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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.

I do wish we could. I wish & Mrs. Moffat Harris are with aunt Melville
& Wives. My verse with
Edwin, Waver says she
(Wied) never brings down
any pretty girls, our boys
certainly have an eye
on for pretty girls.

Oh! I did not tell you
of Mrs. Torbert's company,
she had a party of young
friends from Spring Hill,
the Collins girls, & Earnest,
Waver & Herbert Collins, on
all July 20, to spend the
day with her, had back
-ered my & all ends of
me - things on abundant
kept them all over to
supper too. I think all
enjoyed the day. Lewis,
old Charles Adams, &
another old man were

this but did not know when you
expected to leave Mobile. Mrs. Bowden
sent me a paper yesterday that
mentioned your having left on Wednes-
day so I suppose you probably reached
Ithaca yesterday evening, I remember
you had to stop at some place. I
had a letter from Lewis but he
wrote as if he had hardly seen you,
I thought you were to stay with him,
did you stay at the Battle House or
at your aunt Alice's? I hope you had
a pleasant visit & a comfortable trip
back.

Things are about so usual with us,
only we have had some good rains

very welcome visitors, the wells & pools
caught a good deal of water, it is the
first time since early spring that the
ground has been really wet any distance,
we will have rough roads now as
wagons turned out in full force as
soon as the rain ceased to fall.

Wave went to the German in ~~Leamington~~
Monday night with Miss Marion Inge,
Reuben with the other Miss Inge. Wave
came in about day break Tuesday
morning, had a very pleasant time.
Miss Mc Keall (Pannedale) inquired
particularly about you, was quite
"taken" with you. Wednesday night
there was a dance in Denopolis but
Wave saved himself for the Prize
reception, his & your invitations never
did come the the girls said they
certainly did send them. Bessie
wrote & invited your Father & myself,
mentioned the girls having sent
invitations to you & Wave so he went
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cooks, butlers & every thing else. Wm. Hutch stayed in kitchen & pantry
to see things served & Mrs. T-
assisted in waiting on the
tables, they had
three.
Perhaps you have
heard us speak ^{JULY 17, 1883}
of Judge Harber,
brother of John
Joe & the others, ¹⁸⁸³
died a few days
ago at his home
in California.
We all feel as though
for this anniversary
years ago without
more blood shed.
With much love
Your devoted
Mother.

on that, Reuben went astray too as
he was not there, they made a bundle
of it, I heard of others who were left-
out. We old folks thought it would
not pay us to the ^{table} long night ride,
in fact we could not have gone, your
Father had one of his sick head aches
lasted all that day. We had some nice
peaches & grapes, I sent Bessie a basket,
some nice cake came back in the
basket. There was a crowd & not much
satisfaction in dancing, the biggest man
in the house was a Tenn drummer,
one of Mary's admirers, another big Ike
was one of Johnny's flat wood proteges,
they seem to have laid aside their
aristocracy, it is Tom, Dick, & Harry
with them now.

Your Father had a letter from Frederic

as it was written at his dictation
there was no family news, he wrote
solely of a trip to Wrights mill on
the 4th, they seemed to have had a
pic nic out there he mentioned a
cloth on the ground to eat their
dinner on.

Since I began this we have had
a little visit from Uncle Waver
his Sunday rig, gold chain, topus watch
key &c &c, he is specially invited to Mr
Joe Collins' to dine with Mr Thatcher.
I have not seen Lizzie yet, we have
clouds every evening that prevent visiting.
It is very sultry now I think we will
have one this evening. When I began
this I had a terrible head ache & have
written dreadfully please excuse it. I
took a cup of coffee but the head
ache is not much improved & this is
a dreadful pen, but you are acquainted
with our pens. Lewis still says we to
make an effort to go to Truckalooce,
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July 21st 1898

My dear Son

I wrote to you Sunday
but to get back to my regular day
will scratch off a short letter this
morning, have been so hard at
work my hand is somewhat so please
excuse the writing. This is one of the
hot days, I feel wilted, yesterday was
even worse. We have had good rains
since you left & everything is much
improved, the peaches & figs have
ripened rapidly & I wish so much
you could have stayed to enjoy them.
I have put up as regularly that I
am tired of them, seldom eat either,
thought I would take a rest from
preserving today, having little help in
peeling it takes me a good many

days to accomplish a little. The grapes
have not turned out as we expected
they have split & rotted & many
bags have only a few dried up ones
in them.

I was very glad to have your letter
of Saturday, it was too bad you were
detained so long but a fortunate thing
the accident was not on your
train. I think the ticket was very
reasonable. Your Father was much
pleased to know you visited Dr
Brohr & I am glad you saw the
him, there is one cousin I wish I
had mentioned to you, Mrs Berney,
she was one of my bridesmaids, is a
very pleasant lady, I think you would
have liked her, you gave us so little
notice of your intended visit to Mobile
that I had no time to think.

We expected to enjoy a dance at
Farmsdale last night, he & Walter
were to go with the Collins girls in

JULY 21, 1898

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their carriage, call for him, at the appointed hour, 8 o'clock, he went to the store & waited until 10, no one came so he had to come home & go to bed. He thinks Mrs Collins would not let them have the horses, when they found that out they should have sent him word & he could have gone on his own hook. I have written to ask Mary Gladwin & Mary Brown M - to come up & spend some days with us but it is so hot I am afraid they will put it off until the fruit is all gone.

Some Father had a letter from Gertrude Pope saying she heard through Uncle Waver, that you were at home, & asking you to stop & see her on your return to Ithaca. In case you should be in the city at any time & want

to call. I will give you her address.
 116 Coet 25th St. W. B. City. She wrote a
 short, jerky letter, just as she talks,
 but I had better not criticize
 letter writers — We called yesterday
 evening to see Lizzie, she was out
 riding. Your Father is waiting a patient
 at Apple Hill, good bye, with much
 love

Your devoted

Mother.

8681'8 1719

Orallion Ala

July 28th 1878.

Dear Ben:—

Your Mother
has had company for
5 or 6 days, and she
feels tired now and is
sleeping - and I will
try & give you the home
letter for this week.

Mary Gladden Minge of
Mobile & Mary Brown Minge
constituted the company.
Bro Waverly was here - but
he & I went up to Greensboro
on Tuesday morning at 4 o'clock
to get to court in time.
Lewis Brown's case was
to come off - I returned in
the evening but left him
with sister S - & Mary to

as he
was
stayed
to
leave
you
sawed
to
see
Aunt
Ben.

yellow soft peaches
"Lady, Ingold" and
the "Elberta" are splendid.

Since dinner time
I gathered a nice basket
full & sent to Miss Mary
McDonnell - she & Mrs
Stewart have come at
their plantation, never
having planted an orchard.
Next week & the middle
of August, I suppose
we shall have a quantity
of plums peaches and
but few clear stones.

It has rained every
day - sometimes twice
daily since you left -
Reuben came up yes-
terday evening & spent
the night, says he never
saw any one so blue

do some writing for
them. Your Cousin Anna
was as large & lively as
ever - after all the state
put the case off till
the January term, &
we will have to do over
again all our prepa-
rations - This however
is a sign token of the
weakness of their case.

Mary Gladden
certainly enjoyed the
fruit & country fare.
she is truly a lovable
girl - but, oh! how thin
& growky.

We are having more
fruit just now than
we can possibly use,
some 7 or 8 inches in
circumference - The

Your Mother seems just here - & all are well as far.

as your Uncle Harris.

Your Mother & I dined with Mrs Tholson in Uniont, last Sunday - Went on the R.R. - expecting to hear Pa & Mr Brown - but he failed to come, so our trip was a mere visitation.

Tonight Gr Aunt Bessie Brown M - has a euchre party at her house & the girls had to leave us, but they promised to come back soon again.

There isn't any show of snow in this neighborhood; The R.R. killed or ran over one of Gr Uncle Mr Cows at Dale Down this morning, for which, he will get good pay.

Your Father -

A. D. Burgess

Mr. Tonawanda, N.Y.

July 25. 1895.

My dear Mr. Duggar:

Is the ticket
via Washington was not
to be dispensed of? Or are
you forcibly guaranteed
in Alabama?

The coming Wednesday
a party of us go camping
on Grand Island - in

Magara R. - Ten Juns with
a chaperon. altho' we
are all bachelor men,
this, as you know, does
not imply an aversion
to the genus masculine;
and we entertain our
visitors at all times (i.e.
we try to).

Can't you, or want you
try, please, to make a
trip Magara wards?

I think there is one little within
your masculine walk from our
cottages. When you may be better
with the usual mechanical magazine
I am going to ask the Proprietor
to come along and take care of
you. don't you think he would?
Especially when I tell you that
possibly Palla Eran and the
mortal will be with us for

a few days. "Bobbie" McKee is
to spend the Sunday with us also.
I think it would be pleaster test (e)
for you and the Prophet (he is in
straca, nicht wahr?) to come down
Friday or Saturday and stay over
Sunday. Saturday evening next
week, we give our first hop - hope
you will be here for it.

JULY 29 1880

It has been oppressively
warm here this whole week,
and a breeze this evening
blew away the rain-clouds
again.

I hope you enjoyed
your trip South, and
that you will have the
time for another short
vacation. Let me hear
soon that you are coming,
and I will write you

Low Pucua Vista, our
cottage, is most easily
approached.

Very sincerely yours.

Anna L. Wagnerscheff.

P. S. This invitation is extended
formally, to your camera.
A. L. W.

write me another ^{letter} ¹ JULY 1892 ^{from} ^{one} ^{poor} ^{place} ⁺⁺⁺
Why you gre-at lovely thi-ng.  hip hip ---

Aw - ya - as ma fren'
You're havin fierce time all
right youse is - "and that's
the truth." Fo' der Land's
sake Maie I is done
dead broke. Wat is a
po' pussen like I is a goin
ter dol when he's ~~to~~ mit
out der brice of a beer?
Wat? Wat? Wat?
fact is I can't do nothin.

I am very glad ma fren
dat you remember der
like in dese days of yer
youth.

~~Now~~. I have been crassin
grandly for a week

There's Ed die in Shunham
and its a race between
me rival and myself
as to who shall get there
first. And that Big Yalumph-
ing Yahoo of a "Shimmy"
is bound to beat me.

Blow me up a gas pipe
for the Big Blooming idiot
that I am, will you?

The early worm catches der
bird - and thats the truth.

Mother of all the saints
in bliss, and all the

JULY 1898?

8.

devils in cinders; but you
shouldn't ^{na'} said any thing about
pomes; - fact is I have had
another jamboree. Sorry
for you - honey bunch - but,
"what can't be cured must
be endured" as General
Schafter said at the battle of
Lexington.

By the By I hear that the
correct attire in politest of Amer-
ican's polite circles is a pair
of white duck trousers and a
tennis racket. Be shore an'
provide yourself ^{with} for the same
before you reappear. I think
myself - that it was just a
gentle hint thrown out
to us Maie to let us know

the proper caper and thus
 prevent our friends from the
 mortification of seeing us
 de trop. A word to the
 wise - - as Washington
 said in the battle of Waterloo,
 - is sufficient.

By Gory but's therefore
 doings in slinkam. Let me
 give you one instance.

In the first place Mr Weed
 Howard, Nesbit & Morse have
 no place to feed. Everything
 is up shut. Mr Morse

(Mr Morse came down ~~from~~ with her
 mother & bid to see Nellie ('lo to
 burn) - So I know - well - Mr
 Morse seeks solace in a
 h' oil stove but "he'll let
 it smoke" she knows he will

JULY 11, 1910 5.

BUT Messrs Weed, Howard
& Nesbit held a Faculty meeting
and in the absence of faculty
ladies. Their spirits were so undrained
that the gentlemen got a little
bit hilarious [my own con-
fessions] "and soft eye looked
love to eye" etc - "there was a
sound of revelry at night"
and "music arose with its
voluptuous swell" - Anyhow
something was the matter with
'em. They swore by all the
souls of the damned and
all the preps unburning
to on their sacred words of
honors, crises crises, blanks
& blues, cut me in two's and
by other impressive incantations

to abjure all eating houses as⁶
they would the devil and
to cleave together "Till death
do them part." Mr Howard
being unmarried - ahen -
was out of the question - sort of
put by as a youngster, It
lay between Messrs Weed
& Nesbit as to whose house
should be used for their
hellish work. Mrs Nesbit
was a never bride - and
had never puts, skillets
& pans - wouldn't need any
wiping out after using -
and besides Mr Weed knows
a thing or two - also
knows "which side his
bread is buttered on" as
Sampson said when he
was in the Crimea.

JULY, 1898 7

So the trio skulked into ~~the~~
Mrs Rabbit's spotless house -
one night when all was black
and the moon hung low. Then
their work of destruction and
devastation began. Mr Weed
being an old stager and
knowing lots "about things"
was unanimously voted
as Cook. Mr Rabbit whose
va-va-voost knowledge of falling
bodies would enable him
to smash more dishes
was selected as The only
Dishwasher. Howard-
well - he was scullion boy-
^{would} steal garden sass
etc. & I believe they ordered
him out to kill the Saunders'
Kid -

8.

methinks I hear Art Rabbit
entombed in a wild & woolly
assortment of Brittan. interals
with his finger on his
noble brow concerning this
with the ego of his cosmos.

"Blow me up a telegraph
pole but what 'ell dith I
do with that condemned
& rattle trap of a dead & laid-
out egg beater? Put it in
this way - where in the name
of all the demons that ever - -

But the COOK sings out
"Get a mo-ve on you
nestit. Anyhow maile
we who know him &
love him will have the

most satisfaction & feeling that^{July 1890} T.
he dies in peace and that
his seed shall inherit his
fattenings and other fixings and
his home shall give plenty.
Why? do you ask? I will
answer - The Saunders Kid
- Howard couldn't kill him -
wars - day & night on
the port side of the house
and ~~the~~ art can't fail
to get his riches for
Fundamental Tone.

However I feel that
unless action is immediately
taken by interested relatives
a sympathizing towns people

18

"Death will them part & that
p. d. g. too. Oh Maime I
bet theres grand cussin goin
on under that roof, but
for a' that I bet ther'll
be more grand cussin
when family ladies
arrive. Heap big show
Secure your tickets in
advance.

How my ~~dear~~ cream
cheese from the Dairy of
Heaven. What about that
Junior Book? Holy
jee! think of ~~the~~ the
things we can work up
for it. Make up deals
for its mawrin. Don't
let all those good times

you are having turn your head," ^{JULY 1898}

Bless you my child don't
you know what a chain letter
~~it~~ is? Well then in Tempels
& amen I will tell you ma'
a dorable scandal. but there
are heaps n' heaps of different
kinds & there forbidden by
law as fraudulent by most
states & governments.

Now to suppose a case -
a concern or private company
is in need of funds a chain
letter is started thus.

Some one person writes
~~a letter~~ three letters & sends
to three reliable people
reading some thing like this
+ My dear etc

Such & Such concern
being in need of money, a chain

letter is to be started

Kindly send to such & such
address - 10 cts (or 5 cts
or a 2 ct postage stamp any
small sum ^{may be specified})

Also make three copies of
this letter & send them to three
of your reliable friends &
oblige

- name -

Of course more money etc
is laid on but that is
the scheme. If you will
stop & think you will
see that it can go on
forever & over every living
soul on the globe if
someone doesn't break the
chain. I got roped
into one to send postage

Stamps to a lame girl in ^{JULY 1898} 13.
I also once. They are all
frauds & people are arrested
for keeping 'em up.

P.S. Tell A. Petter to limp
to Erehus. B.F.

+ + + + +

Go der Lawd's sake Maie
don't crop old Shrimmy she's
having too goot a time. Give
her more rope.

Now Maie - about dat
big untamed brute dat you
are monkeying with
Always endeavor "to look before
you leap" as Commodore
Scherer said when he jumped
into Santiago.

And if you see anybody

ahead of you on the street
ask yourself first what
church they attend and
in what standing they are
in matters of religion and
then "Forge away"

as Admiral Farragut
said while crossing the
mobile - pitcher of water serving
as mobile - tableaux vivants -

Well my love I have
boiled you enough

May you rest on
Abraham's Bosom and
remember that all the world's
a stage & you don't have
to worry about all the
hoodlums who are making
asses of themselves - Your lovely
B. Foye

JULY 1898

Remember old girl how I love
you, and that the
heaps n' heaps to tell
you - and that of one
having a corker time &
I am having a damned
pore one. I think of me
but above all you
old ganderess write to
me.

- Another Summer I dry ell - ^{read fast} JULY 1898

I am going back to Durham

where the Jays and Jays hang out,
For that's the place, that hits my case,
When the "pop" is on the "shout"

* * *

For the Cardinal there is on the wing,
And Tannis on the fly
The Moonlight Talk, and the "Violet Walk"
And "Carries" when yer dry,

* * *

Piazzas there are on the Go
The boy is on the sit.

And while he sings, the hammock
swings

And a girl is sure in it.

The chaperone is on the "strike" ^{"JULY 1918"}

The girl is now on top

The white ducked youth, -

"and that's the truth"

Has got her - on the lap

+++

The Saunders's Kid is on the yell

The neighbors on the swear

The Harbaway boys, Outdone in noise

Are all upon a "Tear"

+++

Oh I'm going back to Glenham

Where the BOAT is on the BAY

And the TAG is on the BOTTLE

And the JOKE is on the GAY.

B. M. F.

Give my love to your mother
please - Sweet girl love.