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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.

the good friends it hard to look after every thing & work, especially such a day as Sunday, but I have been in his side, his little gifts, a shirt & a neck
attach it must have been - every
little will now is spoken of as gifts.
I think I will not do any letter
until we hear from the office.
This is a bright, but cold morning, just the temperature to
suit you but our old folks feel like hugging the fire. I have breakfasted
alone in the chamber & your Father not out. I pity the poor dumb-
creatures waiting on him for their breakfast but there is no use saying
a word he will not change his ways. Sid is hired for this month but
the creek being out has prevented his coming yesterday & today I suppose.
Saturday night & Sunday we had heavy rains, the front lot was like a
lake. Mrs Joe Collins' cotton platform by his store was washed up, & the
bridge above, near the seed house; that whole place down there was
under water but it is surprising how the ground has dried off where
it has not been worked up by plowing. I have been thinking of Reuben
on his flat places, plowed land pretty well leveled by washing I expect.
That reminds me sister Sally writes small pox is very bad in that
neighborhood, Mrs Chapman & 18 hands have it on the Garden Mill place
& Bessie has a case in one of her quarters right on the road in the
edge of her grove. I don't see how Mrs Harris' people will escape, the family
have all been vaccinated. Sister Sally had a "hair dinner" last week, 10
ladies, they all had a nice time, she wrote she did not ask me because
she knew I could not get there, even if roads had been good. Annie
your's with much love
your devoted
Mother.

has been too lame to be used for about 2 weeks. Mrs Ketch has been the only one wanting your Father & he sent his riding horse for him, has left her here several days, but as Mrs Ketch has returned from Mobile I suppose he will soon be out & want his horse, we are unfortunate with horse flesh. Well, I suppose by this time you have decided what you will do about the Auburn place, whether you will be a candidate or not. These things I know are hard to decide but you know pretty well how things are at both places & which will suit you best. What is unsatisfactory where you are, too much work? Whatever way you decide I hope it may prove for the best. I am quite sure we can serve in this world, have everything as we might wish, and would be much pleased to have you at Auburn if it suited you.

I heard from our poor heart broken friend, Mrs Wren, this other day, they had made no positive arrangements but she wrote as if expecting to move to the Rectory where their home could be rented out or sold. I want to go to see them as soon as we have the use of Annie, she begs sister I & myself to go often & to spend the night, says she works hard all day & tries not to think, but from sunset until she can get to sleep is "living death".

Fred's prize essay has been much commented on in the papers, I send a clipping from the Greeneboro Watchman. I enjoyed reading the piece very much, we take the Southern Farm Magazine in which it was published. The Cadet who was ill with pneumonia at his home died, I expect it saddened them all very much, we have had no letter from them since, saw the notice in the paper. We heard from Uncle Waver yesterday, he has no servant about

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where else. Your
father is going to
Illinois, that means he
will be off for the
day, he thinks it his
primary duty to send
all the papers where he
gets them, with much
love from devoted
Mother.

Feb 27th 1901

The paper in the corner is out
except this miserable rough kind, but I must
dig into it the best I can (it really takes force
to make marks on it) until your father chooses
to bring in some.

Your letter of the 19th came duly to hand & we
were very glad to have it, you are the busiest
man I know but that belongs to the Vining
family, they always have a plenty to do, probably
the reason is they are more conscientious than
the other side of the house, they never hunt
themselves with work, but I would rather be a
busy bee than a dionis. had not you? yes I
know that. We received the bulletins but not
the scientific paper you mentioned, but we
would not mind that to commence as that
you are at work, you always find something to

to do. You must have enjoyed the theatre as
Mr. W. I have not read "In the palace of the
king" but I know I would have enjoyed seeing
"When Night hood was in Flaves". I enjoyed
that book as much, am now reading "Dream
life" & like it very much. "Reveries of a Bachelor"
is on the same order & by the same author I
think. I find that when Shewy's books were pure
it was one of his favorites.

I expect you wish that cure was over with, hope
when they call you again it will be tried.

A recent letter from Shewy tells us he keeps
busy, he had an unusually unpleasant attack
some time before, accompanied a means by lamp
light, without medical assistance the patient
was doing well. He had been to Mobile but saw
none of the relatives, went to assist in a surgical
operation on one of his patients but Dr. Goode
was sick & he will have to come down again.
don't suppose he objects to that. Bessie Cobb's
husband has gone to Birmingham for business.

I expect Bessie is still leaving Mobile, it looks to

me as if he is changeable, this is the third situa-
tion he has had since I have known of him, if
as Shewy thought he is twice as old as Bessie
he should be more stable.

The morning after I wrote last to you we awoke to
find everything covered with snow, about three
inches on a level, that was Saturday, & only yesterday
(Tuesday) the last of it disappeared, the third snow
was bright. Today is cloudy again & we may have
more snow, but I hardly think it cold enough,
it will be same this time. I am as anxious for
some, saying weather to get some gardening done, it
was well as it turned out that our seed were
not in the ground. The road to Lanesville is
horrible even for horse back as I don't know when
we will be able to make either Sally a visit.

Mr. Harris has returned from Mobile, Elvira will
probably stay until her ticket is out, March 7th.
Miss Lou Snowden has at last come home. I
was up to see her yesterday morning, met Mrs.
Garber, he & Mrs. Powell came in from Danvers.

with long faces, cotton is low & each one has a
good deal there awaiting a good price. Of course
they rode home back. Mr. Wm. Davis will take
advantage of cheap rates to make his brother
a visit.

Fred's family were well with the exception of colds
when he wrote last. Colds, arising into pneumo-
nia have been quite fatal with the negroes
around here, two were buried Saturday evening.
Frank Morton was one of them. I don't know
what we will do for a blacksmith now.

I miss the pleasant company I was in this
time last week, can't help wishing we lived
near some of the kin, but there is no
wishing - I hope you will be able to send
this recatch a present would have been pleasant
I think, put a piece of white paper under it &
you can see better. The other day a woman brought a
goose to pay for attention to her arm, yesterday another
one brought a turkey to have her baby attended to
so we will have plenty in the eating line if no

DURHAM CLUB
DURHAM, N.H.

Feb. 27, 1901.

Dear Miss Robertson, I hardly know what to say in reply to your letter. I will try and tell you the message that reached me. Mr. P. called at my drawing room that Mon. noon to ask me to come down in the evening. Mr. & Mrs. R. were with him and spent a few minutes with me. In the evening we were playing cards and she was at the next table and speaking across said she had a message for me. Then when at lunch she was sitting by Mr. R. and talking with me she said "somebody" had sent their love to me, somebody who was related to herself and Mr. R. and asked me to guess who it was. I asked if it was somebody in Buffalo and she said, dear Buffalo. Taking it as just an ordinary message it seemed to me, in the frame of mind I was in, rather ironical and I considered lightly "that was a reckless thing to do" Her reply to this was a questioning "why" with a look that set me thinking. Something then interrupted. Then saying good bye for the evening she retained my hand with an extra clasp and inquired if I knew who she meant. I could imagine but only persons and answered "of course". There was a further strengthening of the clasped hands and a glance exchanged which seemed to me to mean a great deal. You have already told me

my letter must have caused you, and I hope that, when you have read in this letter what prompted it, you will be able to forgive me.

And now, I have shown my selfishness by leaving this till last, permit me to offer congratulations on your engagement. you certainly have my very heartiest wishes for happiness.

Very sincerely

Jos. H. Graves

P.S. - Please see that my letters are destroyed

that it was a mistake, so please conceal yourself no farther in regard to it except to find out if Mr. P. really suspects the true condition of affairs. If she does not, see that she never ^{absolutely} learns; and if she does pledge her to secrecy, under any conditions try not to let her know what the result has been, and if possible spare her any unhappiness in connection with this matter as I cannot for a moment think she knew what she was doing. Remember me most kindly to her when you communicate with her. My only excuse for asking you to read the above description is justification for an act which must seem to you most unpardonable in view of the promises I have made you. I have been struggling at whatever cost to forget but it took a good ^{decent} time to produce and will take time to destroy and now the battle must be begun again. Tell me Miss Robertson O! tell me what have I done to deserve all this. It is not through fault of yours or your sisters and I can't see how it is mine, and yet it must be mine. Can you give me any hint? Are my views of ^{and} attitude toward life false, am I defective in my perception? This I do know that there is in me a sensitiveness ~~of~~ so keen that in order to conceal it I am forced to appear stolidly indifferent when in reality I am far from that. Is it this that is at the root of the difficulty? Believe me I regret most deeply the pain