

PURDUE UNIVERSITY,

LAFAYETTE, IND.

Sept. 8. 1886.

My dear Deane:-

Here I am just settling down to work again. I have been far too busy for the last month to write. I cannot well tell you how disappointed I was that you finally failed to materialize at Buffalo. That seemed so definitely settled when I parted from you that I did not doubt that I should soon see you again. I think you deserve that I make your mouth water in thinking of the good things you missed by not coming. We had a grand time. At no previous meeting have there been so many botanists

and never have such elaborate preparations been made for their entertainment. To be sure some of the stand-bys were not on hand — e.g. Bessey, Halsted et al. — but there were enough to insure a good meeting —

I joined Coulter at Indianapolis and we journeyed together, reaching B. at 8 o'clock Wednesday A.M. We went at once to the Ass'n quarters, the High School building and after registering, etc., spent the morning in meeting the botanists and getting acquainted with strangers, especially those of the local Club. At noon we went out to our abiding place, Mr. Day's, in company with Scribner, who was invited to dinner that day. Arthur was already established at Mr. Day's and he piloted us. We three —

PURDUE UNIVERSITY,

LAFAYETTE, IND.

of the Gazette — and
 "our special artist" (i.e.,
 our stenographer (ahem!)) were
 delightfully and most hospitably
 entertained by Mr. Day. You may
 think that the Gazette is "flying
 high" to indulge in the luxury
 of a stenographic report! Well,
 so she is!! But it didn't cost much!

Of course as we were "on the go"
 so much we saw comparatively
 little of Mr. Day. He is a most ge-
 nial gentleman and seemed to take
 great pleasure in having us at his
 house. Sunday afternoon we went
 across the river with him and
 strolled along the Canada shore
 as far as Old Fort Erie. There was
 nothing in my line to be gathered
 but Coulter and Arthur picked up
 some nice things, among others Cal-
 amintha flabellata and Triglochin —
 palustre I think. It was the little one.

Wednesday afternoon was spent in sociability and in listening to the address of the Vice-President ^(Bowditch) (Section 7.) on "What is nerve for?"

Wednesday evening we went to a reception at Dr. & Mrs. Wright's where a good time and a good feed (and a good drink for drinkers) was assured. Thursday A.M. at 9 the Bot. Club held its first meeting. As a full account of these proceedings will appear in the Gazette I will not weary you beforehand with it. Thursday P.M.

the Ass'n went down the River to Grand Island to the grounds of the Falconwood Club. Here was a charming boat ride, a delightful club-house ^{and grounds} and an elegant lunch - "all free, and welcome." You may be sure we enjoyed the day much and had a specially good time on

PURDUE UNIVERSITY,
LAFAYETTE, IND.

the boat. A number of us, wishing to get home earlier took the private steam yacht of the Club for the homeward ride. By the time we got dressed in the evening the time had arrived for the botanical reception at Mr. Day's house. About 250 invitations were issued and I think fully as many were there. We had a charming evening, free from all formality and full of good fellowship, a "swell" supper and a happy time generally! See Bot. Gaz. for particulars. — Friday P.M. from 4-6 we spent at the garden party at Mr. & Mrs. Rumsey's. To say that they have the finest private ground I ever saw may not convey much of an idea to your mind, but I cannot enter further into particulars. The members of the A.S.S. amused themselves in strolling or rowing

about the lake, or, sitting in groups under the magnificent trees, talked and watched the plashing fountains and gurgling springs. Finally they all sauntered near enough to a large marquee to sniff the coffee, a reminder of the ever-present feed which all took with charming unanimity. All this, bear in mind was in the back yard of a house in the center of the city! It beats my back yard all to pieces!

Saturday everybody (nearly) went on the Niagara excursion, very few taking the Chautauqua trip. The botanists I suppose all went to the Falls, as they ^{so} expressed themselves in the club the previous morning. We wandered over Goat Island and botanized freely, spite of the ubiquitous sign warning us not to "cut, break or otherwise

PURDUE UNIVERSITY,

LAFAYETTE, IND.

injure any of the plants." *Hypericum Kalmianum*, *Fissidens grandifrons* and *Gymnostomum calcareum* and *curvirostrum* are the special plants of the Falls. I got the *Fissidens* and *Gym. curvirostrum* tho' Mr. Rau and Mrs. Britton failed to find the former.

Sunday P.M. we went with Mr. D. as I before related. I forgot to say that on Friday night we (editorial, literally, in this case) invited about a dozen of the jolliest of the botanists up to our rooms and we did have a gay time. There were Bebb and Beal and Scribner and Spalding and Davis and Sargent and several others. Mr. Day came up, and between botanical talk, cigars and good stories you may imagine that no time went to waste!!

Monday afternoon we all went

on the steamer Huntress to Point
Abino, a sandy point 15 miles from
B. on the Canada shore, backed
by a range of dunes. It rained
for an hour and delayed our
landing some what but as soon
as it ceased the sand was perfectly
dry and we rambled around for
an hour and a half. I collected
nothing, but the party who went
with Mr. Day and were after phan-
erogams got a good lot of things.
By the time set for leaving the rain
began again, but ceased before
we landed in B. On the way back
a fine spread was laid by the
ladies of the local Club, which gave
full opportunity for joke and laugh.
I made some exceedingly pleasant
acquaintances and I am sure
all had a jolly time -

Tuesday A.M., at 6, Coueter and

PURDUE UNIVERSITY,
LAFAYETTE, IND.

I left. What was done on that day beside holding the usual meetings I do not know—

To say that you missed it by not coming is drawing it very mild indeed! You see I want to make you feel just as badly as I possibly can, so that you will be sure to come to the next meeting—Where it is to be is not yet decided, but it will probably be still nearer to you, possibly at N.Y. or Saratoga—Make your plans to do so now and just tell Mrs. D. that you are going and that she is not to attempt even to persuade you to the contrary—

Since getting back from Buffalo I have been working like a "hired man" in getting settled in the house we have taken. We are now in shape, just, and I would

you could call on us where we
could return some of your
bountiful hospitality.

College opens auspiciously with
increase in every class. I think
we shall have 350 students this
year.

Of course I kept looking for
letters from you. While I was so
busy you were idling (?) your
time at Rye Beach! Why did it
you write again, you rascal?
Are you going to exchange letters
with me merely? What a way!

Don't! Write often —

My wife would send her
regards I know were she at my
elbow, so I make her to do
it for her. With my own kindest
regards to Mrs. Deane, believe me

Ever sincerely yours,

C. R. Barnes



Barnes, Charles Reid. 1886. "Barnes, Charles Reid Sep. 8, 1886." *Charles Reid Barnes letters to Walter Deane* –.

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