

[Letter Ellen Strong Bartlett. to Joseph A. Conwell, November 12, 1922]

31 Trumbull Street
New Haven, Conn
Nov. 12, 1922

Mr. Joseph A. Conwell,
Vineland, N.J.

Dear Mr. Conwell,

Pardon me for deferring so long an answer of yours of Oct. 30.

I am sorry that I cannot help you about the Elihu Burritt article and books. I prepared the article with great care, and Miss Strickland, Mr. Burritt's niece, then living in New Britain, told me she considered it the best, [indecipherable] that is I assume most accurate that had been done about him.

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It was published in a Boston Magazine, the New England Magazine, which is now [indecipherable], so much so that I am unable to get any response to letters addressed to it. I have only one copy of that number left and that is packed into storage. I do not remember the year and week, but am sure it was more than twenty years ago. I have an impression that it was 1898. If you could consult some library large enough to have bound volumes of the New England Magazine you could find it. And I have word of the book, by Mr. Burritt, of which you speak. The [work?] that was valuable and [indecipherable] and it is a pity that his books are hard to find. I put in the article what I know about his later years. I am sure that he had unbounded [indecipherable] and affection in New Britain, not only for his intellectual achievements but for his unflinching efforts for the uplifting of the ignorant classes. His "[indecipherable] Chapel" was his special interest at that time.

He was tall and slender, had blue eyes, a rather aquiline nose, and a pleasant voice. He was eminently a gentleman, always courteous and [indecipherable].

I have no doubt that you would care for

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and return safely these books and papers [indecipherable] as to be able to send them to you. Mr. Burritt was a friend of my father and I used to meet him often.

It is a great pity that that the New Britain Library did not make a complete collection of his work in the days when it would have been easy. As Beecher said, "If our foresight were as good as our hindsight!" I should have been glad to see you when you live in New Haven.

Regretting that my letter must be a disappointment.

I am yours sincerely,

Ellen Strong Bartlett.

Perhaps Mr. Andrews is related to "Deacon Andrews"