

- that is, I cut out some pieces of the turf,
some to keep and show to Mr. Deane, and
some to press. And what a job I had, to
wash the plants clean enough to press!
The mud seemed to be of the most clinging
tenacious, slimy nature. I spent six
days in Trascott where Mrs. Starbuck
owns a house - the lady who entertained
our good Dr. Morong - you will remember
her, I am sure. I gave Mr. Deane his
Lillaea, and he not only thought but
spoke. He might have seen in himself
more than once, he said, but would
have supposed it to be Myriophyllum. That
was exactly my unspoken reflection. Now
whenever at the seacoast you come across
a bed of that low milfoil that makes
green beds on the edges of the pond, take
a second look and instead of milfoil you
may have Lillaea! This that I collected
was in fine condition; every plant had its
terminal flower or bud or fourcelled cap-
sule, the latter in some cases ripe, the
open cells showing the little brown seed. The
leaves were not noticeably thick & succulent as
the Manual says they are.

Springfield, Aug - 31 - 1896.

My dear Mr. Deane,
Many things have happened
since your letter of July 23. came; I
have had company and have been visit-
ing, and when I came home from
Nantucket, where I spent nineteen
happy days, I found that my daugh-
ter was going to stay at home only
one week more, so I put aside every-
thing to enjoy that time with her. The
dear delight of our hearts is to go off
in the electric cars, and there are
some new roads this year unknown
to those travellers of last year, your
wife and my sister Mrs. Tallant!
One day we went up to Mountain
Park in Holyoke, and I found it a
very good botanizing ground. It is a
mountain 666 ft. high with roads
opened here and there, all done so recently
that the wild flowers are not yet

exterminated as they surely will be
before long. I found *Oxyanthemum*
incanum, fine specimens with the
largest heads and largest flowers that
I ever saw, a pretty *Lespedeza* pink
with flowers, *L. violacea* or perhaps
procumbens, and a tall, handsome
Spiranthes gracilis. There are fine views
of the Holyoke range of mountains from
many a point, and on one side a long
wall of mountain ~~side~~, completely wooded
and so near that we can almost dis-
tinguish the separate trees; it must be
gorgeous in October and my cousin
and I are planning to go up again
at that time. Another day we went
to our own Forest Park which looks
like a lady dressed for a party in com-
parison with this wild place in Holyoke,
and Saturday we went up to So-Hadley
Falls and walked about the pretty vil-
lage, and gazed down into the river bed
where throngs of laborers were at work

on the new dam, then took car again
and went over to So-Hadley where Mr.
Holyoke College is. I am quite familiar
with the beautiful college grounds, so I took
Amelia in and we went all over the nice
little botanic garden which dear Miss
Shattuck began & loved so well, and then
up by the zigzag footpath to the top of the
very high hill which is the glory of the place,
gaining enchanting views at every opening
between the trees, and at the summit over-
looking the complete circle below to the
far horizon except for the mountain
wall on one portion of the circumference.
Amelia has gone today and Emily with her,
and I feel that my vacation is over. I
shall apply myself first to letter-writing -
there are ten correspondents to whom I am
in debt - and I begin with you first.
On Wautuckus Mrs. Robinson showed me
the Tillaea patch, - a space of some three
square yards green with these little plants so
close together that they almost made a sod.
I gazed and thought; then I collected a quantity.



Cunning little Blue-eyed Grass (I suppose). I thought
of you when I saw it.

in our busiest, hurried life as Lucy
that we want to, but besides that, I
felt that you were very attentive to
me. I valued Mr. Deane's call very
much because I knew one was not
very strong, and knew how much time
it takes to get in from Cambridge. I
valued your call too, and I had a delightful
time at your house; I have thought since
then that the length of my stay must have
nearly worn you both out, but as it came
from true interest in your beautiful herbari-
um I know you would excuse me.

How did your classes in botany get along?
Show the true botanical zeal? They were
lucky in their teacher.

With kind regards to you & your
wife
Yours very truly
Maria L. Owen.

2
I found one plant of *Silene dichotoma*, a
shabby looking thing in its general appearance,
but the separate flowers very pretty and the
spikes truly elegant.

Mrs. Robinson showed me the last letter
she had received from you, and I keep two
of its items in mind. One is about the
new botanical society to which you belong,
as one of its objects was to form an herba-
rium I was going to offer it through your
good specimens of *S. dichotoma*, *Tilia* &
Erythraea spicata, but Mr. Deane said
the first object of the society was to study
the flora of the region within forty miles
of Boston, and after that to extend the area.
The other was in regard to better land, crest,
&c. which a young friend of yours was
collecting. I will enclose what have
chanced to fall in my way since.
Halifax is the English town of that name,
"The Gleddings" the name of the residence of
Mr. G. H. Smith the present mayor, and
the crest is that of his family. Its motto
has always struck me as odd, — an adjective

and a noun connected by "et." It reminds me to tell you of the motto of the Coffin family (my mother's family) and its bad Latin. "Post tenebris speramus lumen de lumine." I was speaking of it to my daughter the other day and telling her that I meant to alter it when I used it and put the object of "post" into the accusative case, but she said there was a historical interest in bad Latin, and I took that idea into consideration and perhaps will let "tenebris" stand. As I have quoted our motto, I will ask you who are, I am sure, a much better Latin scholar than I am, how you translate it, and when I know I will tell you the family version and my own which differs.

I looked at my copy of the Park Flora after your letter came, — that leaf torn out! It is queer that any one should take so much pains to remove a harmless little leaf.

Mrs. Robinson happened to mention her *Lencis* which turned out a *Crepis* — no it

was just the other way, — well she hadn't the flower, only the ^{head with} seed & pappus, so it was not so queer that one made the mistake; but for all that I can't trust her determinations yet.

I was in Hiascourt during that dreadful heated term, and Mr. Daine + I did not go out botanizing as we had planned, but one day he took me into that thicker opposite his house in which he is always finding something new, (*Vaccaria lumnifolia* the last) and we saw much of interest. There were open spots there where *U. subulata*, var. *clivis*, used to grow, but we could not find it this year; I collected it afterward however at Abnens Pond, and by taking pains got the leaves, about so long [-]. Mr. Floyd wanted some of the plants, so I took pains to seek for it. You will probably know the young man some time, as he is engaged to Edith Mackay and she tells him that her family and yours are acquainted.

Don't waste a thought on anything that you might have done for me when I was in Boston, — we cannot



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