

P. S. Thanks for *Typha angustifolia*. I had
scarcely got home, however, before I found the
specimen in a rail-road ditch; near it grew
the other species, and between or among them
intermediate forms.

Charlotte, Vermont.

Oct., 17th, 1870.

My Dear Mr. Sampson.

After bidding you good bye
I went to Jungs Hotel, and staid as I proposed.
The next morning I set out from there laden
for home, my arms full of plant-treasures, the
spots of your favorite haunts, my mind full of
delightful recollections of the visit of the last
few days, and my heart full of gratitude to the
friend, who had at so great cost to himself, as
I could not but fear, prepared for our such
pleasure.

Does the silence which I have maintained
since my return, imply this last? It was well
I did not stay longer with you, for business
required my presence at home, as I found, and
very soon since then I have been intensely occupied.
But on no day, as I suppose, have I been so

full of care as to have excluded from my mind the remembrance of you, and the anxiety, I cannot but feel for you and yours. I thought about exacting from you, before leaving you, the promise that, if the times went harder than you could bear the coming winter, you would let me know of it. And, now, I wish to do nothing less.

I want to say much more, but I am afraid I may offend your delicacy of feeling. While in Burlington yesterday, I found opportunity to call on Prof. Perkins, as I had not done in nearly two years. Did I tell you that he is a young man. He is a pleasant fellow, enthusiastic in his love of plants, and I am sure we shall be good friends after this and work well together upon the flora of Vermont.

I do not yet receive any plants from Dr. Hooker; but will before long send him

what I can. I shall, also, about the same time send my contribution to your fern garden. Though I endeavored to charge my memory with the names of plants you need for me, it would help me greatly if you would kindly send me a list of everything, which would be acceptable to you. And if you would be so kind as to send another of such things as you think Mr. Robinson would be pleased with, I would be glad; for I cannot remember all the ferns that he already has.

Not only are Mansfield and Council Bluffs, which are in view from my window as I write, white as winter, but so, also, are the foot-hills, only five miles away from me. Winter will soon be upon valley and mountain; but it will not bring the rest which I need and the leisure for study which I desire. Our Board against the other evening for its winter campaign.

Yours faithfully, C. C. Pringle.



Pringle, Cyrus G. 1875. "Pringle, C.G. Oct 17, 1875." *George Edward Davenport correspondence*

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