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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.

Do you remember any statue like
this in a hotel that we went to this
year or last year? His head was iron
- his body & two legs were all of iron,
and he was like - y - more like he is on
the back of this paper! And he had only white
for eyes. There were two statues alike one
on either side

George came

I didn't

I told him

This is
meant, I

in armor.

how dumb
he remembers!



in the hotel!

I want to ask you
remember.

To draw the statue
the result. Had
think a statue
Don't it interest
he is, & look

Along the Erie rails he is coming,
Benjamin, precious and dear;
The light of the skies
Within his bright eyes,
The dusk of the eve in his hair:
Oh Benjie machree, the sweet thought of thee
A leap of the heart at growth to me.

Over the bright hills he is coming
Benjamin my head to rest,
The robins are still
The river and mill
And hushed is the song of the plover.
Oh Benjie machree in glances of thee
A leap of the heart at growth to me.

Up to my room he is coming,
My Benjamin smiling so sweet;
The furies are still
As he stands on the sill
With motions too great for their seat:
Oh Pengie machree, the sweet smile of thee
A leap of the heart it giveth to me.

(With apologies?)

Written by Marie
Robertson
Duggan

in a: baby of Aunt Elizabeth Robertson's - not small
Wall's
little, at about ten he took

me on to Stathers to get vaccinated.

It was rather dirty but I managed
a little of it. I told him I would
go up and see Elizabeth and
he asked me to take lunch at
the house. So I consented, but
back to the office waited around
until twelve and then went
up with Bill. Mr. Clark came
in during my patient waiting

and I had quite a little
talk with him.

Bill acted just as usual, made
no reference to any thing until
we were on the steamer when he
said that all his friends feared
them both just the same and
what they thought he didn't care.
He and Elizabeth had left the infant
with a bottle of milk, the empty pail
and took dinner with the Dutch.
They were invited to dinner that

night and so on. He said you were certainly a little nervous,
it didn't do any good for the rest of us to fly off the handle,
etc. When we got to the house Elizabeth came from the kitchen
where the food was, kissed Will three or four times, then came
and kissed me in the most natural way possible. I didn't realize
quite how it was going to be. So then we talked about unpersonal
things and she brought out her baby. I took the baby because I wanted
to see how it looked but I made no remarks as to its looks
either or my thing. Of course its hair, red, has a rash,
quantities of dark brown hair, blue eyes and I shouldn't say it
was a refined looking baby. Elizabeth was saying it up that

The band and gave it to her
saying "There Baby go to your
father." That gave me a pain,
but I guess that is the way she
will have to talk all her life.
Then we had lunch and will
not leave him leaving me until
two thirty with Elizabeth. I should
not mention the baby in any
way, shape or manner but I guess
as it had been crying the last
hour it was rather an obvious

matter. She only nurses it once
in three weeks and then she
nurses it a full hour by the clock
whether it will or no. She "harships"
it and "leaves" him until
I felt more out of place than
I did the night at New Bedford!
She brought up the delicate subject
by saying she appreciated so much
my coming, that she hadn't ^{supposed}
for a moment that I would ever
want to see her again, and

that Will wouldn't even tell her that I was to arrive Saturday as he feared the
same thing and wanted to spare her. That he was so good and spared me
all he could. Then she said how she hated to go anywhere, to see any body
and especially those who blamed her there where she was. But for Will's
sake she had to go. And she wanted to know if I thought you
and Charles would stay at their house at the time of the wedding.
I told her that I didn't know, had she asked you? She said she
didn't dare ask you but you would dislike to refuse for fear of hurting
Will's feelings and yet wouldn't want to come at all. But she
did hope, hardly daring to hope, that you would stay with
them. And then we were talking about my thimble and
wanted to know if I would let her come and see it. I rather

for they want the children away as soon
as they can. If you paid your fare to
decided then we would be only too happy
to pay it from there here & back to Washington.
Nanny we would pay half fare for & George
don't have to pay. Of course if you can't
do this Ben will try to arrange to take
them to you if you would be willing to keep
them for us. It would probably be for
two or three months. Do write frankly if
it is impossible. Of course I would understand
if you can't. Do think it over & let us know
as soon as you can. Ben would take them
right on to you if you telegraphed ahead that
he would hate to leave until my condition is
a little more settled. Darling sister, you have
always done & are always doing so much
for me it seems dreadful to accept little more
from you. Henry & George are less devoted
children & George wouldn't disturb your household
too much. How I have longed to tell to you my
dearest. With my dearest love
Love & dear Mother & Nanny

George is now in 1st grade &
Manny in 3rd or 4th.

I am not on the water-wagon - I am
The water wagon! I drive 400 yds
for the baby & 400 yds of water from
highways.

DR GEO. GELLHORN

The Gellhorns have ^{ways}
in their various lives
had such a generous
invitation - they are
coming to farce,
sheeted and pillowslipped
and ready for whatever
the spirits may command.
Please count on the far

same classes chips.
Tao just discovered
them and they have
the virtues of being
yellow, good, cheap,
and innocuous—

Gracely

E. F. G.