

sorts of gruesome chat, and took wildly
about seeking for some corner to which to
fly & finding none. After the first he lost
some of this mirthedness, but he had never
recovered all through the day, yet he is a perfect
gentleman, and a hospitable, generous host,
evidently wishing everyone to enjoy all he had
— and he had much — to the fullest. After
his dinner was over in the drawing-room — where days
could well be spent, we were taken to the lecture
hall where Mr. R. was to give his lecture on "Ex-
tinct Birds." The platform was beautifully
massed with flowers & plants, and all around
the immense hall were tables with specimens
of the birds on which Mr. R. was to speak &
whose specimens were not portable, casts
drawings, skeletons or parts of them, all
most skilfully placed and most beautifully
and clearly labelled. Mr. R. rose to give his
lecture very much embarrassed, but before the
lecture he announced the programme for the
day in English first, then French, then German
so that all understood, he did this so easily
& nicely that the lecture following was appar-
ently no effort to him, & was very interesting —

Winnipeg. Aug 25. 1905

My dear Mr. Means.

"Better late than never" must be in
your mind when you reflect how long it
is since the Ornith. Congress, of which I
promised to write you, and I hope you will
make allowance of excuse and recall how
hard it is to write when one is literally work-
ing on, all the time. Tonight with a very
shaky table, poor light, bad pen and very
ink at the dogs. (I will have it refilled
tomorrow) I am going to begin, even if
my letter should prove a mere history — Let
me first say that from the beginning
St. Sharpe was most courteous, and so
was his right hand helper his eldest
daughter, (he has ten!!!) they were, as you
may know exceedingly busy, and I wonder
how they ever did all they accomplished,
but they always looked after us both and
in the way kindest & nicest way: will you
say to Mr. Brewster that I feel much of it
owing to his very delightful letter, for which

primarily, I am indebted to you. Of course you have seen reports, papers etc., and you know I am no ornithologist, so my letter must needs be of a trivial nature; but your mind, we can't all be chess people & the everyday folk like myself are needed. The reception the first evening was not perhaps as well managed as it might have been, but the large number of foreigners made it anything but an easy matter, and certainly some of the names are pretty trying. Nearly all the foreigners spoke French, but by no means all the English, so the popular element was not fluent the first evening, after that, the ice being broken, it was easier & people found out who was who for themselves. Many of the papers and lectures were most interesting, to me perhaps the most was Dr. C. Wilson's on antarctic birds, especially penguins, and he and Mrs. Wilson were delightful to meet. Mr. Bonaparte on the hybrid of water birds interested me too, because of my father's experiments with wild Turkey. Mr. Eyraud was also a

most charming man, sadly deformed & lame, yet apparently never allowing himself to be cast down by it, and he and I have had quite a little correspondence on some old birds. Mrs. Eyraud is both like my mother too, a very light, attractive young woman. We went on all the specimens except that to Hamborough, we had just come from Cork and did not feel we could quite afford the trip; many of the specimens were most likely & lavishly given, notably those to William Alcock and Mr. Rothschild's, and the one to Cambridge was a well arranged and most satisfactory day, and we had the great honor of quite a long private interview with Prof. Newton whose feed debars him from anything containing much sport. The day we went to Tring we had a private train and were met by our baggage at the Tring station which took us first to the Museum where Mr. Rothschild met us. He is a large, stout man, rather stout, and dreadfully backful, the English backful, which makes the visitor rumble & hum all

Ind. female of the Tree, stood in a row,
being all over with necklaces and chains
and reds, faintly blazing, like the pictures
of Mujicowids in our del. Egarrs book,
& the footmen!! Well it is a marvel how
much powder & plush, with sticking and
wig can be disposed of on one poor human
frame. In an unmatched moment I asked
all round one of those ginger & footmen,
it was an experience I assure you, to a
plain person like myself, not accustomed
to "frock & circumstance". Then we had a
special afternoon at the Guildhall, and
two or three at the Museum of Nat. History
and when it was over, I do not think we
were the only ones who were tired, as you
will be when you finish this, but you
brought it on yourself. Well since then
we have wandered north, east & west in
England, seeing much and hearing
few new reth. since we landed, ex-
cept - that unfortunate except - Thane's
teeth which still trouble her, & I fear will
in this damp climate. Truly in the

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the morning, an examination of the specimens
took some little time; some of them had
been brought from Berlin & Paris for this
special day. Then across the town to what
was called the "Bengals" where a most sumptu-
ous & lavish lunch - so called, passed -
the tables were decorated with carnations
for which the Rothschilds are celebrated, and
certainly I never saw more superb ones,
after the lunch (!) they were distributed
to the three or four hundred guests and
plenty seemed left. Then a division into
three parties took place, one went to the
Museum with Mr. Harting - one to the
ponds to see the wild fowl - one to the
ponds with Mr. W. to see the gebras, kangaroos
& cassowaries. Thence I separated so as
to see, finally, all we could, she to the ponds
& I to the park & gardens, such gardens,
and the house went all too fast before
it was time to leave the beautiful place.
Just after lunch, at Mr. Rothschild's request
the entire party were photographed, & I
have seen the result since at St. James's,
it is very good indeed. Well, that was one day

to be remembered. From for that at Wotton
Alley. — another private train and at the
station we were met by carriages, twelve
of which were the personal property of the
Duke of Bedford, servants on being etc., away
from Lassarson; we drove to the entrance
gate (only a mile or so from the house)
and were then met by the Duke & Duchess
who drove, turn the carriage with some of
the foreigner and she with others for about
five miles through part only of the English
park. Woodland and in masses of Irish
Horn, heads of deer seen here & there & the
massive presence of England everywhere.
We alighted at the entrance, some of which
were immense fields, where the antelope
graze, and all the various kinds of
"beast & bird" were to be seen, and spent
a good while admiring and inspecting,
and then again getting into carriages
we drove to the house, where we were
shown — the ladies of the party, to a suite
of beautiful rooms, and asked to come to
the "corridor" when ready. On reaching the
hall footmen were stationed at intervals

to direct you aright — to drink what you desire,
and in the corridor were the best of tables
containing to all and speaking to all, and
on the walls were rare pictures, and rare
bricks on the bath, only one bricked for
now time, and then bricks in two in-
mensurable dining rooms, the table decorations
of silver & glass & much more than
at Mrs. Rothschild's, but no such flowers, &
no speeches after us there, only a note of
thanks to the Duke who said a very few words.
It was really a very magnificent entertain-
ment, and after, those who wished were
shown through Wotton Alley with its
priceless pictures and china and cases
from everywhere, how I did enjoy it. I
wished to look over the library carefully
but was rejoiced to see what I did, what
delightful things do come to me don't
they? Well then the Lord Mayor gave the
Congregation a reception, & showed all the city
plate & Queen Elizabeth's pearl handkerchief
and which is almost never exhibited, and
the Mayor, & Mayors, Lord High Sheriff and

English climate may be for grass and flowers
for human beings it is perfectly horrid,
we haven't been comfortably warm since we've
been here, with over two exceptions. Today
we have been to Kenilworth and stayed nearly
all day, wandering in & out of the walled
town, and in the green fields beyond, &
brought in our room just across from
the church we hear the choir practicing
for tomorrow's service. It is four minutes
since we left home, but it seems much
longer and sometimes when night comes
on I feel as if my own home would seem
very good, but not so Florence, who is full of
the spirit of wandering. We expect to go to
the Continent in about a month or less, &
perhaps warmer air may help the distressing
rheumatism. With great thanks Mrs. Stearns
for her letter, she is of course for her too, and
perhaps you will send it to Mr. William Stearns
if you think it would interest him. I know
it is dreadfully written and looks as if

permeated with the far too prevalent black
current form of the country, but you must
remember that -

Thenceforward with me in cordial
regards to all friends and remembers me
specially to Mr & Mrs Brewster - With
love to Mrs Lane

Believe me sincerely yours
W. R. Anderson

I fear Mr Chapman - whose relations
were warmly received - did not cross him-
self with Gray socially, & he and Dr Stinson
had quite a brush one day, but what is of
course not new - I shall never all I can
tell you about people until we meet again.



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