

of which and the work done there, Pinnaeus named
a many species ~~var~~ "montpelienensis" or "montpel-
seanus." Each of them, I found, had some
particular points of interest. At Zurich, for instance,
Schimper has certain beds of plants illustrating
types of inflorescence and other characters. The
Geneva garden is admirably well kept and up to
date, with an excellent little museum and a
admirable Alpine garden. Also, so far as I could
tell, all the American golden-rods and Solms were
correctly named - which is not always the case.
Montpellier was perhaps the most interesting of all.
It is well-kept and well-equipped with the finest
building, hot-house, potting house, etc. There is
little to show its age except the size and
beauty of its trees and the busts with which
it is adorned, of botanists of long ago who
have worked there. Some of them go a far back
as the fifteenth century and are scarcely known
now except to an occasional historian like

Recd
Sept 16/12

Burgos, Spain

Sept. 5, 1912

Dear Mr. Deane:-

Trust let me thank you very
sincerely and abundantly for your long and good
letter of mid-July. Especially when one speaks
foreign languages with as little and with as much
difficulty, as I, one has a peculiar sense of
strangeness and loneliness in these lands where
speech and so many of the details of every day
life are different from what one is accustomed
to at home. One feels out of the known world and -
well, you don't know how welcome news from home
is, until you have tried it.

So I was particularly glad to hear all the
news from Cambridge - of the Herbarium, where the
new building is going to be, I think, the best
equipped of its kind and very far from the worst
looking; of the Club; and, not least, of yourself.

I was most sorry to hear that Mrs. Coolidge was not well. I hope that your anxiety about her proved to be unfounded.

Since I wrote you last we have been making our way, slowly, over numerous mountain passes and with a good many delays from bad weather, through Switzerland, then through northern and central France and now through Spain, whence we sail for home, from Gibraltar, on October 6th. Switzerland gave me my first sight of glaciers and my first of snow clad mountains since I was a very small boy. And they are beautiful and impressive beyond description. The higher parts of Switzerland, however, are, as a whole, rather bleak and stern and forbidding - a country suited only to one's sterner mood. If you want to use up superfluous physical energy, to work and climb and overcome difficulties and battle with storms

it is the place to go: but for easier words in which one wants to lie back and rest among pleasantly and quietly beautiful surroundings - go anywhere but Switzerland! It does give you, though, some wonderful impression if you are willing to work for them. I shall not soon forget one walk I took, in a cloudy twilight which cast a peculiar silvery glow on all the landscape, over the bare rocks and occasional snow-banks at the top of the Grimsel pass and by a little black lake into which, as I remembered keenly at the time, the fact seemed to fit so well with the dim and wild surroundings, ^{the} many dead bodies of many French and Russian soldiers were thrown after a battle in the vicinity in 1799.

As opportunity offered, I have taken occasion to inspect such botanic gardens as came in my way - principally Schinz's little one at Zürich, Briquet's fine new one at Geneva, and the ancient and historic one at Montpellier, in honor

have, in the dry, clear air a certain beauty,
both of form and color, of their own. But
at this time of year, they are no place for a
botanist. Only a few spring xenophytes and
a tiny but determined pink Colchicum are doing
any business at all; other vegetation is altogether
dead and dried. I suppose, though, that if there
was a spring rain, these hills might be a mass of
flowers early in the season.

With renewed thanks for your kind note in
writing me, and with most cordial regards to
Mrs. Dean and yourself, in which I know my
mother would wish to join, were she at the
moment within reach,

Sincerely yours

Ch. W. Weatherly

Prof. Greene, or, as in the case of Peter Magnol, when
some one has named a genus after them. Owing
to the rather dry and hot climate, this garden is
able to support, in the open air, plants of the arid
portions of Asia and of our own South-west, which
one does not ordinarily see in botanic gardens.
There are a goodly number of such, and I found
several of my old friends of last summer, with
which I made acquaintance among the Wright
plants I was working with. Another thing which
interested me was a ginkgo tree which had been
changed from its normal dioecious to a monoecious
condition, by grafting branches from a female
tree on to a male stock. The female branches
kept their sex perfectly and have been, according to
the inscription, bearing fruit ever since 1835.
Another feature of the garden which rather
appealed to me were labels bearing maps which
showed graphically and at a glance, the geographical

distribution of the species concerned.

Now we are in Spain. Across the street from our hotel ~~is~~ are large barracks in about the doorway of which lounge groups of little, dark-skinned, soldiers in uniforms of white with very narrow dark stripes and trimless blue caps. Their Manner carries as so small they look like toy guns, but no doubt are deadly enough in action; and a battery of field guns which just went by, manned by a lot more of just such little fellows - the same sort we were fighting, not so very long ago, in Cuba, - the cannon looked deadly. Out of one window I can see a gaudy poster advertising a bull fight - "gran corrida de toros". Happily, that took place last Sunday, so that we shall even be asked to buy tickets. On the street you can see two-wheeled carts going by, drawn by strings of four ^{or} five mules tandem - the most wasteful possible method of applying the power. There are plenty

of peasants, too, with round flat caps and long scarves, gracefully draped about their necks and shoulders, one end hanging loose, and ^{with} long staves in their hands. And everywhere I hear the accents of another strange language - something like the sixth, counting dialects, which I have encountered so far. This one, unfortunately, has no vocable - the j and soft g - which, so far, I am totally unable to pronounce.

Spain so far as we have seen it, is not a particularly attractive country & it is chiefly a region of low hills altogether bare, barren and parched in appearance and yet on which the inhabitants cultivate ^{mysteriously} to have large fields of grain. The mystery is partly explained when we pass through a railway cutting and observe that the loam upon soil as dry as the Sahara itself, is shallow and that beneath it are layers of clay or rock from which water may sometimes be seen to trickle, - for all their barrens, their hills



Weatherby, Charles Alfred. 1912. "Weatherby, Charles Alfred Sep. 5, 1912."
Walter Deane correspondence

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