How long is your
vacation? & how long will
Alice be away. Did Charles
be much financially?
Alice writes as though her
resources are limited & says
money is very tight. I've
sent to Mr. Kane. What will

afternoon gave me
& I am glad you received the
cake safely. Alice's ^{package} ~~box~~ had
not reached yet & I am
very much afraid it may
be lost. Your boy came
& had received yesterday
eng. ab. Humboldt by Papa
& Charles. The latter opened
& took out his patent also
met that there was no chance
the journey in Buffalo. I

is delighted with it. &
Thanks you very much for it.
his pleasure in life is my depen-
dence on good reading & the
"Old Look" is a fine periodical.
The maid is just what I want
to & gets me very nicely &
the bottom box very pretty. and
acceptable. You must have
spent all your money on gifts.
Mr. Clements wrote me a
very pleasant letter. also "The
Fokelman Round Quarterly"

Washington & I shall be
Should you like me to send it
to you Darling? & what did
you send to Mr. Clement? I
won't tell. You can write free-
ly of him now as Alice won't
read my letters. So I can't
at home as you receive this. See
the man in the express office
at Durham & tell him we
have not received the box sent
by Mrs. Parson on the 19th.
I wonder if Alice got from him



Near Kansas City.

Friday - Dec 29 - 1899

Now - if you keep all
my cards - and add up
the results of my observations
you will be able to give
intelligent answers to the
important question of the
time it takes to cross the
land of the free & the home
of the brave. -

Buffalo to Chicago - 13 hrs.
Chicago to Kansas City 11 1/2 "

I hope you know how for it is
from N.Y. City to Buffalo. I'm too
far inland to remember.

We are having a pleasant
journey. - We left N.Y. State
in a blizzard - but here there
is little snow. but it is
awfully cold. - and the
Missouri landscape is flat -
and dreary. - Hope you
are - under sunny skies -

A.B. Crockett

1899

Fall Creek Cottage
Cornell Campus, Ithaca N.Y.

Remember - Fall -

Dear Halle - Ever so often - all
will you - take a trial scrawl
in answer for a very nice
and - most welcome letter?
Please do! - - Don't or trial
and yet I want to say you -
a word or two - by way of
getting rested. - and the letter
coming to-day - made the day
an awfully nice one even if it
was a busy one.

My work is not very hard -
but I never saw such a monster
for - eating up time - in great
daily gulps - like this same
work - seems to be. - Leisure is
a word - not in my lexicon
this fall - - and instead of

living - I just hustle - which by the way isn't living.
I haven't loafed and invited my soul. (to tea) since
I can remember -

The sunshinist - had just succeeded in poking
some holes through the lid of clouds that covered our
November landscape this morning. - when I found your
letter in the box. - I was on the way to Prof. Atkinson's
lecture. - I loitered on the way - and read the letter
as I loitered in - and suddenly - I realized that the
sunlight was turning to a huge glowing emerald -
a ^{new} wheat field on West Hill - - - and then the sombre
brown of November woods gleamed purple. - and
truly I could not quite make up my mind whether
it was ^{not} the letter that had wrought the miracle -
even after I had reasoned out that it must
be due to the sudden sunshine - x - The effect

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continued - - and to my dying
day. I shall always - connect -
fibr-vascular bundles - and
fast - and xylem - with -
happy dreamings - of Halle - and
a nice someone there - who
knows - how to - write letters -
- when - fibr-vascular bundles
come up - for discussion - in my
Seminary - I shall say -
"Ladies and Gentlemen - These are
wildly interesting things: and
can always be detected by the
pink halos - that - hover about -
them; for this day this I cannot
say except that - they are channels
for upliftment."

* * * *

I am glad you ask about -
my cantankerous Pupil - -

She ruined two Seminars
by - her general vituperation
of - our methods, our subject-
matter and ourselves. This

led to an exciting personal interview between us -
in which - I calmly and firmly requested her
withdrawal from the Seminary at the same time
offering her - as much private instruction as she
wished - and my time would allow - her compromised
finally on - a scheme by which she was to instruct
me - for two hours each week - and now things
go - like marriage bells - She is really a very
clever person - and would be - altogether fond if she
did not have - a temper as true and as lasting as
the flames of Hades - I find that my stock
in the role of - forbearing angel - has risen far
above par - among the other students - in Seminary -
- but - away down in my inner conviction I find one
that coincides with the prediction - a dear friend
made concerning me - a few years ago -

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She said - "You are rapidly becoming a mere much of amiability" - This experience convinces me - that I've arrived and that I am it - If you are not fond of that kind of much - served in the milk of human kindness - please don't mention it for it is too late - to save me.

If you go to Italy - and to Florence - please go and see Nannine La Villa - You perhaps remember her a cousin of Prof. Crane's who was at Cornell two years ago. Her address is -

6 Via Paolo-Toscanelli - and if you will go I will write her you are coming. Her child & she is homeward for Cornell - and

she is a very interesting girl - - and sings
passionately. Italian songs - in a way that will
certainly prove an education - to even you - (for you
are American even if you are "widely experienced") -

Aren't you truly great to emancipate
yourself from the Bett decker? - I wrote an essay
in German - once on that beast - - and my mild
German teacher saw at least half the jokes -

O - it is a matter for jeers - the way trucks
cannot get anywhere in Germany ever, Truly
I am glad you did not write until after your truck
arrived - - No! - Please don't write when you are cross
and swearing! - I won't if you won't.

November 9th.

11/6/99

I certainly expected and hoped
to finish this letter last night.
But the students - celebrating
our foot ball triumphs - came
over to the President's - and their
yells and songs and brass-band -
forced - disconcerting - to thoughts
and feelings - flying hitherward.
But - now it is all nice and
quiet - and the most golden
and interesting half more - ever
seen - is glowing low - in the
western sky -; - and I have just
come up - from the parlor - where
the fire; now in embers; - was
just - murmuring the message
you told it - to give - so the
time is surely propitious for
a page or two - of - visiting.

If you were really here - I am
not sure - what would happen -
whether - we would chat by the

glowing embers - or whether we would take a small
walk - in honor of the moon, I have a reprehensible
habit of wandering around alone on the campus
at any hour of the night that takes my fancy - and
you cannot think what discoveries I have made in
realms of beautiful night scenes, and experiences. So
I would be really an excellent guide - for a moonlight
walk - ~~and~~ - more than that a perfectly safe one,
when a woman arrives at the age of forty five -
and the state of wisdom commensurate with it - a
young man does not need to be roped to his guide -
to keep him from falling into abysses of dangerous
repts - when she undertakes to guide him on a
climb to the moon - (I think there ought to be
a National Law prohibiting young men from
experiencing the influence of the moon, except
under the safe guidance of safe and elderly ladies?)

well - anyhow - we would
 have had a firelight - or a
 moonlight - visit - - and I would
 have told you of - the - Organ
 visited this afternoon - - and of
 the fact - that - something from
 Händel - sent me over to Halle -
 with a message to you. - And
 then we would talk about all
 sorts of common place - nice
 things - of how the leaves are
all off the trees - at this
 early date - - and of how the
 Indian Summer - hangs her
 curtains of haze - over our -
 valleys and hills. - By
 the way - I might casually
 remark - that you are one of
 the men whom I always -
 know I should get to know -
 through the most "outside-y"
 and conventional channels. -
 I would never expect one real

deep-wood from your eyes. - We talk about the
weather, - and I know your mood. - We talk about
the lateness of the autumn, - and I know - in a general
way how life is going with you. - We make some
jokes about - anything that happens to be jokable, -
and I know all sorts of things about you. - Some
people - who like me - open up their heart to me.
- You never would. - But I would know just
the same; I always have known. - Ah! you
would be surprised if you knew how much
I have known about your - entirely reticent self.
Not - mere - facts of daily life - - but that deeper - subtler
thing - - the effect - upon - you - of a thousand things of -
these "orchid" facts. - - - Was it impertinent of me to
know - so much? - The sympathy - that - earned that
knowledge, justified it. - ^{did it not?} - Please say it
did! - ^{I would have known it if I had not been truly reverent.}
- Tell me - then - that you are my comrades - - ^{and that I know - and that - we are good}
- ^{together.}