

could cover much more ground, and
he was all the while talking about my
getting new species in exchange of his, and
insinuating over it, envious of my strength, my
outfit, opportunities, etc. Some things I shared
with him and he begged two specimens of
a number of such things as he had not
found. In return he gave me but a single
specimen that was acceptable; he forced upon
me some specimens of a common plant, half
ripened fruit, which I threw away and
have since replaced with a full complement
of mature specimens. Many plants of my
large collection of which I made 25 or
more as fine specimens as possible, he also
sometimes were scraps, sometimes good specimens,
got this year for the first time, whether earlier
than I cannot always be told, for he does
not date anything; now all these (perhaps
even the specimens he drew from me,) I
am sure he is sending off to Mr. Watson,
and others in order to get them named, if new,

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see letter
Lemmon to Sampson
May 30, 1881
(JWH 1923)

Tucson, Arizona.

June 19th, 1881.

Dear Mr. Sampson:

You say that you "have
a characteristic letter from Lemmon".
I will show to you other characteristics
of him which his writing to you, as he
does, reveal to me. I am a little ap-
prieved by his conduct; but before this
I did not think of releasing to you my
complaints, as I will now do.

Lemmon's ruling passion is a crazy
desire to find new species and get them
named after himself or his friends. Last
year he came into the comparatively new
field of the Sta. Catalina Mts. and
found several new species, three of which
were named after him. He wanted to

Keep the field to himself until he could
fully explain it; and, when he found
me here this spring, he was very jealous
of me. I was in the south canon of the
mountains, where he botanized last year;
so he and his wife soon went around
to the north side. When they came in
from there, we met in Tucson. They had
R.R. passes, little else, — little money; I
had a team and a good bank account.
They tried to saddle themselves upon me,
but I felt cautious; I wished to treat
them well, however, and took them to
the Sta. Catalinas once or twice. We were
together, when he got this Woodson for seed.
We were following up a canon; at one time
I was considerably in the lead; I came
to a deep and shady gorge which con-
tained a waterfall; in a crevice of one of
its damp walls I found a fern I had
never seen growing (*Aspid^{tr} petrus*;) I

was standing over it, when Lemmon entered
the dell; his manner on my announcement
of strange ferns became excited, and he
crowded hastily past me and began plucking
from the wall all the specimens of this Woodson
he could find putting them up before me
(as it was windy, I gave him a little assistance,)
and not allowing me to get a single frond;
when he was done with this species, he struck
his pick (he always carried a light pickaxe)
into the row of *A. patens* from which I had
got but a single specimen (rooted,) and
began appropriating the roots for his trade,
without asking me (until afterwards) if I
had all I wanted. I was pained not so
much as the loss of a just share of the
fern, as at the exhibition of selfishness in
one whom I had thought despite some
eccentricities a pleasant botanizing companion.
All the rest turned out like this
in the end. I was stronger than he, and

condition of vegetation is most wretched.

I am assured that we may expect rains after a few weeks, which will revive everything. The past few days I have been about the south side of the Sta. Catalina only to find that they had joined with the heat a new terror. The canons were broken like a furnace and many of their plants were withered; their growths only came feebly to the surface here and there, and the water was so bad as to make us sick. You can not conceive how dreadful such a state of things.

You ask if Mrs. Lemmon is really very small. She is about the average height of women. A very fit mate for Lemmon, whom she calls "Lemmonia", while he always addresses her as "Anna Lili", which means, as he explained to my men, "worthy of being loved."

Yours faithfully,

C. C. Pringle.

Before I can myself send specimens. He magnanimously told me of one species, which he thought new, that I was entitled to the credit of its discovery, since we are also had found it. Since his return to Oakland, he has sent a letter to a Tucson paper making a spread over his discoveries in this country in which he carefully avoids the slightest allusion to another botanist in this field, and mentions certain things found by me and not seen by him at all in a manner to lead me to think it was himself who saw them.

In short, though I was put on my guard by the letter of Mr. Wright which you kindly let me read, I was disappointed in Lemmon and quite disgusted over his behavior. After the trip to which I have alluded, I decided it would not be convenient to carry him and his wife about further and on longer trips; and I

think they preferred to work at a distance from me. Don't infer that we had any trouble when together, for we separated on most friendly terms, and they had much to say in my praise, I have been told.

Now about the Woodfin; Linnæus told me that he got it last year on Mt. Graham N.E. of here and what Eaton said about it. My talking to him much of your ability among ferns and telling him of your having named a n. sp. for Parish (with whom he is not on good terms and over which news he was much excited,) was the occasion of his sending it to you; he made haste (I wonder if he did not send it before leaving here,) to do so, because he feared I might do the same, and your common and friendship for me might work it - *W. Rimpia*, *Dumortiera*. This fern you will have received from me also, on this;

for I found it in another cañon which I explored alone the day following the one in which Linnæus got it, Linnæus declaring when I left camp at sunrise, that he could not climb the mountain that day. Were it not for the structural likeness to *W. obtusa* or *Argem.*, which you authorities so well agree upon, I should, judging chiefly from its habits, think it quite a different species from either. It grows in wet shady woods, very unlike the habitat of *W. obtusa* in Vermont; but then the climate here is so different from that of Vermont; even *Pellaea atropurpurea* here has to bask to the margin of brooks for moisture enough to live on.

I would be glad to get for you the ferns you mention but now all ferns not growing in mountain brooks are so shrivelled up, almost beyond recognition that I don't want to trouble them. This is the third year of severe drought, and the



Pringle, Cyrus G. 1881. "Pringle, C.G. Jun 19, 1881." *George Edward Davenport correspondence*

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