


96 is hard to get any information -

I explained to my class to-day the morphology of the pistil, how each carpel is an infolded leaf. Then we analyzed *Apocynum* and I never realized the beautiful structure of the flower before. The two ovaries with a common round stigma  showing a close connection with *Asclepiadaceae* -

Much love to all at home - Bailey W.W. writes from Conway, Mass.

Coville's paper on Crimson Clover Hair Balls is good. Just had the clover sent me from Nantucket -

Ever truly  
W. Deane.

Jaffrey N.H.  
Aug 5. - 1896.

Dear Dr. Kennedy -

Excuse this horrid paper but I have it and must use it up - You of the 3<sup>rd</sup> was welcome of course - I am so glad that Mrs. Briggs is getting on so nicely and hope that soon she will quite her old self. I will record *C. muricata* and *Phryma* - Should so like to meet you and the Faxon's. I send you by mail a little box containing two mosses - I want

Send me any letter, headings and monograms for a little girl.

The names. They were just  
sent to me to-day from  
Nantucket. My friend thinks  
the Sphagnum is *S.*  
*squarrosum* which is the  
common species there.

She thinks the other is a  
*Leucobryum*, *L. glaucum*,  
perhaps. You see I refer  
to the great Bryologist.  
Drop me the names when  
you write again -

Dr. Robinson is here and  
I spent part of this  
morning with him. He  
is glad to be here and  
rest. He must mean  
rest mentally, for to-morrow

morning he starts with his  
niece and Tramps from his  
house to the summit of  
Monadnock through the  
woods, and up over the  
ledges. I confess it  
would be too much for  
me.

L. H. Bailey writes from  
Savannah, Ga. ! How he  
soo fly about.

I asked the Park  
Commissioners why they  
tore out the first page  
of the Flora. The only  
reply I got was that  
they did it at the order  
of Olmsted, Olmsted & Eliot.



# BEGAN AS A "PRODIGY"

## Eventful Stage Career of Madge Kendal.

Her Home Life is Happy, and She is Mother of Five Children.

House of the Kendals in Portland Pl. Is a Model of Comfort.

No actress ever came to America, with the possible exception of Sarah Bernhardt, who has held public interest as has Madge Kendal.

A matronly and attractive woman in private life, she stirred up a breeze of criticism in her presentation of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and the merits and faults of her impersonation have been widely discussed.

Mrs. Kendal is a fine type of the handsome and robust English woman. She is the mother of five children, and is said never to be happier than when with them at her beautiful home in the fashionable precincts of Portland pl., London.

Her first appearance as an actress may be stated to have taken place July 29, 1865, when she was seen as Ophelia at the Haymarket in London. Her first appearance in America was in the fall of 1889. She was seen in Boston Dec. 9 of that year, at the Hollis st. theatre.

The successive tours of the Kendals have made them rich, and they now devote themselves more than ever to their family, which consists of two sons and three daughters. Mrs. Kendal was often approached when in this country by persons who asked her how she kept her superb vitality when playing so many difficult roles for weeks at a time.

To these inquirers she made this statement: "The Genuine JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT has helped me considerably to keep my strength. I consider it the best nutritive tonic and table beverage I know of." And in Mrs. Kendal's handsome London home the tonic made by Johann Hoff had a conspicuous place on the sideboard.

whom he has just gone away for the long and delightful Mediterranean trip on the Fuerst Bismarck. As the president of the Flint & Pere Marquette railroad and of the Wamsutter mills corporation at New Bedford, Mr. Crapo has large business responsibilities, but they have never weighed heavily upon him. He inherited wealth from his father, he made a fortune in the practice of the law, which was greatly enhanced by his successful prosecution of the Alabama claims and his life was happy enough until the sudden death of his most estimable wife three years ago. They had been associated all their lives, having been playmates in childhood, and the blow was one for which there could be no compensation or consolation in the lapse of time.

John Tyler, whose death was recorded last week, was rather a notable figure in Washington for some years after he took up his residence there in 1882. His life was not a fortunate one, although he began it with every advantage. As the private secretary of his father where the latter succeeded William Henry Harrison in the presidency, his early associations were such as to favor a successful career, provided he had had the requisite ability, but this he did not possess. He was always a man of literary tastes, and he served during the Mexican war and afterward, on the confederate side, during the war of the rebellion. His course in turning Republican after the close of the civil war cut off his opportunities for a public career in his own state. John Doolittle was also an obstacle to his success in early life. When he was finally provided with a treasury clerkship by President Arthur he became a prominent advocate of total abstinence and the "Sons of Jonadab," as the Washington society of "Don't-Drinkers" is called, had no more earnest member than he. In his long cloak, worn always in the fashion of the statesmen of the earlier part of the century, he was always a picturesque figure, even distinguished in his bearing. He never forgot that he was the son of a President. Since 1887 he had suffered from paralysis and he ended his days, a pensioner of the Mexican war, in a quiet little home in the extremely easterly section of the Capitol city.

### VICTORIA'S PERSONALITY.

The Hand Which Holds the Sceptre of the Seas the Softest of Touch.

[Sir Edwin Arnold in the February Forum.]

The heart of gold, the will of iron, the royal temper of steel, the pride, the patriotism, and the deep piety of Victoria have been enshrined in a small but vigorous frame, the mignonette aspect of which especially strikes those who behold her for the first time in these her "chair-days." It was reported how, when Prince Albert was dying, he roused himself from a period of wandering to turn with ineffable love to his spouse and sovereign, saying to her with a kiss, "Good-by, little wife!" And when the prince consort was actually passing away, after those 21 years of wedded happiness, it was told how the Queen bent over him and whispered, "It is your little wife," at which last words the angel of death stayed his hand, while once again the dear eyes opened and the dying lips smiled.

But though this be so, no one who has been honored by near approach to her majesty, or has ever tarried in her presence, will fail to testify to the extreme majesty of her bearing, mingled always with the most perfect grace and gentleness. Her voice has, moreover, always been pleasant and musical to hear, and is so now. The hand which holds the sceptre of the seas is the softest that can be touched; the eyes which have grown dim with labors of state for England, and with too frequent tears, are the kindest that can be seen.

### A JUDGE'S WITTY WIFE.

[From the Buffalo Commercial.]

A distinguished American judge has a habit which is not altogether uncommon—he frequently brings friends home to dinner quite unexpectedly. This habit is certainly hospitable, but it is not popular with wives. One court day the judge invited a number of his legal brethren to dine with him, serenely oblivious of the fact that his wife was totally unprepared for such an incursion.

The lady, however, was equal to the occasion. She did not fuss and frown and make things unpleasant all round. On the contrary, she accepted the situation with a good grace and made the best of it. The modest meal was served as promptly as possible, and though it was not a sumptuous banquet, it was at least agreeable to guests and host.

When dinner was over just before leaving the gentlemen to their wine and cigars, the lady rose and said: "Gentlemen, I wish to say one word. You have dined today with the judge; will you do me the honor of dining tomorrow with me?" A chorus of applause greeted this speech, and next day the lady welcomed her husband's friends to a dinner worthy of such an accomplished hostess.

### AN OUTLAND VOYAGE.

[From the Youth's Companion.]

The tall ships come and the tall ships go  
Across the purple bay;  
But there's never a ship so fair and fine,  
Never a ship so brave as mine,  
As mine that sailed away.

Bright in the light, and gray in the shade,  
And white when the waves glow dun,  
The gulls go by with their great wings  
spread;  
But the sails of my ship were gold and red,  
And they shone like the setting sun.

They make good cheer in the tavern here,  
The sailors home from sea;  
But the crows of my ship they feast with kings,  
In emerald crowns and opal rings,  
And coats of the crimsonie.

Fine is the freight their ships bring in,  
But mine bears finer far;  
Pearls and roses, and links of gold,  
Myrrh and amber, and rich bales rolled,  
As bright as the morning star.

'Twas May-day morn that my ship set sail,  
With the dew on her figurehead;  
Her bows were wreathed with the hawthorn bloom,  
And she stole through the dusk of the dawning gloom,  
Like a ghost, or a bride new-wed.

The May-days dawn and the May-days die,  
And the hour draws near, I know;  
The day when my ship shall come for me  
To carry me back to mine own country,  
East of the sun by the outmost star—  
In the heart of the Long Ago.



Deane, Walter. 1896. "Deane, Walter 5 Aug 1896." *George Golding Kennedy correspondence*

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