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Charlotte, Vermont.

August, 10th, 1878.

My dear Friend:

Your beautiful and costly
present hangs on my wall, to remind
me often, henceforth, if possible, how kind
and thoughtful and generous a friend I
have found in Boston. Reviewing this evening
the stream of favors which flows to me from
you, I am touched by the goodness of your
heart, and feel humbled at the remembrance
of my unworthiness. Then, next, I anticipate
the future with the promise of further and
closer intercourse which it holds out and
of opportunities to repay in some measure
perhaps my obligations to you.

I am pained to hear of the injury
you received, when closing the box; and
cannot but feel solicited, lest your eye

may now become inflamed, and the
consequences of the blow prove serious.

I am sure you could not have known,
that I was wishing for seeds of *Nelumbium*
to plant in Lake Champlain. If I succeed
with them, will it not be your reward to find
the plant flourishing here some day in the
future? Surely you will come to Vermont in
two days.

After your hearty assurances, I scarcely
hardly fear any longer to send you anything
I may wish exhibited. This was the first
year of fruiting of my hybrid raspberries,
and, when I conceived the wish to show
them, they should have already been in
Boston. They must now wait till next
year. Some other things I hope to have
this year and many more in succeeding
years. Does the Society encourage me offering to
Gives? Hybrid crosses engage much of my attention.

The delight you propose for me, should I
visit you, afford me a strong temptation,
that you will hardly fail of seeing me
this fall, if I can get away from home
for a few days. My resolution was nearly
made up on reading your last.

Please in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, ^{July 17} (in the
Society's Library) for some account of *Aspidium*
minutum for which New Gardens are indebted
to you I suppose.

Our dear Mrs Piper is indeed home again
from her five weeks visit to Connecticut,
and her husband's health is improved this
summer; so the evil day which she so much
feared was upon her home is postponed. Only
postponed a little while I fear, for both my
friends are getting old.

Visited "Sharpshin Point" Saturday, and found
more rare plants for you.

Faithfully yours, L. G. Dring.



Pringle, Cyrus G. 1875. "Pringle, C.G. Aug 10, 1875." *George Edward Davenport correspondence*

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