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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.

1907

Bluffton August 18th
 My Darling Marce
 My hearty congratulations
 to you on the birth of your
 little son. Agnes said she
 wrote to you & sent a message
 from me. As I yielded & wanted
 to have your dear about her
 little son, I regretted nothing
 that you supposed I told. But
 I know you feel the best mother
 it is terribly warm here, but we
 have company to lessen the we-
 ming. - Stanley, Lord Mrs. & Capt.
 McCrimmon. I wish she could
 go to school to some place to
 learn something. She has to

Thank you herself took up
Company for her mother
I hope also that when we
take Jack this winter there
is nothing here to excite
Ambition & let her as I am
strong will try to feel the
pulse & move to forward
You must excuse yourself soon
long as I am not very strong
in my back as I hope you
have shared with you & she is
a comfort. I have been very ill
I don't know what caused my

Sickness & the fall I had in
the hospital was dreadful. I can
only thank God for some
rest. Tell Louis to write
to me as often as you busy
I will take just care of yourself
Keep the Baby for me. Don't let
the dear baby Susan & Henry
What will you name the Baby
I am very truly with you
Darling William & Elizabeth but
no attention for me any more
With love. Richard & much love
Your devoted Mother. Mother
Thought we are with you
Sincerely, Richard,

1907?

Dear Aue - To day I received
not only your sweet letter
but one from father and
mother which I enclose. I
am so sorry they are
so worried about the Cole
question.

This has been a beautiful
day, but I haven't been out.

I have been working on it & was present.
I wish you could see some fine
artwork & painted. They are "art".

Chris has arrived & day, but we
haven't observed it. I know because
will be tomorrow, though.

Agnes came this afternoon after
the Club meeting. She seems bright
and well again. Jack brought Barbara
over at noon & spent the afternoon.
He looked at Boykin's car & said I
make a good nurse. It is much
improved. Dotter was also here
a little while.

It was the first day since I came
that nurse ventured forth. She and
Daddy went to a Japanese store out
very far from here & came home
laden with all sorts of pretty things.

I have just put Boykin and Lillian
to bed. They are both so sweet and
dear.

I am going to try & get a little holiday
off to you tomorrow. Now I do wish
we might have I was together. Any-
way old sweet I love you with all my heart
and am your ever
mother.

Probably 1907 early Sept
C. Agl. Exp. Sta.,

Geneva, N.Y.

My own sweet Lubyer, I am occupying Mr. Stewart's desk and making myself at home generally. Mr. Stewart is out on a trip and will not be in until tomorrow; but Mr. Gossenbacher is here, and he has done everything possible for my accommodation. The afternoon mail does not reach the Station until nearly six o'clock, and I can scarcely await that hour, so anxious am I to hear from my D'Arny. Perhaps there will also come a letter from Cornell.

What an experience I had last night! It gives me the "Heavies" to think of it. In the first place, it was the hottest day of the year for this section. I reached the Kirkwood Hotel about eight o'clock,

and was shown my room. I opened it to let it cool off as much as possible. Meanwhile, I sat in front of the hotel to keep cool. At half past eight I was very tired and turned in. In spite of the fact that the room was still hot, I dozed off, but was suddenly awakened, and could not make out why. Then for an hour or two I tossed about, unable to sleep. I had a kind of itching sensation, but attributed it to the heat. Soon I got up and turned on the light to call for some ice water. Imagine my feelings on finding three platoons of bed bugs. The skimmiest line of the first platoon was actually upon me, and there they were taking turns on such soft and juicy spots as they could find.

The second platoon was anxiously awaiting its turn under the pillow and at the edges of the bed.

could see plainly that they were in a state of feverish excitement. Finally, on the framework of the head piece there was a rear guard, each man of it waving his antennae with joyful anticipation.

Just to show them that man is master when awake, I strung several pairs full of them. Then I sent word to the clerk that if he could give me a room recently thoroughly cleaned and guaranteed to be free of B.B.'s, I would remain; otherwise, I would dress and try my luck at the other "good" hotel. He then gave me a good room. I made a careful examination, but could find nothing. It was, however, a long time before I could sleep, and even then I slept uneasily.

Mr. Grossenbacher has kindly fixed me up in ^{one of} the rooms for the unmarried men, there being in one of the station buildings, and I shall take my meals at a house just across the street from this building. This

morning I looked over the grounds
and found a few things that I was
anxious to get. Now I will get down
to microscopic and composition work.

I just delight in seeing some things
get done, and it makes me impatient
to get more done, for I feel every day
largely lost that keeps me from
Ma Rubyer and Ma Gambley.

^{mailed} Please send your letters to me here
until Friday afternoon - One of Fri-
day morning would reach me -
and then the news of Saturday night
go to Ithaca. My later plans shall
have to develop as the time goes
by. I am sending another check
for Mrs. Packard. Let me
know what you may need, Dearie.
I am very well, and I do hope
to have good news of all this
afternoon.

With all my love and all my
kisses, spreading it out also abundantly
over the chickens, I am,
Your old Sweetheart.

Dear Persis.

We don't know where to find you! Your little package came duly, postmarked Chicago - which name is not sufficiently definite to justify addressing a letter. - We are not sure when your life at Ithaca is to begin but suspect you of having started east already and visiting along the way. -

We send our Christmas remembrance to you to Columbia. I hope you

Have not read the book
we sent. but if you have
you'll enjoy having a
copy. —

The pretty things you
sent us are greatly ap-
preciated. When I go
a travelling, I'll have no
shortage of pins, sure!

Tho' I don't look it. I ~~am~~
fond of just such little
"tricks" to have handy on
my bureau.

Of Ruth had a fine time
She has just awakened to

dolls! Never seemed to care
about them before. She is
quite a sewer now and
constructs weird garments
which she greatly prefers to
the conventional dolls' wardrobe.
This a. m. as I was making
night gowns for four assorted
sizes she cut fit and finished
what she called a "paddy
jacket" (Ruth for padded jacket)
of pink outing. On the middle of
the back was a blue crazy shaped
piece appliqued on (a pocket!
such a handy place for a pocket
between the shoulder blades!) Another
pocket of yellow satin was plastered
under the arm. Great admiration
at handiwork.

Tell us about you all. You owe
me a letter. I don't know whether
your second is a "Ruth or a Boaz"
I have no decent picture of Ruth now.
She still has yellow hair, in curls at the
end like bird cage springs bobbing up &
down. Her eyes are dark blue and they
smile like Uncle Billy's.

Much love for the Year 1908
and after -
Tom Mistress Madrie

Sunday -

My dear Dear,
 Mamma seems terribly
 weak, and it seems to me only
 a question of time. She has incessant
 diarrhoea (I don't know how to spell it,
 but any way it is pitiable). She is just
 skin & bones for nothing has stopped this
 thing for two weeks night and day.
 The medicines don't do any good nor
 help increase and it is only her
 wonderful will power, almost

superhuman, that keeps her alive.
Hardly any of the time does she know
just where she is, she thinks she is
in her old home at Braamfontein & in
her old house in Bluffton. She has
fitful fancies one moment one thing
one another. It is too sad. This
afternoon she said & me suddenly
"I am worried about you. I don't like
you & look so delicate. Tell Ben
he must take care of you."

I hate to ask you but I think it best
in case any thing happens to be prepared.
So will you please send me my
black coat also my black dress
hanging in my closet. Send them right
away to me by parcel post and I will

so appropriate it, if they are too heavy & send
in one box send them separately. Will you also
put in the elastic lace for the front of my corset
which you will find in the right hand top drawer,
but if you can't find it never mind. But
the coat & dress you ought to send just as soon
as you get this. Please! Will you also please
send me some money as I don't know what I
might need. You know I will be very careful.
I wish you could be here with me & get there
isn't any thing you could do and I am
glad you are spared the anxiety and the
frustration of any thing.

Of course with Mamma's vitality she may yet
get well & live six months but if this thing goes
on only a short time longer there won't be anything
left of her & she is so weak now.

Thank you for the time table, dear, I don't
know just when I can go & of course can't think
of such a thing until we know further of Mamma's
condition. Agnes couldn't be left alone & for this
if we can stay. I am anxious my mother about
you & the Baby. I do hope you are better & I long
to know if my little Princess is well & not neglected in
any way shape or manner. Please be little if there is
the least necessity with you. My darling Louis & Sophie for me
are so proud of the letter. Harry is admired & loved by everybody
& is thoroughly pleased by all the attention! With my heart full of love and
gratitude I am, dear, your affectionate son.