

Tusset; Tuesday - Sept 6, '10

My dear Rodenick,

I have made a botanical discovery. No doubt it has been made before, but so long as I know not of it, and find no record, it is mine as much as if noted by Darwin, Wallace, Bates, Peck, Watson, or any of the world's great naturalists.

The place was Tusset, the month September, the time evening.

Dramatis personae

Margaret, fair daughter of the Professor.

The Professor, old father of fair daughter.

Apparel to suit the season, Object in view the collection of agarics and "puffballs".

Scene I and only. A rustic bridge, Beneath a pushing brook - overhung by banail copse.

The Professor cogitates - "My dear, what can be that exquisite, all-pervading perfume - like the breath of my beloved maiden," Margaret thoughtfully, "I think it is your clinging throughout your Mikawin, did you call it?"

Professor, noting a cluster of M. scandens, appreciating - "I do believe you are right, but I've known the plant there forty years and never before observed any other to its glory." Comment on the above play by the Doctor of Laws, My belief is

that he happened upon this charming
Composite at a crucial moment; re-
ally when the air was heavy, and the
glaciers just opening. Never before had I
caught it at such a moment,
But, my dear fellow, the effluence
was transescent, filling the air for
a space of twenty feet or more, a distillation
of Mitchell, Liansea, Epizoa and Spira
all combined. Next day - and several
days thereafter I have revisited the
plant and now catch my mind perhaps
of its divine fragrance. But I assure you,
dear and I are both better, hotter, fuller
of hope and promise for that enveloping
smell, 'Go to, ye English, who say our
 Yankee glories have no odour! How about
the above list, the paul-lia, the Spira, the
carnum - and many another, "A fool! a
fool! I met a fool in the great!" An English
fool! God wot, all cloaked in mystery,

Much room hunting the other
day, my beloved maiden and I found
two superb but deadly Amanitas, Lord,
but they were hands off, but for the goal
of an hour I huddled in over. Both of us
took a mild sniff at their gills - and were
met by a sweet, penetrating, subtle odour,
that seemed to at once strike the spi-gation,
I think a deep inhalation would have laid us
both out, But I know those fellows for the
future! Now - do just your heads together
with Deane (Sydney Smith used to
suggest a wooden pavement!) and let us
know when to expect you here at The Old
Bailey. Time flies and he is gone by Oct 1st
I called and sent to Deane the other
day a green new to me, which he says

is Dischidia spicata. It is a beauty all right and grows in little, abundant but
by the time! Deane is still in it, and so is L. Caudiculis; How, but they
as I should want to attend that Glaciers in the morning!
I was for an hour studying



Bailey, William Whitman. 1910. "Bailey, William Whitman Sep. 6, 1910." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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