

down into the rock clefts. I found  
it on a five-mile walk that we  
took (my daughter and Miss Fisher of  
Dedham were with me) from Dungeon  
Ghyll to Chapel Dale in Westmoreland.

No study is quite lost even if it fail  
of its direct aim, so I have a little  
consolation in thinking that you and  
Mr. D. are more learned than ever  
in ferns. I met Mr. D. once in the  
Hort. Library and he showed me his  
ferns there. He was very kind and agree-  
able, and I send him my regards through  
you, if he is forgiving enough to re-  
ceive them kindly.

I was gone from home nearly  
four months; as we went in a Bel-  
gian (Red Star) steamer we spent two  
days in Antwerp and one in Bruges,  
then went directly to England and  
stayed there till we left for home in  
a White Star steamer from Liverpool.

Springfield, Apr. 15. 1892

My dear Mr. Deane,

I am quite startled at  
the results of my little journey. I  
spent the summer in England - had  
no time whatever for real botanical  
work, but I neglected no opportunity  
of collecting ferns, because with those  
I could please our Mr. Stebbins who  
doesn't care much for any other plants.  
The rest were only mementoes of places  
of historic or literary interest. They  
all looked so familiar to me, and  
"so English" that I thought you  
would recognise their origin at  
once - in fact I kept out some  
of them - the daisy for instance -  
for fear of making my riddle too  
easy. And you have taken so much

troubled! and drove Mr. Davenport  
in too! I am quite ashamed of  
myself, and beg you to excuse  
me, and to make my peace  
with Mr. Davenport.

As to the unknown *Asplenium*  
I think I put in a nice little  
complete plant of *A. Adiantum-nigrum* - that is what I supposed  
it to be. It was small compared  
with pressed specimens which I have  
seen, but this grew on a wall  
in Devonshire, and the wall plants  
are never as large as those which  
grow on hedgebanks or other congenial  
soil. Then in Cornwall at "Pentagel  
by the Cornish sea" on the rocks at  
the base of King Arthur's Castle, I  
found a fern that I called *A. marinum*.  
It grew so deep in the clefts that it was  
impossible for me to get the whole plant

in any part of the rock. The specimens  
were very scarce, and smaller than  
I have seen in herbariums; these  
resembled *A. Adiantum-nigrum*  
when dry, but when fresh the tex-  
ture of the frond was plainly dif-  
ferent, and growing as they did, where  
they were wet by the ocean spray, I  
have little doubt that they were  
truly *A. marinum*. I suppose it is  
one of these two which you suppose  
(woe to me! to me more than to you!)  
to be *A. montanum* (Robust) -

*Cryptogramme acrostichoides* was a  
delight to my eyes - such quantities -  
And it can never be eradicated  
even with the most wasteful col-  
lecting, for the roots cannot be  
obtained without time, and strength  
and the right instrument - for getting



now that you know they are  
English, I will send them  
with pleasure - I have forgotten  
what the flowering plants were,  
you will have to send me a  
list if you want the labels.

I have not heard from your  
wife for a long time - is she  
quite well again after that  
long illness?

With kind regards to her  
as well as yourself

Yours very truly  
Marian L. Owen.

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(How inelegant to write on two kinds  
of paper! but that other sheet seems  
to have been the very last of that  
stock.)

I hope this coming summer to  
get some ripe seeds of that yellow  
Lathyrus (West Springfield) to make  
your specimen complete - I thought  
of it last summer as one of the  
things that my trip abroad would  
make me give up.

I was in Roxbury two weeks  
ago, and Miss Freeman took me to  
see Miss Turbick's paintings - a  
great pleasure. I had heard of  
her work for years, but thought  
I should have to wait till  
Bowdoin College had the paintings  
before I could see them. Miss F.  
told me that you had been there  
a short time before.

I don't think I enjoyed anything as

New East summer better than  
Miss Marianne North's paintings  
of flowers, in the gallery built in  
purpose for them and decorated  
by her own hand.

My first visit in Boston was  
to the flower show in Hort. Hall;  
I came across no less than five  
of my friends there, and kept  
hoping that you might appear.  
One day I went out to Cambridge  
to see the glass flowers again -  
a good many new ones since  
I first saw them. Here I ad-  
mired particularly the magni-  
fied florets of the Compositae  
and those models showing the  
growth of a fern - I enjoyed that  
sign thoroughly from being quite

familiar with the whole devel-  
opment as far as reading  
and plates could make me  
so -

It is come even to think  
of the Garden without Dr. Gray  
and Mr. Watson. I felt quite  
well acquainted with both of them.  
I boarded once for a few weeks  
in the same house with Mr. W.;  
that dear little house that Dr. Gray  
used to call the Annex to the  
Garden, where those dearer ladies  
lived - the Misses Parker. Dr. Goodale  
took his meals there as his wife  
was away, so in such good  
company I had a nice time -  
If you want labels for those plants



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