

Mayville, N.Y.

August 7th 1895.

Dear Madame:

Yours of Aug. 5, is at hand. Although at my present age and stage of development, your request seems rather premature, it shall be complied with.

The photograph I send with this, was taken a few years ago, but it seems the best we have for re-production. A copy is also sent of a local journal, which may furnish you with pleasant biographical suggestions. I was born in Greensboro N.C., where my parents resided from the close of the war until 1838. So I claim to be a "Tarheel", for having lived in so many different sections of the country, the place of my birth is the only spot of solid ground to which I can refer myself with truth. In course of time I prepared, partly at a

Boston school, and partly at a Western N.Y. High School, for Wellesley College. But not being robust in health, that career was denied me; so such energies as were permitted, were devoted to Art study, principally at the School of Design, and at the Academy in Philadelphia, and more recently at the League, in New York, of which I have the honor to be a member. Am also a member of the Buffalo Society of Artists

Two years ago I

~~ixxxxx~~ illustrated my father's novel ~~of the Columbian era~~, "Out of the Sunset Sea, and later, decorated his little book, "An Outing with the Queen of Hearts." ^{I have also exhibited at the Academy - Art Club. of Phila. as well} I have written several successful short stories, under a non de plume, as was also my first story of any length, now in the hands of Roberts Brothers, Boston, who will publish it this winter. I sign my own name only to the poems and minor articles which are published in the Journal of Citizenship, of which

my father is editor, viz, THE BASIS, of Buffalo.

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Personally, I am tall, very tall, and slender, with the pale brown hair, ⁹clear pale complexion that belongs to the typical American girl--the ideal American girl, as some enamoured Englishman has said.

Of my accomplishments, I am proudest of my horsemanship. Just
Just at present, I ride a notably vicious chestnut trotter, with a

record under 2,30. He carries me like a bird along the level pebbly road that stretches from our ~~home~~ ^{place}, Thorheim, along the banks of our beautiful lake to the Chautauqua Assembly Grounds.

The little village in which we live was a flourishing town before Buffalo was thought of but is now ~~only~~ a true "Sleepy Hollow" barring the fact that it is on a hill top. Only six miles from Lake Erie and 1,200 feet higher, it is swept by winds unchecked from Alaska,--but if you wish any further information on that subject, I can

only refer you to "Button's Inn," and "Black Ice", two of my father
novels
books whose locale is in this region.

Very truly,

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013