

**Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers**

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Right next to us room ~~two~~ girls who were with us at Roche last year. They are awfully jolly but we are in trouble so quick. One of the girls lives in Amherst and the other in Springfield. Friday night the girl across the hall, who is a perfect little actress and is got carrying on like the chicken and we have gied so much that lots of the girls spoke to us about it the next day. But last night Winnie and Elizabeth Colby went on to the flag rush at Amherst and got home at just ten. We were partially undressed for bed and with us was Alice Brown a 1800 girl too, whom we had asked to take the Freshman couch. Clara went into the next room and I heard her giggling so I went to the door in my night gown and tapping said, "Young ladies you must be quiet." They were frightened for a minute but then Winnie caught sight of me and she began - "Oh, a Sept was founding a Freshie". I became interested and went in. She was on the floor cutting up a loaf of cake which her mother had told her not to touch that night but there wasn't any light you know. Then we ate pease and I don't know what we all said but Alice came in and they got talking about her engagement to a fellow in Hartford Theological and then we brought out the washboard for a finger bowl and we made so much noise that we were scared and went home. Not five minutes later, Miss Wagon (the girl say), the head of the house came <sup>at 11 o'clock</sup> tapping and said "What's the matter?" They said, "Nothing". She said "Is it here or somewhere else?" Winnie said "It isn't here." That was the last. This morning, we all stayed up to breakfast, which fact Miss Wagon doesn't suppose of. So as we all poured out of the bathroom with our hands full of dishes, plates, cups and saucers and chafing dishes. Along comes Miss Wagon - "Did you get home all right last night, Miss Gold?" "Yes". "Are you well, Miss Huxley?" "Yes". "And you all well?" We stood around with our hands full and our mouths wide open - then we explain. "Oh! Oh! What shall we do you understand?" Then she comes in our room which is highly thought out. Winnie says that she covered her again this afternoon and asked her what she went to at Amherst. And I have her in later.

City one! This P.M. I have been playing at the Poor Farm and I am going to keep up this evening so perhaps if it isn't too much trouble, you might send this letter along home. I know I shan't have time for such a long one.

Tell me all about your day, won't you? How I wish you could come here although the weather has been awful so far. This P.M. we were treated with yellow plum, nutmeg <sup>apple</sup> & we helped ourselves to apples along the way. Did you have <sup>apple</sup> better than yesterday?

Your letter started at 2 P.M. Sept 16 & arrived 5 P.M. Sept 17. It was lovely to hear. Don't they talk queer? Do they say here for him? Miss McManis so charming. How she can talk! How she appreciates things! The two sisters could not leave their father at the same time. I think I shall send my washing to you.

My love to Tom. Tell him to write. Alice he got very tired!

Yours with heaps of love  
Lottie.

I was just going to address your letter  
Miss Marion Garland Lane.

# PEKING

Mr. Barton Braley, the American writer of verse, who visited Peking not so very long ago, has written the following on Peking in one of the recent issues of Popular Magazine :

Peking !—

The city of Manchus and Ming ;  
The city of palaces, temples and halls  
And walls within walls within walls within walls ;  
Imperial, splendid, though touched with decay,  
Its mightiest monuments crumbling away,  
It still is a city for minstrels to sing.

Peking !

Peking !

What pictures its memories bring—  
Of red-and-gold banners that flared overhead,  
Of lanterns that glimmer, pink, orange and red,  
Of rickshaws and pony carts, lacquered reds,  
Of wheelbarrows, mules and oxen-drawn vans,  
Of wedding processions and crowd'd bearers,  
Of jade, silver, tawny, cloisonne jars,  
And jewelry wrought of a kingfisher's wing.

Peking !

Peking !

It's full of enchantments that cling,  
The flavor of legends for centuries told,  
Where nothing is less than a thousand years old ;  
The tile roofs of yellow on heaven's own blue  
That gleam with a lustre forefathers knew,  
The scent of the cook shops, of fried fish and rice,  
The fragrance of flowers, the odor of spice,  
And even the stench that floats on the air  
Are stronger than stench you find elsewhere ;  
Oh, countless indeed are the odors that fling  
About the packed streets of Peking.

Peking !

Where emperor, empress and king  
Have lived, ruled and died since a time that began,  
When Europe was roamed by the primitive man ;  
Peking—though the blades of the warriors are rust,  
Though temples and palaces fall into dust,  
Still dingy and tea house are crowded and gay  
And life moves along in the time-honored way,  
A city still fit for the singers to sing.

Peking !

Sunday eve.  
March 8, 1913

My Lottie - dear -

I'm sorry that carbon  
was so bad a letter yesterday. I'm  
afraid you were disappointed much.  
But I wrote it yesterday morning and  
didn't have 2 minutes to write a single  
word on any of the <sup>carbon</sup> copies - So I guess  
those people were disappointed - Mary  
says she used to hate to get a carbon  
letter from me - She would look at the  
envelope - think it contained a good  
letter - then open and find the <sup>copy</sup>  
I'm glad Mamie has written  
you such a fine dear letter -  
I sent it peachee - She let me  
read it.

Etta only stayed two weeks -

We have not heard from Aunt  
H. for long long while - Last we heard  
he was at home - no letter - To

Houghton went to-day 90. Papa will  
try to get new man soon -

Tho. Mr. Clements has not called  
on Marie yet -

Carol is about as usual -

We don't have to be very quiet on  
account of Baby -

Forgive this -

Lots of love -

Hattie -

2. I don't want a very  
large job.

Wed 9<sup>th</sup>  
Oct 19. '04

nothing to

My dear Marion

Hurrah! Hurrah!

I just screamed and danced when I  
got the postal. Don't please forever  
postals because I like them and  
pencil is as good as any other  
thing. Oh - Clara and I will be  
so happy. Clara says that you'll  
have to stay another week and  
make a visit for her too. L.



I have been looking over calendar  
for Nov. 6 - 12 & find that I  
have somehow become greatly  
mistaken. Mr. Charles Wagner -  
the Abolitionist. the author of  
"The Simple Life" is to lecture  
Tuesday evening - and Mr. Johnson  
is coming the following Saturday  
the 12th. I don't see how I  
made the mistake but you must  
come Tuesday in time for lecture  
and then on Founder's Day we

shall have a service much like Kepton so  
that you will hear that and you can stay  
early till the following Monday.

That will be even better you see.  
Oh - won't it be fine!

If I can't get Clara's mileage perhaps  
Aunt Ed<sup>ie</sup> <sup>stop together</sup> will advance four dollars or so  
so that we can buy one. for we shall  
certainly need it before June.

You won't need a trunk will you?  
Here is a little time table.

I can spare 2.00 for a <sup>very</sup> good  
a lace of dress. <sup>It would be a</sup>  
grand plan to get dress started if  
it wouldn't be too much work.  
I planned roughly this way.



Feb. 26 '66

Dear Marion.

You are certainly a faithful creature and ought to be rewarded for sending me such a nice letter. I was <sup>so</sup> anxious to hear.

You speak of mending stockings. You know those which I bought at Gloucester .25 per pr. were not fit to wear and had holes in before I came back to college, but those wh. I bought in Boston 3 per pr. .50 were simply great and I have hardly had to mend them at all since I came back. I can not realize that there arely about four weeks before I shall come again. It doesn't seem possible.

I don't feel as if I had been back  
at all yet. We shall be delighted  
to have Mrs Kemell here this week  
if she arrives. It has been so  
long since she has been able to carry  
out her plans that we can hardly  
believe it possible now. I am  
glad that you & Hattie were with  
her. She enjoys entertaining  
immensely.

We are anxious to see Richard  
again. The most to dear.

I will send Mamma's goods  
back by Mrs Kemell if she is willing  
to take them. I have no doubt

that your making will be all right but I do  
not know whether the material will suit. I  
wish now that I had purchased gray silk  
instead, but the clerk of that part was as cross.

You can judge - & Hattie can have it if  
you prefer different. I know that it  
will make up prettily I saw a pretty new  
dress today something like this



U-h-dear - I have already written  
21 pages this P.M. and I'm tired.

The theatre was very funny -  
Married at 8 o'clock and took our seats  
in the boxes, while the gas flames were  
turned on so from every direction.  
The thing had no plot whatever and  
was just funny way through.

I'm not going to tell of story cause I  
haven't the pictures - B. We had a sleigh  
ride from Holyoke up in the moonlight  
and got into bed at 100 4-30. Great  
fun! Oh - I hope you <sup>will</sup> come  
Commencement Love to all.

Little.

Dear Della, Here's for another little note  
I came down to Jennie's yesterday afternoon  
in a rain storm and found Anna  
Goddard was here as I expected. I brought  
my guitar down and we had a real jolly  
time. Anna plays the songs you know.  
This is the first time that we have tried  
it together and so we didn't do very well  
although we enjoyed it so much.

We have all been wondering to-day  
how you and Marion are. You  
don't know how queer it seems to  
think of two sisters in the hospital.

To-day Anna and I went to a little  
Baptist church and then took a nice  
walk. Poor Jennie has a headache  
from eating the fudge which I made  
last evening. You see! I didn't know that  
it would have such evil consequences  
or I shouldn't have done it. %

Just think only three weeks to  
vacation and only twelve weeks more.



of teaching is all. It doesn't seem at  
all possible. I am looking forward to  
seeing Mattie and Ruth - but I do want to  
go home too. So many things are happening.  
I expect that Ruth is having a perfectly  
lovely time at Mrs. Hunt's. She is there isn't  
she? Can you imagine how mamma  
must feel with her family so small.  
It must seem very strange.

I attended a very nice concert, last  
Thursday evening. A Music Club gave it  
but they had two splendid lady artists,  
a soloist and violinist. The violinist  
was more skilful than anybody I have  
ever heard before.

Now, I hope that you will get  
well and strong very soon so that  
you can come to Rockport this summer.

Very lovingly  
Sottie.

Sunday Mar. 4, 1886.

Albany N. Y.

250 Partridge St.